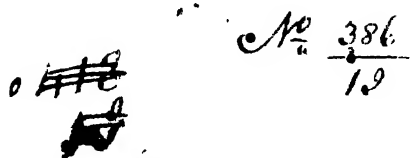


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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ALCOCK, Sir Rutherford .	Inheritance of the Great Mogul . . . 155
BEESELY, Professor. .	Positivists and Workmen 64
BRIDGE, C. A. G. . .	The Mediterranean of Japan 205
BRIDGES, J. H. . .	Is our Cause in China Just? 642
CHESNEY, C. C. . .	Sherman and Johnston 611
CLIFFORD, W. K. . .	Right and Wrong 801
COLVIN, Sidney. . .	History of a Pavement 42
CROMPTON, Henry .	The Workmen's Victory 399
	Reform of the Magistracy 688
DARWIN, G. H. .	Marriages between First Cousins . . . 22
DIGBY, W. . . .	A Home-Rule Experiment in Ceylon . . 241
DOWDEN, Edward .	Prose Works of Wordsworth 449
DUFF, M. E. Grant	England and Russia in Asia 600
EDITOR	Diderot, <i>The Encyclopædia</i> 353
	<i>Dialogues</i> 664
FAWCETT, Henry	Professor Cairnes 149
FORSTER, John. .	A Word on Alexander Dyce 731
FREEMAN, E. A. .	The True Eastern Question. 747
FROST, Percival .	Some Clerical Obliquities of Mind . . 259
HARE, Thomas. .	A Note on Representative Government . 102
HENDERSON, J. S..	Reasoned Realism 519
HOARE, H. W. . .	Job and the Platonic Dialogue on Justice 625
HUNTER, Professor	Poor Relief in Foreign Countries. . . . 484
	Mr. Cross's Labour Bills. 217
JENNER, G. . . .	Women at the Swiss Universities. . . . 659
JEVONS, Professor.	The Post-Office Telegraphs and their Financial Results 826
LAVELEYE, E. de	The European Situation 1
LESLIE, T. E. C.	History of German Political Economy . 93
LYALL, A. C. .	Origin of Divine Myths in India . . . 306
LYTTON, Lord .	Critical Notice 429
	Liberty of the Press: an Old Fable . . 178

CONTENTS.

AUTHOR	PAGE
MEREDITH, George . . .	Beauchamp's Career (XXXV.— <i>Conclusion</i>) 123, 267, 407, 551, 699, 869
PALGRAVE, W. G. . . .	Dutch Guiana
PARSLOE, J.	Railway Rates and Fares 75
PAYNE, E. J.	Parliament and Popular Government . . 189
RICHARDS, Herbert . . .	The Church and the Universities . . . 437
/ SAINTSBURY, G.	Charles Baudelaire 500
/ SAYCE, A. H.	A Ramble in Syracuse 471
/ STEPHEN, Leslie	Value of Political Machinery 836
STRACHEY, Lieut-Gen. . .	Place of Geography in Physical Science 536
/ SYMONDS, J. A.	Sophocles 324
	Eleatic Fragments 228
TRAILL, H. D.	The Provincial Letters 853
— TYNDALL, Professor . . .	Materialism and its Opponents . . . 579
WHITE, Horace	An American's Impressions of England 291
Military Position of England 108

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CIII. NEW SERIES.—JULY 1, 1875.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

At the beginning of May Europe was suddenly thrown into agitation by a shock of alarm which vanished as quickly as it came. We were supposed to be on the eve of the most serious complication. In the midst of profound peace war seemed ready to flame out, in defiance of every reasonable forecast and without a single element of provocation. It has been suggested that the newspapers spread these disturbing rumours for the sake either of gaining attention by sensational news, or else of favouring certain speculations on the Stock Exchange. This is no explanation. On the contrary, the newspapers generally ignored the imminence of the danger, and the English prints which were the first to point it out, were correctly informed. We cannot hope to get to know the details of a set of incidents which took place in the cabinets of the great powers and in the councils of sovereigns. Probably none but those who moved in the affair have any exact idea of what it meant. As it is, nobody has any interest in unveiling the secret of a comedy which might have ended in bloody tragedy. In any case, what is certain is that the situation of Europe must be singularly troubled and peace very precarious, for such an incident to stir alarms so deep, and, if we may believe Lord Derby, so well grounded.

I.

Evidently the dangers of the situation arise from the difficulties in which Germany finds herself—difficulties that are the nearly inevitable result of the last war, and of the conditions of the treaty that ended it. It is impossible that the map of Europe should be modified in a notable degree, and that a new empire should come into existence, without quickening the germs of future complications. The vanquished think of recovering what they have lost. The victors rouse jealousies. They know this; they fear it; and naturally they wish to anticipate possible alliances, or to make themselves

strong enough to be able to see them without apprehension. Hence follow strong temptations, and even apparent necessities to resort to arms as a means of arriving at a more secure position.

Many persons supposed that after their bewildering success in France the Germans would be carried away by the same sort of infatuation as destroyed Napoleon, and that the intoxication of their victories would have driven or tempted them to new conquests and the realisation of the dream of European hegemony. Various circumstances appear to make this a remote peril. First, Germany is not led by one man, as was France in the hands of Napoleon. By the side of the great Chancellor, and above him, is the Emperor; and around the Emperor are the generals and the court. There are also the Chambers, which could not hinder war, but whose resistance, if they were backed by the sentiment of the country, would present a certain obstacle. Different points of view, different interests, different wills, are thus found in presence of one another. This may well make it difficult for extreme designs to prevail. Count Moltke, who prepared the dazzling achievements of his forces, is a man of cold and sober intelligence, not at all likely to attribute his victories to his star. He is perfectly aware that he owes them to the number of his soldiers, to the organization of his legions, to the rapidity of their mobilisation and concentration, to the precision and right conception of his plans of campaign. There are no signs that the great captain is infatuated by his triumphs, or that he desires a war for the sake of new laurels. The Report of the Head-quarters Staff, containing the campaign in France, is a pattern of modesty, veracity, and good sense. It is assuredly not the work of a head intoxicated by the fumes of pride. Nor does the Emperor seem, any more than Count Moltke, to be animated by that ambition of the conqueror which is for ever pushing on to new enterprises. As for Prince Bismarck, his one end and aim is to secure the unity of Germany, but so far everything goes to show that he is too astute a politician to compromise his work by excess. When the same man is at once the absolute sovereign disposing at his good pleasure of all the resources of the state, the directing minister who conducts foreign relations as he thinks best, and the general who commands the army and reaps the glory of its successes, then intoxication may well be feared. If such a man carries off extraordinary victories, he may believe himself clothed with a providential mission, and may be bent on realising all sorts of grandiose schemes and insensate reconstruction of states. In Germany to-day the sovereign, the minister, and the general, form three personages who are probably not always in accord, and who will at any rate not all be seized at the same moment by mental vertigo. There is therefore no ground for thinking that Europe sees a revival of the extravagant enterprises

of Napoleon I. But peace is none the more assured for that, for *logically* it seems as if war must result from the actual situation of Germany. Two causes make that way: first, the religious difficulties; second, the relations with France. Let us examine these two points in turn.

The ecclesiastical laws which have furnished the struggle in Prussia between the priesthood and the state contain in themselves nothing violent or unjust. The first of these laws—that which is the cause of the angriest dislike—stipulates that henceforth an ecclesiastical employment in one of the Christian churches shall only be confided to a German, who has studied for three years in one of the universities of the country, and undergone a scientific examination settled by the state. The superiors in the hierarchic order are bound to notify to the civil authority the name of those on whom the religious authorities propose to confer an office. The priest being remunerated by the state, and enjoying the use of buildings kept up by the public powers, it seems natural to require from him some proof of his capacity for duly fulfilling the important function entrusted to him. We may hold that the American system which separates the church from the state is preferable. But Rome has invariably condemned that system, and so long as the state pays the ministers of religion, it is impossible to refuse a certain right of control. In the states of South Germany, in Bavaria, in Baden, in Würtemberg, laws like those adopted in Prussia are in full vigour. Only they were promulgated some time ago in agreement with the Pope, while in Prussia they have been promulgated in spite of the Pope, with the avowed object of putting an end to the encroachments of the clergy. The catholic clergy claim that to the Pope alone belongs the right of deciding in the last instance whether even a civil law is binding. They could not therefore admit that the lay government should impose conditions on the nomination of priests. That would have been to recognise the supremacy of the state, and they maintain on the contrary the principle of the supremacy of the church. The importance of the dispute is plain. Nothing less than a question of sovereignty is at stake. Who is to be master in Germany, the civil power,—the Emperor and the Chambers—or the Pope. It is the old quarrel of Investitures, the old struggle between the Papacy and the Empire. The only way of bringing it to an end would be to adopt the American system of complete separation. But the Germans contend, and perhaps not without reason, that such a system is only good for protestant countries. In a catholic country, they say, it conducts directly to the enslavement of the state and the absolute domination of the Pope, as it is to be seen in Belgium. The state professes to ignore the church, and not to concern itself with it. But the church only admits the system provisionally, and with a view of

drawing from it the means of establishing its own power. It claims that the state should be subjected to its laws; it makes itself master of the instruction of the young, on whom it inculcates its own ideas: and it carries these ideas into triumphant practice the day after it has gained the majority in the country. The struggle is thus made inevitable, and the only alternative is to bow beneath the law of the Sovereign Pontiff who holds in his hands the two swords, the sword of civil authority and the sword of ecclesiastical authority.

What seems to prove that the conflict cannot be avoided is that it has broken out in all the catholic countries—in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Belgium, in Ireland. On the other side of the seas at this very moment it is pursued with no less violence in Brazil, in Mexico, in Chili, at Buenos Ayres, that is, throughout catholic America. The battle that is being waged in Prussia is therefore a fact that results from the condition of things, a sort of historic necessity for catholic countries.

A still more tragical cast is given to the struggle by this, that the Empire in fighting ultramontanism is in reality defending its own existence. This is what we have clearly to understand. Prince Bismarck said it in all truth in the tribune at Berlin. The war of 1870 was declared against Germany by ultramontane influences. No doubt many causes made for war; the anxiety and chagrin inspired in France by Sadowa, the necessity felt by the Emperor of regaining the respect of the army, and of finding a diversion from interior difficulties. But Napoleon saw the danger; he hesitated, and even would have been glad to shrink back at the last hour.¹ It was the

(1) This is what has been related to me by one of the actors in the drama. On the 14th of July in the morning the ministers assembled under the presidency of the Emperor. The peace party and the war party joined battle. The Emperor said not a word, but in his heart he leaned towards peace. At length one of the ministers suggested the convocation of a European congress. The Emperor greeted the idea with enthusiasm. He grasped the hand of the author of the proposal, "You save us," while two tears trickled down his cheeks. An attempt was instantly made to draw up an appeal to Europe. But this was no easy task in presence of the partisans of war, who would find in every conciliatory phrase an avowal of weakness and a humiliation discrediting the dynasty in public esteem. At last as they could come to nothing, the question was deferred to an evening meeting. In the afternoon, as M. Thiers describes in his evidence on the subject of the events of the 4th of September, the Emperor said to two foreign ministers, "It is peace. I am sorry for it, for the opportunity was good, but on the whole peace is the safer course. You may regard the affair as at an end." "The principal minister," adds M. Thiers, "used almost the same language to me, but in spite of all these assurances, at night everything turned suddenly to war." The same night at St. Cloud the Empress and M. de Gramont finally triumphed over the hesitations of the Emperor.

The Mexican expedition, which was so fatal to France, by hindering her from acting in 1866, was also mainly decided by clerical influences. The object was to constitute in Mexico a Latin and catholic empire, which by supporting the slave-holding South, would have put limits to the growth of the great Anglo-Saxon and protestant republic. The Emperor was sanguine enough of success to reveal his design. So it was clericalism which overthrew the Empire and France along with it.

Empress and M. de Gramont who, in the famous meeting of the Council of Ministers at Saint Cloud on the night of the 14th of July, decided the declaration of war. The Empress said :—" *This is my war.* God will be with us, for we shall overthrow Protestant Prussia." M. de Gramont had brought back from Vienna the promise of the co-operation of Austria within a month's time, that is to say, after the first successes. Naturally Austria would fain have undone the work of 1866 and recovered the hegemony of Germany by helping to crush Prussia. It was Russia who placed an obstacle in the way of such an attempt.

Since 1871 ultramontanism, faithful to its plan of campaign, industriously prepares the means for executing its designs, by turning to account the aims and the passions both of nations and their sovereigns. The plan is simple and is well understood. It consists in this. The restoration in France of a dynasty devoted to the church, whether by conviction, or because they would need its support: the formation of an alliance between Legitimacy, or in default of that the Empire, and Austria: support from Bavaria, and the catholic Particularists of the south and of the Rhine provinces: help, or at worst benevolent neutrality, from Russia. Now Austria and France are both of them catholic countries. Both have been defeated by Prussia and lost a portion of their power. Both then must desire revenge, for they cannot view the new supremacy of Prussia as definitely consolidated. If France ceases to be a republic and falls again into the hands of a dynasty, that dynasty cannot be anything else than clerical. Thus ultramontanism is the natural bond of all the enemies of Prussia. It is able to bring to them the contingent of all the catholic animosities that lurk in the bosom of Germany and other parts of the world, and the sympathy even of the protestant conservatives, that for instance of the English ultra-Tories. The German empire finds, then, in the papal church an adversary as redoubtable as it is implacable, which at home will refuse to obey the laws, and will thus inflame the hatred and fanaticism of the catholic populations by braving a repression that must necessarily wear the character of persecution, while abroad it will prepare an alliance among the catholic states that were defeated by Prussia, or else are disquieted by her aggrandisement or by the projects of conquest imputed to her. The plan of the ultramontane campaign springs so naturally from the situation, that in all probability circumstances will one day allow them to attempt its realisation.

Still, though the conflict between the protestant Empire and ultramontanism be sooner or later inevitable, the beginning of open war might be postponed. For if France, in her desire for revenge, is to become the instrument of the designs of the priesthood, her army must first have been reconstructed and the republic replaced by

monarchy. With its German population attached to their brethren of the north, and her Hungarian population little devoted to Vienna or Austrian hegemony, the Hapsburg dynasty finds itself in too precarious and too complex a position to act with anything short of absolute assurance of success: 1870 proved it. In Prussia the opposition of the clergy internally would have been latent, and not very energetic, if the confessional laws had not been touched. I am then disposed to think that the Prussian government, in attempting by means of repressive laws to master the hostility of the priests, made a blunder, for I do not see how it is to come victorious out of the struggle. It will imprison or exile the bishops, but can it imprison or exile all the curés? Will it leave the catholic population without pastors? The watchword has been given: no ecclesiastic will submit to the requirements of the Falk laws. In Belgium the clergy wrought two revolutions and overthrew two sovereigns, Joseph II. and William I., rather than conform to a similar legislation. You may overcome the resistance of the religious sentiment when you resort to sword and stake, as under Philip II., or to exile in mass, as under Lewis XIV. You may further weaken the adversary, when it is possible to provoke a schism, as at Geneva. But the Old Catholic schism does not make proselytes enough in Germany to effect a serious diversion, and neither fine nor prison will impose obedience on the refractory priests. On the other side the exasperation of the catholic populations will become terrible. Probably they will not rebel. The respect for authority and the fear of it are too great. But disaffection will be such that the most fanatical will look for deliverance even at the hands of the foreigner. After the victories of 1870 all alike were borne by patriotic exaltation towards German unity. To-day the intestine divisions seem to presage civil war.

There is another troublesome result for Germany. The battle with the church makes the assimilation of Alsace almost an impossibility. If they had spoken fair words to Rome as in old days; if they had increased the stipends of the curés; if they had said to them, "In France you are exposed to all the revolutionary violences, witness '93 and the Commune; the least that can happen to you is the suppression by the Republic of the Budget des Cultes; Prussia, on the contrary, is a monarchic and conservative country which has always protected the church, even under Frederick II. who laughed at it: your lot then will be better assured in the German Empire than in that Republic whose very name makes you shudder." Such language, aided by certain favours and a few thousand pounds, would have rallied the Alsatian clergy, and facilitated in a singular degree the return of the lost sister to the hearth of the great Germanic family. As it is, the Germans have against them in Alsace the attachment of the inhabitants to France, which is kept

up by a clergy who execrate Prussia. In other words, they have against them the two strongest sentiments that can animate a population, the patriotic sentiment and the religious sentiment.

Why, then, has the Prussian government, whom these considerations by no means escaped, begun and so energetically prosecuted the battle with ultramontanism, instead of awaiting an open attack, which would not have broken out so soon? Here is the answer to this question, given to me by a German statesman, who is better able than any one else to explain the conduct of his government:—"The war against ultramontanism was inevitable, for it conspires against us and is bent on the destruction of the new Empire. Now to resist this, we shall never be stronger than on the morrow of our victories, when Germanic patriotism is in all the flood-tide of exaltation. Are the Germans, proud of their successes and believing themselves the first nation of the world, to be willing to continue to obey the orders of a handful of ignorant Italian priests who are the foes of their race? We shall be the defenders of civilisation and enlightenment against obscurantism and intellectual bondage. In sustaining the *Kulturkampf*, we shall have on our side the friends of liberty both in Germany and in the two hemispheres. France will make herself the right arm of Rome. We on the contrary shall take the part that France has always claimed to play, the part of the soldier of progress. The battle with ultramontane absolutism is engaged along the whole line. It is the burning question of the hour. In throwing ourselves into the fray, we shall have the good wishes of all the adversaries of that intolerant priesthood which aims at the extirpation of modern civilisation. Our only chance of securing acquiescence in the new power that we have acquired by force of arms, is to make it an instrument for the emancipation of mankind. Attacked we certainly shall be, sooner or later, and perhaps when we shall be less favourably placed for resistance than we are to-day. So the earlier the battle, the better for us."

I confess that this explanation struck me. Add a further point, of which we ought never to lose sight in seeking to penetrate the resolution of Germany. The statesman who directs the affairs of the Empire, himself an officer, seems to have adopted the tactics of the Prussian generals, which consist in attacking the enemy as soon as ever they come upon him. The instant offensive in the plan of the general campaign, no less than in secondary encounters, is the common watchword. When people are well prepared, and know distinctly what it is that they want, such tactics seem good, especially against an enemy who hesitates and who cannot at once command all his resources.

Certain statesmen in Italy and Germany make sure, it is said, of weakening catholicism at the death of the present

Pope by provoking the nomination of an anti-pope. The successor of Pius IX. would be quickly chosen by the Conclave, and would probably follow the same policy. But half-a-score of cardinals, stirred by ambition, by cupidity, or by their convictions, would get up an opposition to the election of the new pope, and, making a pretext of some irregularity, would nominate one in favour of liberal ideas. Such a pope, it is believed, would carry away a certain portion of the clergy and the faithful in the various countries of Europe, and thus the formidable unity of action of the ultramontane priesthood would find itself sundered. This renewal of the Great Schism of the West seems to me hardly probable. When men like Father Gratry, the German bishops, and especially Strossmayer, bow before the proclamation of infallibility, after rising up against the new dogma with all the energy of the most absolute conviction, one is inclined to conclude that the ultramontane doctrines and aspirations will encounter no further serious resistance within the fold of the catholic church.

To conclude. A war to the death is engaged between the German Empire and ultramontaniam. The latter has time on its side. It will endure, because it has its root in an indestructible and ardent sentiment. Its exaltation will become more intense as the blows struck against it multiply. These blows will raise up partisans even among those who do not share its beliefs. The end of the century will see the influence of catholicism magnified—an influence that has already increased in a marvellous degree during the last twenty years. Social struggles, wars among nations, the onslaughts of unbelief, will bring men to the foot of the altar, and will draw them above all towards Rome, who from her high antiquity and the alleged immutability of her doctrines represents most completely the principle of authority. This effect is already making itself powerfully felt in France and in England. Tenacious in its design and inaccessible in its places of retreat—that is, in the souls of men—ultramontaniam will bide its time, and the moment will almost inevitably come when it will be able to unite in one group all the enemies of Germany. The Empire, unable in its own domain to crush this intangible foe, who slowly and on every side seeks to enlacc it in its folds, will fair reach it from without by striking those powers which later on might act at the instigation or in the interests of the church. We see how logically the religious question leads Germany to war. We shall now see that the political situation drags it equally in the same direction.

II.

We may affirm that the very great majority of Germans ardently desire peace, and in this number we may, I imagine, include the

Emperor and his Chancellor. In former times the Frenchman, full of martial ardour, used to love war. The fumes of gunpowder, the memory of so many victories, used to intoxicate him. As M. Forcade said: For France war was a festival. This is no longer the case with the French of to-day. Still less is it so with the German who has never begun a campaign without sadness and resignation, or without the impulse of patriotic rage as in 1813 and 1870. An intense industrial crisis at this moment is at its height in Germany. The French millions have enriched nobody. They have been the occasion of a host of deceptions, and on the other hand, by leading to a rise in prices, they have brought about economic trouble, and produced severe straits in a vast number of families. Germany at the present time is gloomy, unquiet, agitated, but I do not believe she has any wish to seek conquests or diversions beyond her borders. It is alleged that her heart is set on ports, colonies, a powerful navy, and that for this end she designs the annexation of Holland. Germany in her foreign policy has given proof hitherto of much reflection and good sense. We have no right to impute to her other than rational projects. Now in taking Holland she would not have its colonies. England beyond all doubt, without any wish to keep them, would seize them, as she did when Napoleon I. joined the Low Countries to France. Thanks to the transshipping in transit and to the numerous German merchants settled at Antwerp and Rotterdam, these ports are as useful to Germany as if they belonged to her. Again, as every necessity obliges her, unless there should be a general disarmament, to maintain an enormous military establishment, would it be very wise to add to that the burden of a powerful navy of very little utility in case of a war, whose theatre would plainly be on the mainland? Germany therefore would scarcely gain anything by annexing Holland.¹ She would probably not be drawn to it, unless in case of a general war, to assure the safety of her western side or to procure a force that could enable her to resist a coalition.

Though the nation desires neither war nor conquest, we can hardly, I suppose, say as much of the army. For one thing, every army must have dreams of war, if it believe itself capable of conducting a war with success; that is its instinct, its business, its destination. The officer hopes for promotion and honour; the common soldier is drawn on by esprit de corps and excited by the

(1) It must, however, be confessed that the Dutch believe themselves to be threatened, and that they are preparing for defence by piercing the dikes. They report on this subject a saying of the Prince of Orange. He had shown to him at Berlin picked soldiers, six feet high. "We have whole regiments of such men," they said. "Well," answered the prince, "for each of your six-foot men I have seven feet of water at my disposal." Apocryphal or not, the story shows what men are thinking of.

stories of old campaigners. Most of the German military class have adopted the apology for war that is made by certain historians:—"War is useful for the progress of civilisation. It crushes worn-out forces, it spreads new ideas; it gives the pre-eminence to the worthiest. Every nation that gives itself up to peace falls into weakness and decline. Masculine sentiments, the force of sacrifice, the spring of duty, lose their virtue; for the pursuit of wealth and of the material luxury which wealth procures rises to be the one object in men's minds. As the storm purifies the air, so war disinfects the social atmosphere and braces character." Apart from such sophisms as these, more practical and unhappily juster reasons must incline the German army towards war with as brief delay as may be. It is in a state of marvellous preparation, and the other armies with which it might be called upon to measure itself are not so. Thanks to an organization which has been improved even since 1871, it can in a single week throw a million of men upon the frontier. This unequalled rapidity of mobilisation gives it an incomparable advantage even in the contingency of having to resist a coalition; it can crush one adversary before the others come into line. It has the best possible armament, and all is at its full strength. It has found the best way of utilising cavalry, and the most effective mode of attack for infantry. A state is never so much to be feared as when it has come victorious out of a struggle which has brought it into sound wind and condition without exhausting it. The generals, the officers of every grade, the private soldiers, have the experience of war on a great scale, and only they in Europe have it. Every one knows exactly what he has to do, and the whole gigantic machine would put itself in motion without more friction or waste than there is in a chronometer. Finally it has one more inestimable advantage—a single leader already appointed to prepare the plan of campaign and to direct its execution with absolute authority. In every other country, there would be hesitations, consultations, councils of war, conflicting recommendations, changes of plan on the slightest reverse,—in short all the confusion in command which was the undoing of the French army, in spite of all its valour under fire.

We must not forget that strategic conditions are completely changed. Formerly, when wars were prolonged, a first check could be repaired; a general, unknown at the beginning, had time to make himself known and to bring victory back to the standards. To-day railways convey hour by hour countless masses of men to the decisive point. Within a fortnight the issue of the campaign is decided, and all is won. It is indispensable therefore that the plan should be traced before the opening of hostilities, and at the same time that the superiority of the commander-in-chief should be so

recognised and accepted that every one should obey without hesitation and under all circumstances. With equal genius and equal forces the unity of an uncontested command offers far more decisive advantages than in former times. Germany has still Moltke, and in default of him, Blumenthal, they say. In fine, the German army now perhaps excels the armies of other states to a greater extent than even Napoleon I. at the very height of his power.

This pre-eminence which would lead an ambitious prince to extravagant enterprises, ought on the contrary to bind over a wise government to enjoy in peace the security that it derives from its strength. But the Germans are convinced of two things. First, that the other states, particularly France and Russia, having adopted the Prussian system, will soon be able to dispose of forces equal to those of Germany. Secondly, that when this hour shall come, Germany will be attacked at the first convenient moment, probably by those two states in alliance with one another. It is natural that the Germans, possessing this conviction, should wish to anticipate the danger that threatens them by acting while they still retain the superiority on which their safety depends.

This may seem hateful. But we must see things as they are. The conquest of Alsace is an inexorable cause of war between Germany and France. It is a duel to the death. He who does not slay is himself slain. One of the two foes struck the other down, and thinks he has disabled him. He was mistaken. Then seeing the vanquished recovering strength and arming himself with a sharper sword than that which played him false, the conqueror will be inclined to strike a second time, less he should in his turn succumb. It is childish to speak of magnanimity to a state which believes it has its very existence to defend. Those who govern Germany cannot help perceiving the danger. An alliance between France and Russia is indicated by the very nature of things, and if it does not yet exist, it is owing to the friendship that unites the Emperor Alexander to his uncle, the Emperor William. France in order to recover Alsace and her old frontier of the Rhine will concede to Russia all that she wishes in the East and on the Danube. Germany, on the contrary, can cede to Russia neither the Principalities nor Turkey, without giving up at the same time all the Slaves, that is, the centre of Europe, including Bohemia and Trieste. The saying of Frederick II. still remains true:—"We cannot favour the designs of Russia; for on the very day when she is at Constantinople, she would enter Königsberg."

General Fadéeff has admirably pointed out the changes wrought by the events of 1870 in the European situation.¹ Russia is hence-

(1) *Aperçu de la question d'orient*, par le général Rostislav Fadéeff.—General Fadéeff: *Russlands Kriegsmacht und Kriegspolitik*, übersetzt von J. Eckardt.

forth stronger, in the sense that, Germany and France having both equally good reasons for coveting her alliance, she is the arbiter of peace and of the destinies of the European continent. But on the other hand, instead of being arrested in her expansion by the intermittent alliance between France and England, she has now in front of her the compact mass of the Germanic race. The maritime states could barely graze the remotest extremities of the Empire. Germany can smite it in the very heart. If she were victorious, a single campaign would bring her to St. Petersburg and Moscow; and, by a still more decisive stroke, she could restore Poland and defend its existence. A secret instinct warns Germans and Russians alike that a conflict will one day break out between them. The interest of the nations is to disarm, to live in peace, to interchange ideas and commodities, not shell and ball. But they are still insensate enough to suffer themselves to be dragged, nay, to march with enthusiasm, into fratricidal strife.

France for her part does not at this moment wish for war. She is wholly absorbed in the work of her political reorganization. It was contrary to the truth to accuse her of seeking to trouble the peace of Europe. But it would be useless to deny that the day when she shall believe herself strong enough to recover Alsace, she will try. This being notorious and avowed, it is a grave danger for her to push on the reconstruction of the army with so much haste. We can hardly hope that Germany will wait until her enemy is completely ready for the attack. If the danger grows serious, she will unquestionably be the first to move. For this reason many sober Frenchmen are of opinion that France would do better to imitate Prussia after Jena, to reduce her army so as to take away all pretext for an attack, and at the same time to reconstitute her whole military establishment, slowly and beginning at the foundations. Nations may await their hour; they do not die.

Were the notes recently sent to Belgium by Germany in themselves a warning to the Belgian ministry and to the clericals of France, or a serious threat against the independence of this little neutral country? It does not seem likely that the Germans want to commit this odious attempt brutally to seize a state that for forty years has governed itself with wisdom, and has done the whole continent the great service of proving that all the English liberties are capable of being acclimatised. The journals beyond the Rhine, it is true, go on charging with a disturbing persistency that the Belgians are the enemies of Germany. But the German government must know perfectly well how untrue this is. As M. Malou, the minister of finances, observed, if there are in Belgium newspapers and a party which do not approve the policy of Prussia, the other party and its organs show themselves all the more in sympathy with that policy.

The French language, the multiplicity of dealings, the same reading, the same laws, lead to numerous points of contact and likeness between the French and the Belgians. On the other hand, Belgium never forgets what she owes to Germany. The Belgians hold in equal esteem their neighbours on the south and their neighbours in the east. But nothing could induce them to desire union either with Germany or with France. They are deeply attached to their independence, they are sincerely proud of it, and they would defend it with all the energy of the most ardent and devoted patriotism.

Belgian neutrality would render an immense service to each of her two neighbours in case of a conflict between them. Belgium covers against French invasion both the Rhine and Westphalia which is nearly defenceless. It covers, therefore, the direct road to Berlin. On the other side it protects against a German attack the rich provinces of the north, where General Faidherbe succeeded in raising a complete army in 1870. The violent seizure of Belgium without any just cause of offence would raise the indignation of Europe to such a point that no power can have any interest in braving it. France, to attack Germany, may have to pass through Belgium, so as to avoid the formidable quadrilateral of Metz, Strasburg, Coblenz, and Mainz. But Germany, to enter France, has only to open her strong places. It can only be at the close of a great war that Belgium may be included in a great readjustment of the European map, according to a plan which a German statesman explained to me. "Suppose," said he, "that we were to come victorious out of a new duel with France, what could we do to place ourselves in a position of definite security? Take the rest of Lorraine and Champagne? An absurd solution, contrary to the nature of things, and one that could have no ultimate chance of lasting. We should be taking in populations of different origin and different speech, contrary to the principle of nationalities which now regulates the reconstitution of states. Our territory would have on that side an impossible configuration. History on the contrary offers us a solution at once natural, solid, and traditional, and you know that the Germans set much store by historic tradition. We should restore the circle of Burgundy, one of the great territorial divisions of the old German Empire. In other words we should reconstruct the collection of provinces possessed by Charles the Bold, and we should reattach them to the German Empire, without stripping them of their autonomy."

Certainly the Belgians would not be ready to give any consent to such an aggrandizement as this. It would cost them both their independence and their tranquillity, and they would resist it with all their might. Nevertheless, it may be that here is a danger for the future. We cannot think without a shudder of the desperate

struggles that would assuredly be provoked by an attempt to force such a reconstruction of the past into the conditions and circumstances of the present.

III.

It remains for us now to examine what would probably be the conduct of the different states in case of a new conflict between France and Germany.

(1.) The attitude of Russia depends on the will of the Emperor. Now the Emperor seems to be a friend of peace and humanity. Everything proves it—his domestic reforms, his attitude in the midst of European complications, his truly disinterested and beneficent intervention in favour of a mitigation of the usages of war. He appears desirous of confining himself, and rightly, to developing the resources of his immense territory, without seeking to enlarge it by senseless conquests. If he had been ambitious, he could in 1866 and 1870 have got a higher price for his alliance than the recovery of his freedom of action in the Black Sea. The English have looked suspiciously on his annexations in the Khanates beyond the Sea of Aral. But these annexations were brought about on the same grounds as led England herself to make, one after another, far more numerous and important annexations in India. The Emperor Alexander not desiring aggrandizement in Europe, it is not likely that Germany could obtain his concurrence, or even his acquiescence, by means of a territorial concession. Nor would he look with favour on any new addition to the German Empire, which would certainly alarm public opinion in Russia. But would he go so far as to oppose it by arms, and to uphold France notwithstanding the affection which unites him to the Emperor William, and notwithstanding his thoroughly German sympathies? What happens in the West may seem insignificant in comparison with the future reserved for Russia. The Russian Empire already counts twice as many inhabitants as the German Empire, and before another hundred years are gone it will count 200,000,000—which, thanks to the railways, will deliver to it the whole of Asia, and probably, moreover, thanks to the idea of Pan Slavism, the half of Europe.

It is said that the Czarewitch is not fond of the Germans, and that he would be very glad to see his father follow a different policy from that which has prevailed hitherto. If this were true, it would be a reason the more why Germany should act before a change takes place that would be unfavourable to her. On the whole, Russia seems resolutely attached to the maintenance of peace and the *status quo*, and possibly would even go so far as to defend it by arms.

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VOL. 1815
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THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

(2.) In Austria divergent tendencies are in presence of one another and balance one another. The Emperor and the army have not forgotten Sadowa. From the correspondence between Count Beust and M. de Gramont concerning the promises of co-operation given to the Emperor Napoleon, it resulted that if that co-operation failed, it was due first to the prompt and decisive successes of the German armies, and secondly to the attitude of Russia. The reconciliation with this power, and the alliance of the three Emperors, has been for Austria a fortunate guarantee of security and strength, and it owes some gratitude for this to Prussia. But the ingratitude of Austria is a proverb, and we must confess that ingratitude is natural to states in the "struggle for existence." The obstacle to an attack directed against Germany would not come from there. Only the intelligent and guiding part of the German Austrians, who are anti-clerical and convinced of the necessity of leaning on the greater Germany, would fail to approve a war against that Germany. The Hungarians would be as little anxious for it, seeing that they are now the masters in the dual empire, while the return to the situation, as it was before 1866, would subject them anew to the preponderance of the German element. On the other hand, the high Catholic nobility, the Tyrolese, the clergy, and all the populations under them, would throw themselves with enthusiasm into a war against the heretics of the north, the persecutors of the Church. Prussia overthrown, the crown of the Empire of Germany would pass to Catholic Austria, and the fruit of the victories of Gustavus Adolphus would be definitively lost. On the whole, the opponents of war would be, if not more numerous, still more powerful than the others, because they have the upper hand in the Chambers and in the towns. But we cannot too thoroughly master this truth, that on the continent the sovereign may plunge into war in spite of the most decided opposition in the nation. We saw this in Prussia in the war of 1866, which was unpopular to the highest degree in every class of society. The sovereign gives the order of march. The army, inured to passive obedience, attacks the enemy. The conflict once begun, what can the country do but defend itself? The most declared enemy of war must abandon opposition, under pain of betraying the national cause. Thus, then, in default of victories as rapid and as crushing as those of 1870, Germany would have to count on the hostility of Austria, if she were to insist on increasing her own power, and lessening that of France.

(3.) They report a good saying of Prince Bismarck's to a French diplomatist. "We shall both of us," he said, "pay ardent court to Italy, but you will see that she will never let herself be seduced by either the one or the other." The rational policy of the Peninsula is summed up in this. Italy owes gratitude to France, who gave her

Milan, and to Prussia who allowed her to take Venice and Rome, and to complete her unity. To ally herself with one or other would be an act of ingratitude without aim and without compensation. Germany may promise her Nice, Savoy, and the Italian Tyrol, but these revindications, which the Italians are too sensible to concern themselves much about, would not be worth the hazard and the cost of a war with France and Austria. Italy has need of peace to restore her finances, and to permit the continuance of the magnificent industrial, literary, and scientific development which is now transforming that fortunate land. The advanced party inclines to Prussia from hatred of the papacy, and fear of French legitimism. The moderates lean towards France by tradition and common memories. The majority of the Italians would naturally prefer the French to the Germans, if this sympathy were not counterbalanced by the conviction that a monarchy in France would be forced to intervene in favour of the Pope, in order to make sure of the support of the clergy. The danger is so distant that Italy might at this moment reduce her war establishment, and especially her navy, which is in any case useless and insufficient. She would in this way decisively mark her intention to remain neutral, and would have a good reason for taking part in no conflict.

Italy is admirably placed for preserving her neutrality. Cut off from the rest of Europe by the Alps, she possesses almost the advantages of an island. The natural limits agree nearly exactly with the ethnographical frontiers. None of her neighbours any longer think of taking any of her soil or of invading it. Austria is definitively reconciled with Italy, and if she dreams of any extension, it is no longer towards the south, but eastwards or northwards. France, already embarrassed by the possession of Nice, will never think of annexing Genoa or Turin. Italy is as isolated as Spain, and unlike Spain she has no colonies to keep down or to defend. Once the question of the temporal power definitively settled, she has no longer an enemy to fear. The Italians have shown so much sagacity in the conduct of affairs at home and abroad that they will not be likely to throw themselves into a fray where they would have much to lose and nothing to gain.

(4.) It remains to examine what England would do. Because England did not take up arms in 1863 to defend Denmark, nor in 1870 to fly to the succour of France, many people think on the continent that she is devoted to peace at any price, and they talk of pusillanimity and abdication. A few Englishmen are weak enough to feel these superficial judgments. Lately even it has been truly laughable to see with what proud satisfaction the newspapers have sung the praises of Lord Derby, because, say they, his decided attitude preserved the peace of Europe. It would seem as if they were ashamed

of the too long abstention of their country. And yet neither in 1864 nor 1870 could England have acted otherwise than she did. It is truly amazing to see certain writers express their regret at this. If England had declared war against Germany in defence of Denmark, she would have had to act in concert with France. Now Napoleon had been simple enough to announce that he must have a territorial compensation for a conflict in which he would have to meet the shock of the whole of Germany, including Austria. If victorious, therefore, he would take the Rhine frontier, comprising Belgium. How could England, at war with her old continental allies, have withstood this? Thus in case of success, she would be sacrificing Belgium for the sake of preserving Schleswig to Denmark. Would that have been rational policy? Again, it may be said now, that Napoleon was well advised in shrinking from the struggle. Prussia had already the needle-gun and her rapidity of mobilisation. She would have been supported by the armies of the Confederation and of Austria, which would have marched with enthusiasm against the hereditary foe on behalf of the German fatherland. In presence of such overwhelming forces, how in the name of common sense could 40,000 Englishmen, however brave, have saved France from a catastrophe?

In 1870 England, understanding the danger that overhung Belgium, concluded a treaty with France and Prussia for the defence of Belgian neutrality against any power that might violate it. This was not abstention. It was the sword of Great Britain, held ready to start from the scabbard, to protect the little state whose existence she had guaranteed. This twofold alliance was in reality directed against Napoleon, who all through his reign had dreamed of this conquest of Belgium, and the Benedetti Treaty had just made this unmistakably evident. In 1868, when on the occasion of the resumption of the Luxemburg railway by the French Eastern Company, Napoleon had been on the point of acting against Belgium, it was the energetic opposition of England that forced him to draw back, and in 1867 it was owing to her intervention that the Luxemburg affair ended peaceably. England, therefore, has succeeded in defending on the continent the only interest for which in case of need she would be called upon to take up arms.

In France she has been reproached with not having helped her old ally of the Crimea after Sedan. But as soon as the Prussian victories had assured her what she had aimed at when the war broke out, in other words the maintenance of Belgian neutrality, how could she turn against the very State whose success she had been obliged to hope for? War is so horrible a thing that no nation in its senses ought ever to undertake it save under absolute necessity. With what precise object would England have gone to war with

Germany, her traditional ally? What was she to require, and what could she have got? No party, no serious statesman, would have consented to take the responsibility of a declaration of war against Germany, at the risk of increasing still further the exigencies of Russia. And let us not forget again, that the fall of Napoleon III. and the events of 1871 brought an evident gain to England. They removed her definitely away from those costly panics to which the armaments of France gave rise periodically. The French navy was the only one that could at certain moments have had any chance against the British navy, or could have made the Admiralty uneasy. For the future France would have to devote all her resources to her army, and consequently would neglect her fleet. When all sources of disquiet disappeared on the side of France, the insular security of Great Britain was complete, for the danger of the future German fleet cannot yet be taken into actual account. The preponderance of Germany perhaps diminishes in certain cases some of the influence and activity that England might have exercised on the continent. But on the other side it offers a guarantee for the interest which the English think they have in defending the East. The stronger Germany is, the less inclined will she be to offer compensation to Russia. The more she believes herself in need of Russian support, the more will she be drawn on to pay handsomely for it.

If we examine events closely for the last half century, we shall remain convinced that the policy of England has been rational as well as humane, steady, and clear-sighted. We can only reproach her with two mistakes; her attitude towards the United States during the War of Secession, and her way of conducting the Crimean War. The Crimean War had no result beyond giving prestige to Napoleon III. and enabling him to baptize with sounding names bridges, boulevards, and generals. The war was begun without reason, and ended without goal; directed without any plan of ensemble, and closed without prevision of the future. What have the English got by it, save the graves at Sebastopol and the monument in Pall Mall? If there was a wish seriously to arrest the aggrandizement of Russia, you should, according to Prince Bismarck's energetic expression, have made a war *à fond* and thrust her back beyond the Dnieper, by dragging Austria into the struggle. Modern war is too serious a thing and causes too much suffering to our industrial societies, for it to be made lightly, as though it were no more than a sort of tournament. In all the Franco-German complications, in 1863, 1866, 1867, 1868, and 1870, England never had the least reason for drawing the sword. She acted or abstained from acting as humanity and her own interest rightly understood happened to prescribe. It is mere absurdity to say that she has

fallen from her greatness of old time, because she has not gone to war without good reason.

There are two causes for which England would take up arms: Belgium and Holland, first, and next, Turkey and Persia. The maintenance of equilibrium in the East is still an invariable tradition of her policy, and the preservation of the independence of Belgium and Holland touches her still more closely. She has guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, and would not allow her signature to be protested. The possession of the ports of the Scheldt and of the Meuse by a great continental power would drive England to such an augmentation of her armaments as would cost more than the war necessary to resist it. Antwerp is the necessary point of debarkation for the English, and its gigantic fortifications have been constructed solely to preserve it to her. Finally—a less serious but perhaps more decisive motive—the English would seize with eagerness an opportunity of proving by the defence of a good cause that they have preserved their old valour and warlike prowess. Even if England were alone, she would not hesitate to begin the struggle, because she is able to sustain it for a great length of time without serious peril to herself. People are mistaken if they think England powerless, because she can only throw some 40,000 or 50,000 men on to the continent. It is true that her means of attack are comparatively less effective than at the beginning of the century, now that the great European states have more than a million of men under arms, and the disembarkation of troops, which in former days hardly succeeded except in Spain, would no longer be feasible or useful save at Antwerp. But, what makes England formidable, as it did of yore the little republic of the United Provinces,—she may make herself the active centre of a coalition. She has money, the command of the seas, and prestige. Having nothing to fear at home, she may prolong the struggle and seek on all hands to raise up enemies against the power that she wishes to resist, and such enemies she will never fail to discover. England at last vanquished Napoleon I., sovereign master as he was of all Europe, simply because she had the power of keeping up the struggle against him for fifteen years, while the continental states were crushed in a single campaign. Napoleon III., with this lesson before his eyes, never ventured to brave the hostility of England: *timor Angliæ initium sapientiæ*. But for that, in 1866, before Sadowa, he would have taken Belgium without there being anything on the continent to stay his hand. But England, allied with Germany, would speedily have made him let go. He understood this, and did not wish to expose himself to a new Waterloo.¹ The study of the past, as

(1) Formerly people placed Napoleon III. too high, and now they place him too low. His designs were well conceived, but indecision in their execution turned them against

well as of the actual situation, proves clearly that England quite alone would be more powerless than she used to be, but that in fact she has never been more formidable, because being at peace within her own borders, and now that she is reconciled to America, she may become the centre of a truly redoubtable coalition, which there would be very little difficulty in forming in the midst of the fierce rivalries that are fermenting in modern Europe.

In case of a conflict, in which direction would she lean? At this moment the friendliness between France and England is closer than it ever was. The French seem to understand that they were wrong in their accusation of their former ally in 1870, seeing that everything combined to forbid her to take any part in a war which was undertaken in spite of her, and at bottom against her. So cordial an understanding between two nations who can do so much for the progress of civilisation is a great blessing, but do not let us remain under any illusions. Save in the case of Germany wishing to annex the Low Countries, England, notwithstanding her sympathy for France, could not go with her. The reasons for this are evident.

To begin with, we must take account of historic facts when they present a certain continuity, because in such a case they are the result of natural necessities. Now England has always been the rival of France and the ally of Germany. If the principles of Free Trade and international brotherhood exercised the influence that ought to belong to them, these facts would be no more than a memory devoid of all actual meaning. Unfortunately, what is called political interest settles the policy of states, and this interest must one day divide France and England. No one in France at the present moment thinks of resuming the too famous Benedetti project. But suppose France victorious over Germany in a great war, whose theatre would have been, as we must anticipate, in the plains of Belgium, the French Government would be led almost by force to re-take the frontiers of the Rhine to maintain herself on a level with the German Empire as definitively constituted. France, again, instinctively seeks the Russian alliance, and the Russians incline almost universally towards France. Alliance between these two states is indicated by the nature of things, each of them being able to concede what the other seeks. Now a Franco-Russian alliance

him. His plan was to produce, in concert with Cavour and Bismarck, the unity of Italy, the unity of Germany, and that of France up to the Rhine. If he had come to a frank understanding with Italy and Germany, and had an army sufficiently prepared to ensure him his own share, he would have succeeded. But in Italy he shrank back for fear of the clergy; with Bismarck he finessed; and having ruined his army in Mexico, he was not ready at the right moment. During the war of 1870, which he did not desire, he contributed the only two sound ideas of the campaign—to leave Metz forthwith, and not to go to Sedan. Thus he was compromising his crown, but perhaps he was saving France. After all, however, as it was, his reign was a frightful scourge for the country which invited and upheld him.

means the abandonment of the East to Russia, and of the West to France. This would be a sacrifice of the two very interests which England is most firmly bent on defending. The defeat of Germany would have for its consequences the hegemony of Austria in the centre of Europe, and the triumph of ultramontaniam on the continent, which the English, I suppose, can hardly desire. It is therefore probable that, save in one contingency, England, in spite of the distrusts and antipathies of the hour, would be forced to uphold Germany, if a general war were to break out. All would make that way—historic traditions, political interests, religious sympathies.

To sum up in a few words. A great change in the equilibrium of Europe cannot come about without provoking a series of wars, because the loser is always bent on recovering his ancient position. Every state which aspires to supremacy or which obtains it, ends sooner or later by finding a coalition in face of it. All history shows this. Germany sees that a coalition will form against her under the auspices of ultramontaniam, and she is naturally disposed to anticipate it by being first in the field. Hence the danger of war which has just alarmed Europe, and which cannot be dispersed because it arises from the very situation. The position of Germany, dominant as she may be at this moment, is one of the most critical. If she acts without provocation, she will have against her the sentiment and perhaps the arms of the whole of Europe. If she waits, the danger will perhaps be just as great, and she will by that time have lost her present superiority. To extricate the new Empire from these shoals, those who have its destinies in their hands will need a great deal of prudence, moderation, and clear-sightedness, along with energy and decision in an emergency. In front of them the peace coalition has just risen up. Sooner or later will form against the war coalition. The struggle between the Papacy and the Empire will begin afresh, and who can predict the issue?

The means of avoiding the terrible shock that all the world foresees in the future, would perhaps be to make of Belgium, Luxemburg, Switzerland, and of Alsace restored to her own people, an independent zone, the neutrality of which, being guaranteed by Europe, would separate France and Germany by an insurmountable barrier, and would make a conflict all but impossible. But this is a dream so absolutely chimerical, that it is ridiculous to venture on the mere mention of it. There must still be many massacres before the nations reach a clear comprehension of these evident truths, that no state has any interest in augmenting its territory, and that the smallest countries are the happiest.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

MARRIAGES BETWEEN FIRST COUSINS IN ENGLAND AND THEIR EFFECTS.¹

I.—*The Proportion of First-Cousin Marriages to all Marriages.*

It is well known that when the Census Act, 1871, was passing through the House of Commons, an attempt was made by Sir J. Lubbock, Dr. Playfair, and others, to have a question inserted with respect to the prevalence of cousin marriages, under the idea that when we were in possession of such statistics we should be able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to whether these marriages are, as has been suspected, deleterious to the bodily and mental constitution of the offspring. It is unfortunately equally well known that the proposal was rejected, amidst the scornful laughter of the House, on the ground that the idle curiosity of philosophers was not to be satisfied.

It was urged, that when we had these statistics it would be possible to discover, by inquiry in asylums, whether the percentage of the offspring of consanguineous marriages amongst the diseased was greater than that in the healthy population, and thus to settle the question as to the injuriousness of such marriages. The difficulty of this subsequent part of the inquiry was, I fear, much underrated by those who advocated the introduction of these questions into the census. It may possibly have been right to reject the proposal on the ground that every additional question diminishes the trustworthiness of the answers to the rest, but in any case the tone taken by many members of the House shows how little they are permeated with the idea of the importance of inheritance to the human race.

In the summer of 1873 the idea occurred to me that it might be in some measure possible to fill up this hiatus in our national statistics. In looking through the marriages announced in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I noticed one between persons of the same surname; now as the number of surnames in England is very large, it occurred to me that the number of such marriages would afford a clue to the number of first-cousin marriages.

In order to estimate what proportion of such marriages should be attributed to mere chance, I obtained the "Registrar-General's

(1) This article is a part of a paper read before the Statistical Society of London, on the 16th of March last. The Society has courteously permitted its publication in this Review simultaneously with its appearance in their Journal for this month. The reader will find in the Journal further details, and a discussion of some of the previous writings on the subject of consanguineous marriages.

Annual Report" for 1853, where the frequency of the various surnames is given. I here found that there were nearly 33,000 surnames registered, and that the fifty commonest names embraced 18 per cent. of all the population. It appears that one in 73 is a Smith, one in 76 a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davies, one in 174 a Brown, and the last in the list is one Griffiths in 529. Now it is clear that in one marriage in 73 one of the parties will be a Smith, and if there were no cause which tended to make persons of the same surname marry, there would be one in 73^2 , or 5,329 marriages, in which both parties were Smiths. Therefore the probability of a Smith-Smith marriage due to mere chance is $\frac{1}{5329}$; similarly the chance of a Jones-Jones, a Davies-

Davies and a Griffiths-Griffiths marriage would be $\frac{1}{76^2}$, $\frac{1}{162^2}$ and $\frac{1}{529^2}$, respectively. And the sum of fifty such fractions would give the probability of a chance marriage, between persons of the same surname, who owned one of these fifty commonest names. The sum of these fifty fractions I find to be 0.0009207, or 0.9207 per thousand. It might, however, be urged that if we were to take more than fifty of the common names, this proportion would be found to be much increased. I therefore drew a horizontal straight line, and at equal distances along it I erected ordinates proportional to $\frac{1}{73^2}$, $\frac{1}{76^2}$, \dots $\frac{1}{529^2}$.

The upper ends of these ordinates were found to lie in a curve of great regularity, remarkably like a rectangular hyperbola, of which my horizontal straight line was one asymptote; and the ordinate corresponding to Griffiths was exceedingly short. Observing the great regularity of the curve, I continued it beyond the fiftieth surname by eye, until it sensibly coincided with the asymptote, at a point about where the hundred and twenty-fifth name would have stood, and then I cut out the whole (drawn on thick paper), and weighed the part corresponding to the fifty surnames, and the conjectural part. The conjectural addition was found to weigh rather more than one-tenth of the other part; and as the chance of same-name marriages is proportional to the areas cut out, I think I may venture confidently to assert that in England, and Wales about one marriage in a thousand takes place in which the parties are of the same surname, and have been uninfluenced by any relationship between them bringing them together. Now it will appear presently that far more than one marriage in a thousand is between persons of the same surname; and as I do not profess to have attained results of an accuracy comparable to 0.1 per cent., I am entitled to say that same-name marriages, when they take place, are due to the consanguinity of the parties. If it permitted such.

accuracy, the method pursued would, however, include a compensation for this disturbing cause.

With the help of an assistant the marriages announced in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the years 1869-72, and part of 1873, were counted, and were found to be 18,528. Out of these 232 were between persons of the same surname, that is 1·25 per cent. were same-name marriages. The same marriage is occasionally announced twice over, but as there can be no reason to suppose that this course has been pursued oftener or seldomer with same-name marriages than with others, the result will not be vitiated thereby. In order to utilise this result it now became necessary to determine—

(1) What proportion of this 1·25 per cent. were marriages between first cousins.

(2) What proportion marriages between first cousins of the same surname bear to those between first cousins of different surnames.

If these two points could be discovered, the percentage of first-cousin marriages in the upper classes could be at once determined. I have endeavoured to find out these proportions in several ways.

An assistant was employed to count the marriages of the men in the pedigrees of the English and Irish families occupying about 700 pages of "Burke's Landed Gentry," marking every case where the marriage was "same-name." I then tried in every such case to discover, from a consideration of the pedigree, whether the marriage had been between first cousins. I found that in a certain number of cases I was unable to discover this. The total number of pedigrees in the 700 pages was about 1,300; and of these I had to exclude 71, thinking that by only including family trees where I could discover the relationship of the parties, I should not obtain an unfair selection of the whole. The marriages of the men alone were included, because, had I included those of the women, many marriages would have been counted twice over,—once in the pedigree under consideration, and again in that of the husband. In this way, then, I found that out of 9,549 marriages given by Burke 72 were same-name first-cousin marriages, and 72 were same-name marriages not between first cousins. This gives the percentage of same-name marriages as 1·5 (not strikingly different from the 1·25 deduced from the *Pall Mall Gazette*), and of this percentage 0·75 is to be attributed to first-cousin marriages.

I further collected in the same way 1,989 marriages from the "English and Irish Peerage," and of these 18 were same-name first-cousin marriages, or 0·9 per cent. The number of same-name marriages not being first-cousin marriages was not, however, compared in this case. It will be observed, that the proportion is nearly 0·2 per cent. higher than with the "Landed Gentry," and, as the nobility are known to marry much *inter se*, this was perhaps to

be expected; however, 2,000 is too small a number on which to base a conclusion on this head with safety. The Peerage and Burke combined give 90 out of 11,538, or 0·78 per cent., of same-name first-cousin marriages.

The next step was to send out a large number of circulars (about 800) to members of the upper middle and upper classes, in which I requested each person to give me the names of any members of the following classes, who married their first cousins; viz., (1) the uncles, aunts, father, and mother of the person; (2) the brothers, sisters, and the person himself; (3) the first cousins of the person. I further asked for the names of any persons in the above classes who contracted same-name marriages *not* with first cousins. I confined my questions to near relations, because, had the more distant ones been included, a risk was run of getting a selected set of marriages,—a risk which I am inclined to suspect was not avoided, as will hereafter appear.

In about 300 of the circulars, I further asked for the total number of marriages contracted by the persons included in the Classes 1, 2, and 3. Care was taken to exclude, as far as possible, those persons who had cousins in common, so that each answer should embrace a fresh field. I must here return my thanks to the many persons who so kindly filled in and returned the circulars.

The following result was obtained:—

TABLE A.

Same-Name First-Cousin Marriages.	Different-Name First-Cousin Marriages.	Same Name <i>not</i> First-Cousin Marriages.
66	182	29

From 181 circulars returned in which the total number of marriages in each class was given, the following was the result:—

TABLE B.

Total Number of Marriages.	Total Number of First-Cousin Marriages.	Percentage of First-Cousin Marriages.	Percentage of Same-Name Marriages, whether Cousin or not Cousin.
3,663	125	3·41	1·38 ¹

Persons having no cousin marriages to fill in were asked to return the circular blank, in those cases where the total number of marriages was not asked for. Of such blank returns, together with

(1) Compare this with 1·25 deduced from *Poll Mall Gazette*.

those where the total number of marriages was not given, 207 came back to me; and the results derived from them were found to agree closely with those in Table B.

From Table A it is seen that there were 182 different-name cousin marriages to 66 same-name cousin marriages; *i.e.* for every same-name cousin marriage there were $2\frac{3}{4}$ different-name cousin marriages.

And again there were 66 same-name cousin marriages to 29 same-name-not-cousin marriages; that is rather more than two to one. This last result disagrees so much with that obtained from Burke and the Peerage, where the proportion was, as above stated, found to be as 1 to 1, that I am inclined to suspect that I had either a run of luck against me, or more probably that a considerable number of marriages between persons of the same surname, not being first cousins, escaped the notice of my correspondents. This latter belief is somewhat confirmed by what follows. If, however, I combine the results obtained from Burke with those from my circulars, I obtain the following:—

$$\frac{\text{Same-name cousin marriages}}{\text{All same-name marriages}} = \frac{142}{249} = \cdot 57.$$

And in default of anything more satisfactory I am compelled to accept this result as the first of my two requisite factors.

As to the second factor,—the proportion $2\frac{3}{4} : 1$ for different-name cousin marriages to same-name cousin marriages is, I fear, also unsatisfactory. But before entering on this point I will indicate the sources of error in my returns:—

(1) The sensitiveness of persons in answering the question in cases where there are cousin marriages, particularly when any ill results may have accrued.

(2) The non-return by persons who had no such marriages to fill in, and who would say, “I have no information, what is the use of returning this?”¹

(3) The ignorance of persons of the marriages of their relations. This ignorance would be more likely to affect the returns of different-name marriages than of same-name ones. I feel convinced that this has operated to some extent, as will be seen hereafter.

(4) In the cases of same-name marriages, persons would be more likely to know of the marriages between first cousins than of other such marriages. The discrepancy between Burke and my circulars leads me to believe that this too has operated.

I have been much surprised to find how very little people know

(1) The circulars were ready stamped for return, which would induce many to return them by saving trouble.

of the marriages of their relations, even so close as those comprised in my three classes. As it is clear that the marriages contracted by a man's uncles and aunts, and by his brothers and sisters, would be less likely to escape his notice than would those contracted by his first cousins, I made an analysis of my circulars, including only the first two classes, viz.: (1) uncles, aunts, father, and mother; (2) brothers and sisters and the person himself. And the results from this analysis made a nearer approach to those derived from Burke. But even then it seemed so unsatisfactory, that I feel sure that the indirect method, to which I now proceed, is on the whole more reliable.

It is possible to discover the proportion between the same-name and different-name marriages in an entirely different way, and this I have tried to do. A man's first cousins may be divided into four groups, viz.: the children of (a) his father's brothers, (b) of his father's sisters, (c) his mother's brothers, (d) his mother's sisters. Of these four groups only (a) will in general bear the same surname as the person himself. On the average the number of marriageable daughters in each family of each of the four groups will be the same. Were the four groups then equally numerous, we might expect that the same-name would bear to the different-name marriages the proportion of one to three. Since, however, a man cannot marry his sisters, this cannot hold good; for the classes (a) and (d) are clearly on the average smaller than (b) and (c), and the proportion we wish to discover is $\frac{(a)}{(b) + (c) + (d)}$, which must evidently be less than $\frac{1}{3}$.

To take a numerical example: A's father is one of 3 brothers, who married and have children, and A's father had 2 sisters, who married and have children: A's mother had 1 brother, who married and has children, and was one of 5 sisters, who married and have children. Then clearly the class

(a)	consists of 2 families.
(b)	" 2 "
(c)	" 1 family.
(d)	" 4 families.

So that the above fraction becomes $\frac{2}{2+1+4} = \frac{2}{7}$. In this case we may conclude that if A marries a first cousin, it is 5 to 2 that he will marry one of a different surname. In another case the numbers might have been different, and therefore the fraction and the betting also different. And what we wish to discover is the average value of this fraction. But for the various members of a large community there will be a very large number of such fractions, and some will occur more frequently than others; so that in finding this average value,

each fraction should have its proper weight assigned to it. In order to assign the weight to—say the above fraction $\frac{2}{7}$, we must take a thousand families and find in how many of them there were 3 sons and 2 daughters who married and had children, and in how many there were 1 son and 5 daughters who married and had children. Having sufficiently indicated how the required proportion depends on probabilities, I may state that I sent out a number of circulars to members of the upper middle, and upper classes, and obtained and classified statistics with respect to a considerable number of families. I treated the question in four different ways. It might be supposed that a man, who had five families of first cousins in relation to himself, would be five times as likely to marry a first cousin as a man who had only one such family, or again it might be supposed that he would be only equally likely. The truth, however, will certainly lie between these suppositions. The question, when treated from this point of view, leads to the result that $\frac{\text{same-name cousin marriages}}{\text{different-name cousin marriages}}$ is greater than $\frac{1}{4.44}$ and less than $\frac{1}{4.12}$. So that the true proportion would be about $\frac{1}{4\frac{1}{2}}$.

The two other methods are founded on the same grouping of families, and depend on the fact that my class (a) will on the average be equal in number to class (d), and class (b) to class (c), and all that is necessary is to find what value should be assigned to the ratio (a) or (d) : (b) or (c). It would be tedious to indicate the precise method employed, but suffice it to say, that after a correction for the greater prevalence of the second marriages of men than of women, the result comes out that $\frac{\text{same-name cousin marriages}}{\text{different-name cousin marriages}}$ is greater than $\frac{1}{4.23}$ and less than $\frac{1}{4.14}$, so that the proportion would be really about $\frac{1}{4\frac{1}{2}}$; a result which differs but very slightly from that given by the two other methods.

The amount of arithmetical labour was so great that I was obliged to make an approximation, which would, however, hardly affect the results, but as far as it went it would make the above fractions too small.

I think on the whole it may be asserted, that the same-name first-cousin marriages are to the different-name first-cousin marriages as 1 to 4. It may perhaps be worth mentioning that a second grouping of families from "Burke's Landed Gentry" led to almost identical results, notwithstanding the bias introduced by the fact that the eldest sons have a constant premium on marriage.

It appears to me on the whole that this latter result is considerably more reliable than that from my circulars, and this, as before stated, I can only explain on the supposition that many different-name marriages have escaped notice. The whole is very perplexing, and may perhaps be held to make all my results valueless. My final result then for the two required factors is, that—

$$\begin{aligned} \text{same-name first-cousin marriages} &= \cdot 57 \\ \text{all same-name marriages} & \\ \text{and } \frac{\text{same-name first-cousin marriages}}{\text{different-name first-cousin marriages}} &= \frac{1}{4} \end{aligned}$$

If this be applied to the percentage 1·25 of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we get 3·54, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as the proportion of first-cousin marriages to all marriages in the middle classes. If it be applied to the peerage we get $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and for the landed gentry $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and for both combined 3·75 per cent.—To sum up, the direct statistical method gives from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 3·75 per cent., or including only the classes (1) and (2), comprising uncles, aunts, brothers, and sisters, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; the indirect method $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and the partly indirect and partly statistical, founded on the Peerage and Burke, gives 3·75. There is, however, some reason to suppose that the proportion is really higher amongst the landed classes. There is a serious discrepancy between the direct and indirect method as to the proportion of same-name and different-name marriages, which goes far to invalidate the results.

Whether, however, these proportions are actually correct or not, there can be little doubt, that if the area taken is large enough the percentage of first-cousin marriages in any class is proportional to the percentage of same-name marriages; so that if the latter is, say, only half the former, the cousin marriages are also only half. I therefore obtained from the General Registry of Marriages at Somerset House a return of the proportion of same-name marriages in 1872 in various districts, namely, (1) London, (2) large towns, viz., Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Portsmouth, Southampton, Exeter, Plymouth, Birmingham, Northampton, &c., and (3) Agricultural districts of Hampshire, Devonshire, Middlesex, Herts, Bucks, Oxon, Northampton, Huntingdon, Bedford, and Cambridge. I must take this opportunity of returning my warm thanks to the superintendent of the statistical department, Dr. Farr, for the very great kindness both he and Mr. N. A. Humphreys, of the General Registry Office, have shown in helping me in this inquiry by every way in their power. The following Tables, in which the third column is introduced for the sake of comparison with the statistics from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, give the results:—

	Number of Marriages Registered.	Per Cent. of same-name Marriages.	Approximate Ratio to the Number (1·25) from <i>Poll Mall Gazette</i> .	Per Cent. of First Cousin Marriages as deduced by previous method.
I. Metropolitan District }	33,155	0·55	$\frac{3}{5}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
II. Urban Districts	22,346	0·71	$\frac{7}{10}$	2
III. Rural Districts	13,391	0·79	$\frac{8}{10}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$

It thus appears that in London, comprising all classes, the cousin marriages are about half what they are in the upper middle class, that is, probably 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In urban districts they are about $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of what they are in the upper middle classes, that is, probably 2 per cent. In rural districts they are about two-thirds of what they are in the upper middle classes, that is, probably 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In the middle and upper middle class or in the landed gentry probably 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the aristocracy probably 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This is in accordance with what might have been expected *a priori*: for the aristocracy hold together very much, the landed gentry slightly less, the business class again less. And beginning from the other end, London is an enormous community, recruited from every part of England; the large towns form communities, only one degree less heterogeneous; and the country is still less heterogeneous. I am, however, somewhat surprised at finding the proportion in the rural population so small, for one would imagine that agricultural labourers would hold together very closely.¹

Persons accustomed to deal with statistics will be able to judge, better than myself, what degree of reliance is to be placed on the previous results. My own *impression* is that there is not an error of one per cent. in asserting that amongst the aristocracy the proportion of first-cousin marriages to all marriages is 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and that for the upper middle classes, and the urban and rural districts the error in the percentages is somewhat less, and lastly for London decidedly less. But this is an impression that I hardly know how to justify, and I therefore leave an ample field for adverse criticism.

II.—Inquiries in Asylums.

I now pass on to the second part of my inquiry, namely, the endeavour to discover, by collecting statistics in asylums, whether first-cousin marriages are injurious or not.

The method I intended to pursue was as follows: to get the

(1) I may mention that Mr. Clement Wedgwood made very careful inquiries for me concerning 149 marriages of skilled artisans in the Potteries, and did not find a single case of first-cousin marriage, and only three where there was any kind of relationship between the husband and wife. He was further assured that such marriages never take place amongst them.

superintendents of asylums to ask each one of the patients under their charge, either personally or through their subordinates, the question, "Were your father and mother first cousins or not?" In the case of the insane, I thought, in my ignorance, that those who had charge of them would have so intimate a knowledge of the character of each individual case as to be able to sift those whose answers could be depended on from those who were quite untrustworthy. In this it appears that I was mistaken, as will be shown by the remarks sent me by the various gentlemen who so kindly took up this inquiry. I cannot help thinking, however, that they undervalue the statistics which they have collected for me. I must take this opportunity to return my warm thanks to all the gentlemen mentioned below for the immense pains they have been at in collecting these results. I could hardly have believed that so many men, much occupied by their business, could have shown a stranger so much kindness, more especially as many of them seemed convinced that their labours were almost in vain. To Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay, Dr. Crichton Browne, Dr. Maudsley, and Dr. Scott, I must return my especial thanks for the really extraordinary vigour with which they took up the subject, and gave me every help in their power. I have also to thank Dr. Wilkie Burman, of Devizes; Dr. Bacon, of Fulbourn; Dr. Shuttleworth, of Lancaster; and Dr. Clouston, of Edinburgh, for their kind offers of help. The table of results is as follows:—

English and Welsh Asylums.	Number of Patients.	Answers to "were Parents First Cousins?"	Offspring of First Cousins.	Observations.
1. West Riding, Wakefield (lunatics and idiots) . } Dr. Crichton Browne . . }	1,407	655	31	{ Examination conducted with great care; cases of doubt excluded. Almost all who gave answers were lunatic and not idiotic.
2. Hanwell (lunatics) . . . } Dr. Rayner }	380	255	2 or 3	{ Only those are given as trustworthy where the history of the patient could be ascertained. Amongst the males there were twelve cases of doubtful consanguinity, but whether first cousins or not, is not stated.
3. Warnesford, Oxford (lunatic) } Dr. Byewater Ward . . }	59	20	—	{ Patients of the farmer and tradesmen class.
4. Mickleover, Derby (lunatics) } Dr. Murray Lindsay . . }	364	198	4	{ Dr. Lindsay thinks these statistics worth little.
5. Metropolitan District, Caterham (lunatics) . . } Dr. Adam }	1,904	560	20	{ Statistics very imperfect; trustworthiness of answers uncertain.
6. Glamorgan County (lunatics) } Dr. Yellowlees }	492	218	9	{ Statistics worth little. Of those who did not answer, 137 were ignorant, and 137 incapable.

English and Welsh Asylums.	Number of Patients.	Answers to "were Parents First Cousins?"	Offspring of First Cousins.	Observations.
7. Chester County (lunatics) } Dr. Lawrence }	{ About 450 }	{ 225 }	3	Patients of the labouring class.
8. County Lunatic, Snen- ton, Nottingham . . . } Dr. Phillimore }	390	200	4 or 9	Statistics to be little depended on.
9. Grove Hall, Bow . . . } Dr. Mickle }	427	181	8	Patients old soldiers.
10. Hatton, Warwick . . . } Dr. Oscar Woods . . . }	537	258	8 or 9	Patients, labourers and artisans. The offspring of first cousins belonged to seven families. Examination conducted with great care.
11. Earlswood, Surrey (idiot) Dr. Grabham }	—	1,388	53	Facts derived from parents, and therefore tolerably trust- worthy.
12.—Broadmoor Criminal (lunatic) }	370	150	2	Dr. Orange places little reliance on these results.
Totals for England and Wales }	{ 8,170 very nearly }	{ 4,308 }	{ 149 or 142 }	Between 3.46 and 3.29 per cent. of the patients who answered said they were offspring of first- cousin marriages.
SCOTCH ASYLUMS.				
1. Montrose (lunatic) . . } Dr. Howden }	406	141	8	Dr. Howden thinks the inquiry useless. No inquiry was made of the idiots in this asylum.
2. Orichton Royal Institu- tion, Dumfries . . . } Dr. Gilchrist }	146	51	4	
3. Southern Counties, Dum- fries }	318	200	8	
4. Murray Royal Institu- tion, Perth }	80	44	4	Dr. Lindsay thinks the results very doubtful. The failure to get answers was due to inca- pacity and refusal.
5. Perth District, Murthly Dr. McIntosh }	220	78	3	Patients paupers.
Totals }	1,179	514	27	5.25 per cent. of the patients who answered said that they were off- spring of first-cousin marriages.
IRISH ASYLUMS.				
1. Maryborough }	217	—	2	Patients agricultural labourers.
2. Limerick District . . } Dr. Courtenay }	434	—	3	Twenty patients of better class; the rest labourers.
Totals }	651	—	5	No information as to numbers who failed to answer. Dr. C. considers these statistics of little value. Roman Catholics do not marry first cousins. 0.77 per cent. of all the patients say they are offspring of first-cousin marriages.

The columns of observations show how very unsatisfactory the collectors consider these results. From various circumstances, it appears that the results from Earlswood, Hatton, and the West Riding Asylums are considerably more trustworthy than the others.

Including, then, only these three asylums, it appears that, out of 2,301 patients, 90 or 91 were offspring of first cousins, that is 3·9 per cent. The fact that this agrees pretty closely with the 3·4 per cent. deduced from the whole table, leads me to think that the trustworthiness of the results collected has been under-estimated by the collectors themselves.

At Hanwell, where also there were some circumstances leading one to believe in tolerable accuracy, the percentage is very small, and this agrees well with what I should have been led to expect, from the small percentage of cousin marriages I found in London, by the methods of the first part of this paper. It is to be observed, however, that there were twelve cases reported of doubtful *consanguinity*.

It will be seen that the percentage of offspring of first-cousin marriages is so nearly that of such marriages in the general population, that one can only draw the negative conclusion that, as far as insanity and idiocy go, no evil *has been shown* to accrue from consanguineous marriages.

From the high percentage ($5\frac{1}{2}$) of offspring of first-cousin marriages in the Scotch asylums, I should be led to believe that such marriages are more frequent in Scotland than in England and Wales, and from the mountainous nature of the country this was perhaps to be expected.

The methods of the first part of this paper throw no light on the question as far as concerns Scotland.

From the two Irish asylums no results whatever can be deduced.

But, whatever the value of these statistics may be, the opinion of prominent medical men, who have had especial advantages of observation, and are many of them also men of science, cannot be without interest.

Dr. Crichton Brown writes to me that the investigation was impossible in the case of idiots, except through the medium of the parents. "It has always seemed to me that the great danger attending such marriages consists in the intensification of the morbid constitutional tendencies, which they favour. Hereditary diseases and cachexiæ are much more likely to be shared by cousins than by persons who are in no way related . . . (and these) are transmitted with more than double intensity when they are common to both parents. . . . They seem to be the square or cube of the combined volume . . . Even healthy temperaments, when common to both parents often come out as decided cachexiæ in the children." He adds, that persons of similar temperaments ought not to intermarry. Elsewhere he tells me that he did not at first make sufficient allowance for the ignorance "and stupidity of my patients." In such an investigation, congenital effects, he says, should be distin-

guished from the acquired. I fear, however, that I must leave this to some hands more skilful than mine.

Dr. Howden, of Montrose, says: "As regards insanity, my own impression is, that unless there exists a hereditary predisposition the marriage of cousins has *no effect* in producing it. . . . Neither in insanity nor in any other abnormal propensity do two plus two produce four; there is always another factor at work neutralising intensification and bringing things back to the normal." Dr. Howden thus disagrees with Dr. Crichton Browne, who, I take it, would maintain that, in insanity, two plus two make more, and not less, than four.

Dr. Lauder Lindsay is of opinion that the ill-effects of cousin marriage, including insanity, are much less than represented. He urges the "impossibility" of obtaining trustworthy answers from the patients themselves; and even the results of personal inquiries from the nearest relatives of the patients would be liable to much error. Several of my correspondents expressed a belief that consanguinity of parents was more potent in producing idiocy than insanity. The results from Earlswood do not seem, however, to confirm this, and here the results sent seemed peculiarly trustworthy.

I had intended to pursue my inquiries in hospitals and asylums for other diseases, but, the attempt which I made with respect to deaf mutes has shown me that the difficulties which arise are so great that it is almost useless to persevere in this course any further. I will now give the results which I have collected.

The first return relates to the College for the Blind at Worcester. The results were communicated through the kindness of the Rev. Robert Blair and Mr. S. S. Foster. The college is small, and only 20 cases are recorded, and particulars of each case were sent. Of these 20, the offspring of first cousins were one, and of second cousins one case of 2 brothers. Of the 20 cases, 2 were due to accidents. Thus, out of 17 families, there was one case of offspring of first cousins.

Dr. Scott, of Exeter, has informed me that out of 241 families, in which there were children born deaf and dumb, there were 7 cases of first-cousin marriage. In three or four of these families there were more than one child so afflicted.

Dr. Scott also kindly offered to place me in communication with the superintendents of a number of institutions for the deaf and dumb, and, having availed myself of his kindness, I have collected the following answers.

Mr. Arthur Hopper, of the Deaf and Dumb School near Birmingham, conducted an inquiry with the utmost care. He tells me that out of 122 pupils he has received information about the parentage of all but 9. The 113 pupils, whose parentage is known,

belonged to 109 families; of these 113, there were deaf from accident or disease 37, and of 10 the cause of deafness was unknown. Of these 10 pupils and the 66 congenitally deaf, not one was the offspring of a *consanguineous* marriage. Of the 37 who became deaf from disease, one was the offspring of first cousins. I am not informed whether the cases where several were deaf in a family belonged to the congenital cases, but it is almost certain to be so, and in any case I will assume (as the most unfavourable assumption) that it is so. Thus, out of 62 congenitally deaf families, not one was the offspring of even a *consanguineous* marriage. If we were to assume the 10 other cases to be cases of congenital deafness, it would be, not one in 72 congenitally deaf families was the offspring of a *consanguineous* marriage.

Mr. Patterson, of the Manchester School for Deaf Mutes, kindly informs me that his 130 pupils belong to 123 families. Concerning 8 of these families no information could be obtained; in 67 such families the deaf-mutism resulted from disease; in 63 it was congenital; and only one family was the offspring of first cousins.

Mr. Neill, of the Northern Counties Institution, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, says, "350 have been admitted into this institution, and I do not think more than 6 of the parents were cousins. In one family whose parents were cousins there were 4 deaf mutes."

I have thus accurate information with respect to 366 families (*i.e.*, 241+62+63), and out of these 8 were offspring of first cousins; that is to say, nearly 2·2 per cent. were offspring of first cousins. And, including the 350 cases at Newcastle, the percentage is $\frac{1400}{776}$, or 1·9 per cent. It is curious to notice that I deduced 2 per cent. as the proportion of first-cousin marriages in urban districts, other than London. Thus as far as these meagre results go, no evil in the direction of deaf-mutism would appear to arise from first-cousin marriages. The failure to collect more statistics of this kind does not arise from any inability to get at the best sources of information; on the contrary, I have on all hands received the kindest assurances of willingness to help me.

Mr. David Buxton, of the Liverpool School, says the mode of investigation is simply impracticable; but he has sent me several pamphlets on the subject, his own excellent ~~paper~~ amongst the number.

Mr. William Sleight, of the Brighton School, tells me that the children know nothing, and the parents are unwilling to communicate the fact inquired after, and says, "As far as I have been able to ascertain, about 7 per cent. of born deaf children are the offspring of parents who were cousins." (Query, first cousins?)

Mr. Patterson also writes to me that he is of opinion that, "though the result of the marriage of near relatives may not be seen in the

deafness of their immediate offspring, yet the result is a deterioration of the constitution of the offspring, which may show itself in deafness in a few generations."

Mr. Neill, who has been engaged in the tuition of the deaf and dumb for forty years, thinks the cases of offspring of cousins so afflicted are fewer than is supposed. He also gives me facts showing how strongly heritable congenital deafness is where both parents are deaf-mutes; marriages are, moreover, by no means uncommon between pupils of these institutions.

To sum up the results of the whole investigation: It seems probable that in England, among the aristocracy and gentry, about 4 per cent. of all marriages are between first cousins; in the country and smaller towns between 2 and 3 per cent.; and in London perhaps as few as $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Probably 3 per cent. is a superior limit for the whole population. Turning to lunatic and idiot asylums, probably between 3 and 4 per cent. of the patients are offspring of first cousins. Taking into account the uncertainty of my methods of finding the proportion of such marriages in the general population, the percentage of such offspring in asylums is not greater than that in the general population to such an extent as to enable one to say positively that the marriage of first cousins has any effect in the production of insanity or idiocy, although it might still be shown, by more accurate methods of research, that it is so. With respect to deaf-mutes, the proportion of offspring of first-cousin marriages is precisely the same as the proportion of such marriages for the large towns and the country, and therefore there is no evidence whatever of any ill results accruing to the offspring from the cousinship of their parents.

III.—*Marriages between Cousins in relation to Infertility and a High Death-rate amongst the Offspring.*

Professor Mantegazza states in a paper on consanguineous marriages¹ that he may conclude with tolerable safety, from his collection of 512 cases of consanguineous marriage, that consanguinity tends to cause sterility; for he found that between 8 and 9 per cent. of the recorded marriages were sterile. It is not clear, however, how he is entitled to draw this conclusion, unless he knows what is the proportion of sterile marriages in the general population, and he admits that he has no statistics on this point. M. Boudin, who wrote at an earlier date, is of the same opinion, and considers, further, that even where sterility does not afflict the consanguineous marriage itself, it is apt to affect the offspring.² Dr. Bailey is also

(1) "Studj sui Matrimoni Consanguinei." Milan, 1868.

(2) "Annales d'Hygiène Publique," tom. xviii. pp. 5-82.

of opinion that the ill-effects of such marriages are liable to appear in the second generation.¹

It appears to me that these points may be settled pretty satisfactorily by a comparison between the fertility of the marriages of first cousins and of the marriages of their offspring, as recorded in the pedigrees in "Burke's Landed Gentry" and the "Peerage," with the fertility of marriages between persons not akin.

I had already got a large number of marriages marked as being between first cousins, and accordingly proceeded to count the number of children arising therefrom. The marriages made within the twenty years immediately preceding the publication of those works were excluded; so that only complete families were counted. It soon became evident that the lists of the daughters were very incomplete, and that the daughters were perhaps sometimes omitted altogether; the sons dying in infancy are also frequently omitted (especially in the "Landed Gentry"); and when such occurred I excluded them. I think that the lists of the sons surviving infancy are, however, pretty complete, and any incompleteness will clearly affect the record of marriages between persons not akin as much as it does the first-cousin marriages. The comparison to be made must, therefore, be only between the numbers of sons. I shall use the words *sterile* or *infertile* to mean the absence of children surviving infancy. The number of daughters recorded will be given, so as to show the extent of incompleteness.

In this manner 116 families, offspring of first cousins, were collected. In all but 12 of them the marriages were between children of brothers. In 11 of the 116 it is merely stated that there was issue of the marriage, and in 8 others there is no information as to whether there was issue or not. I found in a subsequent inquiry, by cross references to other pedigrees, that where there was no information there was nevertheless often a family; so that the absence of information is no indication of sterility, and indeed is perhaps some slight indication of fertility, because the family is omitted in order to economize space, and d. s. p. (*decessit sine prole*) is frequently added where there was no issue. In this case, however, cross references were of no avail, because the family would be recorded in the pedigree under consideration or not at all. The absence of information is here then a slightly greater indication of sterility than in my later inquiry, where it is no indication at all.

The cases where issue was recorded may clearly be disregarded in making the comparison, since they might be matched by similar cases amongst the non-consanguineous marriages.

Subtracting, then, the 11 recorded cases of issue and the 8 cases of no information, we are left with 97 families; these gave 202 sons

(1) "Comptes Rendus," tom. lvi. p. 135.

and 153 daughters. It is probable that about 212 daughters should have been recorded. Now 202 sons to 97 marriages is at the rate of 2.07 sons to each marriage; or, supposing the 8 cases of doubt to have been all sterile, we get 105 marriages, as giving 202 sons, that is, at the rate of 1.92 sons to each marriage.

Thus the average number of sons who survive infancy, arising from a marriage of first-cousins amongst the gentry of England, is between 1.92 and 2.07.

The next step was to collect the non-consanguineous marriages. In order to secure myself from bias, I opened my book by chance and counted all the marriages in the pedigree which fell under my eye. I then did the same in another place, and so on. In this way 217 families arising from persons not akin were collected, and found to give 416 sons and 340 daughters. Here, as before, the daughters are deficient, and about 437 daughters ought probably to have been given. Now 416 sons to 217 marriages is at the rate of 1.91 sons to each marriage. Thus the average number of sons who survive infancy, arising from non-consanguineous marriages, is 1.91.

The balance of fertility is therefore slightly on the side of the cousins, but the small difference is probably due to chance.

In order to feel greater confidence in this result, a second method of analysis was carried out. If cousin marriages tend to cause sterility, they probably tend to cause partial sterility. Now amongst the 97 cousin marriages, 14 were sterile (in the sense defined), and amongst the 217 non-consanguineous marriages 33 were sterile. Thus we have 83 fertile cousin-marriages and 184 fertile non-consanguineous marriages; the former gave 202 sons, the latter 416 sons. It will be observed that this course entitles me to disregard the 8 cases of "no information" before referred to, for if they were sterile they are to be subtracted *ex hypothesi*, and if there was issue, they could be matched by similar cases amongst the non-consanguineous. Thus fertile first-cousin marriages produce sons at the rate of 2.43 sons to each marriage, and fertile non-consanguineous marriages produce sons at the rate of 2.26 sons to each marriage.

Therefore the analysis leads to a similar slight balance in favour of the fertility of the first-cousins, just as did the former one.

I offer the following suggestion as a possible explanation of the greater fertility of the cousins, although mere chance is the more probable cause of the difference. Marriages between first cousins will be more apt to take place where there is a large group of persons who bear that relationship to one another. In such families fertility will be hereditary; hence it is possible that the comparison is to some extent being effected between abnormally fertile families and those in which fertility is only normal.

The next point to investigate is as to whether the offspring of first-cousin marriages are themselves affected by sterility.

To test this, recourse was again had to the "Peerage" and "Landed Gentry," and 136 marriages of the offspring of first cousins were collected. Concerning 29 of these no information could be obtained, and, for the reasons before assigned, these may be set aside. Of the 107 remaining marriages, it is recorded that 14 had issue. Subtracting these, we are left with 93 marriages, and these gave 180 sons and 157 daughters. It should be mentioned that some few of the marriages were recent, so that the families would be not quite complete in these cases. Now 93 marriages giving 180 sons is at the rate of 1·93 sons to each marriage.

Again, 16 of these marriages were sterile, so that 77 fertile marriages gave 180 sons, that is at the rate of 2·34 sons to each marriage. If these two numbers, viz., 1·93 and 2·34, be compared with the corresponding numbers, viz., 1·91 and 2·26, for the non-consanguineous marriages, it is clear that there is again no evidence of want of fertility in the offspring of first-cousin marriages.

The results with respect to fertility may be summed up in the following Table:—

Parentage.	Average Number of Sons to each Marriage.	Percentage of Sterile Marriages.	Average Number of Sons to each Fertile Marriage.
Not consanguineous	1·91	15·9	2·26
Parents first cousins {	between 2·07	between 14·7 }	2·43
One parent the off- spring of a mar- riage between first cousins	1·93	17·2	2·34

The comparison may be best effected by means of the numbers in the last column. The figures in the second column are not of much value, since in some cases it was difficult to decide whether the entry should be made as being a case of "no information" or of sterility.

The comparison of the figures in the first and last columns shows, without much room for doubt, that the alleged infertility of consanguineous marriages, whether direct or indirect, cannot be substantiated.

I now pass on to the question of the youthful death-rate.

It has been stated by M. Boudin and others that the offspring of consanguineous marriages suffer from an excessively high rate of infant mortality. I have tried to put this to the proof as follows:—

I recurred to the families in the "Peerage" which were offspring of first cousins, and marked every case where it is recorded that a son or daughter died in infancy or youth. Where the age of the child was mentioned, ten years was taken as the standard of youth.

(1) Sterility means absence of children surviving infancy.

"Burke's Landed Gentry" was of no avail in this inquiry, because I found that children dying in infancy were never, or very rarely, mentioned therein.

From the "Peerage" I could only obtain 37 fertile first-cousin marriages; in two of these there were no children surviving youth. The 37 gave 86 sons, who survived infancy, 15 children (boys and girls) who died in infancy or youth, and 4 more as to whom the period of death was doubtful. Besides this, it is stated of one family, that "all died young except one daughter." Now in the previous part of this paper it is shown that the average number of sons to a fertile first-cousin marriage is nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$; so that it may not be unreasonable to credit this family with 4 infants who died.

On this supposition we should have 37 fertile marriages of first cousins giving 86 sons, who survived, and between 23 and 19 boys and girls, who died early. Reducing these numbers to percentages, I find that—

One hundred fertile marriages of first cousins would give from 51 to 62 children who die young, and that for every 100 son, offspring of first cousins, who survive youth, there are from 22 to 27 boys and girls (their brothers or sisters) who die early.

These numbers cannot be used as giving the actual infant death-rate, on account of the imperfections in the pedigrees in the "Peerage," but they may be used in a comparison with other statistics deduced from the same source.

Now 89 fertile non-consanguineous marriages (collected by chance from the "Peerage") gave 197 sons, and 44 sons and daughters who died young. Reducing these numbers to percentages as before, I find—

That 100 fertile non-consanguineous marriages would give 49 children who die young, and that for every 100 sons, offspring of fertile non-consanguineous marriages, who survive infancy, there are 22 boys and girls (their brothers or sisters) who die early.

The numbers to be compared are therefore 51 or 62 with 49, and 22 or 27 with 22.

These are merely two different ways of consulting the facts, and it appears that both methods give some evidence of a slightly lowered vitality amongst the offspring of first cousins.

Thirty-seven cases form, however, far too small a total on which to base satisfactory statistics. The numbers thus collected are far scantier than those collected by others, but as far as I am aware this is the only occasion in which the method of collection has been one in which the unconscious bias of the collector could not operate. In all these inquiries I was ignorant as to whither the figures were tending until I came to add up the totals.

This last inquiry is, I fear, worth but little, but so far as it goes it tends to invalidate the alleged excessively high death-rate amongst

the offspring of cousins, whilst there remains a shade of evidence that the death-rate is higher than amongst the families of non-consanguineous parents.

IV.—*Conclusion.*

In my paper as read before the Statistical Society, the writings on this subject of some previous authors were reviewed. I may mention that Dr. Arthur Mitchell, of Edinburgh, conducted an extensive inquiry, and came to the conclusion that, under favourable conditions of life, the apparent ill-effects were frequently almost nil, whilst if the children were ill fed, badly housed and clothed, the evil might become very marked. This is in striking accordance with some unpublished experiments of my father, Mr. Charles Darwin, on the in-and-in breeding of plants; for he has found that in-bred plants, when allowed enough space and good soil, frequently show little or no deterioration, whilst when placed in competition with another plant, they frequently perish or are much stunted.

It will be observed that my investigation, so far as it is worth anything, tends to invalidate this opinion; but perhaps the apparent invalidation is due to the fact, that a large majority of Englishmen live under what are on the whole very favourable circumstances. Some authors (notably M. Boudin) express the most alarming opinions as to the evils of consanguineous marriage and support the opinions with large arrays of figures. Almost on all sides is found a general consent, as to the ill-effects of cousin marriages, which must certainly have far greater weight than my purely negative results. But it strikes me that in no case has the investigation been free from flaws, for in no case has it been really determined what is the proportion of consanguineous marriages in the whole population. The very various estimates which different people have given of the frequency of cousin-marriages (from 10 per cent. down to 1 in 1,000, if my memory serves me right), lead me to believe that general impressions on this point are almost valueless. Every observer is biassed by the frequency or rarity of such marriages amongst his immediate surroundings.

My own opinion is that the evil has been often much exaggerated, but that there are nevertheless grounds for asserting that various maladies take an easy hold of the offspring of consanguineous marriages.

My paper is far from giving anything like a satisfactory solution of the question; but it does, I think, show that the assertion that it has already been set at rest, cannot be substantiated.

The subject still demands attention, and I hope that my endeavour may lead more competent investigators to take it up from some other side.

GEORGE H. DARWIN.

THE HISTORY OF A PAVEMENT.

THERE are few among the works of man's hands that stand alone in their kind. You prefer one church to another, or doubt which to admire the most among a hundred; and the same of pictures, statues, and all the usual inventions of art. But art sometimes strikes out an invention which is unique, so that you can compare it with no standard, but have to study and take it in by itself. Such an invention is the pavement of the metropolitan church of the Virgin in the Tuscan city of Siena. It is a marble floor wrought, every part of it, with curious engraving or inlay, or a mixture of the two. Day by day, sauntering, praying, the people have worn the surface with their feet or knees, except where certain compartments, being more esteemed than the rest, are protected with boards and uncovered only on great occasions. Some places have been restored, where generations of feet and knees had left too rude a mark. To restore commonly means to exchange old work, priceless in its ruin, for new work worthless in its gloss. When will the Italians respect their monuments enough to feel that this vulgar falsification is worse than honourable decay? The municipal passion for restoring has done almost as much harm at Siena as at more central and frequented cities. They have taken down the statues of their famous Fonte Gaia, they have taken down the statues of this very cathedral front, and swept them into the museum or magazine of the cathedral works. Much renewal of the pavement has taken place from time to time. Much more is in contemplation. However, it is to the credit of the authorities that before the last improvements were put in hand, tracings were taken from the designs on the pavement as it then was. And a set of drawings faithfully reduced from these tracings has been brought to England, so that of the monument in question, whatever happens to it in future, there will exist among us a genuine record.¹ My purpose is to show how in this singular and famous pavement may be read the whole artistic history of a brilliant community for nearly two hundred years.

Such a floor to walk upon, I say, wrought all over with imagery in engraved and inlaid marble, is like nothing else in the world. It is quite different from mosaic, as we shall see. The only thing it brings to mind is a certain dream of Dante's in the twelfth canto of

(1) The drawings, by Sigr. Leopoldo Maccari, *scultore dell' opera del duomo at Siena*, have been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. The following essay is condensed from a course of lectures given by the writer in connection with these drawings.

the *Purgatory*. Dante there describes the ledge that winds round the mountain of expiation between the circles of Pride and Envy. Virgil bids him look down as they go, and see how their path is paved with imagery of God's own workmanship. I quote from Mr. Cayley's translation, venturing to change a turn here and there:—

“ As, to preserve their memory from decay,
The tombs of earth above the buried show
Tablets that each one as he looked pourtray,
Which make afresh the gazer's eyes to flow
From the compulsion of remembrance old,
Whose stings the tender-hearted only know;
Thus all the part which jutteth to enfold
The mount as causeway, was delineated
With shapes that of their holier Author told.”

Then we hear what the delineations are. They are examples of pride and its punishment. It was characteristic of Dante no less than of those who came after him—characteristic of the Italian genius from the first hour of its freedom—to think of scripture and the classics together. Accordingly classical examples alternate in this passage with scriptural. The overthrow of Satan is matched with the overthrow of Briareus; the consternation of Nimrod with the despair of Niobe; the death of Saul is followed by the metamorphosis of Arachne; the flight of Rehoboam by the chastisement of Eriphile; the murder of Sennacherib by his sons comes next to the vengeance taken by the Scythian queen upon Cyrus; the rout of the host of Holofernes is side by side with the sack of Troy. All these subjects Dante sees upon the pathway, in such lineaments that

“ Living the living, dead appeared the dead,
Who sees the fact can see no more than I,
So long as I advanced with down-bent head.”

Observe Dante's comparison of the workmanship with that of portraits on tombs. Clearly what he has in his mind is the common type of stone or metal slab let into the floor of a church, engraved or incised with the likeness of the deceased, and the engraved lines filled in with a black paste after the manner of niello. Now, that is part of the method actually employed in the Siena pavement. In the case of figure subjects, a slab of white marble has been cut to the size and shape of its destined compartment; the main lines of the composition have been strongly engraved or incised upon it, and then filled in with black; and so the subject lies boldly outlined under your feet. As you examine the area, you will find it contains not only scripture scenes, and among them one at least corresponding to the very text of Dante—

“ how Asshur's army was dispersed
When Holofernes fell, and the defaced
Remains of carnage ”—

but also mystical allegories and the lineaments of pagan sages. • You

will find it said by Vasari, the popular gossip and historian of these things, how the pavement was begun "in a new manner" by the early Sienese painter Duccio. Duccio lived at the same time as Dante; and so, putting two and two together, you may naturally ask whether, in his imaginary pavement of Purgatory, Dante had not in view this real pavement of Siena cathedral. The answer is, No; Dante cannot have taken his hint from the workmen of Siena; but they may possibly have taken theirs from Dante.¹ For Vasari's remark about Duccio turns out to have been made, like so many of his remarks, at random. It is ascertained that this new way of enriching the pavement was in fact not thought of till after Duccio and Dante had both been dead nearly half a century. The historical origin of the work was this.

I.

At the end of the thirteenth century, as all students of Italian art and history know, Siena was one of the most illustrious of the Tuscan commonwealths. Crowned along her three-divided hill with towers the colour of the rose, guarded with her massive circuit of rose-coloured walls, she was the chief city of a great territory between Thrasimene and the sea. She was mistress of near one third of old Etruria. She was the neighbour and rival of Florence. Like Florence, she had little by little acquired practical independence and self-government during the two centuries while the struggle raged between Pope and Emperor. She had taken the Ghibelline or Emperor's side in that struggle, Florence the Guelf or Pope's side. But, Guelf or Ghibelline, the growth and organization of such a city followed the same law. A great centre of exchange and production, a great population of merchants, manufacturers, and artisans, had to constitute and maintain itself amidst an order of things theoretically feudal. Franchises had to be openly or covertly acquired; imperial officers had to be defied, or transformed into a republican executive. Territorial nobles had to be assailed in their strongholds, and compelled to take on the duties and responsibilities of citizens; smaller towns had to be brought under, and a whole district to be thus subjected to tribute and military service. At first each city was led along this course of aggrandisement by a governing oligarchy of great families. As the industrial and commercial spirit grew stronger and more confident, a share in the magistracy had to be conquered by the trading guilds. All this had happened at Siena, as

(1) I press this point, because so good a worker as Mr. J. A. Symonds has noticed the coincidence, and asked ("Sketches in Italy and Greece," p. 49) whether Dante had ever seen the Siena pavement; concluding, "That is what we cannot say." Whereas we can say very well. I am sure Mr. Symonds will not take it ill in a fellow-student if I say, that neither the paragraph above cited, nor that on Sienese political revolutions in his comprehensive new volume ("Renaissance in Italy," Smith, Elder, & Co., 1875), seems to me to give quite a just impression of its subject.

at Florence, by the time the final struggle of Guelf and Ghibelline was fought out, between 1250 and the end of the century. Both republics were in the first pride of their strength. It was their heroic age. The hearts of men beat high with liberty; their thoughts were set on great things; there was greatness in their looks and words, greatness in the monuments they founded, greatness in their hatreds and divisions.

The names of Guelf and Ghibelline, afterwards the mere pretext of rancour, were now war-cries with a meaning. Siena was the inland as Pisa was the maritime fortress of the Ghibelline cause. She was the refuge of Ghibelline exiles from other cities. Therefore the Guelfic league resolved that she should be brought low. In the year 1260 Florence led out the league and encamped before Siena to destroy her. On a memorable September afternoon her armed citizens and the exiles within her gates, with some German auxiliary horse, poured out against the foe. That night the Arbia ran red with the blood of Florentines. There had been treachery in the Guelfic ranks; their horse had given way before the German onset; the best manhood of Florence had fallen fighting round her sacred car; the sun had gone down upon the slaughter. Siena never won such another victory. The day of the Arbia is her great day. Her triumph had indeed no lasting political consequences. The sword of Charles of Anjou came into the scale on the Papal side; within a few years the Ghibelline cause was irretrievably lost again; and Siena herself passed over quietly to the Guelfic name. Her government became more democratic. The magistracy of twenty-four priors, chosen half from the nobles and half from the people, by which she had been governed since 1232, was replaced, after several experiments, by a magistracy of nine from which the nobles were altogether shut out. But the exhilaration of the victory did not pass away. The city had become glorious in her own eyes. Her temper and enterprises put on henceforward that character to which Dante points once and again, calling the Sienese the vainest of all people. Her vanity lay in two things, an extravagant patriotism and an extravagant greatness of conception in her public works. To love your home and be proud of it was common to these early republics, but love and pride of home were nowhere so fanatical as at Siena. Imagination claimed for the city an august and legendary antiquity, and showed her badge of the she-wolf and sucklings in warrant of the claim. Religion claimed for her the special favour and protection of the Virgin. She was a venerable city, for she had been founded when Rome was founded; she was a holy city, for to the Mother of God she had been from of old time consecrated. The coin struck by the people after the battle of the Arbia asserts the double claim in the legends *Sena vetus*, Siena the ancient, and *Civitas Virginis*, city of the Virgin. To raise great.

public monuments was common also in those days ; but no other state planned monuments so colossal, in proportion to her power and revenues, as this one. Her crowning monument is the cathedral or mother church, dedicated to the Virgin of the Assumption, and standing on the highest ground within the walls. To its splendour the whole population contributed. Whatever factions tore the commonwealth, whatever bloodshed stained the streets, here rose above the strife the visible symbol of an ideal unity and of a common worship. The maintenance and enrichment of the building constituted one of the first duties of the magistracy. In that very year of victory, 1260, the chief of the executive on taking office had to swear to a long series of articles binding him to take proper measures for this purpose. And at all times, it was his business to see that contributions to the cathedral fund were duly paid, that a qualified superintendent of the works was appointed and his orders obeyed, and that moot questions of art or construction were submitted to commissions of experts elected according to certain forms.

The great source of the revenues of the fabric consisted in wax candles. Every male inhabitant of the town between eighteen and seventy was bound to offer one—of the best wax—on the eve of the festival of the Assumption in August. Every tributary town or village was rated for the same purpose, and compelled to contribute in the same kind according to its wealth. Besides this, the several trade guilds or corporations had to offer gifts of candles, each on the anniversary of its patron saint, without prejudice to the general offering on the eve of the Assumption. These offerings were readily converted into money, the demand for candles being permanent and steady, for purposes of private devotion. The considerable revenue thus realised was augmented by pious bequests and donations ; and a special law-officer was appointed for the purpose of summarily deciding all disputes in case of estates thus devised, in order that the works might not be kept waiting for their due. But all these sources of income were not enough. It often happened, as the summer came round, that all the proceeds of last year's offerings and of incidental receipts had been exhausted ; and then it was customary for the superintendent of the works to petition the officers of the exchequer for an extraordinary grant of public money, which they would, if times were prosperous, furnish either on their own responsibility or on the authority of a special commission. Whenever the superintendent had a balance of so much as ten lire in hand, he was bound to expend it in the preparation of further materials. Every possessor of a beast of burden might be called upon to give the labour of his beast, two days in each year, for the transport of materials from the quarries to the works, and for this service he received an indulgence from the bishop.

And so, by the unanimous will of a community agreed in this when it was agreed in nothing else, the building grew. The outlines of its architectural history, long very obscure, have been cleared up since the publication of archive after archive by the industry of local and foreign scholars. I have said that in 1260 great additions were undertaken to the church then existing. It was the hour when the Gothic style, with those adaptations and compromises which suited the Italian genius, was beginning to be seen in Tuscany. The new religious orders of Francis and Dominic preferred this style, and it was in the building of their conventual churches that the pointed arch came into use south of the Alps. The round arch, however, still prevailed in the dome and vaultings added to the existing Romanesque fabric at Siena between 1260 and 1264. But two years later there came to the city an artist from whose school the Italian Gothic was destined to go forth and take full possession of the architecture of the peninsula for the next hundred and fifty years. I mean Niccolò Pisano, the father of art in Tuscany, who at this time initiated with one hand a great classical movement in sculpture, and with the other a great Gothic movement in architecture. Niccolò Pisano came with his son and pupils to Siena in 1266, and wrought there the famous pulpit which is to this hour one of the chief glories of the cathedral. Under the influence of the Pisan school the building was gradually transformed, extended, and decorated according to the pointed system. Giovanni, the son of Niccolò, and far more of a Gothic than his father, was in charge of the work between the years 1284 and 1299. To him is due the plan of the façade, the richest piece of carved and fretted architecture in Italy, in which the Southern fashion of striping white marble with black goes along with an almost Northern depth of relief and projection, and an immense display in gables, arcades, and pinnacles. For some eighteen years after that, the progress of the building was slow and its revenues fell off, owing, as it seems, to the pressure of other important public works. Then there was a great renewal of activity, which for four or five years was chiefly directed to extending and enriching the choir or space behind the transept. The ground at this part slopes suddenly away, and there is a church, or rather baptistery, built against the slope; the floor of the cathedral choir was run right out upon the roof of this baptistery. In 1322 a committee of native and foreign artists reported that these extensions were structurally insecure and would spoil the proportions of the cathedral, and recommended that they should be discontinued. And in a supplement to their report, the committee advised that,

"To the honour of God and the blessed Virgin Mary his most Holy Mother, who was, and is, and shall for evermore be the head of this state of Siena, there should be begun and built a new, great, and beautiful church, which should be well proportioned in length, height, and breadth, and in all the

dimensions proper to a beautiful church, and with all the splendid ornaments which attach and appertain to so great and honourable and beautiful a church ; to this end, that our Lord Jesus Christ and his most Holy Mother and her celestial court may in the said church be praised and blessed in hymns, and the said commune of Siena may by them be evermore protected from evil and held in perpetual honour."

In spite of this recommendation, the old expedients were pursued for fifteen years more. But at last, in 1337, a certain goldsmith-architect of the city having matured a plan "of great beauty and usefulness and convenience for the said work," the chief magistrate for the year rang the bell of the tower which called the great Council of the people together, and put the new scheme to the vote. So daringly imagined was it that, even in Siena, the city of daring imaginations, many were found to shrink from it ; but when the vote was taken, there were 212 ayes to 132 noes ; the scheme was carried, and the first stone of the new church laid. It was more like a dream than anything real. The plan was nothing less than to turn the whole of the mighty existing church into the mere transept for a new church to be built at right-angles to the old. Conceive what the new itself needed to be—the length of nave, the strength of pier, the height of vault—the dimensions, indeed, of temples built in dreams, but scarcely of architecture to be raised in real marble and roofed by living hands. As you stand at this day on the south side of the cathedral square of Siena, it is long before you become aware of a fragment of wall which hangs alone, like a cliff, high away above some buildings behind you. That wall is pierced by a great pointed window ; presently you find other lofty portions of a like architecture running from it in the direction of the cathedral ; and it dawns upon you that the cathedral as it stands, and that distant cliff of uncompleted wall with its window, were one day meant to be joined together as parts of the same enormous building. So it was ; the first stone of the new scheme was laid ; the outer wall and some piers of one long aisle were raised ; the vast front began to hang in heaven ; that was ten years' work ; and the work of those ten years was all. For at the end of the ten years a great visitation came upon the city. The plague, which made havoc in Florence and all over Italy in 1348, was nowhere so fatal as at Siena. Dogs pulled the dead about the streets. When the mortality was stayed, scarce one man was found where three had been before. The mortality was followed by anarchy. Old factions, so far from being healed, broke out anew, and new factions came up and complicated the old. The population by degrees broke up into a system of sections or castes each hating and plotting against the other with incredible animosity. The city had the strength to remain brilliant, gifted, vainglorious, fierce in the defence of her liberties, for two hundred years yet ; but her best days were over. She had not the strength to carry out in marble that dream she had dreamed to her

own and the Virgin's honour. Five years after the plague, we find the superintendent of the cathedral works complaining that the revenues still fail to come in, and petitioning the chief magistrate to insist upon the customary grant from the exchequer. A year or two after that, another difficulty presents itself; certain structural defects are apparent in the new work; a Florentine architect is called in to examine them, and reports that several arches and piers will have to be taken down. And last, in 1356, two native artists being consulted give their opinion frankly, and advise the discontinuance of the new church begun twenty years before. Not only, say they, does this extravagant new scheme involve the destruction of the existing dome and campanile; but the part of it actually done is defective; to complete it would take a hundred years or more, and cost more than a hundred and fifty thousand gold florins. Upon this, the council conclude to give it up, to pull down what has been begun, and henceforth to spend all their resources upon finishing, enriching, and beautifying the original fabric. The first resolution was not carried out, or else we should not find those mighty ruins still in their place. The second was, and thence it comes about, that of all churches the mother church of Siena is, within, the richest treasure-house of art; having been in the following generations finished, enriched, and beautified with a thousand precious things in colour and stone and metal and wood work, but rarest of all, with this pavement like the pavement of no other floor but that which Dante trod by the side of Virgil in his vision.

ii.

Up till this crisis when the people, abandoning the impossible, determined to perfect and adorn the church they already had, its floor had been simply paved with brick. At least, we find entered under date 1362 a payment to a bricklayer for new bricking a part of it. And it is seven years later, in 1369, that we have the first record of a compartment laid down in figured marble. From that date until 1547—a few years only before the city lost her last remains of independence and fell after a fierce resistance beneath the power of Charles V. and the Medici—we can trace, entry by entry, the continuance of the work. And there the work remains, and verifies, with no important discrepancy or hitch, this testimony of chronicles and ledgers. I have said how the way they wrought was, for figure subjects, by vigorously incising the lines of the composition upon a surface of white marble, and filling in such lines with black paste. That method, not unlike the workmanship customary on tombs, may properly be called *intaglio* or engraving. For ornaments and borders to those figure subjects they used another method, laying together pieces of black, white, or variously coloured

marble exquisitely cut according to the design. That is the method of *tarsia*, or inlay; and the whole secret of the Siena pavement is the combination of these two methods—engraving and inlay—in a manner simple at first but by degrees becoming more and more artificial. The general name *commesso* was given to the combined art.

They began with the central nave leading up to the transept. Here the earliest subjects are not religious, but allegorical and political, and first of all the Wheel of Fortune. That familiar moral can indeed have come home more nearly to no people than to the Sienese at this hour. Three men are tied to the wheel, one is up and another down and another half-way; and in the four corners of the compartment are half-figures of heathen sages, Euripides, Aristotle, Epictetus, and Seneca, each of them exhibiting on a scroll some maxim of fortune's instability. Siena was the seat of a very famous university, and a scholiast spirit, a love of classical examples and quotations, had shown itself in her art earlier than in that of any other school. Her painters did not wait for what is usually called the Renaissance, the great antiquarian movement, that is, of the fifteenth century, to fill their work with ideas borrowed from Aristotle, and to cover walls and vaults with figures of Mars and Pallas, Camillus, Fabrieius, and the Scipios, Cicero and Pompey and Caesar. Here we have this same spirit declaring itself in the earliest ornaments of the cathedral floor. Technically, it should be said, we cannot judge of the style of this subject, as it has been restored in the worst manner. Next to allegory come politics. A second among the five compartments of the nave shows the she-wolf and sucklings, the emblem of the city, inlaid in a round, and all about it on a smaller scale the emblems of her allied and tributary cities,—including some who were far oftener her enemies than her allies, and others whom she had desired but not been able to make tributary. There is the Guelfic lion for Florence, the hare for Pisa, the hawk for Volterra, the horse for Arezzo, the pelican for Perugia, the unicorn for Viterbo, the goose for Orvieto, the griffin for Grosseto, the lion and lilies for Massa Maritima, the spotted leopard for Luna. The other compartment bearing upon politics, and done as it seems about the same time, shows an eagle set in the centre and a number of columns radiating from the eagle like spokes from an axle. The eagle is no doubt the emblem of the Holy Roman Empire, and the columns (a shield and column are always put into the hands of personified strength, or Fortitude) indicate the strength, as their arrangement within a circle indicates the unity, of the ideal government men had dreamed of and looked to find realised in that empire. One can fancy some jurist of the university suggesting this device, and the council of the cathedral works adopting it in compliment to an emperor; for Siena, though she had long ceased to be numbered

among the Ghibelline cities of the peninsula, had not so far forgotten her past as to lose her sentimental devotion to the power beyond the Alps; and whenever an emperor came down through Italy to be crowned at Rome, she was very ready to entertain and do him homage handsomely, provided always she suspected him of no designs against her state and liberties.

The first regular figure subject that occurs upon the pavement is in a triangle beneath the dome, where the story of one who sees the mote which is in his brother's eye, but not the beam which is in his own eye, was wrought (1374) in simple outline and with the naïf and dignified manner of the great Sienese painters who had flourished fifty years earlier. The beam is a sharp splint a foot and a half long, complacently ignored by the goodly youth in whose eye it sticks. Next, and covering, as it seems, an interval of nearly fifty years, come five great single figures laid in rounds, one of them at the end of the choir and two in each of the choir aisles.¹ These are allegories of the grave and earnest sort with which Italy had been made familiar at the close of the thirteenth century by Giovanni Pisano, and after him by Giotto. The first four are cardinal virtues. Temperance, in close dress and coif, mixes water with her wine. Prudence holds up the serpent which means wisdom, and with her three faces surveys past, present, and future. Justice wields her sword. Fortitude grasps her column, for strength in sustaining, and her shield, for strength in withstanding. In the fifth round at the end a woman of sweet and charitable mien kneels with folded hands. This is the figure of Christian Mercy or Compassion, and in the whole series there is not a nobler conception. This compartment is also to be noticed for the richness of its Gothic border, and as being the first, or nearly the first, in which a background of black marble has been employed within the border to throw up the white figure.

And now we get to figures no longer single and symbolical, but grouped several in a field for the expression of life and action; and with that, to a more complicated and ingenious technical treatment. A great master in the art of wood inlaying, Domenico di Niccolò, having finished the stalls and woodwork of the magistrates' chapel in the town-hall in a manner "pleasing to the eyes and minds" of his fellow-citizens, is engaged for the cathedral works. There he turns his experience of wood inlaying to account for the art of marble inlaying, and does such wonders in beautifying the choir as to earn the surname *del Coro*—Dominic the son of Nicholas, of the Choir. He made a colossal figure of David seated with his harp, and his musicians round about him; and he encircled them with a wonderful ornament of acanthus leaves twined or rolled about a

(1) Pass over the figures of the theological virtues Faith, Hope, and Charity in the south transept, which may have been wrought in the same interval, but which two successive restorations have entirely transformed.

great hoop—Gothic decorative forms giving place to classical. In a separate panel on one side a young David has fitted the smooth stone to his sling; on the other a huge Goliath flinches vainly from the missile. And round all this part, a brother of Domenico's, with help from an artist of Florence, made a fanciful and brilliant border in the new grotesque taste of scrolls and Cupids. And now the fashion of the work ran for a long while chiefly upon subjects of Old Testament history, with rich tessellations and classical arabesques bordering each compartment. Domenico di Niccolò was succeeded as chief designer by an artist of the city named Paolo di Martino. Between 1424 and 1425 Paolo designed for the spaces about the junction of choir and transept three figures of judges and leaders of the Jews—Moses, Joshua, and Judas Maccabeus—and two subjects of Jewish triumph, Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass, and Joshua's vengeance upon the Amorite kings. The background is by this time made of brown or reddish marble for earth, and black for sky, with the figures still always thrown out in white marble, and the details upon them engraved and filled in with a dark paste. Paolo di Martino is not a very accomplished designer; his mail-clad Philistines are small and limp, as they strew the ground or cower stiffly helpless in the clutch of the colossal Samson. Yet he knows how to go to the root of the matter, and express his meaning with a quaint and serious energy, both here and where the Lord has discomfited the Amorites before Israel, and slain them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon, and smitten them to Arekah and unto Makkedah. The cave of Makkedah, and men rolling great stones to the mouth of the cave, and the five kings hanging upon five trees till the evening, are all there, expressed in the same quaint fashion, half helpless, half intense. I pass over an interesting subject in the pure outline manner, showing a mother with her child meeting and vehemently talking with an old man who carries a purse, because I can get no clue to its meaning, and am puzzled by both the date and the authorship assigned it (Domenico di Niccolò, 1433). The next year interrupts the series of Old Testament subjects with a subject prompted by contemporary history. It happened that the Emperor Sigismund in 1432 conceived the desire of coming down to Rome and receiving from the Pope the crown of the Holy Roman Empire. Sigismund's father, Charles IV., had been the last emperor to go through this ancient ceremony, indispensable in earlier days, but by this time often neglected. And when Charles IV. had passed through Siena on his way to Rome and back from thence, the people had caught him fomenting their anarchy, intriguing against their liberties, and endeavouring to make himself master of their government. Instantly they rose and rabbled him in the market-place, pelting to death four hundred horsemen and twelve hundred horses of his German retinue

before they forced him back in dismay to his quarters and presently out of the city. And now, when more than half a century later Sigismund his son was on his way to Rome, and proposed to stop at his faithful city of Siena, the people feared he might intend some revenge for that insult offered to his father. So they sent him a cold message, merely saying he was free to come, and would be received. But, before Sigismund's entry, a turn in Italian politics and alliances had taken place which seemed to show that Siena might really count on his imperial friendship. So when he did come he was splendidly entertained. He stayed ten months in the town, attempting nothing against its franchises, nay, solemnly renewing them when he went away, and having in the meantime honourably done his best to give peace to Tuscany by compounding his own quarrels with the Pope, and those of Siena with Florence. At this the old loyalty of the people waxed warm within them, and they resolved to commemorate the visit of the emperor in their precious cathedral pavement. Just south of the centre of the transept you will find the likeness of him enthroned, and at the steps of his throne on either hand three figures of his ministers and counsellors—a man of war, two men of law, two astrologers, and another whose calling I cannot define. This group is one of the best and purest in design among them all.

Then the artists of the cathedral went back to the Old Testament. In 1447 one Pietro di Minella designed, in the compartment of the pavement next to Sigismund, the story of the death of Absalom. The boughs of two oak-trees, a bold piece of abstract foliage design, sweep and meet in the upper field. From one of them hangs Absalom, his hair wound about the branch, his eyes starting and hands extended; the hind-quarters of his disappearing mule are seen beside the foot of the tree; Joab and his young men have come and thrust the three darts, or long spears as they are represented, with deliberation into the region of his heart. A figure of Solomon, and an illustration of the blind leading the blind, with some emblems inlaid on the pavement outside the entrance to the building, are all that fill the next five-and-twenty years. And then, about 1473, begins a period of immense activity. One little set of emblems in the south transept, defaced but singularly beautiful, belongs to this period, and differs strangely from all the other work done in it. The seven ages of man are shown in single white figures set in squares or diamonds of black. These ages are not divided as usual: four divisions are given to the time before manhood, as if to draw out as much as possible that season when life is life indeed. There is no mewling and puking, nor any whining school-boy: *Infantia* is a naked child playing among flowers; *Pueritia* an Italian boy in short cloak and cap walking in the fields; the season of youth is spun out, always among flowers, through *Adolescentia* and *Juventus*; man-

hood is not a soldier full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard, but a studious citizen walking with open book; *Decrepitas* moves, over a land flowerless at last, on crutches to his open grave. The pretty quiet and simplicity of this, I say, is very unlike the quality of other work that was going on at the same times. For, in four vast irregular compartments to right and left of the central space under the dome, artists of the city now designed and inlaid multitudinous scenes of battle and slaughter. First that scene which tallies with Dante's vision—the death of Holofernes and overthrow of his host. The advance of the Renaissance spirit is shown by the way in which the designer has treated the beleaguered city. He has delighted his imagination with piling up an infinity of classical temples and corridors and statues upon columns; he has inscribed the ramparts with the word *BETVLIA* writ large, and adorned them with two great medallions copied from the antique, one, I think, from the portraits of Scipio Africanus. He has shown a great desire to express the actions of men and horses in strong movement, but no very great power. The men at arms look curiously steady and benignant as they thrust at and overset each other with their long spears. Judith and Holofernes are minor personages, and the passage showing the act of vengeance within the tent is almost destroyed. Next we have to do with an artist of stronger and more individual temper. Matteo di Giovanni was one of the best painters of Siena at this time; and his favourite subject was the horrible one of the massacre of the Innocents. He painted it in colours three or four times, and here, it is in marble on the cathedraal floor. A villainous Herod sits at one end of an arcaded court, to express the architecture of which Matteo has put forth his best science, and taxed all the resources of the inlayer in the cunning use of grey and red-yellow marbles. Above the arcades he has represented a Bacchanalian frieze, pierced here and there with round windows to which those of Herod's household come to look grinning down upon the slaughter that goes on before their master. Many pitiful figures of dead babies are tossed face downwards or anyhow upon the floor, and these are designed, singly, with extraordinary force and feeling. But in the straggling medley of women and children that fills the hall, the force is wanting, and the feeling is brutally ignoble. Matteo means to make the soldiers look wicked and ferocious, he only makes them look fantastically grim and debased. He means to make the mothers look desperate and agonized, he only makes them look fantastically grim and debased too. How this character was an essential part of Matteo's genius you may judge by seeing what the lovely rhythm and blitheness of a Greek frieze has become in passing through his imagination. His carved Mænads and Sileni, above, have in their frenzy the same ugly intensity, the same ignoble grimness, as his Jewish mothers and Roman soldiers below. Not so astonishing a specimen

as this is of the richness of combined engraving and inlay, but a far nobler design, is the opposite subject of the sacrifice of Jephthah, the work of an otherwise unknown artist, Francesco da Bastiano. Here again the romantic part of the story, Jephthah's daughter coming out to meet him with timbrels and with dances, Jephthah sacrificing his daughter (in a round classical temple), are only by-episodes in the distance. The main point is the fighting; the main matter is that Jephthah should smite the children of Ammon from Aroer even until thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter. And so he does. He rides, a really noble and pre-eminent figure, and before him his horsemen pursue the enemy. Francesco da Bastiano has not the distinctness of the Florentines, not their art and grandeur in massing and distributing groups; he has much of the feverish Sienese passion to seize motion at the quick and expression at the most poignant; but he does this better than his fellows; his foreshortenings of fallen horses and hurrying riders have immense force as well as vehemence; there is one rider and his horse who fling up their faces and yell in the passion of pursuit, there is one who flees with his arms about his horse's neck, that would be masterly figures in any composition. Last and weakest of these crowded battle-scenes is a defeat of Herod by his brother-in-law, with a long quotation from Josephus. Let us not dwell upon it, but turn to the second kind of subject that was being done upon the floor at this busy time.

Among the countless personages of Christian and pagan mythology that occupied the imagination of the Renaissance, none had for this age a greater attraction than the sibyls. Men lived under the Christian law and believed in the Christian revelation; but also they revered antiquity and yearned towards the pagan past. Hence they loved to think of aught that seemed to establish a link between the old world and the new. And such were the sibyls—wise women of old, as they were conceived, who in the midst of paganism had known the true God, and in dark sayings foretold the coming of Christ. Inspired women uttering oracles or offering prophetic scrolls to kings, had been not unknown in the real mythology of later Greece or Rome. Greece knew of a Delphian and an Erythræan sibyl. Rome knew of the Tiburtine sibyl whose name was Albunea, and of that Cumæan sibyl into whose mouth Virgil has put the prophecy of a child about to be born and of a reign of peace to come. To the Roman world after its conversion, the prophecy recorded in Virgil seemed a manifest inspiration; the child whose birth it foretold was manifestly Christ. In the first two or three Christian centuries, tales of other prophetesses and their prophecies took shape. Voices testifying to the oneness of God were declared to have spoken from of old in all the corners of the

earth—in the mystic East, in the African desert, in the isles of Greece, along the shores of Troy. The number of sibyls increased from four to ten. There came to be a Persian sibyl, a Cimmerian sibyl, a Samian sibyl, a Phrygian sibyl, a Libyan sibyl, and a sibyl of the Hellespont. Greek writings purporting to be the books of the sibyls came into circulation. By the early church in general these writings were accepted, and pointed to as evidences for the new faith. But gradually these texts reputed sibylline disappeared; and the Middle Age almost forgot the sibyls. So soon, however, as men's thoughts turned again with yearning towards antiquity, they remembered, again, these antique prophetesses and loved to celebrate them. After the fourteenth century their lineaments occur again and again in art. We all know under what august varieties of type Michelangelo conceived them, expressing in his sibyls of the Sistine chapel whatever of passionate foreboding and denunciation, whatever of loving and brooding wisdom, whatever of exalted contemplation, whatever of mystic dread and desire, can find their seat in the souls and upon the countenances of women. Well, in these years between 1480 and 1485, the Sienese besides their great battle-scenes laid down great figures of the Sibyls, five of them in the floor of each aisle, and beside each Sibyl a tablet carrying her name, and generally another upon which is written some fragment of Christian prophecy; in all this making considerable display of a learning chiefly borrowed, so far as I can ascertain, from Lactantius. The figures are by different hands, some of them of great beauty and power, several unluckily altered by restoration. And in the same vein they wrought yet another subject, filling the first compartment of the nave as you come in with a figure of Mercurius Trismegistus delivering his prophetic books to a disciple. Mercurius Trismegistus was supposed to have been a great sage of Egypt in the time of Moses, and to have been one with the Egyptian Thoth. He too is thought of as having been among those who in far-off antiquity knew and foretold the true God. In astrology and the occult sciences his personage assumes immense importance. He is here represented as a bearded Oriental in a tall turban; the man who reverently receives the book from him and a third figure standing by are likewise in 'Oriental' attire. The compartment is somewhat grimly conceived and coarsely executed. And here, in 1488, ends the series of subjects done by native artists of Siena in the traditional manner of their school.

III.

The series, we have seen, had been begun towards the close of the fourteenth century, in 1370, and continued through nearly the whole of the fifteenth. Many of the designs had been furnished by masters whose profession was painting, others by professed inlayers.

Upon the whole the designs represent well the state of the Sienese school during this period. In the old great days of Siena, she had had a school of painting second to none in Italy. About 1300, and from then till the middle of the century, the glory of Giotto and his school at Florence had been fairly rivalled by the glory of Duccio, Simone Martini, Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti at Siena. Mystical grace and passion, the characters of life and truth, sincerity and loftiness of conception, none of these had been wanting to the members of this group. They had gone a long way in the direction of complete technical mastery as well. Artists from Siena went out to other districts, and the city became the teacher of architecture, sculpture, and painting to half Italy. Then came the plague, and the time of depression and disaster. The anarchy that came on the top of the mortality was of this kind. For more than sixty years the city had been governed by that magistracy of nine, chosen exclusively from merchant families of a certain fortune and standing, who thus became a kind of ruling caste. In spite of much hot blood within the city and nearly constant feuds, chiefly between the great houses of the old Guelf and Ghibelline following, the authority of this merchant caste had not been shaken in town or territory. But a vast amount of hatred had accumulated against them on the part of those excluded from the government—the great houses on one side, the smaller traders and artisans on the other. Soon after the plague, this hatred exploded. The nine were dispossessed. Twelve magistrates were chosen from families of another fortune and standing. These quickly became a caste too, and were as bitterly hated as the nine. A new order called Reformers got possession of power; and successively other and yet other orders down to the lowest. Each of these hardened quickly into something like a hereditary clan or caste, with a deadly hereditary rancour against the rest. As one caste got power, the members of the others were banished and persecuted. The great families, excluded from the government, were always intriguing with the populace against the order momentarily in power. In one revolution, the most ruinous of all, four thousand artisans were driven out and emigrated for good to other cities. The enemies of the State were always encouraging the exiles to conspire. Add to this intestine anarchy an almost incessant drain from border warfare against neighbouring states, and the depredation of the territory, almost every summer, by armed hordes of mercenaries plundering either on their own hand or at the orders of some hostile neighbour. How could a community existing under such desperate conditions recover again from a great visitation? At Florence, indeed, for thirty years in the middle of this same fatal fourteenth century, things were almost as bad. But, after the great crisis of her popular insurrection in 1378-81, Florence did recover. Under fifty years of a firm and wise aristocratical government, and then

under sixty years more of a so-called popular government beneath the veiled despotism of the Medici, she experienced not only a recovery, but a great and prolonged political expansion, a vast increase in strength, wealth, territory, numbers, and genius. Siena knew no such change. Her troubles within and without went on from bad to worse. She was able, such was the prodigious inherent force with which these democracies set out from the Middle Age, such their indomitable spirit and brilliant gifts—she was able despite the worst to hold her own among the states of Italy to the end; but no more.

Corresponding to this difference in the political destinies of Florence and Siena, there is a difference in their artistic destinies. In the depressed latter half of the fourteenth century, Florentine art was but an echo of the art of Giotto; followers of his carried on his tradition without energy and without improvement. But about 1400 came the immense revival, the immense and glorious expansion, of Florentine art in the hands of Donatello, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Masaccio, Paolo Uccelli, and the rest. Sienese art undergoes the same depression, but does not share the same revival. Siena has one great sculptor in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Jacopo della Quercia; but her painting goes on as it was before. There is a prodigious activity; the proportion of artists and skilled artificers to the rest of the population was probably at all times greater here than in any other community. But the inspiration, the science, the noble ardour of the time, scarcely communicates itself to them. Nay, for all their numbers, their activity and devotion, it seems as though some curse were upon them. The old mysticism gets to look weak and affected in the Sienese paintings of this age; the old intensity of character and passion, to look strained and extravagant. And all this can be read, more clearly and in firmer lines than anywhere else, in the designs furnished by the school to be pieced and graven in solid marble on their cathedral floor. The earliest work, as we saw, the parables and allegories designed between 1370 and 1406, had in them much of the strong gravity and thoughtfulness and pure design of the great school that had lately flourished. The only advance afterwards was in mechanical ingenuity and richness of borders and ornaments. And, with that, came a choice of subjects and a mode of executing them in which it was impossible not to see some reflection of the evils of the time. These reiterated scenes of warfare and foray from the Old Testament, these vengeance and massacres, these fields covered with multitudes of angry spearmen and desperate fugitives—were not the madness and violence of living men disturbing with a like havoc all the corners of the fair city and territory? might not Valdichiana and Montignola and Maremma testify from every hamlet to the ruin of their husbandry? was any heart free from hate and terror? any life not subject to the vengeance of a faction or the lawlessness of the lance?

Nay, the sight that feasted the eyes of Herod himself—women grasping soldiers by the hair and snatching their babes from the sword's point—babes dashed dead upon the floor and steps—need a painter of Italy in those days trust wholly to his imagination for such a thing? Volterra knew, and Cesena knew, and Sinigaglia knew, and a hundred towns and villages beside, what was meant by a massacre of the innocents. And if Siennese art thus shows itself haunted by horrors and violence, it shows also that something of depression or exhaustion has prevented it from acquiring all the power and science needful if you are really to represent horrors and violence with mastery. Hence that mixed character of grim and bitter sincerity, of intensity, together with something of a quaint and straining helplessness, which we have noticed in all these compositions, and for which in Matteo di Giovanni we have found no other words but fantastic and debased. Matteo di Giovanni, the most powerful artist of Siena, was the contemporary of the great Ghirlandaio and of Botticelli at Florence. Think of that, and you will realise the different strength and standing of the two schools at this hour. The one has gone on from strength to strength; the other has remained almost where it was. From the parable of the mote and the beam done in 1375 to the story of Hermes Trismegistus done in 1488, there has been within the Siennese school no serious advance in science or power, there has been a falling off in nobleness and serenity of conception.

And now for a while the school seemed to show itself exhausted altogether. It was nearly twenty years before another compartment of the cathedral floor was wrought with figures, and then not by a Siennese hand. About the year 1500 art in the rest of the peninsula was approaching its last perfection, the perfection that immediately preceded ruin. The school of Florence was the mighty and central school of all. But Venice, but Milan, and the Lombard cities between the two, and the cities of the Romagna, and the cities of the Umbrian Apennines, all these had schools whose work was near perfection. Only at Siena things remained where they had been a hundred years before. A Siennese amateur of this time, desirous to furnish his palace or adorn his chapel with paintings worthy of his taste, his piety, or his pride, had to send for artists from other parts of Italy. And about this year 1500, it happened that there were great amateurs at Siena. There was Pandolfo Petrucci, a patriotic and unscrupulous merchant who had won himself a political position almost like that of the Medici at Florence. There was the Cardinal Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius III., whose family, always one of the first in the state, had redoubled in power and splendour since one of its members had filled the papal chair forty years earlier. Men like these were bent on having the best artists of the day in their service. As it chanced, the artists they took into their service were

men from the new Umbrian school—Luca Signorelli from Cortona for one, Pinturicchio from Perugia for another. A hundred years ago, Siena had sent out artists to those very towns among the Umbrian Apennines, to paint for the people and teach them how to paint themselves. And the people of the Umbrian towns had learnt to surpass their teachers. A great school had sprung up there. Signorelli was one mighty master of the school, Perugino with his pupils, of whom Pinturicchio was one, formed its central group. And now these came to Siena, who had been standing still meanwhile herself. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and found it again in this way after many days. The work done by Signorelli and Pinturicchio between 1500 and 1510 is among the most interesting that is to be found in the city and district of Siena. Signorelli, the potent delineator of physical life and strength and motion, made a cartoon for the pavement of the cathedral; but it was never carried out, and we do not know what was its subject. Pinturicchio, on the other hand, whose frescoes make radiant the walls of a famous chamber, the library of the Piccolomini family, which opens out of the cathedral—Pinturicchio not only designed but saw executed a compartment of marble work for the floor. It is the fourth as you walk up the nave, and one of the most beautiful of all. The people call it the story of Fortune. It is rather an allegory of the excellence of Wisdom and the vanity of Pleasure. Beneath a sky which is pure black, a field of grey marble engraved with dark lines gives the effect of a desolate sea. In the middle of the sea rises a steep island; on a flowery platform at the top of the island sits Wisdom or Sapience, crowned with flowers and bearing a palm-branch in her hand. On her left hand a philosopher, labelled with his name Crates, spills into the sea from a basket a collection of necklaces and other trinkets. On her right stands Socrates with a book. Lower down a company of pilgrims, men and women, climb towards the seat of Wisdom up a steep path set with stones and thistles and crawled upon by lizards and serpents. One struts complacently like a Pharisee. Another, having girded himself for the ascent, before he starts shakes his fist in reproach at the figure of Pleasure by whom he has been hitherto beguiled. Pleasure, a fair and naked woman, has one foot upon the rolling ball of fortune; with the other she steps into a boat, rudderless, dismasted, in which she is about to put forth upon that sea without a pilot. One young man bound on his upward pilgrimage turns to look at her regretfully.

• Meanwhile things were going fast. The Signorellis, the Peruginos and Pinturicchios were themselves being eclipsed by younger men. Italian art was hastening to its climax, at the moment when the independence, the genius, the whole civilisation of the Italian states were about to perish and be transformed. The young Raphael and the young Michelangelo wrought such things for Julius II. at Rome

as astonished all beholders; the influence of their work went out all over Italy; the original characters of local schools were transformed in the endeavour to adopt and imitate their perfections. This influence of Raphael and Michelangelo, radiating from the focus of the new art at Rome, soon made itself felt at Siena too. She had had no artists who shared the progress of the fifteenth century, but during the forty years that preceded her surrender to the Spaniard, she had artists who shared these new and last perfections of the sixteenth.

The three great artistic names of Siena in the first half of the sixteenth century are Baldassare Peruzzi, Giovann' Antonio de' Bazzi called *il Sodoma*, and Domenico Beccafumi called *il Mecarino*. Baldassare Peruzzi, the architect and painter, of the Farnesina palace, worked chiefly at Rome and need not concern us here. Sodoma was originally of the school of Lionardo, and came from Vercelli in Lombardy. But he spent the best of his life at Siena, and there was something in his dissolute habits and capricious fantastic bearing that pleased the people and made him popular. He had, at his best, an extraordinary facility, an infinite grace and charm, if not of the most wholesome order. For some reason he is singularly obnoxious to Vasari, who is never tired of talking of his bad habits, and the money he used to squander on his menagerie of pets—badgers, squirrels, monkeys, marmozets, donkeys, barbs for the race-meetings, fancy poultry, turtle-doves, every kind of living curiosity he could lay his hands on. He, too, was employed to make for the cathedral pavement a design that was never carried out. But he had a rival who for thirty years, from 1417 to 1447, was constantly engaged upon this work; and the rival was Domenico Beccafumi. Domenico had been a peasant boy; his surname Beccafumi is that of the master under whom he studied, and his nickname *il Mecarino* signifies the littleness of his stature. When the works of Michelangelo and Raphael at the Vatican were uncovered in 1510, he went to study them, and inflamed himself, like all the rest of Italy, with the desire of imitating the manner of those mighty masters. When he came back to Siena, he found Sodoma in the height of his reputation, and delighting all the people with his mad pranks. Beccafumi, on the other hand, was a retired and sober liver, says Vasari, always at work. He painted numberless pictures, besides his works at the cathedral. These consist, first, of a great series from the story of Ahab and Elijah on the floor of the transept under the dome, and next, a second great series, including the sacrifice of Abraham and the adventures of the Israelites in the Wilderness, in front and at the sides of the high altar. These are the compartments of the pavement which posterity treasures, and which are kept carefully covered except on great occasions and for the satisfaction of the curious. Beccafumi, like other artists of that age in which art rose to its perfection and fell, has learned the language of the highest art

perfectly, but has nothing particular to say in it. He is an excellent draughtsman and composer; he knows his anatomy, and groups his figures in beautiful attitudes with appropriate drapery; he has science and style: but he has no inspiration or intensity; he has lost the old way of going straight to the root of the matter, and expressing the spirit of his subject vigorously and directly, with whatever grimness and uncouthness. Thus in the scene where fire came not down in answer to the prayer of the prophets of Baal, and Elijah mocked them, and they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them—in this scene, one handsome prophet stands in an attitude of perfect elegance while he pierces his arm with two inches of cold steel, and the blood spouts from the wound in an elegant arch; another having wounded his arm holds his two hands over his head in a graceful agony which bespeaks the man of skill, but not the man of mind. And so on all through the work.

Beccafumi was above all things an improver, or what the time considered an improver, in the technical process of marble work. In these scenes from the story of Ahab, green marble is let in for grass, yellow for earth, dark blue for negro slaves, parti-coloured fragments for jewellery and ornaments. I do not know that this is going too far; and the effect is certainly very beautiful in one, the best of the compositions, where Elijah meets Ahab on Mount Carmel, and challenges the prophets of Baal to the trial of the sacrifice without fire. But if the method here may be allowed, Beccafumi certainly goes beyond the resources of his material in the later scenes of the Sacrifice of Abraham and the Israelites in the Wilderness. In these he gives up colour altogether, and aims at imitating exactly the effect of a black and white cartoon. It is done with amazing skill—the half-shadows laid down in grey marble, the light in white, and the dark in black, the joints most artificially concealed, and the transitions from light to dark shaded with engraved lines exactly as you might shade in a drawing. Then, the landscapes are filled with incident, and highly finished. The severity, the decorative abstractness, which the old designers had maintained, and which seem dictated by the conditions of the material, are defied. The consequence is a surprising and entertaining performance, but scarcely a true work of art. It was, however, precisely a performance of the kind to delight Beccafumi's contemporaries. Vasari is as petulantly partial to his Mecarino as he is hostile to Sodoma, loving to pit one against the other, and decide it in favour of Mecarino:

I have found another testimony to the fame of these works which comes more nearly home to ourselves. A writer of patriotic biographies at Siena in the seventeenth century winds up his account of Beccafumi thus—

"If he had done nothing else but that so famous pavement of the Duomo at Siena, begun long before by Duccio" [this, we have seen, is the old mistake of Vasari], "that alone would be enough to make him live for ever in the memory of persons of taste. It is wrought of marble in *chiaroscuro*, and is so beautiful and so delightful that it has been published on paper by first-rate engravers, and whoever has a copy holds it right dear." [These huge wood-engravings after Beccafumi's compositions may be seen in the Print-room of the British Museum.] "But more fortunatè still has been Pandolfo Spannocchi, a Sienese lawyer of family, for he has had the luck to come into possession of the cartoons, by Mecarino's own hand, from which he executed that work. And he holds them so dear, that when there came to Siena certain English painters, sent by that Majesty to hunt all over the world for pictures and drawings by great men—to the offer of five thousand scudi, which they made him for these drawings when they saw them, he returned them a refusal which did him honour, esteeming himself richer and better off with such a noble treasure in his own house than with the addition of those thousands of scudi to his fortune—to the shame of others who for even the paltriest prices have dispossessed themselves and their country of very noble paintings."

"That Majesty" is Charles I., whose agents, it seems, were anxious to buy for the Whitehall collection the original cartoons of Beccafumi's work. Well, we have got no original cartoons of the Siena pavement in this country. But we have got this set of drawings which helps us to know what the pavement is like from entrance to altar-steps, and to enter into the spirit of the work both of the accomplished Beccafumi and of men of a grimmer mettle. I cannot say that this unique invention seems to me altogether a happy one, or that the floor under your feet is the best place for great pictorial compositions to be set out. And I cannot say that either in the simplicity of its beginning, or in the ingenuity of its decline, this engraved and inlaid marble imagery stands among quite the noblest work of the noblest schools. But it stands alone. It calls for the most careful study. For every strongly furrowed line and every subtly fitted figure of it all are characters in which is written the history of a people—the history of that city of the rosy walls and rosy towers, the beloved and ungovernable, with her glorious rise and promise, her passionate piety, her heroism, her vanity, her madness, her mortal diseases of anarchy and rancour, her fiery independence, her daring imagination, her love of beauty and colour and pomp, her cunning indefatigable craftsmanship, the brightness of her genius, and the long delay of her inevitable doom.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

POSITIVISTS AND WORKMEN.¹

"Le positivisme offre aux prolétaires les seuls dogmes et les seuls docteurs avec lesquels ils puissent profondément sympathiser."—COMTE.

It being unfortunately impossible that the usual lecture should be delivered this morning, I have been requested to address you. I am glad of the opportunity of offering some explanations to those who meet here, whether they belong to our body or are only in general sympathy with its objects, upon certain proceedings in which some of us lately took part, and which have doubtless not escaped your notice. When the five cabinet makers were released from prison last week Dr. Congreve and I went to the gate of the gaol to greet them, and subsequently, along with some other members of our body, we were present at the banquet given to the men, where, at the request of the committee, I took the chair.

Our action on that occasion has not passed without remark. Indeed much nonsense has been written about it, one newspaper going so far as to suggest that we got up the whole affair. I need not tell any one here how far the English Positivists are from having the means of determining a demonstration which, if regard be had to its quality, was one of the most important that has ever been held in London; a demonstration which comprehended not only the flower of the London workmen, but deputations from distant parts of the country. But some people would resort to any explanation, however absurd, of united action on the part of working men rather than admit that it is spontaneous. None of us had anything to do with getting it up. In fact, every Positivist there who was not himself a workman went as an invited guest.

It has occurred to me that even among our own body our action may be liable to misconstruction, and may seem to need explanation. There may be some who will fear that we have given encouragement to oppressive and overbearing treatment of workmen by one another, and that we have gone further than becomes law-abiding citizens in opposing constituted authority. There may be others who, either from their sympathy for the cause of labour, or because they are workmen themselves, might overlook the limitations with which we desire to guard any statement of our views on the delicate question of "coercion," and who might imagine that we are ready to sanction doctrines and acts which, on the contrary, we should deprecate and condemn. To clear up such misconceptions,

(1) This paper contains the substance of an unwritten address recently delivered at the Positivist School.

on whichever side they may arise, allow me to state briefly, and only in so far as it concerns us Positivists, what the nature of the case was, and why we deemed it our duty to act as we did. In this place I can proceed on the basis of Positivist principles, which it would have been improper to assume in my speech to the unprepared audience at the banquet. That is what I desire to do now, and what I know you will require of me.

The first thing to consider is the cause of the strike out of which the prosecution arose. It was not a dispute as to amount of wages. No one looking back upon the whole connection of Positivists with labour disputes in England, commencing, I believe, with Dr. Congreve's letter on the builders' strike in 1859, can point to a single instance in which we have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of advising workmen to claim any particular rate of wages. We have always felt that as outsiders we could not have such a knowledge of the circumstances of trade as would entitle us to pronounce on that matter. But here it was a question not of the rate, but of the mode of payment. It has been repeatedly but erroneously said that Messrs. Jackson and Graham merely wished to introduce piece-work instead of time-work. Piece-work is not objected to. It has been recognised in the trade for more than sixty years, but at fixed prices. Messrs. Jackson and Graham wished to abolish these fixed prices, and to make a separate bargain for each separate piece of work on each separate occasion with each separate workman. It is evident that this system would destroy that steadiness of wages which Positivism declares to be essential to the right condition of the labouring class. The workmen would be compelled to be perpetually bidding against one another, and that without even the guarantee of publicity which exists in an ordinary auction-room. Wages would inevitably be depressed to a lower level. The difference between this level and the rate now earned Mr. Graham appears to look on as his rightful property. He declared at the trial that at present he was being "robbed" of it; wishing us, I suppose, to believe that he does not charge every farthing of it in the bill he sends in when he has been fitting up some West-end mansion, as I saw stated the other day in an advertisement, "regardless of expense." This system, introducing as it did competition in a most odious and degrading form, the workmen determined to resist. All Positivists will agree that they were right to do so in the measure of their ability, and that any individuals who, tempted by the employer's offers in such an emergency, deserted their fellows, were acting unworthily.

Now as to the means employed. To say that the picketing was carried out in a way which ought to be perfectly legal would not be to the purpose here. For there are many acts which we should

strenuously contend ought not to be made illegal, which yet we should blame, and for the doers of which we should certainly not go out of our way to show respect and sympathy. But even taking all that was stated by the prosecutors' witnesses as true, I will say that these men appear to have done nothing which I should not myself have been prepared to do if I had been in their position. They used persuasion and remonstrance, and where necessary warned the offenders that members of the Union would not in future work in their company. No violence or threat of violence, no annoyance or rudeness of language was even alleged to have been employed. Yet Baron Clesby decided that if this picketing had been successful in preventing Messrs. Jackson and Graham from getting workmen, there was "coercion of the will" within the meaning of the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

Here therefore was the law stepping in to aid a master in imposing unfavourable conditions on his workmen. It is all very well to protest that this is a mere matter of street police, and that what the law looks to is not the economic question involved, but solely the maintenance of public order and the protection of peaceable citizens from annoyance. These are pleas which deceive no one, least of all those who advance them; and it is the height of hypocrisy to put them forward. The history of the legislation of which these unjust laws are the scandalous remnant, is there to prove in what motives they originated; and the objects for which they are worked to-day are precisely the same as were aimed at by the Statute of Labourers five hundred years ago. Now against every attempt of this sort to promote inequality of wealth by upper-class laws, Positivism protests just as firmly as it would protest against legislation with a view to promote equality of wealth such as we may yet live to see proposed in a parliament elected by the lower classes. Christianity, as every one can see, both implicitly and explicitly sanctions communism. The last word of its more earnest votaries may possibly be yet to say; and the time may come when the richer classes will be fain to cling for protection to a religion which, being based on human considerations, can frankly uphold so essential a condition of human society as the institution of private property. Positivists, I repeat, will in the future protest as warmly against communistic innovations as they do now against the mouldy maxims of lawyers lingering on from a time when the rich alone were free and the poor were bondmen. Social problems are to be solved by moral, not by political agencies.

But there was yet another reason for our action. This case of the cabinet makers was the first in which it had been clearly decided by one of the superior courts that strictly moral pressure was illegal. Previous cases had been complicated by the allegation, sometimes

true, oftener false, that pickets had carried their solicitations and remonstrances to the length of annoyance, or had used language which might be interpreted as a menace of violence; or else the trials had ended in a compromise which prevented the law from being clearly ascertained. Such obscurity was highly appreciated by employers, one of whom plainly said, in examination before the Commission on the Labour Laws, "I am strongly of opinion that you ought not too strictly to define in words what will not constitute a breach of the law. At present the men do not know to what extent they may carry on picketing and threatening." The decision in the cabinet makers' case, for the first time since the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, established that purely moral pressure was illegal. The law therefore, as thus laid down, appeared to us to be unjust and dangerous quite apart from its bearing on the industrial question. The Positivist priesthood, whenever it shall be in existence, will need for the due performance of its functions the fullest liberty not only to praise and persuade, but also to censure and denounce. It is on these means that it will depend for maintaining its discipline. It will solemnly renounce all material force, all assistance from the temporal power; and therefore any prejudice attaching to the name of priesthood from certain catholic associations is in its Positivist use unreasonable. But so much the more will it need complete liberty of speech. The temporal power properly deals with crime, not with mere immorality. Where it cannot with propriety impose material penalties its domain ceases. The spiritual power deals with what is immoral as well as with what is criminal. This is no new partition of provinces. The distinction has been always recognised, and is upon the whole fairly established in this country, except in those particular cases in which class interests are involved. To these we may perhaps add some half obsolete relics of religious intolerance. These cases apart, the legislature has shown great reluctance to allow the domain of law to encroach on that of morals, though as much cannot be always said for our judges.

To bring public opinion to bear upon persons whose immoral conduct cannot be reached by law, will be the business of the priesthood.

"In cases," says Comte, "where the rich neglect their duty, the Positive priesthood will resort in the first instance to every method of conviction and persuasion that can be suggested by the education which the rich have received in common with other classes. Should this course fail, there remains the resource of pronouncing formal condemnation of their conduct; and supposing this to be ratified by the working men of every city, and the women of every family, its effect will be difficult to withstand. In very heinous cases, it might be necessary to proceed to the extreme length of social excommunication, the efficacy of which, in cases where it deserved and received general assent, would

be even greater than in the Middle Ages; the organization of the spiritual power in those times being very imperfect. But even in this case the means used for repression are of a purely moral kind." (General View of Positivism, chap. vi.)

Of course when liberty of censure and denunciation is claimed for the priest, it is not for a moment meant that he should be protected from the operation of a proper law of slander and libel. If either in ill faith or in heat he misstates facts, he must answer for it to the tribunals like any other citizen; but where the facts are not in dispute he must be at liberty to pronounce on their character, and if necessary to hold up a wrongdoer to public indignation and contempt.

Now it is clear that we cannot claim for the priest any license of criticism, warning, or denunciation, which is not to be equally possessed by every other member of the community. Were it possible for him to monopolize this potent instrument of discipline, it would be both unjust and undesirable. We are merely asserting a common right, or rather we are demanding liberty to perform a common duty. Accordingly we strongly protested against the decision in the Galway election case three years ago, when it was held that it is illegal for a Catholic priest to tell his flock from the altar that they are bound to vote for a certain candidate. The distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church we know to be false, and the influence of its clergy in public matters is at the present day generally exerted for purposes which we consider mischievous. We should be glad to see the doctrines discredited, and the influence annihilated; but we condemn the employment of physical force—for that is what the temporal power in the last analysis comes to—in order to prevent a pressure which is strictly moral, and is applied by the impalpable efficacy of opinion. Similarly we hold that the interference of the German Government with the clergy amounts to persecution. Again we regard with extreme jealousy the attempts which are being constantly made to narrow the limits within which newspapers may criticise the conduct of public functionaries and private individuals. There is much reason to complain of the carelessness of truth shown by journalists in matters which are not likely to come under the cognisance of tribunals; and the law might very properly compel them to give that guarantee for their good faith which they themselves exact from their occasional correspondents—the signature of their names. Here again we speak with indisputable impartiality. We have little or no means of setting the press to work ourselves, and more than most men have we had to bear, oftenest in silence, its misrepresentations and calumnies; but none will resist more earnestly any attempt to muzzle it. We would rather put up with its license than abridge its liberty; for in proportion as the Positivist ideal of temporal

power is approached—as government becomes stronger and capital more concentrated, so shall we the more need every precedent and tradition of free comment and unrestricted criticism, requisite for the organization of the moral pressure which is to be its counterpoise.

This, then, is the second point of view from which the decision in the case of the cabinet makers seemed to us to be dangerous. In the absence, at present, of any better agency for bringing moral pressure to bear on employers, we think it desirable that trades-unions should exist, and that they should endeavour to secure united action by persuasion, by remonstrance, and, when necessary, by such penalties as refusal to associate or work with men who, to climb the quicker out of their class, would trample on their fellows. It is precisely the penalty which is inflicted for similar offences in the medical and legal professions. No doubt it may be used to enforce rules which are unreasonable or mischievous. The “etiquette” of lawyers and doctors is thought to be not always in harmony with the public interest. But, upon the whole, such supervision and discipline of the individual members of a trade or profession by the general body is productive of good. In any body of men, those who will regard the general interest even if they stand alone, and those who prefer to stand alone in order that they may consult only their own interest, are minorities. The large majority consists of men who are ready and anxious to respect the general interest provided others are not allowed to evade the obligation, but who will join in the scramble if discipline is not enforced on mutineers. Hence the necessity of that social pressure which Comte saw to be the indispensable complement of right teaching:—

“Social feeling,” he says, “though its influence is far greater than that of Reason, would not in general be sufficient for the right guidance of practical life, if Public Opinion were not constantly at hand to support the good inclinations of individuals. The arduous struggle of Social Feeling against Self-love requires the constant assertion of true principles to remove uncertainty as to the proper course of action in each case. But it requires also something more. *The strong reaction of all upon each is needed, whether to control selfishness or to stimulate sympathy.*” (General View of Positivism, chap. iii.)

Except to persons not familiar with our principles and conduct, it will be unnecessary to say that we have always strenuously condemned the introduction of anything like coercion—in the ordinary dictionary sense of the word—into trade disputes. If unionists, however good their object, proceed to violence or threats of violence, they are resorting to a method of compulsion which the State and its functionaries are alone entitled to employ. For this they should be punished neither more nor less severely than if the offence was unconnected with any trade dispute. Similarly we would have any

riotous or disorderly manifestations of feeling checked by the police as it would be in any other case; nor would we encourage any solicitation amounting to personal annoyance.

There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of the temporal power, especially in its judicial department, to curtail the right of censure and other forms of moral pressure, and to arrogate them exclusively to itself. These pretensions are all the more dangerous because they are no longer balanced or checked by the claims of a strongly organized spiritual power. In Rome free speech and action are no longer compressed in the stifling grasp of the Pope-King. But in Germany we see something like a King-Pope, and under his searching tyranny it is not enough that you obey, you must obey in silence. Unless you are prepared to admit that "the law is holy and the commandment holy and just and good," you had better refrain from speaking of it. Such indirect censure of the Falck laws as is implied in paying the fine of a priest convicted under them is itself punishable. Though we have not quite got to that here, still our legists, encouraged by the increasing impotence of their old rivals the clergy, aspire to be not merely administrators of the law but oracles of "public policy" and arbiters of morals. But judges, after all, are only members of a class, the prejudices of which they too often reflect; and that class is upon the whole the most narrow, the most selfish, and the most opposed to progress of any in the community. No wonder if they look with aversion on the rival jurisdiction of public opinion in a lower class, and the moral pressure which is to be its sanction.

These, then, were the considerations which led us to take part in the recent demonstration. You will see that they are all finally reducible to that great principle of Positive polity which has so many and such various applications—the separation between the spiritual and temporal powers. If the object of the strike had been good, but the means employed reprehensible, we should have held aloof altogether. If the object had been unreasonable or mischievous, but the means such as we hold to be legitimate, we should have joined in the protest against an unjust punishment, but we should not have thought it a fitting case for expression of sympathy and respect. But as both the object aimed at and the means employed seemed to us legitimate, and as the men themselves had shown a spirit and constancy not too common in these days, we held it to be our duty not to shrink from a public expression of our sentiments.

I am prepared, however, to hear some of our friends say, Granting all that you urge, does there not still remain the respect due from us as Positivists, and therefore pre-eminently friends of order, to the established law as a whole, even though this or that portion of it be unjust? Have you not been encouraging these men to think lightly

of that subordination of individual opinion to constituted authority which is the one condition of political society?

I hope I do not undervalue this important consideration. I was careful to appreciate it in the remarks I made at the banquet; but unfortunately the *Times* report terminated abruptly at the point where I proceeded to discuss the attitude which it behoved workmen to take towards the law of picketing in view of the recent trial. And I see that a weekly journal, misled no doubt by the omission, taunts me with having evaded that most important question. If I may judge by the special attention with which my remarks on that point were listened to, the audience would have been ill satisfied if I had evaded it. I will take advantage of the present occasion to repeat what I said then, with such additional considerations as are appropriate to this place.

Positivism more than any other school repudiates violent solutions of social questions. It holds revolutionary methods very cheap, preferring to trust to moral and religious agencies. As a general rule we should obey bad laws even where we cannot respect them. But cases may occur, and not unfrequently in history have occurred, when to disobey the law has been a sacred duty. To lay down any rule which may serve as an absolute criterion for such cases is in the nature of things impossible, since an appeal is made from the public conscience to the conscience of the individual. Each decision must be arrived at *pro re nata*. Still if I might venture to suggest a test it would be this. In proportion as our action is altruistic it has the better chance of being right. If we can assure ourselves that in disobeying the law we are actuated by the desire of serving others and not ourselves, we may tread with bolder step in this doubtful path. Let us, however, descend to particular instances. I will pass over that fertile field of illustration afforded by the conflict between duty to the State and duty to God. A human religion has the advantage of simplifying ethical problems. Its precepts can never shock sentiment or contradict common sense. But let us take such a case as the American slave laws before the war of secession. It was illegal to assist a slave to escape. Yet, no one here would doubt that it was not only excusable but laudable, nay, that it was the bounden duty of every good man to break the Fugitive Slave Law whenever he had an opportunity. For an example of another kind we may look to our own statute book. Our game laws are an infamy. But we do not say that it is right to break them. We do not treat a poacher as a martyr. It is not merely because we know him to be generally a not very respectable person, but because his breach of the law is prompted by purely egoistic motives.

Yet one may imagine a case—highly imaginary, no doubt—in

which we should be constrained to applaud an offence against the game laws. If by some pentecostal inspiration it were suddenly borne in upon the Upper House of Convocation, that the spectacle of nine or ten thousand game-law prosecutions every year ought to have more interest for Christian bishops than the Eastward Position or the cut of Mr. Maconochie's petticoats; and if, as the speediest way of making the law impossible they all qualified themselves for imprisonment as poachers, we might think their conduct hasty and Quixotic, but we could not refuse to honour it as altruistic, and we should have to look on them in future as more formidable antagonists.

The case of the cabinet makers seems to fall under neither of these categories. It is far enough removed from that of the poacher. Yet we should not think of placing the incidents of a strike on a level with resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law. Picketing when peaceful is, in my opinion, innocent. Under certain circumstances it may be commendable. But it would be absurd to elevate it into a sacred duty. Our workmen might determine to defy the law, and to go to prison till they had filled all the gaols in England. Probably if they did, they would procure the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. But this would be a prodigious waste of energy and devotion. A far less expenditure of effort more wisely directed would secure the same result without impairing the law-abiding habits of our people. Therefore I would counsel workmen to direct their energies to "coercing the wills" of their parliamentary representatives rather than to getting themselves locked up. At the same time if any man, after calmly weighing the now certain consequences to himself against the benefit which he thinks will result to his fellow workmen from his acting as a picket, should deliberately determine to disregard this unjust law, then, though I may question his wisdom, I shall not think the worse of his character.¹

I hope what I have said may have served to justify, in the eyes of those here present, the course we took at the late demonstration. I wish my remarks could reach some critics who ask—perhaps in good faith—why Positivists who profess to make altruism the rule of conduct should constantly espouse with such warmth the cause of workmen against their employers, seeing that with the first, no less than with the last, it is a mere struggle for money.

I might answer in the first place—and it would be a sufficient answer if I said no more—that as long as we see the natural and

(1) A legal friend tells me that the men would do well to disregard Baron Cleasby's decision, because another judge would very likely give the next case in their favour. But one objection to this course is that the cabinet makers had to pay a lawyer's bill of nearly nine hundred pounds, besides other expenses.

inevitable inferiority in strength of the workmen still further aggravated by scandalous class-legislation, we think it our duty to throw what little weight we have on their side until the struggle becomes somewhat more equal. And, secondly, we should say most frankly, that so far as the action of the workmen is a mere struggle of individuals for money, though it may be just, it has no special nobleness in our eyes. But even so, we can see some difference between the poor man to whom a rise in wages means no more than the addition of some modest and legitimate comfort to the existence of himself and his family; and the employer whose daily life, even when trade is at its worst, is surrounded not only with every comfort but too often with a degree of luxury altogether illegitimate and scandalous.

The real answer, however, to this cavil lies in exposing the fallacy that lurks in it. The question between employer and employed may be one of money. But the motive of the former is purely personal, while that of the latter is largely social. In a strike or lock-out each employer promises himself some direct personal advantage as the result of the struggle. Probably the employer does not exist who would join in any combined action with his fellow employers, if he saw his way to making more money by holding aloof from it. The workman on the other hand in such struggles, especially when they are severe and protracted, is actuated mainly by a feeling of loyalty to his class. Economists are fond of pointing out to him that even a successful issue to a long strike will seldom indemnify him for what he has lost by the temporary suspension of his earnings. Do they imagine he needs to be told that? Those thousands of poor men who have been holding out so steadfastly and under such dire hardships in South Wales, rather than submit to a reduction of wages which was not proved to them to be necessary, have they done it on a simple calculation of profit and loss? The young unmarried men might perhaps have reason to hope that in the long run they would be gainers even in money—to say nothing of dignity—by the resistance. But the rest, who knew well that they were going to consume their savings and burden themselves with debt, had nothing to support them in their sore trial but the conviction that they were fighting for another onward step in the slow emancipation of their class. And if it be objected that all class interests are opposed to the interest of society, we reply in words of our master, which deserve to be laid to heart and pondered as going to the root of social difficulties, "*The proletariat class is not properly speaking a class at all but constitutes the body of society. From it proceed the various special classes which we may regard as organs necessary to that body.*"

I believe I have given very sufficient reasons why it is that Positivists generally range themselves on the workmen's side in the

labour-struggles which are every year becoming more numerous and assuming vaster proportions. They are reasons which must be so obvious to every one who has even the most superficial acquaintance with the doctrines of Auguste Comte, that it is difficult to give any credit for candour to an anonymous journalist who last week accused us of pandering to the prejudices of workmen in order to decoy them into our church. Such arts have often been used by the zealous propagandists of Christian sects who held, as Macaulay says the Jesuits did, that "if a person was so unfortunate as to be a bravo, a libertine, or a gambler, that was no reason for making him a heretic too." But Positivism does not aim at saving souls, and therefore is not obliged to be in a hurry. Baptism by platoons is not in our manner. A convinced reason and a prepared heart are the only foundation on which Positive faith and practice can be built; and not to win over any individual or any class would we either keep in the background or thrust into misleading prominence any fragment of our many-sided system; far less would we basely lend ourselves to enthusiasms which we do not share. We know well enough that if we had chosen to dwell exclusively on what I may call the popular side of Positivism, its republicanism, its plans for the social elevation of the poor, its stern lessons to the rich, we might easily by this time have gathered the working class round us in masses, like many a Socialist quackery which has lived and died in a generation. On the other hand, if we would keep half the political and social doctrines of Comte in a judicious shade, and affect to value him only for his true conservatism, his scorn of democratic nostrums, and the indestructible basis he has given to the institutions of the family and private property, Positivism would soon be looked on with much favour in respectable society. But the ignorant or calculating adhesion of either individuals or classes is worthless to us. Nor do we expect to gain any solid strength by thrusting our opinions in season and out of season upon unprepared impressionable people, who fall in love with a phrase and believe before they understand; who would hamper us with their crotchets and discredit us by their backslidings. So far have we carried our caution, that persons who know more of our ways than this anonymous journalist are in the habit of expressing their surprise at our apparent inertness in propagating our faith. If there is any ground for this reproach, we must deplore it. But it ought at least to save us from the absurd charge that we go out into the highways and hedges for the barren satisfaction of filling our house. We wish to make openness and simplicity the rule of our conduct. All things to all men we can never be.

EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY.

RAILWAY RATES AND FARES.

THIS is by no means a question relating to the interests of any particular class. It is one of great national importance, and is now engaging a larger share of public attention than at any former period in the history of railways. The cost of carriage in a very great measure affects the price of every species of manufacture, either for better or worse. According to the fares which the trader has to pay, so he is influenced to a considerable extent as to what markets he shall attend. The tourist in arranging his summer holiday has also to count the cost of railway fares, and in a multitude of other ways the facilities afforded for cheap and expeditious transit of passengers and merchandise have to be taken into consideration. No other branch of commercial enterprise contributes in so large a degree to the carrying on of the vast trade of this country; but a very general feeling prevails that the existing system of charges is in many respects unsatisfactory, and that the public do not derive from our great iron roads the amount of benefit which with their vast resources they are capable of affording. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that in no other department of the commercial world do there exist so many anomalies and inconsistencies. Experience has shown, moreover, that in connection with no other branch of trade is it so difficult to move the powers that be.

It is satisfactory to observe that in some quarters there is growing up a tendency on the part of the Railway Executive to adopt a more liberal policy. In order, however, that this may become a rule rather than an exception it is necessary that there should be on the part of the public an unmistakable desire, unmistakably expressed, for reform in the conduct of our railways, and this in the interests of the shareholders as well as of the community generally. Railways are gigantic monopolies, and it is only natural perhaps that those who have their control should make the best use in their own interests of this position. The public good is nevertheless of paramount importance, and it is eminently desirable that the question in all its issues should be well ventilated. The object of this paper is to point out as concisely and impartially as possible some of the anomalies which exist, and to make some suggestions relative to their removal.

Experience has again and again proved that high charges do not always pay the best, and yet to increase their receipts and dividends, Railway Companies advance their rates, and not unfrequently are disappointed with the result. An experiment of this kind was tried

in connection with the Metropolitan District Railway in May, 1873, the result of which was announced at a meeting of the directors in August last, by the chairman (Mr. Forbes) in the following terms:—"he believed he was expressing the opinion of his colleagues at the Board when he said the experiment had failed, and that he thought they would have carefully to retrace their steps."

It is a remarkable fact that those Companies which charge the highest fares generally pay the smallest dividends. Take, for instance, the case of the Great Eastern Company, so celebrated for high fares and low dividends, or, more strictly speaking, *no* dividends; not to mention slow trains and uncomfortable carriages. As a view of the other side of the question, take the case of the North Eastern, which "has the lowest fares and highest dividend of any large English railway" (*vide* Report of Parliamentary Committee, 1872, p. 27).

The Companies are compelled by Act of Parliament, Vic. 7 and 8, c. 85, to convey passengers at not more than one penny per mile, by at least one train per day in each direction, and this is the general average rate of the third-class fare; but the Great Eastern, and some other Companies, term the penny per mile fare "fourth-class," and charge third-class passengers at the rate of about three halfpence per mile, and still adhere to extra fares by express trains. It will thus be seen that the Midland Company now carry first-class passengers at about the same fare (one penny halfpenny per mile) as the Great Eastern Company charge to third-class passengers.

With regard to many departments of our national industry this country will perhaps compare favourably with the Continent, but not so in respect to cheap travelling. Take the case of Germany, where the carriages are elegant, the first-class being scarcely ever used, and the second fully equal to the best first-class carriages in England; the following figures give an idea of the scale of charges:—

	<i>English Miles.</i>	<i>Class.</i>	<i>Fare.</i>	
			<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Cologne to Minden .	163	4	5	0
" Bingerbrück .	95	2	9	0

On other Continental railways, notably in Belgium, the fares are much lower comparatively than in this country.

Before the introduction of Sir Rowland Hill's penny-postal system the average charge for the conveyance of a letter was about ninepence. If such a reduction could be made in the case of letters with such marvellous success, it does not seem extravagant to anticipate that good results would follow a considerable reduction in passenger fares. It has been asserted on reliable authority that a passenger may be carried thirty miles at the cost of one penny. If

this statement may be accepted with any confidence, it seems strange that the lowest charge for the conveyance of a passenger this distance is 2s. 6d. Travelling is to a very large extent optional. As the trains are seldom filled, there is ample room for the Companies to offer inducements to the public to travel. Excursion trains fill well and pay well, and this fact shows that were lower fares charged by ordinary trains many passengers might be attracted. By means of reduced fares, buyers and sellers would be brought oftener together, and in larger numbers; and thus there would be an increased interchange of commodities, the railway Companies sharing with the public in a twofold benefit.

There is another consideration which has some bearing on this question, viz., the cost of the carriages and the number of passengers each carriage will convey. Upon this point the following extract from the evidence of Mr. Farrer, given before the Parliamentary Committee, 1872, affords valuable information:—"The original cost of a first-class carriage, with four bodies and four wheels, is from £380 to £400; of a second-class carriage, with five bodies, from £260 to £300; and of a third-class carriage, with five bodies, from £225 to £252. Then I have obtained the number of persons each carriage will convey, all the compartments being filled, and I find that a first-class carriage carries twenty-four persons, a second-class fifty persons, and a third-class fifty persons; and supposing all the carriages to be full, the receipts per mile of a first-class carriage are 4s. 3d., those of a second-class carriage 6s. 11d., and those of a third-class carriage 4s. 2d.; so that the receipts per mile from a third-class carriage full are as large as those from a first-class carriage." To make the fares equitable the third-class passenger is thus entitled to a considerable reduction in the charges.

The increase which has resulted from the issuing of third-class tickets by all trains may fairly be taken as a general indication of what result may be anticipated from any movement in the same direction. Here was a great concession made to the public generally, and the result was that the third-class passengers who travelled in England and Wales during 1873 exceeded the number in 1871 by 80,674,803. In a letter addressed to the chairman of the Metropolitan Railway in August last, Mr. Gladstone, who is one of the shareholders of the Company, said, "With moderation of fares I join in my own mind another change, namely, the substitution of two classes of passengers for three." At the time this was written the carrying out of such a proposal seemed to be very remote. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the bold resolution of the Midland should have created some alarm in the minds of shareholders and some surprise on the part of the public. In advocating this experiment, the Midland Company very naturally and fairly

alluded to the satisfactory result of booking third-class passengers by all trains. It has, however, been advanced that the great increase in the number of third-class passengers is mainly due to the increased wages of the working classes. Beyond the remote probability that the increase in the income of this section of the community during the past few years would, under any circumstances, have increased travelling by railway to any appreciable extent, it must be remembered that the prices of commodities of every kind have advanced very much in the same proportion that wages have. The fact is that a large proportion of the middle, and indeed the upper-middle, classes avail themselves of the lower fares—their primary object being to travel as speedily as possible. As, however, the scheme of the Midland provides a maximum of comfort for a difference in the charges so comparatively small, it was natural to expect, and this has been proved by experience, that large numbers, formerly third-class passengers, would when using the Midland travel first-class. It is a significant fact that during the first three months of the present year the income of the Midland from passengers, &c., had exceeded by about £20,000 the takings of the corresponding period of last year. What is of far more importance, the trains of this Company have been marked for increased punctuality. In the case of the Great Western, prominent opponents of the measure, and generally amongst those least disposed to join in any progressive movement, the weekly returns have shown a considerable decrease.

The Midland, under the able management of Mr. Allport, has now thoroughly established itself as the pioneer of railway reform—a movement yet in its infancy, but which it is hoped is destined to a rapid and substantial growth. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the introduction of Pullman cars and the abolition of second-class carriages so soon followed a visit made by Mr. Allport to America. It would doubtless tend to the public advantage if some of the other managers would take a trip across the Atlantic, and come home with a leaf or two out of the railway-book of our American cousins.

Undoubtedly the weak point in the new programme of the Midland Company is that relating to return tickets, for an advantage is given with one hand and taken away with the other. When the Midland announced that return tickets would be issued at double the price of the single fare, many were disinclined to accept such a proposition as the policy of the Company. Where is the advantage to be derived? It is true the passenger is saved the trouble of procuring a ticket on the return journey, but how many persons are there who would rather be relieved of the custody of half a ticket for, say, three weeks? The only benefit worth the having is received by the

Railway Company, who in issuing a return ticket secures the passenger for the return journey by getting the money for the fare in advance. Again, the new arrangement is scarcely fair to those who have hitherto purchased second-class return tickets: such passengers are now forced into the third-class, or are compelled to pay a considerable increase on the former rate to travel first-class. A much wiser policy in the interests of shareholders and public alike would have been not only to retain the old plan of charging—a fare and a half for the double journey—in the case of first and second-class passengers, but to have extended the boon to third-class passengers, and introduced more elasticity into the whole system. It may fairly be calculated that had the Midland made this further concession, the success of their enterprise would thereby have been considerably enhanced.

The bye-law which the Companies wish to enforce, as to tickets being non-transferable, is puerile in the extreme. When a passenger purchases a return ticket, the only thing in common sense which concerns the Railway Company is to take care that it is not used for more than one journey in the same direction. What can it matter whether Mr. White or Mr. Brown uses the second half of the ticket? It is not as though passengers were charged at so much per ton.

Suggestions have been made in favour of uniform fares, irrespective of distance. For example, Mr. Raphael Brandon, in a cleverly written pamphlet advocating Government control, states “that fares for any distance of 1s. first-class, 6d. second, and 3d. third-class, above ten miles, or for any distance under ten miles 4d. first, 2d. second, and 1d. third, would be remunerative to the shareholders and beneficial to the public.” That the adoption of such a scale of fares would be beneficial to the public there is little doubt; ~~but~~ it is not so certain that the other predicted result would be so easy of attainment, and while under existing circumstances such a radical change in the system is, for obvious reasons, impracticable, the principle is a good one, and there seems no valid reason why it should not to some extent be adopted with advantage. In the most modified form the scheme is considered by many as a visionary one; so was the introduction of the penny-postal system. It is some satisfaction that the railway van of progress is moving, though but slowly. For uniform fares we must wait. /

The selling of tickets at other than railway stations has already been inaugurated by some of the Companies in London. The plan requires to be largely extended, and the more it is extended the more it will be appreciated. That the want of punctuality in the running of trains has hitherto, to some extent, been attributable to the delay at booking-offices is a well-known fact. The introduction of any change which would tend to promote punctuality is most desirable

in the interests of the Companies and the public alike. To that end it is to be hoped that railway managers will see the necessity of rapidly developing this improvement to the fullest possible extent. The Companies have parcels-receiving and inquiry offices in most important towns, and such offices might well be utilised for the purpose of booking passengers. The public should be able to obtain at convenient places any number of tickets at any time, to be used irrespective of date. In America tickets may be purchased at many of the chief hotels.

Hitherto the Companies have somewhat magnified the small amount of extra trouble and expense necessary to print the fares on the tickets. With only two classes there should no longer be any hesitation in making this desirable improvement. By such means much time would be saved, greater accuracy insured, and not only would protection be afforded to the public against overcharge, but the booking-clerks, who sometimes find themselves with a balance on the wrong side, would in some measure be protected also.

In the matter of small parcels very much might be done to develop the traffic, and it is somewhat surprising that the Companies have not done more to encourage this branch of their business. The shareholders have been the losers no less than the public. The carriers, such as Sutton & Co., have taken up a position in the Railway Companies' territory, and are doing themselves and the public good service. The Post Office, too, has to a considerable extent taken the place of railways in the carriage of book parcels. If sent through the Post Office the charge for the carriage of a book parcel weighing one pound, from Land's End to John O'Groats, would be 4*d.*; but if sent a single mile by railway agency, the charge, according to the scale of the principal Companies, would be 6*d.* It is a remarkable fact that whilst a railway Company will carry a dog, which might be a blood-hound or a Newfoundland, ten miles for 3*d.*, for the conveyance of a parcel weighing one pound 6*d.* is demanded. It is in the hands of the railway Companies to develop traffic in small parcels to almost any extent, but this can only be effected by inducements being offered such as will be sufficiently attractive. In the neighbourhood of large towns especially an enormous business might be done. If a dog can be conveyed ten miles for 3*d.*, surely a parcel weighing two or three pounds should not be charged just double that sum. A rate of 3*d.* or 4*d.* for parcels under seven pounds for any distance under ten miles, and charges for longer distances and greater weight in proportion, would in all probability pay the Companies far better eventually than do the present charges. In the case of newspapers some of the Companies carry single copies at a halfpenny each, and newspaper parcels at very low rates; for this purpose, stamps, or labels, varying in value from a halfpenny to tenpence each

are used. In order to save themselves and the public a vast amount of unnecessary trouble, the Companies would do well to introduce a general system of prepayment for the carriage of parcels by the use of stamps, to be obtained at any time. A system of numbering might be adopted, and by this means the Companies could account for the parcels carried, and at any time be able to trace their delivery. In the introduction of such a system some difficulties might arise, but not such as would be insurmountable.

In connection with the forwarding of merchandise, the grievances of the public are more numerous and serious than in the case of passenger traffic. With regard to passengers, some information is afforded as to when, how, and at what charges they will be conveyed. In respect to merchandise, the case is very different; and if a somewhat unusual inquiry be made as to the why and the wherefore of certain charges, the trader will in all probability receive an answer leaving him as much in the dark as before. It may be answered on the part of the railway interest—and railway managers are remarkable for an almost inexhaustible supply of satisfactory explanations—that this is an exaggerated statement of the case, but I need only appeal for support of my assertion to those traders who have had most experience in the matter. The fault, however, let it be said, is attributable to the system, and not to those who administer it. But it may be stated that the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1873 provides that “every railway Company and canal Company shall keep at each of their stations and wharves a book or books showing every rate for the time being charged for the carriage of traffic.” This is quite true, but the rate-book is only one half what is needed, and this I will explain subsequently. Moreover, the opportunity of getting a sight of this rate-book or books is not so easy a matter as might be imagined, judging from the words of the Act of Parliament. For instance, I had occasion a few months ago to visit some of the principal towns in England for the purpose of procuring certain information as to rates. The Act above referred to provides “that every such book shall during all reasonable hours be open to the inspection of any person without the payment of any fee.” It was evident, however, that the officials had little knowledge as to the existence of such an enactment. The consequence was that, with some exceptions, my experience was somewhat as follows:—On application to Mr. A. of the rate-department, Mr. B. (some superior officer) was consulted, who after some little delay straightway commenced a sort of cross-examination, as to why, and for whom, the rates were needed, with a hint that the information could only be furnished to an intending consignor of goods. In more than one case I found it necessary to produce a copy of the Act of Parliament

with which I had taken the precaution to arm myself. On this point the Railway Commissioners, in their first annual Report, remark as follows:—"Visits have been made under our directions to several stations on different railways, to see if they were supplied with books in proper form, and at very few stations visited was it found that what is required by the Act to be done had been duly attended to." I have already hinted that something more than the rate-book is needed, so that the difficulties do not cease here.

The classification of merchandise contained in the special Acts of the Companies is so incomplete and imperfect that it bears little or no relation to the actual rates charged. In order therefore to provide a well-defined mode of charging the numerous descriptions of merchandise, and to enable the Companies to divide among themselves the gross rate charged to the public, a more comprehensive "classification" has been adopted by the Railway Clearing House. With the Clearing House all the principal Companies, and nearly all the smaller ones, are connected, and the management consists of a committee composed of one delegate from each Company. Under this authority a "general classification of goods by merchandise trains" is issued; it is subject to periodical revision, and is binding on all the Companies which are parties to the clearing system. This classification is an alphabetical list of almost every species of manufacture divided into one or other of various classes; it also contains numerous important regulations bearing upon the charges for the conveyance of produce generally. In the case of corn, timber, stone, some descriptions of iron, &c., special rates, not including cartage and delivery, are charged. These rates are for minimum loads of two tons, in some instances four tons per truck, and the figures such as circumstances necessitate. General goods are divided into five classes, the first class being the lowest, and the rates thus charged include cartage and delivery. For example, raw sugar comes under class 1; butter in casks, class 2; calicoes packed, class 3; and so on. This classification is thus the guide to the rate-book; but it is "private, and not for publication:" very seldom, therefore, is it submitted to the public gaze. Seeing that one is utterly useless in the absence of the other, the provisions of the Act of 1873 should be made applicable to the "classification" as well as to the rate-books, and an amendment of the clause, or some decision of the Commissioners, is necessary and desirable to settle the question.

"As it could not be expected that railway managers should possess a perfect acquaintance with the nature of all the innumerable species of goods which are from time to time conveyed, it is not a matter for surprise that in the classification there exist some remarkable anomalies which the following will serve to illustrate:—"

The rates from Leeds to Southampton are, or were—

	1st class.	2nd class.	3rd class.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Per ton	45 0	56 8	65 0

The classification provides that the articles enumerated should be charged thus—

Class 1.	Class 2.	Class 3.
Weights for weighing under 56 lbs.	Clock weights.	Glass tumblers.
Garden-rollers.	Field-rollers.	Iron ladles.
	Frying-pans.	

It is somewhat difficult to find any sufficient reason for a difference of 25 per cent. between the rates for clock-weights and the rates for weights for weighing, or why a garden-roller should be charged at a less rate than a field-roller, or why iron ladles should be classed with glass tumblers, and charged 20 per cent. more than frying-pans. Did space permit, the list might be considerably extended. Sufficient has however been said to show that in order to put the rates on a more equitable basis, notwithstanding the fact that the railway Companies consider it almost perfect, considerable revision of the existing classification is necessary. This classification, regulating as it does the railway charges on all the merchandise of the kingdom, is of such an important nature, that instead of being treated as a list of private regulations, it ought in the interests of the public generally to be as freely circulated as passenger-train time-tables, or the price lists of any manufacturing establishment; and, what is of more importance still, its provisions should be controlled to some extent by public opinion and public necessity. The Railway Commissioners are thoroughly capable of exercising a fair and equitable control of this classification, and it should be subject to their approval in the same manner as the bye-laws of the Companies are confirmed by the Board of Trade. It should be revised annually, or at some other stated periods, and the Commissioners should be authorised to consider the recommendations of the public as well as any submitted by the railway Companies.

The Companies claim perfect discretion in respect to rates and charges, so long as the maximum rates are not extended. This is a most convenient policy to adopt, for to quote the words given in the report of the Select Committee, 1872, p. 87, "the present loose and imperfect classification of rates in the various special Acts leave it in the power of the Companies arbitrarily to place in one class or another, or to remove from class to class, the many enumerated goods." On the same subject Mr. S. Morley, M.P., in his evidence on behalf of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, received by the above-mentioned Committee, says, "The Legislature, in sanctioning the original lines, gave the Companies power to take

RAILWAY RATES AND FARES.

the lands and the houses of the public to enable them to make the lines; but they gave the public the right to use the lines so to be made under certain conditions, and they imposed restrictions upon the Companies as to rates of freight and fares. The right of the public to use the lines was found to be impracticable and useless, and has never been of any practical benefit to the public, and the maximum rates and fares imposed were always so high that the railway Companies could charge the most exorbitant fares, and still be within the limits imposed." These maximum rates were arranged when the notion prevailed that railways would be used like common roads, and it is only fair on the part of the public to ask that the parliamentary rates should be revised to suit existing circumstances, and some competent tribunal authorised to hear appeals as to such rates being exceeded. The phraseology of the existing Acts is, moreover, so perplexing and obscure, that one is almost forced to the conclusion that the chief study of the draughtsman was ambiguity. As regards any protection to the public, these enactments are scarcely worth the ink used in printing them.

Apart from the classification of goods, there are numerous inconsistencies in the existing system of rates. The following extract from a letter read at a meeting held in the eastern counties in December, 1873, to protest against high rates, &c., will illustrate the condition of things in that district. "The Company requires us to sign an agreement not to dispute their rates, or otherwise they intimate that we shall be put to all manner of inconveniences, and have our special rates cancelled." It is only fair to state that this is by no means a general practice on the part of the Companies. On the other hand, there is a well-founded complaint as to general inequalities in rates. Take, for instance, the following extracts from a table of rates for sugar submitted by Mr. Clarke to, and published in the Report of, the Select Committee already alluded to:—

<i>Miles.</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Rate.</i>	
			<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
97	Liverpool	Birmingham . . .	16	8 per ton.
77	"	Leeds	17	6 "
248	Greenock	Manchester . . .	15	0 "
219	"	Leeds	25	0 "

If it pays to carry this traffic from Liverpool to Birmingham for 16s. 8d. per ton, surely it might be conveyed to Leeds, distant twenty miles less, without handicapping that town to the extent of 10d. per ton. As will be seen at a glance, this same town of Leeds, in trading with Greenock, is placed at a still greater disadvantage as compared with Manchester—the distance to the latter being twenty-nine miles more than to Leeds, and the rate 10s. per ton less. Is it possible to assign any sufficient reason for such an inconsistency? The result of such a practice can only be, that in the case of

the higher rates an undue profit is realised, or that with regard to the lower rates the traffic is carried on at a loss. It may be said that the railway Companies ought to be left at perfect liberty to act at their pleasure in this matter; in other words, that there should be freedom of contract all on one side. But the question arises, How, in the case I have cited, is the sugar-merchant of Leeds situated? He is simply in the hands of the Companies, having no alternative but to accept their terms and make the best of them. Where there are two or more routes to a given point, some protection to the public might be expected. But this seeming advantage is for the most part made null and void by the compacts entered into between the various Companies to charge equal rates. For these and a host of similar inconsistencies, which might readily be cited, the Companies would, if appealed to, be no doubt prepared to give what they would term a satisfactory reason. Perhaps, for example, it might be stated that in the case of the lower rate the quantity of the traffic and a variety of other circumstances fully justified the difference. One might fairly reply, then, according to such an argument, "Would it not be good policy to make the rates a little more equal, with a view to making the amount of traffic more equal too? Give some encouragement to your small customers, so as to make them larger ones." If a trader applied to some of our principal manufacturing establishments to be supplied with a large number of articles on special terms, he would be told, "Our prices are the same whether you order one article or a thousand. We serve all alike, great and small." Why should not a nearer approach to this principle be adopted on our railways?

In no other branch of commercial enterprise is there the same uncertainty as to charges, whereas it should be the very opposite. Revisions are continually being made, of which no notice is given, and of which the trader is only made cognisant when the bill is presented for payment. This remarkable tendency to conceal the details relating to the rates for the carriage of merchandise often places the trader in a position of considerable difficulty, and it is not easy to see what benefit the Companies derive from such a policy. The probability is, that they would gain much by giving more publicity to these matters, and by greater freedom of communication with the public.

Another part of the freight question—that relating to terminal charges—is one which affects the interests of traders to a considerable extent. This is, however, another railway mystery. These charges are made for the services which the Companies render in the forwarding and receiving of goods in addition to the cost of carriage. Such services include all the duties generally performed at the railway stations. The only limit to such charges is that they shall be "reasonable;" the provisions of the special Acts empower-

ing the Companies to demand "a reasonable sum for loading and unloading, delivery and collection, &c., where such services, or any of them are, or is, performed by the Company." Whenever the subject is brought before the Companies, they take refuge in the argument that "the trader has no concern or interest in the terminal question at all. The question of terminals properly is a question between Companies,"¹ because, they state, the gross rate charged to the public is not equal to their parliamentary powers. This is no doubt very ingenious, but it shows that the powers of the Companies are greater than they need be, and that they should be revised and made more suitable to existing circumstances.

The following extract from the evidence given by Mr. Dawson, secretary of the Railway Clearing House, and therefore one of the highest authorities on the subject, will throw some light on the matter. Having been asked to describe the mode of distributing the charge for a ton of goods from Aberdeen to London, he said, "We should get a return from Aberdeen showing the date, weight, and charges, and a corresponding return from the London station. We should credit the Aberdeen Company with 4s. if the goods were carted, and the London Company with 8s. 6d. per ton: the residue we should divide according to the mileage over which the goods were carried" (Report of Committee, p. 546). The allowances mentioned are made in accordance with the regulations of the Railway Clearing House, by which 4s. per ton is fixed as the amount for terminal charges on general merchandise in the country, and 8s. 6d. in London, this amount being credited to both the sending and receiving stations. There are, of course, numerous exceptions to this rule, simply because the rates would not admit of such deductions. The fact, however, remains that on a large proportion of traffic the Companies received the allowances named for terminal services, which include cartage and delivery, loading, unloading, covering, cramage, &c. The Companies put their own construction upon the provisions of their special Acts of Parliament as to maximum rates, which give them almost unbounded latitude, and when the subject of terminals is raised it is "shunted" by some ingenious method into one of the numerous sidings to which have been consigned so many other questions of equal public importance. The longest siding, and the one most in use, is "delay." In this it will not be denied that railways have hitherto been pre-eminent. Returning, however, to "terminal charges," the question is a public one whether the rates for carriage reach the maximum or not, and it is most important that the public should be informed relative thereto, not only that some judgment may be formed as to the reasonableness of such charges, but that it may be seen what proportion of the rates is actually for the conveyance. Moreover, it should be in the option of the trader, instead of paying

(1) Evidence of Mr. Scott before Parliamentary Committee, Report, p. 530.

these terminals, to do the work, or a part of it, himself, under proper conditions, and of course receive a corresponding reduction in the rates. There is at length, however, some prospect of the public being protected as to terminals, for the Act of 1873 provides that "The Commissioners shall have power to hear and determine any question which may arise with respect to the terminal charges of any railway Company, when such charges have not been fixed by any Act of Parliament, and to decide what is a reasonable sum to be paid to any Company for loading and unloading, covering, collection, and delivery, and other services of a like nature : any decision of the Commissioners under this section shall be binding in all courts and in all legal proceedings whatsoever."

Soon after the introduction of railways it was found necessary that the Legislature should attempt in some degree to control their working. The question has ever since been almost continually before Parliament. Committees have been appointed to inquire into the subject, elaborate reports have been presented, numerous Acts of Parliament have been passed, and yet the question seems almost as unsettled as ever. The railway interest has always been fully, if not excessively represented in Parliament, and it is much to be feared that this has in some degree rendered futile some of the many attempts which have been made to introduce reform. While there is a widespread and well-founded feeling of complaint regarding the present system of rates, there is much apathy on the part of the public in the promotion of any movement to provide a remedy. The fact is that railway Companies have wielded their power so long with so little interruption, that a feeling seems to have been created, and that not without some cause, that the railway Companies are all powerful in their stronghold of monopoly, and the public powerless. ~~This is~~ for the most part quite true, seeing that hitherto even in extreme cases the remedy has been worse than the disease. Since the appointment of the Railway Commissioners the question of railway reform has excited more of public interest, and there is a movement especially among the trading community, in the direction of combination, so as to cope in some measure with the combination of railway Companies; efforts are also being made to acquaint the public with the details of railway administration. It is most desirable that any such movement should be encouraged, so that a correct opinion may be formed and an impartial judgment passed in connection with all the various phases of the question. It is hardly less desirable that the policy of railways should be guided by public opinion, than that the legislation of the country should be subject to this influence.* Up to the present time, however, there has been little or no organized and united movement on the part of the people to bring about railway reform. Letters have occasionally appeared in the newspapers; but these, like the complaints of many an individual trader, have not been

heeded. The railway Companies will tell you that the interests of the shareholders and the public are identical, but they would have you to understand that they alone must judge as to what will best promote these interests. Any challenge from an outsider as to control of any department of railway administration is looked upon as an unwarrantable interference. This disinclination on the part of the managers to learn from their customers what their necessities really are, preferring to act rather according to their own preconceived notions, is certainly somewhat surprising, for nothing would tend more to enhance the success of railways than a free intercourse between those who have the management and those who use them. But there is for ever standing in the way of this desirable state of things an apparent determination on the part of the managers to have no guide but their own ideas, which sometimes are not of the broadest description. To what extent would any manufacturing concern flourish were such a policy as this persisted in? Not possessed of a monopoly such as railways have, the adoption of such a course would be ruinous. Railways exist for the public, and the administration of their affairs should be conducted accordingly.

To a considerable extent rates and fares have hitherto been influenced by competition and the many amalgamations which have been effected. It was thought in the early days of our iron roads that competition would be an element sufficiently strong to control their proper administration, but it was soon discovered that this could not be relied on, and that it would be difficult to make it of more advantage by Act of Parliament. In point of accommodation it is true that there is some competition, and it is still asserted by some that in regard to charges competition exists. At any rate it cannot be denied that railway Companies go to as much expense in carrying on this so-called competition, as if the public derived the same amount of benefit therefrom as they do from that powerful regulator in most other commercial affairs. The fact is that railway Companies have formed themselves into a co-operative society, and thus manage competition. All the principal Companies—about a hundred—are members of the Railway Clearing House, established for the purpose of settling the accounts between the various Companies. Here delegates from the different railways assemble from time to time and decide all matters relating to charges to the public, all proceedings and records of the same being private, and the decisions come to are binding. It is, for instance, an understanding that no rate to a competitive point shall be quoted without the sanction of all the Companies who carry goods to such places. For example, a merchant in London, having a special consignment of goods for Leeds, makes application to the London and North Western Company for a rate of carriage for his particular case. This cannot be arranged without consulting both the Midland and Great Northern Companies. It

was expected that competition would regulate railways, but instead of this the railways regulate competition. George Stephenson said, "Where combination is possible, competition is impossible." The following extract from the Report of the Committee already mentioned will show how truly this has been exemplified in the case of railways:—"Wherever different Companies run between the same places they arrange their prices. For instance, not only do the London and North Western, Midland, and Great Western make the same rates between Manchester and Southampton, but bind themselves by agreement not to make lower rates; and if a new railway should ever be started with a promise of lower rates, it is sure after a short time to arrange with its original rivals a system of equal charges" (p. 25).

The amalgamations which have been effected from time to time have in a large degree controlled the rates and fares generally speaking to the benefit of all concerned. For instance, the London and North Western Railway now comprises no less than sixty-one lines, each started as an independent Company. In like manner the other large railways are made up of numerous once-distinct concerns. The advantages derived from this central control must be manifest, while it is no less clear that had all the small concerns remained under separate management the result must have been something approaching to chaos, and the expense of supporting so many distinct undertakings such as to render the rates far in excess of what they are now. The principle of amalgamation of railways is doubtless a sound one, and it is somewhat surprising that any proposal which may be made to effect such combinations should create so much alarm. A vast amount of money is now expended in supporting the several systems, and in carrying on what is called competition. Unfortunately, however, this is not compensated for by anything like an adequate advantage either to the shareholders or the public. There are numerous cases where one Company's route to a given point is twice the distance of that of another Company, and yet the same rates are charged. Moreover, in many instances, one railway could carry all the traffic without any appreciable addition to the rolling stock or increase in the working expenses. Suppose the Midland and London and North Western Companies, now competing lines, were to amalgamate, the saving which would be effected by the joint use of stations, rolling stock, staff of men, &c., would be immense. Amalgamation must prove of benefit to the shareholders, for as amalgamation increases working expenditure must decrease. The great question to be solved is, How far will the interests of the public be considered? Any Act of Parliament authorising amalgamation, should of course contain provisions for the protection of the public; but in addition to this, the recent action of some of the Companies, particularly the Midland, would induce a hope that if a reduction of

rates did not immediately follow amalgamation, so much would be saved by joint management and working arrangements, that the Company would soon find itself able to offer some advantage to the public. In support of this view the case of the North Eastern Railway may be cited. The system is the most complete monopoly in the United Kingdom, but has the lowest fares and highest dividends of any large English railway. It is generally supposed that where there are points of competition the trader is most likely to be treated on the best terms; but this is by no means an invariable rule. It is no unusual thing for traders to be told in effect by the railway Companies, "We cannot make the concessions you ask; we cannot quote the through rates you require, because of our arrangements with other Companies." In dealing with their stations which are non-competitive the Companies are not so much hampered by compacts and agreements, and this freedom of contract is often used to the public advantage.

In the management of railways it is only natural that self-interest, as in the case of other trading concerns, should be deemed of paramount importance. It was, however, for the advantage of the public that the Legislature conceded the special powers by which the Companies exist. It may therefore justly be said that railways partake of the nature of public institutions, and their administration should in some measure be conducted accordingly. There is some evidence to show that railway managers are now more than ever alive to the fact that they have responsibilities to the public as well as to shareholders. Any movement in connection with our great iron roads which will reduce the enormous working expenditure should be looked upon with favour. Nothing would be more calculated to promote this end than judicious amalgamation.

There are those who urge a policy of non-interference with railways. A writer a few months ago advocated non-intervention very strongly, and endeavoured to show that the legislation of the past had failed. To some extent this is true—but why so? In the first place, a preponderance of railway influence has in some degree crippled the Acts of Parliament intended for the protection of the public. Secondly, the power to adjudicate has been delegated to courts of law, instead of to some tribunal possessing a practical acquaintance with the subject. Upon this point the following is the view of Lord Campbell, expressed during a debate in the House of Lords on "The Canal and Railway Traffic Act, 1854:"—"They were to form a just judgment on all matters of complaint relating to railway management that might come before them, and they were to lay down a code of regulations for the government of railways. The judges, and himself among them, felt themselves incompetent to decide on these matters." The question of resorting to law with a great and

powerful railway Company has been far too formidable a one to be taken in hand by any single individual, and as a result grievances have remained unredressed, and inconveniences and overcharges have been submitted to rather than fight a battle, with sides so unevenly balanced. The writer to whom I have referred, admitted the necessity of parliamentary control as regards safety of passengers. If railway Companies cannot be trusted to provide for this, the first *desideratum*, in the direction of rates and charges little may be expected. As a right view of the case we may safely take the following conclusions come to by the Select Parliamentary Committee as stated in their Report, 1872 :—

“8. The most urgent question now pressing for solution is, whether, under the present state of things, the interest of the public is adequately provided for and protected, and if not, whether any and what improvements can be made in railway legislation, consistently with the fair rights of the Companies, which would protect the public against certain evils incident to the present system.

“9. The self-interest of the Companies alone will not effect the object, since their interest is only to a limited extent the interest of the public; and it becomes, therefore, necessary to consider what can be done in the way of statutory obligation.”

This Report was followed by the passing of the Act appointing three Railway Commissioners, and the valuable work which has already been done may be taken as an indication that this Act is more workable, and more calculated to settle differences between the railways and the public, and between the railway Companies themselves, than all previous legislation on the subject. In their very full Report the Commissioners have given in a comprehensive form an account of their proceedings during the first twelve months of their existence. In this Report it is stated clearly why litigants have been adjudged to be in the right, or in the wrong, and by this means not only have the complainants been satisfied, but the points *pro* and *con*. are so definitely stated that future litigation is diminished. It is a matter for regret that the powers of the Commissioners are somewhat restricted. They should have authority to deal with questions of rates and fares in all their details, either as between the Companies or between the Companies and the public. Take the case of maximum rates. The number of Acts containing these may be said to be legion, and so perplexing in the variety and vagueness of their phraseology that supposing two cases of precisely the same merits were submitted, say to two separate tribunals such as the County Courts, it is not unlikely that decisions opposite to each other would be given. Such jurisdiction should be in the hands of the Commissioners.

In connection with railways much has been achieved, but much remains to be accomplished. In the hands of the managers of our great iron roads is placed an immense responsibility, and in the carrying on of their several undertakings great tact, unremitting attention,

and administrative ability are required. It is only just to say that as a rule these gentlemen are possessed of no ordinary capacity, and that in some quarters endeavours are being made to popularise the system. But railway administrators are to some extent the victims of circumstances, and any substantial reform can only be brought about from without.

A good deal has been written and spoken with reference to the transfer of the control of railways to the State. While it would be difficult to over-estimate the magnitude of the undertaking, and while there would be some evils, such as patronage, to be carefully guarded against, it cannot be fairly, and we believe has not been, denied that the beneficial results in regard to rates and fares would be inestimable. Only those who have had practical experience in the details of the working of our railways under the present system can form an adequate idea of the vast amount of money which, if all the lines were amalgamated, would be saved in working expenses, and how much the public good would be enhanced by the removal of the hindrances to expeditious transit which now arise from the rival interests of the various Companies. There are not wanting alarmists who foretell the most disastrous consequences should the railways be managed by the State. So there were alarmists, when railways were first introduced, who prophesied that the results would be ruinous. The fear of political influence appears to be the chief weapon of the party of opposition. It is said that in America the railways in some cases manage the State. With the influence exerted by some two hundred railway directors in the Houses of Parliament, and the number being likely to increase rather than diminish, there is a possibility of our drifting into a somewhat similar state of things. The only alternative is that the State should manage the railways.

JOSEPH PARSLOE.

THE HISTORY OF GERMAN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Two different conceptions of political economy now divide economists throughout Europe; of which, looking to their origin, one may be called English, the other German, though neither meets with universal acceptance in either England or Germany. English writers in general have treated political economy as a body of universal truths or natural laws; or at least as a science whose fundamental principles are all fully ascertained and indisputable, and which has nearly reached perfection. The view, on the other hand, now almost unanimously received at the universities, and gaining ground among practical politicians, in Germany, is that it is a branch of philosophy which has received various forms in different times and places from antecedent and surrounding conditions of thought, and is still at a stage of very imperfect development. Each of these conceptions has its appropriate method; the first proceeding by deduction from certain postulates or assumptions, the second by investigation of the actual course of history, or the historical method. In England it is usual to speak of induction as the method opposed to *a priori* deduction, but the inductive and historical methods are identical. Both aim at discovering the laws of succession and co-existence which have produced the present economic structure and condition of society. A subsidiary branch of historical investigation traces the progress of thought and philosophical theory, but this branch has the closest relation to the main body of economic history, since one of the chief conditions determining the subjects and forms of thought at each period has been the actual state of society; and ideas and theories, again, have powerfully influenced the actual phenomena and movement of the economic world. Dr. Wilhelm Roscher's History of Political Economy in Germany (*Geschichte Der National-Oekonomik in Deutschland*) is by far the most considerable contribution that has yet been made to this subsidiary branch of enquiry. It would be impossible in a few pages to review a book which ranges over several centuries, and discusses the doctrines of several hundred authors, besides drawing from numerous unnamed works. What is sought here is to indicate some of the leading features in the history of this department of German thought, with some observations suggested by Roscher's book, or by its subject.

An English historian cited by Roscher, speaks as if the history of political economy had begun and almost ended with Adam Smith.

Roscher himself begins with the Middle Ages, and ends with the conflicting doctrines of different schools and parties in Germany at the present day. The structure and phenomena of mediæval society in Germany as elsewhere were far from suggesting an economic theory based on individual interest and exchange. Common property in land, common rights over land held in severalty; scanty wealth of any kind, and no inconsiderable part of it in mortmain, or otherwise intransferable; labour almost as immovable as the soil; production mainly for home consumption, not for the market; the division of labour in its infancy, and little circulation of money; the family, the commune, the corporation, the class, not individuals, the component units of society; such are some of the leading features of mediæval economy. In the intellectual world, the division of labour was even less advanced than in material production; philosophy was in the hands of an ecclesiastical order, antagonistic to both the individual liberty and the engrossing pursuit of wealth which modern political economy assumes. Roscher points to the Canon Law as embodying the earliest economic theory, and it is deeply tinctured with both communism and asceticism; poverty is the state pleasing to God, superfluous wealth should be given to the church and the poor, interest on money is unlawful, to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market is a twofold wrong. Nor did the secular law harmonise better with modern economic assumptions. Every system of positive law, as Roscher observes, has a corresponding economic system as its background; and the economic system at the back of the secular law was based on status, not on contract, on duty and loyalty, not on individual interest. Thus whether we look to the actual economy of mediæval Germany, to its moral philosophy, or to its positive law, we find a condition of things incompatible with the economic doctrines of modern times.

A new era opened with the Reformation, and Roscher divides the history of modern political economy in Germany into three periods, the first of which he calls a theological and humanistic one (*das theologisch-humanistische Zeitalter*), on account of the influence of both the doctrines of the Reformers, and the literature of classical antiquity. But the economic movement of society itself tended to awaken new ideas. The Reformation not only created considerable economic changes of a material kind, but was in fact the result of general social progress, one aspect of the economic side of which shows itself in the discovery of the new world, and the consequent revolution in prices. In Germany too, though to a less extent than in England, something doubtless was visible of that change from status to contract, and from service for duty to service for personal gain, which struck the great English poet, who was himself among

the productions of the new age.¹ We may take Erasmus and Luther as representatives of the economic influences of the new theology and classical literature in Germany. The saying of the mendicant friars with respect to theology is true also, Roscher observes, in the region of economics, that Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched. "Erasmus, going back to the best age of classical antiquity as well as to pure Christianity, proclaimed that labour was honourable." Luther preached the same doctrine, and moreover anticipated Adam Smith's proposition, that labour is the measure of value. Luther's enthusiasm for the increase of population illustrates the connexion of the economic ideas of the age with both its theology and its material condition, since it sprang on the one hand, from antagonism to monastic celibacy, and on the other hand from the rapid increase in the means of subsistence. The chief economic influences of classical antiquity are classed by Roscher under five heads. Its literature, being that of a high state of civilisation, furthered the rise of Germany to a higher social stage. The states from which this literature emanated were cities, whose example fostered the development of town life and economy. They were also highly centralised states, with the liveliest national spirit; and their history and ideas could not but promote the development of the modern State and of national unity, as opposed to the mediæval division of each nation into innumerable petty groups and governments. They were also either monarchical or democratic states, the study of which tended to accelerate the decline of the feudal aristocracy. Lastly, types of life and thought so unlike those which the mediæval world had bequeathed, could not but nurture a critical and inquiring spirit, which made itself felt in the economic, as in other directions of the German mind. The only indications, however, of an independent economic literature in this period seem to have been the writings of Camerarius and Agricola on currency. Germany seems to have produced nothing so remarkable as the famous tract by W. S., once attributed to Shakespeare, which the revolution in prices and the contemporary economic changes gave birth to in England.² The period closes with the Thirty Years' War, in connexion with which, Roscher adverts to the influence on Germany, both for good and for evil, of its geographical position; including among its beneficial

- (1) "O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed?
Thou art not for the fashion of these times
When none will sweat but for promotion."

As You Like it, Act ii. Sc. 3.

(2) See an article by the present writer on the *Distribution of the Precious Metals in the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1864.

effects a disposition to learn from all sides, which is visible in the subsequent history of its economic ideas and literature.

The second period in the history of German political economy, which covers more than a century from the Thirty Years' War to the period of Frederick the Great, is called by Roscher *das polizeilich-cameralistische Zeitalter*, as being one of State regulation and fiscal science. The term "cameralistic," which makes a great figure in early German economics, originated (as Roscher mentions in another work) in the office or chamber (*camnier*) which in each German state was charged with the supervision and administration of the Crown revenues. Hence the science called *cameralistische wissenschaft*, which is perhaps best explained by reference to one of the two objects which Adam Smith, at the beginning of his account of the Mercantile system, says political economy, "considered as a branch of the science of the statesman or legislator," has in view. It proposes, he says, to provide a plentiful revenue both for the state and the people. Cameralistic science aimed at augmenting the revenue of the state or the sovereign, rather than the people. Roscher's second period might, more intelligibly to English readers, be distinguished as the Mercantile period, since one of its chief features was the Mercantile system, interwoven with the system of State regulation and finance. It is a modern error, which, as Roscher remarks, is not attributable to Adam Smith, to ascribe to the Mercantile school the notion that money is the only wealth. What that school really taught was that money, in Locke's words, was the most solid and substantial part of the movable wealth of a country; that it had more extensive utility than any other kind of wealth, on account of its universal exchangeability abroad as well as at home; and that a considerable stock of the precious metals in the treasury of the State, or within its reach, was requisite as a provision for foreign wars. Money had really acquired great additional usefulness and importance by the change from the mediæval to the modern economy, with the substitution of payments in coin for payments in kind, and the great increase in the division of labour, and in trade both internal and foreign. And as the Mercantile system was thus connected on the economic side with the actual movement of society, so on the political side it was connected with the growth of monarchical states, increased activity and interference on the part of the central governments, and the maintenance of monarchical armies, and increased need for money in State finance. A circumstance not adverted to by Roscher, which doubtless contributed to the growth of the Mercantile system, was the revolution in prices, and in international trade, consequent on the influx of American gold and silver, which really placed the countries with a small stock of money and a low range of prices at a disadvantage. They bought dear and sold cheap in the foreign

market. The system was thus not so irrational in its objects as many modern writers have supposed; but its history is chiefly important, in the point of view with which we are concerned, as illustrative of the connection between economic theories and surrounding phenomena and conditions of thought.

The first period in Roscher's division, is, as already said, classed by him as theological and humanistic. In the second period German political economy in his view disengaged itself finally from both theology and jurisprudence, and became an independent science. It is, however, a fact of no small importance to a right understanding of economic history, and to a due appreciation of the authority of some of the economic doctrines of our own day, that economic philosophy was so far from emancipating itself in the seventeenth century completely and finally from theological and juridical theories, that the system not only of the French Physiocrats, but also of Adam Smith, whose *Wealth of Nations* had a prodigious influence over Germany, was in great part built on an ancient juridical theory in a modern theological form, and penetrated by a theological spirit. Roscher's third period, which reaches down to the present day, begins with the introduction of the system of the Physiocrats into Germany, where he says it influenced only some individual minds, adding that in England it could gain almost no ground. But the influence of the *Wealth of Nations* both in Germany and elsewhere was so great that "the whole of political economy might be divided into two parts—before and since Adam Smith; the first part being a prelude, and the second a sequel (in the way either of continuation or opposition) to him." The system of the Physiocrats had doubtless some peculiar features, traceable to its country and parentage, the study of which throws much light on the causes which have shaped economic ideas, and forms an instructive chapter in the general history of philosophy. Nevertheless its main foundation was essentially the same as that on which Adam Smith's political economy rested. Roscher himself, along with other eminent German economists, has drawn attention to the connection between both systems and the idea of a Law of Nature, which eighteenth century philosophy had derived from Roman jurisprudence. What they seem to have overlooked is that both with the Physiocrats, and with Adam Smith, the Law of Nature distinctly assumed a theological form. The simple, harmonious, and beneficent order of nature which human laws should leave undisturbed and only protect, became of divine institution, and Nature in short became Providence. Dupont de Nemours, who invented the name *Physiocratie*, to signify the reign of natural law, says in the dedication of the system to the sovereigns of the world, "Vous y reconnaitrez la source de vos droits, la base et l'étendue

de votre autorité, qui n'a et ne peut avoir de borne que celle imposée par Dieu même." In Adam Smith's lectures on moral philosophy, political economy formed one part of a course of which natural theology was another part, and the real ground of his confidence in the beneficial economy resulting from the undisturbed play of individual interest, is expressly stated in the *Wealth of Nations*, as well as in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, to be the guidance of Providence. "Every individual necessarily labours to render the annual revenue of the society as great as he can. He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest, nor knows how much he is promoting it. He intends only his own gain, and he is in this as in many other cases led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention."¹ The process of specialisation which has differentiated one branch of secular knowledge after another from theology had not reached political economy in Adam Smith's age, nor with many of his successors. Scientifically regarded, the theory of Malthus was fatal to the assumption of a beneficent tendency of the natural desires of mankind, but it did not prevent Archbishop Whately from finding in political economy the strongest evidences of natural theology; and the harmony of a beneficent economy of nature with the theism of modern times unquestionably contributed, though often by an unperceived connection, to the success which the political economy of Adam Smith, and the system of *laissez faire*, met with in Germany as well as England. The principal merit of Adam Smith's economic philosophy has been generally overlooked. He combines the historical method of Montesquieu with the theory of Natural Law, and although that theory together with his theological system gave a bias to his inductive study of the real order of social progress, he has a true title to be regarded as the founder of the historical method in political economy, in the sense at least of having been the first to apply it. In Germany, it is true, this method has been of indigenous and more recent growth, having been transferred from other branches of German historical science, especially in relation to law. And as Adam Smith's system has been generally associated only with that portion of it which is based on natural law, the historical school of German economists have for the most part assumed an attitude of antagonism to what they call "Smithianismus."

The last chapter of Roscher's history describes the tenets and methods of the different schools and parties which the economic and political condition of Germany on the one hand, and the progress of science on the other, have evolved during the last thirty years. Dr. Roscher does not exclude even socialism from a place in his

(1) "*Wealth of Nations*," book iv. chap. ii. See an essay by the writer on *The Political Economy of Adam Smith*.—*Fortnightly Review*, November, 1870.]

history, his object being to portray all the principal phases of German thought on the subject of the production and distribution of wealth. Two conditions concurred to stimulate economic inquiry and discussion in Germany in recent years: the material progress of the country in population, production, trade, and means of communication, presenting new economic phenomena and raising new problems, especially in relation to the working classes; and the great contemporary progress of the sciences of observation, especially history. Political causes, too, have had a share in producing a diversity of economical creed. Roscher distinguishes five different groups, designated as free traders, socialists, reactionary conservative economists, officials, and the historical or "realistic" school. Of these five groups, two, however (the "reactionary" and the "official" economists), may be left out of consideration here—the former as insignificant in number, and the latter as distinguishable only in reference to the subjects on which they write, and the special knowledge they bring to bear on them. We need concern ourselves only with the free-trade school—sometimes called, by way of reproach, the Manchester party,—the socialists, or socialist-democrats (*socialdemokraten*), and the realistic or historical school. The free traders, under the leadership of Prince Smith, Michaelis, and Julius Faucher, formed some years ago an association called the German Economic Congress (*Volksöcirthschaftlicher Congress*), and all German economists are agreed that they rendered great service to Germany by their strenuous exertions for industrial and commercial liberty. Roscher, too, refuses to stigmatise them with the name, "Manchester party," on account of their patriotism; but he objects to their economic theory, which was that of Bastiat and the old English *laissez-faire* school, as too abstract, too optimistic, and too regardless of history and reality. But many of the younger members are broader in their creed, and by no means opposed to the historical or realistic method of economic inquiry. The socialists or social-democrats, of whom Karl Marx and the late Ferdinand Lassalle may be taken as the exponents, aim both at political revolution and at the abolition of private property in land and capital, and Roscher points out that they are even more unhistorical in their method, and more given to misleading abstractions—for example, the argument that capital is accumulated labour, and labour therefore should have all its produce—than the extremest of the elder free traders. Signor Pozzoni signally errs in classing, in a recent article in this Review, the realistic German school with the socialists. The realistic school, which has its chief strength in the universities, is no other than the historical school, which Signor Pozzoni classes apart; and the Association for Social Politics (*Verein für Socialpolitik*) which its members have formed, and which, by a play on

words, led to the nickname of *Catheder-Socialisten*, now includes some of the Economic Congress, or free-trade party, along with Government officials, merchants, and manufacturers, as well as professors and working men. The true meaning of the term "realistic" is sufficiently explained by Roscher's words:—"The direction of the political economy now prevailing at our universities is with reason called realistic. It aims at taking men as they really are, influenced by various and withal other than economic motives, and belonging to a particular nation, State, and period of history." Man, in the eyes of the historical or realistic school, is not merely "an exchanging animal," as Archbishop Whately defined him, with a single unvarying interest, removed from all the real conditions of time and place,—a personification of an abstraction; he is the actual human being such as history and surrounding circumstances have made him, with all his wants, passions, and infirmities. The economists of this school investigate the actual economy of society and its causes, and are not content to infer the distribution of wealth from the possible tendencies of undisturbed pecuniary interest. Such a practical investigation cannot be without practical fruit, but its chief aim is light. And it is needless to say what a boundless field of instruction the study of the economic progress and condition of society on this method opens up. Among the works which it has recently produced in Germany may be mentioned Roscher's *Nationalökonomik des Ackerbaues*, Schmoller's *Geschichte der deutschen Kleinindustrie*, Brentano's *Arbeitergilden der Gegenwart*, and Nasse's well-known Essay on the Agricultural Community of the Middle Ages in England. Nor has the historical method been unproductive even in England. A great part of the Wealth of Nations belongs to it; and to it we owe Malthus's treatise on Population, Tooke's History of Prices, and Thorold Rogers's History of Agriculture and Prices. Sir Henry Maine's works on Ancient Law, Village Communities in the East and West, and the Early History of Institutions, not only afford models of the historical method, but actually belong as much to economic as to legal history, and exemplify the nature and extent of the region of investigation which those English economists who are not content with barren abstraction have before them.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the imputation of socialist or destructive tendencies which the nickname of *Catheder-Socialisten* has linked with the historical school of German economists. Historical philosophy has assuredly no revolutionary tendencies; it has been with more justice accused of tending to make its disciples distrustful of reforms which do not seem to be evolved by historical sequence, and the spontaneous births of time. But, as a matter of fact, a great diversity of opinion is to be found among the economists of

this school in Germany; some being Conservative, and others Liberal in their politics, but no revolutionary or socialist schemes have emanated from its most advanced Liberal rank. Their principal practical aims would excite little terror in England. Some legislation after the model of the English Factory Laws, some system of arbitration for the adjustment of disputes about wages, and the legalization of trade-unions under certain conditions, are the main points in their practical programme; and they are supported by some of the warmest friends of the German throne and aristocracy.

It is impossible to praise too highly the extraordinary erudition, the immense industry, and the manysidedness of intellectual sympathy which distinguish Roscher's history of German political economy; but we venture to suggest to him a revision of the brief notice which it includes of the history of English political economy in the last thirty years. Generous in the extreme in his estimate of the earlier economic literature of this country, he is less than just in his criticism of it in recent years—an injustice of which the present writer may speak without prejudice, being excepted along with Thornton and Thorold Rogers from Dr. Roscher's unfavourable judgment; one for which no other reasons are assigned than some defects in Mr. Mill's system, on the one hand, which are really attributable to Mr. Mill's predecessors, and the doctrines of a writer,¹ on the other hand, who represents no English school, and has no supporter among authors of economic works or professors of political economy in this country. In this single instance Dr. Roscher has deviated from the impartiality which is one of the great merits of his History.²

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

(1) Mr. H. D. Macleod.

(2) Readers interested in the historical study of political economy, will find an excellent companion to Dr. Roscher's History in Dr. Karl Knies's philosophical treatise, *Die Politische Oekonomie vom Standpunkte der Geschichtlichen Methode*.

A NOTE ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S article in the last number of this Review, addresses itself, as I understand, to the critics who meet attacks on parliamentary government with the reply,—“If you know of any remedy to amend the evils of Parliamentary Government, tell us what it is.” It at the same time appears to approve and defend the position taken by the school of the Positivists, which is especially offended by the theory “expounded by the believers in Mr. Hare's scheme of representation, who,” Mr. Stephen says, “claim equally to be the discoverers of the new road to Utopia.” (P. 823.) Mr. Stephen, admitting that, if the meaning of the principle that Parliament should reflect public opinion be, that it should consist of the leaders in whom men trust, it is rational enough, yet seems to doubt the possibility of such a result, as well as the efficacy and value of the means suggested for producing it.

The great value, Mr. Stephen says, imputed to such schemes by most of their advocates is, that they are a panacea against the tyranny of majorities, and this he thinks manifests a confusion of thought. “It is not desirable,” he says, “that the policy adopted should be a kind of mathematical resultant of all the different opinions of the country. Ten men are lost in a desert. Five want to go north, and five to go east; is it plain that they ought to go north-east, or that they should pursue a course pointing in varying directions, as the opinions of the majority shifted? Is it not possible they would do much better by taking either opinion and following it consistently.” (P. 826.) It is, however, in fact, the tyranny of minorities distributed throughout the constituencies, and not that of the majority that is to be overcome. There are minorities among whom the prevailing motives are the product of ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, narrow and mistaken views of class interests, and a compound of elements discreditable both to social and political life. Mr. Stephen says that in a parliament which accurately reflected public opinion Dr. Kenealy would head a formidable party. Dr. Kenealy is the nominee of an excited minority, proud of the opportunity of triumphing over those around them who claim a higher social rank. Of the electors of Stoke-upon-Trent it may be roughly stated that one-third voted for Dr. Kenealy, one-third for the rival candidates, and the remaining third not at all. Why did they abstain? Impute it to indifference or what we will, it must be admitted that they did not think the benefit of their country, their town, or themselves would be promoted by sending either candidate to Parliament. If they had thought otherwise, they would have voted. With such an opinion their abstinence was right. The

question was, who is to be trusted with power? "Shall we affect a confidence we do not feel, merely to exclude Dr. Kenealy? The result of his election will be negative at the worst, and it might awaken a public feeling of the inexpediency of continuing a system under which the common sense of a great community for all national and political ends is extinguished by its ignorance." Look around at the aspect of things at a general election. Here I suppose Mr. Stephen and others who seek a better representative system agree. All alike say, "let us recognise the truth about our actual system." All lament the habit in popular addresses of "telling lies, putting forward exploded theories," (p. 828) and appealing to any motives and principles, however mean, by which the electors may be led. Few things seem more humiliating at present, and more discouraging for the future than to behold even the leaders of the great parties in the state striving in their public addresses to win the support of Mr. Attenborough and the anti-income tax agitators, by holding out hopes of its abolition. If taxes are to be imposed, that tax must be the most wise and just which, while it is flexible in satisfying the national exigencies, adapts itself to all the changes in fortune of those who pay it, by being measured and collected according to what they have, and when they have it.¹ Take another instance of our downward progress from the last general election. If there be one principle more than another to which thoughtful men have looked forward as the basis of a permanent reconciliation between capital and labour, it is co-operation; yet the supposed antagonistic interests of a comparatively few tradesmen, have excluded from Parliament every prominent friend of co-operative industry. Marylebone is a prominent example. Some persons employed in the public service in the metropolis lately followed the example of the well-known Rochdale pioneers and established a co-operative store to obtain household supplies at a smaller cost. This roused the wrath of some London tradesmen, and candidates for the borough of Marylebone were warned that they must repudiate the baneful system of co-operation. It was considered hopeless to put forward any candidate favourable to it, and the candidate who most emphatically denounced the economical effort of the civil servants was accordingly foud at the head of the poll. No one who considers the vast population, and the various classes of rich and poor inhabiting the borough, will for a moment believe that more than a comparatively small portion of the electors took any active part in this outcry or agitation. It is thus that sections of a constituency, shopkeepers, publicans, bodies in possession of the means of exercising a certain local influence, clutching at

(1) Amendments in the operation of the tax are possible. It was somewhat reassuring to observe the question of the Minister to one of the last deputations,—“What would you substitute

profit or patronage, though comparatively insignificant in number, are able to exclude any candidate who will not submit to their dictation. Beneath the lowest deep of this subjection there is still a lower. Mr. Bright, a week or two ago, told us the state of Norwich. "The city on both sides in politics is held in thrall by some six or eight hundred persons who will not vote without money or beer, and who will vote for anyone who liberally provides them with those articles." In what condition is the political power of its 15,000 electors?

The evil which "puts it in the power of any little knot of persons who take an interest in some one trumpery matter that just fits the calibre of their minds to turn the political balance," was urged in an able article on Parliamentary Government by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. And Mr. Gladstone has within the last few days pointed out the increasing danger of lessening the efficiency of such government "by local or individual pressure, and by small or sectional interests." It is to be feared that the "peasant boroughs" which he has shadowed forth, as an institution of the future, will not avert this ill consequence, while they are likely to aggravate the class differences that are at the root of our social and political dangers.

I have spoken only of causes which defeat the representative purpose by setting up its counterfeit, or falsification. There are other consequences, not less prejudicial, flowing from an electoral system which enables the moiety of a fractional part of the population by its veto to exclude from Parliament public men of national fame. Thousands of voters throughout the country desired that Mr. Mill should be in a position to contribute to the expression of profound thought in the House of Commons, amidst its superficial and frivolous talk. Half the voters in Westminster were able to prevent it. Mr. Gladstone who, by anything like a plebiscite, might have had a million of supporters, is driven from the University of Oxford to South Lancashire; from South Lancashire to Greenwich; and may have to fall back upon Stoke-upon-Trent!

Is there, then, nothing that can now be done which may help to extricate our parliamentary system from this Slough of Despond; and must we be content to wait until absolute power shall be in the hierarchy to be formed by some process which M. Comte left the world without revealing to his disciples? The Prince Consort regarded with a penetrating eye, for which scanty credit has been given him, the perils that might await his adopted country, and he addressed himself practically to the improvement of the squalid dwellings, and to the education and culture of the people. Representative government, he told us, was on its trial. The task of its reformation is still to be undertaken, and the need is greater than ever. We must not be deterred from the attempt by any fear of satire. As has been said of all worthy effort, "If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourself about it; if possible, try for it."

The Utopianism is not our business; the *work* is." We ask first, that every elector in Marylebone, in Norwich, in Stoke-upon-Trent, and in every other constituency, may be freed from a degrading subjection; that the conduct of others, whatever it be, may in no respect interfere with the free exercise of his own political functions, and that he may be enabled to select the candidate in whom he has the most confidence, without regard to the sinister or other influences by which any portion of the constituency may be actuated. We ask, next, that in order to awaken and extend interest and stimulate effort throughout the constituencies, a wider choice of candidates should, by the removal of all the impediments, pecuniary or otherwise, which exclude or diminish competition, be everywhere offered. And as a corollary of, and indeed a necessary supplement to, the method of effecting these two objects, that the elector may be enabled to give his vote preferentially, so that it shall be transferred from the candidate of his first to his subsequent choice, if it be not needed by, or be useless to, the former. How all this can be accomplished has been distinctly pointed out; it has been experimentally tried,¹ and no one has ever questioned its practicability.

There is surely nothing chimerical or extravagant in such a scheme. Judging of human conduct by the light of experience, we find that where there is some well-grounded hope of effecting the object men have in view, activity is more likely to be promoted than where its accomplishment is improbable or doubtful, or where the chances are that, whether they give themselves any concern in the matter or not, the result will be the same. A distinct appeal is made to every one who possesses the smallest spark of public spirit, to be equal to the occasion.

Why does this change of electoral machinery appear to Mr. Leslie Stephen to be visionary in its promise? He observes that, whatever may be its intellectual genealogy, it is defended by its best advocates on utilitarian grounds. All its advocates, he says, "agree at any rate in regarding as the ideal Parliament, one on which all the opinions current throughout the nation shall be reflected in proportion to their numerical strength. Parliament would be a photograph on a small scale of the whole nation. If there were six hundred and fifty-eight different sects of equal strength, each of them should have a single representative, and a scheme which insured this result would give the ideal state of things." "Unless," he contends, "the theory be more or less explained away, it involves a palpable absurdity. We all want to get the best statesmen in Parliament. The most plausible recommendation of Mr. Hare's scheme is precisely that it would secure that end." But here Mr. Stephen detects the fallacy. "Parliament," he says, "cannot at once be an accurate mirror of public opinion and a collection of the wisest men" (p. 824);

(1) Treatise on the "Election of Representatives," &c., 4th ed., pp. 351—359.

"unless," he adds (which I confess does not appear to me to remove his difficulty), "unless indeed we think that, like Sodom, an assembly of a hundred fools would be saved by the presence of five wise men."

I have elsewhere endeavoured to bring together various estimates and considerations of the manner in which public opinion has been supposed to be formed or sought to be elicited.¹ The better conclusion after all will probably be found to be that public opinion is the *ignis fatuus* of modern politics. It is a species of phantasm, impossible to grasp, and illusive whether as a guide to follow or a rock to avoid. It may be much easier to ascertain what it is not than what it is. If, Mr. Stephen says, the "mostly fools sentiment be somewhat harsh, it is at least an undeniable fact that ninety-nine men out of a hundred are utterly incompetent to form an opinion worth having upon most political problems." And he expresses a very reasonable doubt whether the independent public opinion on the ecclesiastical policy of Prussia, or on the Judicature Act, or a sinking fund, or the real question at issue in the American war, or even on the merits of the controversy between Professor Lightfoot and the author of Supernatural Religion, would be of any considerable significance.

It is not necessary seriously to consider the capacity of the ordinary voter to deal with recondite matters of opinion. Admitting the incompetency of the masses to form any sound conclusion on political problems, may not the greater number, after all, when freed, as far as may be, from purely disturbing or malevolent influences, still form a tolerably adequate judgment of those among their contemporaries who are the most worthy to be trusted with power? Opinions of the worth of individuals are formed on many grounds, and in an infinite variety of ways. They may be due to personal acquaintance, to neighbourhood, to reputation, social or public, to character founded on a previous career of more or less duration, to known works or opinions. The actions of men of any eminence brought at all before the public eye, are subjected freely to praise or to blame. The nation is one of old traditions. People are ready to place themselves under the banner of those who are generally regarded with reverence and respect, and to be associated with others who appreciate such a title to regard. The ten men in the desert whom Mr. Stephen supposes to differ whether they should go north or east, instead of hastily taking a middle course which could not in either view be right, might be induced to deliberate a little longer until the weight of the argument in favour of one or the other road should appear to preponderate. They might act more like the policeman introduced in the recent simile of Lord Salisbury to illustrate political progress without violence,—use quiet expostulation, facilitate movement, and arrive at the best conclusion as to the right way. The operation of a necessary deference to others becomes more and more habitual and works out that compromise

(1) Treatise on the "Election of Representatives," &c., 4th ed., pp. 238—253.

which enters into all the transactions of business and of life. The selection of candidates because of their extreme or eccentric opinions or as the special protectors of class interests would be exceptional. It would withdraw from such influences the means they now possess of deteriorating the general representation, and reduce them to their just weight and value. If any such sections became especially obstructive and troublesome, the general sense of the nation at large would at the next election be able effectually to suppress them as a disturbing power.

The issue on the question of representative government is however distinctly raised, and Mr. Stephen has probably done good service by recalling or inviting public attention to it. If it be that upon which public security and happiness depend, its amendment deserves the careful study of politicians. If these are right, who assert that government by the suffrage, is inherently vicious, then the study should be how it may be got rid of. Directly opposed to this was the view of one who has lately passed from among us,—John Stuart Mill, who adopted the proportional and preferential system as the solution of the difficulty of popular representation, and as full of promise for the future of civilisation. It was at a time when philosophical politicians looked with hope on Mr. Gladstone as a leader in the path of constitutional progress, and they imagined that the intellectual power thus set free, and brought to the work of representative construction, would be in his sight a political object of incalculable value. In this they were mistaken. It was perhaps too much to expect that a statesman, responsible to his party, could, even if he approved it, adopt a principle which must displace so many of his supporters from their seats, and therefore call forth the emphatic condemnation of the party whip. But the probability is that Mr. Gladstone regards with no less aversion than more than one of his ministry is known to have done, any proposal to interfere with the pure and rigid geographical partition of electoral power, and still more to substitute for it a mental distribution. It would not be without interest in a psychological study of the progress of political theories, if we could know the effect produced on the opinion of a member who had a strong dislike to what are called the three-cornered constituencies, by the event of a subsequent election when he came to owe his seat to the operation of that very imperfect application of the proportional principle.

Yet whatever may be the policy of party, it is not too much to say that if representative government is to endure, it must depend for its value and excellence upon giving effect as far, at least as is possible, to all the best thought and judgment of mankind, and not, as at present, be made up of a confused gathering of voices, which excludes or drowns most of those whom it is desirable that the nations should hear in their public councils.

THOMAS HARE.

THE MILITARY POSITION OF ENGLAND.

LET no Englishman flatter himself that our minister's words had the smallest effect on the decision in the late European crisis. It may suit party purposes to assume some revival of old national traditions of power, or to talk as though there had been a joint weight exercised, as there was a real community of wish between Russia and England in the interests of peace. Unfortunately those with whom our Cabinet had to deal were well accustomed to weigh the material effect of intervention, carried to its uttermost. The knowledge of the fact we have sought to make clear in these pages, that had war been chosen by Germany, England could have done nothing for France or Belgium, has long been far more familiar in Berlin than London. They know, who advise and lead the new empire, that we have ships far in excess of any other fleet, and credit far beyond that of any other people. And they give due weight to these facts; but then they give no more. No Prussian writer or thinker miscalculates so much as to suppose that the contingent we confess to be our utmost means for assisting an ally on shore could possibly turn the scale in any struggle likely to occur just now. Loose talk of lending an English commander-in-chief, as though Wellingtons were ready born at each demand, or of an English corps or two to tip our ally's lance, does not impose on any one except careless newspaper readers at home. Had the resolve been once made to cross the Rhine in arms unless humiliating conditions of disarmament were instantly submitted to, it would have been carried out unhesitatingly whatever our views; for it was fully ascertained beforehand that all we could do, could have no real influence whatever on the theatre of war. There is advantage no doubt in freedom and diversity of discussion where the truth is uncertain; but no amount of discussion can alter plain facts. And the simple truth in this matter is that England's present forces are not such as to qualify her to speak with any weight at all on questions of internal European policy.

Far different is it with Russia, the successful mediator in the crisis just passed through. It is true that Germans have no reason whatever to dread her single handed. Her army reforms are as yet on paper. Her pecuniary means are limited. Her soldiers are ignorant and comparatively ill taught. Her officers have all the vices of true militarism without any of the real virtues of education, intelligence, and high personal feeling which distinguish their caste in Prussia. Yet Russia has great latent strength for

war; vast powers certainly for defence, and very formidable though slow means of attack. She has some sixty millions of hardy peasants, one in faith, and one in unquestioning obedience to their sovereign. Fired by religious passions and the instinct of war, history proves them formidable adversaries: and none know it better than German students of history. Above all, this vast power is ruled by a single strong will, capable of making itself felt throughout every atom of the living mass, and bringing up with a word to each peasant-soldier those traditions of growth and conquest which the meanest Russian associates with the heritage of Peter the Great. The ruler too, as becomes the head of his family, is a master of the great political truths of sovereignty; and while understanding and feeling as a greater Alexander of Russia did before him, the full evils of war, understands also that war is not a mere blind accident, nor an army an aggregation of ill-paid police, but the one the manner, and the other the means of working out the greatest problems of national policy. Russia has a very large army, and has it in a certain sense ready for use. Hence her intervention a month since was not only offered but effectual. We have not any army fit to support a policy of intervention; therefore our words, though listened to with diplomatic courtesy, were not allowed to influence for one moment the great question of peace or war.

Here we must take special occasion to point out that, if we advocate a change in this respect, we advocate it distinctly in the interests of peace. It seems an obvious truth in civil life that if the police force of a town be increased for a time, the measure is not taken with the view of provoking disturbances. But what Englishmen are ready enough both to admit and act upon as regards domestic troubles, they are slow to acknowledge the force and the necessity of when it concerns the domain of foreign politics. We are not idly blaming our countrymen for this. We are but stating a broad fact, which very slight observation will verify. And the result is a painful one to the calm political thinker, for it leads directly to the curious inconsistency with which our neighbours justly taunt us, of pretending to an influence which we not only have not, but at heart feel ourselves to be destitute of. In this matter of foreign policy we refuse to recognise the simple truth that the means must correspond with the end in view; and that a vigorous policy, even in the cause of peace, cannot exist at all except when based on something real, which something at present we do not possess.

To be clear on this head: it is not a mere theory used to give point to an essay, that an army, wherever it exists, is but an instrument bad or good for working out the national policy. On the contrary, the present state of Europe offers the most varied illustrations that this home truth has seized on the mind of different nations with very different

results. Italy, to take perhaps the most patent example of all, demands of her rulers a large and well-disciplined force, not merely to insure her new-won independence, but because in a great and mobile regular army she recognises the readiest means of breaking down the walls of provincial narrowness and superstition. Or look at Austria and her military reforms, producing a large single army, supported by two distinct masses of reserves of very different training and character; and double springs of policy are found to actuate her. She hopes to maintain her imperial position in the world's eyes, so sadly imperilled by defeat and internal discord, and at the same time to preserve the integrity of the dual compact on which the newly-born harmony of her two governing races depends. Of the German army, and the Empire founded and supported by it, it is surely needless to speak. France, it need hardly be said, though perhaps stimulated by a dim hope of revenge or of the recovery of lost provinces, is in reality building up her army afresh for better reasons. She desires above all things to acquire and hold what her people all look on as their natural right, her position as a first-class power, and for this a first-rate army is in modern Europe a political necessity. Russia is more slowly and heavily, yet not the less earnestly, striving not merely to produce a force which shall make her independent of German aggression, but shall give her that military primacy which superior numbers of population have taught her to reckon as her legitimate position in Europe. Nor less important as a lesson, rather the more so for our immediate purpose, are the efforts made by lesser powers for the preservation of their own integrity. It is needless to run through the list of these. Switzerland may serve as the readiest and best example. There we see a Federal republic, governed by the freest constitution our old world has left possible, deliberately recasting its whole military institutions into a severer and more polished mould for political purposes dependent entirely on external policy. Switzerland has no domestic object whatever to serve by such sacrifice; no purpose of conquest or aggression; not even any coalition against her peace to dread. But she lies bordered by four great military powers, and cannot tell at what particular moment any two of them may be suddenly carrying on war close to her frontiers. What her citizens are asking of the State is, that it should be strong enough in such a case to be able to say with firm voice, "Your strategy must spare this sacred soil." And being dissatisfied with the means used for this object in the late war, and feeling plainly that the cause of freedom and the sanctity of republican territory were then barely saved from rude violation by a hairbreadth, her legislators have now set themselves with dogged resolution to the task of so reforming and strengthening their national militia, that at the next European crisis it shall be fully equal to the height of the task that the nation expects it to fulfil.

These all know their own minds. They have their definite national object. Each pursues it by definite means. And the intention with each is, at all events, that the national force shall be what only can justify the existence of any army at all, the true means of making the national will felt in the direction resolved on. With us there is no such certainty of thought, no proper correspondence between the will and the deed. We assume the right to give lectures in the face of Europe, to thrust in our views by word and dispatch in continental politics, to give our opinion now as freely on the external relations of great states one to another, as we were wont to do a generation since on the internal affairs of the lesser countries of the world, which stood in just awe of our fleet. And all the while we are but uttering the emptiest of sounds. If the necessity came for action to support them with; if at the late crisis Russia had designedly held aloof, and war counsels triumphed at the Berlin Court, we should have remonstrated indeed, but remonstrated only to find that our words were treated with no more regard by our neighbours than street brawlers bestow on the wish of the enthusiast for human peace, who turns aside from the quarrel when the first blow is struck. Happy in such case should we be, if the national discovery of the part England had been used to play, did not urge the Ministry of the hour to redeem our honour by some act of hasty folly.

Here we may be asked, with fair show of reason, why arm now any more than in the days of the Second Empire? Was not the Third Napoleon's policy as much a source of anxiety then as Prince Bismarck's now? Did not he affect, after his Solferino success especially, to hold something at least of that predominance in the European world which was the traditional heritage of his family? Was not his Empire restless and aggressive throughout its existence in its foreign policy? More than this, did not its supporters at one time deliberately revive those threats of invasion of England which the Prince de Joinville had dared to utter against us in the days of Orleans rule? The reply is plain, and may be given in a few words. The German Empire is far more dangerous to the neighbouring states, if war once break out, than the Second Empire ever was. And this for two reasons which we shall shortly state.

In the first place its military power is much greater, as its military spirit is far higher. Not only has the mantle of Frederick and of Scharnhorst fallen on successors of hardly less genius; but the birth of the national spirit, being identified with a brilliant career of national victories, has stamped on its people at large a degree of military ardour such as the world has never witnessed before since Rome by arms became its mistress. The interests of commerce and trade struggle against this no doubt. The instinct of democracy, quick

to discern how its staunchest adversary, the spirit of Junkerdom, profits by this new sentiment, chafes here and there bitterly against it; but the feelings of the mass are at present wholly on the side of Bismarck and Moltke, glory and Fatherland.

But there is a second cause that makes Germany more formidable than France was seven, or even seventy years since: her geographical position. The French are so placed that to attack Russia with any hope of success, they must, as Napoleon practically proved, first subjugate, in some form or other, the whole of Middle Europe up to the Polish border. Russia must carry the same process from that border before she could invade Western Europe. But Germany has the immense military advantage of a central position; as truly now as when it enabled Frederick, a century since, to carry on to successful end an apparently hopeless struggle against a coalition of three great powers. The new empire separates France and Russia absolutely, and makes their possible combination far less formidable than it otherwise would be. Geographically viewed, Austria is more dangerous to Germany, and her alliance with another great power would seem more threatening; but this contingency is felt and met at Berlin by the dexterity with which the German element in Austro-Hungary is played off against the unity of the Hapsburg dominions. A steady stream of professors and journalists coming from the north permeates Viennese society, fills the lecture-rooms of Prague, and occupies the most important posts in the press everywhere. The lessons they teach are two, pressed with sickening iteration. All that Austria can hope of good in the future must come from her eight millions of German blood; and the loyalty of these eight millions is to depend on the subserviency shown at Vienna to the dictates of Berlin. Ardent Magyars may chafe at the intrigues which stir up every petty nationality in Hungary to divide the State: Czecks, Croats, and Poles look askance at the friends who watch with such singular care over the interests of inferior races, when outside Germany. The long Hapsburg visage itself may seem longer, as the Kaiser becomes moody over the intestine difficulties that clog his policy at home, and the secondary position he fills abroad. But there is a rough, coarse truth in the warnings dinned into their ears. The attractive power which Arndt, in his fierce lyric, claimed long since for the German tongue, on men of German blood, is asserting itself to the full in our day. It may too probably end in tearing asunder the Austro-Hungarian empire, to round the German frontier in the Danubian valleys. But this process of aggregation by the spoiler of the north need not be hurried. Those eight millions of German-speaking Austrians serve Prince Bismarck's purpose better where they are than if added prematurely to the empire. (They give

to Germany a direct hold over one of her great neighbours, such as France, in her palmiest days of military sovereignty, never possessed. Men may like or dislike this modern doctrine of nationality as they please. It needs but little consideration to show how completely it has shaped the whole course of modern politics. It should surprise us the less, therefore, to find how the skilful use of it, from her central position, and her ardent military spirit welded in a strong military organization, combine to give to Germany a force corresponding to her greatest pretensions—a power which would enable her to dictate to Europe with greater security than Napoleon ever did, from the slippery throne which obscure conspirators such as Mallet could shake, when his watch over Paris was withdrawn for a few months.

We are not visionaries in writing thus, but simply stating political facts, clear to those not wilfully blind to what the times are setting before them. Nor are we alone in uttering these truths to our countrymen. France says the same, when she stoops to acknowledge her weakness to her deadly foe, and declare her innocence of warlike views. Russia means nothing else by the startlingly sudden declarations we have lately heard of her benevolent designs as to Asia, and her entire readiness to meet our views as to the security of India. Of Austria and her sentiments enough has already been said. As to the lesser states, the timid policy of the Belgian Catholic Ministry; the nervous anxiety of Holland in deferring fortifications and army reform, to avoid even the appearance of arming against the only neighbour she dreads; the protest of Swiss patriotism that its present efforts are directed to meet French aggression only, and have no thought of Germany behind: all these point signally to the same motive power, the fear of the new arbiter of Europe. It is true we are not so situated as they. England alone can feel herself secure at home, thanks to the sea that flows between her and German soil. And it is for her to choose whether or not her voice is to be really listened to when that peace of Europe, in which her statesmen profess so much interest, is again menaced.

It has been shown in these pages by proofs nowhere seriously controverted, that our existing striking power is unequal to intervention on the continent. On the other hand it is hardly less clear that the nation last month desired, and would desire again, to speak with effect in the interests of peace. It cannot be said that the words used by our Foreign Office were out of season. They did no harm certainly to those whom we desired to help; but for such effect as they had we know they were indebted solely to the accident that Russia's wishes at the crisis chimed in with our own; and that Russia had reason to be listened to. Had she approved, had she even held her peace, that event we most dreaded, a great war, begun

without a pretext, or on a pretence so slight as to shock the world's common sense, would assuredly have come to pass under our eyes. And our interference, if attempted at all, would have but covered us with self-humiliation.

To undertake the first part of the task we have set before us, the initial step must be to define clearly and precisely what is needed for the accomplishment of such a national purpose. Before this preliminary condition is laid down, it is of no use to look closely into the ways and means of the question. Indeed if, as we last month showed, such a body of troops as we could at present spare for continental use be wholly insufficient to affect the course of a great war, even on its outskirts as it were; then it follows that as regards such a sudden crisis as Europe lately passed through, we might practically as well be without any army at all. It is of course not pleasant to acknowledge this; but surely it is wholesome to recognise what the truth is. Nor is there any hope of vital reform in the matter until the object of the reform, in its broader outlines, is put clearly before the national view. We may be answered no doubt that our armed force is not kept up for the purpose spoken of; that it is maintained for home defence, for police use at need, for the supply of colonial and Indian garrisons. But this is really no answer at all. These uses of the army are beside the question. For we are proceeding on the express assumption that the nation as a whole may deliberately desire to possess the means of making its voice felt in Europe against any overbold and unjust aggression. And those who talk loosely of home defence against invasion as the proper purpose of our regular forces are little aware, as it seems to us, how ready an argument they offer to economists who desire their reduction. If Switzerland is solving the problem of raising a defensive force of militia fit to take the field on emergency, or at least to stand behind entrenchments, why should not we? If the rude Swedish *Indelta*, relic of mediæval peasant levies, can be trusted to guard sufficiently well to win respect from even Russia the eastern frontier of Scandinavia, why should we, girt with the seas swept by our unmatched fleet, want more than they? And if we do require something more than a reinforced and better trained county militia, to be exercised annually under a central staff of educated soldiers; have we not already found it in the force which brings willingly under arms the very flower of our civic youth and our better artisans; the force which those who best know it declare needs but the training and discipline our present system denies, to face victoriously the very best battalion that conscription ever dragged together? Such is the line of argument that would assuredly be suggested to thoughtful men, if once it were admitted as a truth that our standing army is kept solely for home defence. Some who reason thus—surprising that it should be so—are soldiers

by profession. Let them beware lest the question they raise be pressed home.

We are taking no account, it may here be said, of the necessity of keeping up our standing army as a means of carrying out the imperial obligation of garrisoning India and the colonies. Our answer might here fairly be that to pass over this alleged necessity is but part of the very purpose with which we write. We are dealing with a separate and special matter, the possible intervention of our country in arms upon the continent, and in this are not bound to enter on side issues which cannot seriously affect it.

But lest our readers be embarrassed by the habit of confusing the special needs referred to, with our need of an army apart from these as an instrument of policy, we take leave to say that, unintentionally or not, it is but a mere conventional trick that connects them. India, though owing allegiance to the same sovereign as the United Kingdom, is financially a separate empire. Wisely or not, we in England insist on perpetuating the severance, lest the security of our own revered consols be affected. If we could but leave Indian military estimates as much alone as we deliberately do Indian loans, the Secretary of State and the Supreme Government, who between them administer that empire, are quite capable of raising all the men it needs for themselves, on the simple principle that never failed the old Court of Directors, of simply paying the market price for what they want. It may be very convenient for our War Office to meddle with the business, and to swell with 60,000 men, who are neither paid by England nor of any direct use to her for offence or defence, the paper rolls that are flourished annually before parliament and the press. But this sort of muster is as unreal as the pasteboard figures in a Chinese fort. It deceives no one whose interest is to know the truth, least of all the German General Staff. The Dutch, under parallel circumstances, keep such accounts better and more honestly than we: and their East Indian army is professedly as well as actually raised, paid, and employed as an East Indian business altogether, the mother country being simply the natural recruiting ground for its white contingent. If the House of Commons, in some fit of caprice, were to refuse our War Minister his estimates to-morrow, that need not, indeed would not, affect the maintenance of our white garrison of India, which, depôts and all included, is paid for independently of his bureau, and has in itself nothing whatever to do with the expense of or the necessity for a standing army at home.

Nor is the matter very different at bottom as regards our colonies. Mr. Gladstone in his eagerness to present the Greek Kingdom that governs itself so well with additional territory, and Lord Cardwell in his desire to let colonists feel themselves as separate from the cares

and interests of the empire as possible, have between them reduced our foreign garrisons nearly to those which are strictly military posts, and so greatly simplified this question. Four army divisions of very moderate peace strength: two for the pair of great Mediterranean fortresses, one for Halifax and the islands on the American side of the Atlantic, one for the Cape and any points to be held beyond it; these are all we pretend, in a less systematic manner, to keep up at present. Suppose their elements simply transmuted, and left as colonial regiments; the officers and men bribed by increase of pay and quicker pension to accept the new conditions; a few home depôts established for the supply of recruits, and the reception of invalids. The problem is here solved just as readily as it may be with the garrison of India; the sole difference being that in this last case the Calcutta budget has to bear the expense, in the former it is charged on the imperial exchequer. Neither for the one service nor the other, viewed apart, is any government justified in proposing to maintain a standing army at home. The tradition that this standing army is to be regarded as something common both to these external objects and to use in Europe, is a mere concrete growth of accident, due in the beginning to historical causes no doubt, but not bearing any calm examination as a logically necessary system. Our real want of any such regular forces at home, therefore, does not arise from any care for India, nor from the possession of a widespread colonial dominion; and on such bases the necessity for its maintenance cannot rest.

• And as it cannot be fairly charged on these, nor is essential, as already shown, to a purely defensive attitude; so, as an armed police force, the last resort against tumult, its existence is not justified. From the very nature of its constitution and traditions the British army is less efficient, or at least less ready for immediate action, than the Home Guards of New York or the Pennsylvanian militia, as we know by repeated recent instances. The Irishmen, for example, whom it cannot control at Belfast or Derry, are frightened enough when they see the State uniform in the streets of a Transatlantic city; for they know well that the wearers have not before their eyes that ever-pressing fear of the civil courts which, in the Bristol riots, reduced a brave officer to moral imbecility and suicide. Englishmen can indeed know little of the history of this kingdom of ours, if they are not aware that in such forces as the yeomanry and volunteers, a mob bent on riot and plunder would find foes more fierce and unsparing than in Guards or Line.

If there be any force in these considerations—and we invite for them the coolest and most critical examination—it follows that on the day when England once finally decides to withdraw absolutely and under all circumstances from continental fields, she should begin

her preparations for dispensing with a regular force at home, beyond, perhaps, a few technical troops maintained to garrison her fortresses and watch her magazines. Staff-officers she would want as much as ever, or even more; men gifted with brains and the power of organization: but showy squadrons and stiff-drilled battalions may disappear, except where maintained at the recruiting dépôt, as patterns on which the troops for foreign service are to be framed. Would she, however, still desire her just position before Europe; would she still be able not merely to speak pacific words, but to act for the public peace; England must not only maintain an army, but must adapt its strength and organization to the crises which may come as we lately saw at a few days' notice, when the political horizon seemed clear, and the world had no cause for just quarrel anywhere.

We come now to the practical question we have set ourselves to answer: the amount of force that Great Britain should maintain at her disposal for use on the continent whilst the latter is in its present unhappy condition. We do not say that we should have to use it. On the contrary, it is our firm belief that the knowledge that we possessed, and were prepared unhesitatingly to employ such a force on the side of any state unjustly attacked, would go very far indeed to spare us the necessity. No amount of increase of wealth, no free use of moral maxims, can any more avail to stop a war than to save a city from siege. But an inexpugnable line of works will in the latter case cause the idea to be laid aside; and an army free to move from behind these works has, as every strategist acknowledges, an infinite advantage over those who have no such rallying-point secured them. Now the position such a fortress occupies in an imagined theatre of war is just what Great Britain has, happily, by nature the means of filling when Europe is disturbed. But the mere security of our insular home is plainly but the first great step towards it. The next must be the power to launch to any point required such a contingent as would seriously modify the aggressor's military schemes. A month since our task was to prove that all we now profess to have of an army to spare is hopelessly insufficient for such an end. Keeping the latter clearly in view, it is hardly less clear that the requirements of the occasion could not be met by the power to disembark less than 100,000 men.

We are prepared, of course, for every sort of objection to a proposal that will startle many readers as extravagant, even when they know the truth of the reasoning from which it flows. But it is our object to remove such difficulties as are altogether unreal from the path of national honour; and we may get rid of, as a preliminary, the notion that in the event of a continental war in which we shared, our army would be needed for home defence. The fact is just the

contrary. Any contest of the international kind we have had in view would tax the resources even of Germany so heavily, that no attempt could be made that need alarm any but the merest panic-monger to realise the Battle of Dorking. That action can never be fought until each great power on the continent is either leagued against us or prepared to look coldly on at the invasion. And we have supposed, in the causes of our intervention, and in its readiness too (a most important condition for our own safety and its utility to others), that this state of things is not at all what we should have to deal with. Probably enough, by way of diverting us from our enterprise, the threat would be held out. But any expedition really attempted would be but such a transparent ruse as the landing of a party of French convicts at Fishguard in the days of our grandfathers. Apart from the regulars, we should have within the kingdom at least 100,000 militia and 150,000 volunteers; and if these did not amply suffice, with the fleet in their front, to guard our shores, it would be the fault of the Government, and not their own. And the Government, be it remembered, would then have that power to strengthen and to discipline into complete efficiency the auxiliary forces, which it is hopeless to expect unless national passion is aroused by the threat that armed the Great Britain of seventy years since against Napoleon.

Another obstacle that would beset any nation but our own would be completely spared to us. We mean the difficulty of transport. Thanks to the vast steam mercantile marine at the national command, and the means our navy gives of convoying it, it would be little harder to carry over the necessary 100,000 troops with their stores, than to transport the 20,000 we were asked to send the French in 1871 by those who were ignorant of the military bearings of the question. This facility, at least, will be admitted by most readers, even those who most strenuously deny, on conventional grounds, the possibility of our finding the 100,000 men to send.

It is quite true that it is impossible to find these men under our present war administration. It may be equally impossible, as we will admit for argument's sake, to persuade the House of Commons to add largely to the estimates, even for the purpose of insuring peace. But we are writing here above all to demonstrate that it is simply the want of system, and not the want of means, that deprives us of our rightful position. And we must trouble our readers with a very few details, before leading them up to the solution of the problem, which will be found as simple as that of Columbus's egg by those who will consent to lay preconceived ideas on the subject of the army altogether aside.

A field army of 100,000 men supposes nearly 10,000 hospital, train, and other non-combatants, leaving about 90,000 combatants: and the

latter again may be roughly divided for ordinary European service into :—(1), 10,000 cavalry, with the necessary horse artillery that accompanies that arm ; (2), 20,000 other artillery, with a proportion of engineers ; and (3), 60,000 infantry. Such a partition may not be perfect, but experts will admit that, if all parts be complete, it would make a sufficiently formidable force—one such as neither Marlborough nor Wellington ever led. Now the main components of such an army have very various duties and training ; and the system known commonly to the world as Scharnhorst's, but said to have been by him borrowed from some older teacher, of maintaining mere cadres in peace, and filling the ranks for war very largely with trained men who are retained in civil life until called on for State service, cannot be applied equally to each of these different elements.

It is peculiarly inapplicable to cavalry, the men and horses of which both alike need constant practice. The Germans have found this out by the severe test of two great wars, and their peace cavalry is now little less strong than when mobilised. It would be unsafe to strike off even a fourth of our 10,000 horse to be kept on the peace establishment in reserve. Less than this would hardly affect our estimates ; and we leave the cavalry and light artillery therefore at their full strength.

With the ordinary artillery the matter is very different. Our batteries are now, for peace use, inordinately strong according to continental view. With a proper supply of trained reserve men ready at need, some useless expenditure in this direction might very well be spared at once. Much the same might be said of the engineers. And as soon as 5,000 such men were discharged and ready to be brought back, 15,000 effective soldiers present with the batteries and sapper companies would fully represent all that it would be necessary to maintain of these arms for our purpose.

But in the infantry would of course lie the great opportunity for reduction. There is not space here, nor is the task a necessary one as regards the unprejudiced, or a hopeful one as it concerns people who desire no change, to pause for argument with those who talk ignorantly of "attenuated battalions" as weakening an army. They do nothing of the sort ; that is, if an army be an instrument for war, and not, as House-of-Commons colonels seem to hold it, a thing to keep only for show and peace. In these attenuated battalions lies the very key of the whole system which has given Germany her easy victory over two rivals, each of which, and the third great military empire which has as yet escaped her blows, are hastening to copy the discovery. To us, so naturally secure from sudden attack, it is not merely peculiarly suited, but may be with perfect safety—this point cannot be too strongly pressed—carried much farther than the

reduction of the war battalion by half its numbers, which has become the European practice in time of peace. As in Germany and the other countries that follow the German organization, each man constantly with the colours represents two soldiers for active service; so with us each infantry soldier paid to appear daily on the peace parade of his battalion should have behind him not one but two reserve men, well trained beforehand, brought under arms for practice at least every second year, and ready to fall into their places in the hour of need. The 60,000 infantry of an expeditionary army can be maintained with a bare 20,000 of effectives on the estimates, if this principle be once boldly grasped and fairly applied. Of our 10,000 non-combatants at least one-half might be similarly in reserve. And thus the total peace effective of the supposed force would stand at exactly 50,000 soldiers with the colours. Add 20,000 for the colonial garrisons, an outside estimate according to the present standard; add the liberal allowance of 20,000 more for dépôt duty; and a standing army of 90,000 men would be found to supply every national want efficiently: while our present estimates bear 123,000 for the same ends, and yet meet them so inefficiently that we hardly feel sure of defending ourselves, and are utterly helpless to aid our neighbours.

Of course all has not been said that is implied in sketching a change of system so thorough as should turn our present costly and complicated military pageantry into a genuine national armament. The reduction proposed of one-fourth of the number of men on the present rolls would not be too much to meet certain new expenses attendant on turning a sham army into an effective one. For a necessary complement of true military reform would be the complete abandonment of the present delusive method of recruiting. It needs no argument to thoughtful men to prove that when branding and flogging were once abolished, the system that rested on them must sooner or later follow. Terror as a means of keeping men in the service having been deliberately abandoned, soldiers must in future be procured, just as other workmen are, by offering such advantages as will both bring and retain them. The form in which this may be done would matter little if the spirit of such a new principle were adopted, with its natural result of the disuse of courts-martial and military prisons, premature discharge becoming a punishment rather than a boon. Reserve men must not only be got, but retained at call by liberal fees. No very extraordinary expense need be incurred in the first process of hurriedly creating them, since the reductions suggested would give, if properly managed, a large part of the required reserve out of the present lists; and out of the existing militia reserve the rest might be readily formed with a short training: Indeed, the total expenditure needed to provide forth-

with our mobilisation force of 100,000 men would be but a fraction of what the country is now paying to rear numerous Localisation Depôts which critics have shown not to localise anything but their staff, and which are in truth nothing more than recruiting centres formed to catch the men who would come in to the regiments and enrol themselves readily enough, if the terms were sufficient to attract them.

The officering of the cadres of our army needs reforming, though less than the system of filling them. Here, too, we may take a useful lesson from the Germans; the rather that what they have arrived at in this matter is the result of experience chiefly: for the system of Reserve officers, unlike that of Reserve men, has grown into its present form spontaneously by the demand, and almost in spite of theory. Of 22,000 officers on the North German rolls who would have obeyed the call to mobilise last month, had Russia not intervened, 10,000 cost absolutely nothing to the State, save when summoned for service in time of war. It is true that our supposed army being raised, like that unserviceable body which the country is now saddled with, by free enlistment; the so-called "one-year volunteer" of Prussia, the educated lad who volunteers solely to escape enforced service, but may win a Reserve commission in the year, can have no place with us. On the other hand, our militia and volunteer officers happen at present to be drawn from precisely the same landed and commercial classes. Let the present schools for them (one of the few real reforms the Cardwell administration gave us) be more liberally cared for, and the test for qualification a little raised: and then let special certificates of honour gained in them entitle the winner, after a short term of duty with a line regiment, to a Reserve Commission in that regiment, available for active service: and the number of subalterns the country is now charged with might be augmented in a few months without appreciable cost, by the addition of some hundreds of naturally martial-spirited young men, proud of the step they had won, and ready to maintain its worth in the field should the country summon them to their places. The splendid fighting quality of our infantrymen, which would make the 60,000 sent worth far more to our allies than the mere number, depends so greatly on their being well led, that a liberal supply of officers is a necessity. And we should have in war no educated one-year volunteers called out with the Reserve, as the Germans have, ready to take vacant subalterns' places.

This change would necessarily be found to involve some alteration in the letter of those Auxiliary Force commissions which are now sown broadcast over the country with a prodigality worthy of the newly elected governor of some Western American State. They would be allotted, in fact, publicly only for what they are, home de-

fence or peace service merely ; and not as now made a mockery of the commission of the regular officer, thus cheapening his truest reward as a soldier, and so teaching him the lesson of discontent and greed. But the sham thus to be got rid of is only one of many that must disappear if our military system is to be really reformed. It should go to the limbo of condemned obsolete absurdities, with the greater part of our fictitious Army List ; with the field-marshal created because they have reached the limit when bodily and mental faculties descend to second childhood ; the long lists of generals, the greater part of whom are ignorant how a brigade is manœuvred ; the field officers who have gained their rank by presiding over police courts in India, or by retiring after proving themselves for many years indifferent captains ; last, but not least, with the shoals of War Office clerks, whose one notion of an army is that it is a vile body formed solely to write experimental minutes on. Centuries of jobbery, prejudice, and conventionality could alone have produced a work so discreditable to the administration of a great people : and the reformation of the Army List, with its accompaniments, would no doubt be one of the first tasks of the army reformer, as its present state is but too typical of the need for his handiwork.

Whether such a one is to arise in our day is what we will not venture to prophesy. Indeed, there remains now but a single question to be both put and answered before our task is done. What is the hindrance which baffles all attempts at reform, making our military discussions fruitless, debates in Parliament idle disputes on details, making measures of improvement unreal, and our whole position in the question intolerable to those who see the truth behind the mists of idle controversy ? We have the men. We have the means. Why have we not such an army as the nation intends to pay for—one ready to place that nation in its lawful position and enabling our diplomatists to speak as those who must be heard ? The answer is this. Party spirit in this matter has been allowed to thrust patriotism wholly aside. The army question, instead of being kept apart from politics, has been used as a ready engine for political strife. Whilst the leader on one side stings his adversaries with a sneer at their “ bloated armaments,” and the leader on the other retaliates on him, now in office, by appealing to the country against “ increased estimates ;” and both forget that the justification of an army is not its paper numbers, nor its cheapness, nor even its likeness or unlikeness to that of any other people, but simply its efficiency as an instrument of the policy the nation would seek, the peace and well-being of the world : so long will army reform linger in the stage of speeches and pamphlets, and England be as far as ever from holding her right military position in Europe.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE RIDE IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

THAT pure opaque of the line of downs ran luminously edged against the pearly morning sky, with its dark landward face crepusculine yet clear in every combe, every dotting copse and furze-bush, every wavy fall, and the ripple, crease, and rill-like descent of the turf. Beauty of darkness was there, as well as beauty of light above.

Beauchamp and Cecilia rode forth before the sun was over the line, while the west and north-west sides of the rolling downs were stamped with such firmness of dusky feature as you see on the indentations of a shield of tarnished silver. The mounting of the sun behind threw an obscurer gloom, and gradually a black mask overcame them, until the rays shot among their folds and windings, and shadows rich as the black pansy, steady as on a dial-plate, rounded with the hour.

Mr. Everard Romfrey embraced this view from Steynham windows, and loved it. The lengths of gigantic 'greyhound backs' coursing along the south, were his vision of delight; no image of repose for him, but of the life in swiftness. He had known them when the great bird of the downs was not a mere tradition, and though he owned conscientiously to never having beheld the bird, a certain mystery of holiness hung about the region where the bird had been in his time. There, too, with a timely word he had gained a wealthy and good wife. He had now sent Nevil to do the same.

This astute gentleman had caught at the idea of a ride of the young couple to the downs with his customary alacrity of perception as being the very best arrangement for hurrying them to the point. At Steynham Nevil was sure to be howling all day over his tumbled joss Shrapnel. Once away in the heart of the downs, and Cecilia beside him, it was a matter of calculation that two or three hours of the sharpening air would screw his human nature to the pitch. In fact, unless each of them was reluctant, they could hardly return unbetrothed. Cecilia's consent was foreshadowed by her submission in going: Mr. Romfrey had noticed her fright at the suggestive formalities he cast round the expedition, and felt sure of her. Taking Nevil for a man who could smell the perfume of a ripe affirmative on the sweetest of lips, he was pretty well sure of him likewise. And

then a truce to all that Radical raging and hot-pokering of the country! and lie in peace, old Shrapnel! and get on your legs when you can, and offend no more; especially be mindful not to let fly one word against a woman! With Cecilia for wife, and a year of marriage devoted to a son and heir, Nevil might be expected to resume his duties as a naval officer, and win an honourable name for the inheritance of the young one he kissed.

There was benevolence in these provisions of Mr. Romfrey, proving how good it is for us to bow to despotic authority, if only we will bring ourselves unquestioningly to accept the previous deeds of the directing hand. •

Colonel Halkett gave up his daughter for lost when she did not appear at the breakfast-table: for yet more decidedly lost when the luncheon saw her empty place: and as time drew on toward the dinner-hour, he began to think her lost beyond hope, embarked for good and all with the madbrain. Some little hope of a dissension between the pair, arising from the natural antagonism of her strong sense to Nevil's extravagance, had buoyed him until it was evident that they must have alighted at an inn to eat, which signified that they had overleaped the world and its hurdles, and were as dreamy a leash of lovers as ever made a dreamland of hard earth. The downs looked like dreamland through the long afternoon. They shone as in a veil of silk—softly fair, softly dark. No spot of harshness was on them save where a quarry south-westward gaped at the evening sun.

• Red light struck into that round chalk maw, and the green slopes and channels and half-circle hollows were brought a mile-stride nigher Steynham by the level beams.

The poor old colonel fell to a more frequent repetition of the "Well!" with which he had been unconsciously expressing his perplexed mind in the kennels and through the covers during the day. None of the gentlemen went to dress. Mr. Culbrett was indoors conversing with Rosamund Culling.

"What's come to them?" the colonel asked of Mr. Romfrey, who said shrugging: "something wrong with one of the horses." It had happened to him on one occasion to set foot in the hole of a baked hedgehog that had furnished a repast, not without succulence, to some shepherd of the downs. Such a case might have recurred; it was more likely to cause an upset at a walk than at a gallop; or perhaps a shoe had been cast; and young people break no bones at a walking fall; ten to one if they do at their top speed. Horses manage to kill their seniors for them: the young are exempt from accident.

• Colonel Halkett nodded and sighed: "I dare say they're safe. It's that man Shrapnel's letter—that letter, Romfrey! A private

letter, I know; but I've not heard Nevil disown the opinions expressed in it. I submit. It's no use resisting. I treat my daughter as a woman capable of judging for herself. I repeat, I submit. I haven't a word against Nevil except on the score of his politics. I like him. All I have to say is, I don't approve of a republican and a sceptic for my son-in-law. I yield to you, and my daughter, if she !"

"I think she does, colonel. Marriage 'll cure the fellow. Nevil will slough his craze. Off! old coat. Cissy will drive him in strings. 'My wife!' I hear him." Mr. Romfrey laughed quietly. "It's all 'my country,' now. The dog 'll be uxorious. He wants fixing; nothing worse."

"How he goes on about Shrapnel!"

"I shouldn't think much of him if he didn't."

"You're one in a thousand, Romfrey. I object to seeing a man worshipped."

"It's Nevil's green-sickness, and Shrapnel's the god of it."

"I trust to heaven you're right. It seems to me young fellows ought to be out of it earlier."

"They generally are." Mr. Romfrey named some of the processes by which they are relieved of brain-flightiness, adding philosophically, "This way or that."

His quick car caught a sound of hoofs cantering down the avenue on the northern front of the house.

He consulted his watch. "Ten minutes to eight. Say a quarter past for dinner. They're here, colonel."

Mr. Romfrey met Nevil returning from the stables. Cecilia had disappeared.

"Had a good day?" said Mr. Romfrey.

Beauchamp replied: "I'll tell you of it after dinner," and passed by him.

Mr. Romfrey edged round to Colonel Halkett, conjecturing in his mind: They have not hit it; as he remarked: "Breakfast and luncheon have been omitted in this day's fare," which appeared to the colonel a confirmation of his worst fears, or rather the extinction of his last spark of hope.

He knocked at his daughter's door in going upstairs to dress.

Cecilia presented herself and kissed him.

"Well?" said he.

"By-and-by, papa," she answered. "I have a headache. Beg Mr. Romfrey to excuse me."

"No news for me?"

She had no news.

Mrs. Culling was with her. The colonel stepped on mystified to his room.

When the door had closed Cecilia turned to Rosamund and burst into tears. Rosamund felt that it must be something grave indeed for the proud young lady so to betray a troubled spirit.

"He is ill—Dr. Shrapnel is very ill," Cecilia responded to one or two subdued inquiries in as clear a voice as she could command.

"Where have you heard of him?" Rosamund asked.

"We have been there."

"Bevisham? to Bevisham?" Rosamund was considering the opinion Mr. Romfrey would form of the matter from the point of view of his horses.

"It was Nevil's wish," said Cecilia.

"Yes? and you went with him," Rosamund encouraged her to proceed, gladdened at hearing her speak of Nevil by that name; "you have not been on the downs at all?"

Cecilia mentioned a junction railway station they had ridden to; and thence, boxing the horses, by train to Bevisham. Rosamund understood that some haunting anxiety had fretted Nevil during the night; in the morning he could not withstand it, and he begged Cecilia to change their destination, apparently with a vehemence of entreaty that had been irresistible, or else it was utter affection for him had reduced her to undertake the distasteful journey. She admitted that she was not the most sympathetic companion Nevil could have had on the way, either going or coming. She had not entered Dr. Shrapnel's cottage. Remaining on horseback she had seen the poor man reclining in his garden chair. Mr. Lydiard was with him, and his ward Miss Denham, who had been summoned by telegraph by one of the servants from Switzerland. And Cecilia had heard Nevil speak of his uncle to her, and too humbly, she hinted. Nor had the expression of Miss Denham's countenance in listening to him pleased her: but it was true that a heavily burdened heart cannot be expected to look pleasing. On the way home Cecilia had been compelled in some degree to defend Mr. Romfrey. Blushing through her tears at the remembrance of a past emotion that had been mixed with foresight, she confessed to Rosamund she thought it now too late to prevent a rupture between Nevil and his uncle. Had some one whom Nevil trusted and cared for taken counsel with him and advised him before uncle and nephew met to discuss this most unhappy matter, then there might have been hope. As it was, the fate of Dr. Shrapnel had gained entire possession of Nevil. Every retort of his uncle's in reference to it rose up in him: he used language of contempt neighbouring abhorrence; he stipulated for one sole thing to win back his esteem for his uncle; and that was, the apology to Dr. Shrapnel."

"And to-night," Cecilia concluded, "he will request Mr. Romfrey to accompany him to Bevisham to-morrow morning, to make the

apology in person. He will not accept the slightest evasion. He thinks Dr. Shrapnel may die, and the honour of the family—what is it he says of it?" Cecilia raised her eyes to the ceiling, while Rosamund blinked in impatience and grief, just apprehending the alien state of the young lady's mind in her absence of recollection, as well as her bondage in the effort to recollect accurately.

"Have you not eaten any food to-day, Miss Halkett?" she said; for it might be the want of food which had broken her and changed her manner.

Cecilia replied that she had ridden for an hour to Mount Laurels.

"Alone? Mr. Romfrey must not hear of that," said Rosamund.

Cecilia consented to lie down on her bed. She declined the dainties Rosamund pressed on her. She was feverish with a deep and unconcealed affliction, and behaved as if her pride had gone. But if her pride had gone she would have eased her heart by sobbing outright. A similar division harassed her as when her friend Nevil was the candidate for Bevisham. She condemned his extreme wrath with his uncle, yet was attracted and enchained by the fire of passionate attachment which aroused it: and she was conscious that she had but shown obedience to his wishes throughout the day, not sympathy with his feelings. Under cover of a patient desire to please she had nursed irritation and jealousy; the degradation of the sense of jealousy increasing the irritation. Having consented to the ride to Dr. Shrapnel, should she not, to be consistent, have dismounted there? O half heart! A whole one, though it be an erring, like that of the French lady, does at least live, and has a history, and makes music: but the faint and uncertain is jarred in action, jarred in memory, ever behind the day and in the shadow of it! Cecilia reviewed herself: jealous, disappointed, vexed, ashamed, she had been all day a graceless companion, a bad actress: and at the day's close she was loving Nevil the better for what had dissatisfied, distressed, and wounded her. She was loving him in emulation of his devotedness to another person: and that other was a revolutionary common people's doctor! an infidel, a traitor to his country's dearest interests! But Nevil loved him, and it had become impossible for her not to covet the love, or to think of the old offender without the halo cast by Nevil's attachment being upon him. So intensely was she moved by her intertwisting reflections that in an access of bodily fever she stood up and moved before the glass, to behold the image of the woman who could be the victim of these childish emotions: and no wonderful contrast struck her eyes; she appeared to herself as poor and small as they. How could she aspire to a man like Nevil Beauchamp? If he had made her happy by wooing her she would not have adored him as she did now. He likes my hair, she said, smoothing it out, and then pressing her

temples, like one insane. Two minutes afterward she was telling Rosamund her head ached less

"This terrible Dr. Shrapnel!" Rosamund exclaimed, but reported that no loud voices were raised in the dining-room.

Colonel Halkett came to see his daughter, full of anxiety and curiosity. Affairs had been peaceful below, for he was ignorant of the expedition to Bevisham. On hearing of it he frowned, questioned Cecilia as to whether she had set foot on that man's grounds, then said: "Ah! well, we leave to-morrow: I must go, I have business at home; I can't delay it. I sanctioned no calling there, nothing of the kind. From Steynham to Bevisham? Goodness! it's rank madness. I'm not astonished you're sick and ill."

He waited till he was assured Cecilia had no special matter to relate, and recommending her to drink the tea Mrs. Culling had made for her, and then go to bed and sleep, he went down to the drawing-room, charged with the worst form of hostility toward Nevil, the partly diplomatic.

Cecilia smiled at her father's mention of sleep. She was in the contest of the two men, however inanimately she might be lying overhead, and the assurance in her mind that neither of them would give ground, so similar were they in their tenacity of will, dissimilar in all else, dragged her this way and that till she swayed lifeless between them. One may be as a weed of the sea while one's fate is being decided. To love is to be on the sea, out of sight of land: to love a man like Nevil Beauchamp is to be on the sea in tempest. Still to persist in loving would be noble, and but for this humiliation of utter helplessness an enviable power. Her thoughts ran thus in shame and yearning and regret, dimly discerning where her heart failed in the strength which was Nevil's, though it was a full heart, faithful and not void of courage. But *he* never brooded, he never blushed from insufficiency—the faintness of a desire, the callow passion that cannot fly and feed itself: he never tottered; he walked straight to his mark. She set up his image and Renée's, and cowered under the heroical shapes till she felt almost extinct. With her weak limbs and head worthlessly paining, the little infantile I within her ceased to wail, dwindled beyond sensation. Rosamund, waiting on her in the place of her maid, saw two big drops come through her closed eyelids, and thought that if it could be granted to Nevil to look for a moment on this fair and proud young lady's loveliness in abandonment, it would tame, melt, and save him. The gods presiding over custom do not permit such renovating sights to men.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PURSUIT OF THE APOLOGY OF MR. ROMFREY TO DR. SHRAPNEL.

THE contest, which was an alternation of hard hitting and close wrestling, had recommenced when Colonel Halkett stepped into the drawing-room.

"Colonel, I find they've been galloping to Bevisham and back," said Mr. Romfrey.

"I've heard of it," the colonel replied. "Not perceiving a sign of dissatisfaction on his friend's face, he continued: 'To that man Shrapnel.'"

"Cecilia did not dismount," said Beauchamp.

"You took her to that man's gate. It was not with my sanction. You know my ideas of the man."

"If you were to see him now, colonel, I don't think you would speak harshly of him."

"We're not obliged to go and look on men who have had their measure dealt them."

"Barbarously," said Beauchamp.

Mr. Romfrey in the most placid manner took a chair. "Windy talk, that!" he said.

Colonel Halkett seated himself. Stukely Culbrett turned a sheet of manuscript he was reading.

Beauchamp began a caged lion's walk on the rug under the mantelpiece.

"I shall not spare you from hearing what I think of it, sir."

"We've had what you think of it twice over," said Mr. Romfrey.

"I suppose it was the first time for information, the second time for emphasis, and the rest counts to keep it alive in your recollection."

"This is what you have to take to heart, sir; that Dr. Shrapnel is now seriously ill."

"I'm sorry for it, and I'll pay the doctor's bill."

"You make it hard for me to treat you with respect."

"Fire away. Those Radical friends of yours have to learn a lesson, and it's worth a purse to teach them that a lady, however feeble she may seem to them, is exactly of the strength of the best man of her acquaintance."

"That's well said!" came from Colonel Halkett.

Beauchamp stared at him, amazed by the commendation of empty language.

"You acted in error; barbarously, but in error," he addressed his uncle.

"And you have got a fine topic for mouthing," Mr. Romfrey rejoined.

"You mean to sit still under Dr. Shrapnel's forgiveness?"

"He's taken to copy the Christian religion, has he?"

"You know you were deluded when you struck him."

"Not a whit."

"Yes, you know it now: Mrs. Culling——"

"Drag in no women! Nevil Beauchamp."

"She has confessed to you that Dr. Shrapnel neither insulted her nor meant to ruffle her."

"She has done no such nonsense."

"If she has not!—but I trust her to have done it."

"You play the trumpeter, you terrorize her."

"Into opening her lips wider; nothing else. I'll have the truth from her, and no mincing: and from Cecil Baskellett and Palmet."

"Give Cecil a second licking, if you can, and have him off to Shrapnel."

"You!" cried Beauchamp.

At this juncture Stukely Culbrett closed the manuscript in his hands, and holding it out to Beauchamp, said: "Here's your letter, Nevil. It's tolerably hard to decipher. It's mild enough; it's middling good pulpit. I like it."

"What have you got there?" Colonel Halkett asked him.

"A letter of his friend Dr. Shrapnel on the Country. Read a bit, colonel."

"I? That letter! Mild, do you call it?" The colonel started back his chair in declining to touch the letter.

"Try it," said Stukely. "It's the letter they have been making the noise about. It ought to be printed. There's a hit or two at the middle-class that I should like to see in print. It's really not bad pulpit; and I suspect that what you object to, colonel, is only the dust of a well-thumped cushion. Shrapnel thumps with his fist. He doesn't say much that's new. If the parsons were men they'd be saying it every Sunday. If they did, colonel, I should hear you saying amen."

"Wait till they do say it."

"That's a long stretch. They're turncocks of one Water-company—to wash the greasy citizens!"

"You're keeping Nevil on the gape," said Mr. Romfrey, with a whimsical shrewd cast of the eye at Beauchamp, who stood alert not to be foiled, arrow-like in look and readiness to repeat his home-shot. Mr. Romfrey wanted to hear more of that unintelligible "You!" of Beauchamp's. But Stukely Culbrett intended that the latter should be foiled, and he continued his diversion from the angry subject.

"We'll drop the sacerdotal," he said. "They're behind a veil

for us, and so are we for them. I'm with you, colonel; I wouldn't have them persecuted; they sting fearfully when whipped. No one listens to them now except the class that goes to sleep under them, to 'set an example' to the class that can't understand them. Shrapnel is like the breeze shaking the turf-grass outside the church doors; a trifle fresher. He knocks nothing down."

"He can't!" ejaculated the colonel.

"He sermonizes to shake, that's all. I know the kind of man."

"Thank heaven, it's not a common species in England!"

"Common enough to be classed."

Beauchamp struck through the conversation of the pair: "Can I see you alone to-night, sir, or to-morrow morning?"

"You may catch me where you can," was Mr. Romfrey's answer.

"Where's that? It's for your sake and mine, not for Dr. Shrapnel's. I have to speak to you, and must. You have done your worst with him; you can't undo it. You have to think of your honour as a gentleman. I intend to treat you with respect, but wolf is the title now, whether I say it or not."

"Shrapnel's a rather long-legged sheep?"

"He asks for nothing from you."

"He would have got nothing, at a cry of peccavi!"

"He was innocent, perfectly blameless; he would not lie to save himself. You mistook that for—but you were an engine shot along a line of rails. He does you the justice to say you acted in error."

"And you're his parrot."

"He pardons you."

"Ha! t'other cheek!"

"You went on that brute's errand in ignorance. Will you keep to the character now you know the truth? Hesitation about it doubles the infamy. An old man! the best of men! the kindest and truest! the most unselfish!"

"He tops me by half a head, and he's my junior."

Beauchamp suffered himself to give out a groan of sick derision: "Ah!"

"And it was no joke holding him tight," said Mr. Romfrey, "I'd as lief snap an ash. The fellow (he leaned round to Colonel Halkett) must be a fellow of a fine constitution. And he took his punishment like a man. I've known worse: and far worse gentlemen by birth. There's the choice of taking it upright or fighting like a rabbit with a weasel in his hole. Leave him to think it over, he'll come right. I think no harm of him, I've no animus. A man must have his lesson at some time of life. I did what I had to do."

"Look here, Nevil," Stukely Culbrett checked Beauchamp in season: "I beg to inquire what Dr. Shrapnel means by 'the people.'"

We have in our country the nobles and the squires, and after them, as I understand it, the people: that's to say, the middle-class and the working-class—fat and lean. I'm quite with Shrapnel when he lashes the fleshpots. They want it, and they don't get it from 'their organ,' the Press. I fancy you and I agree about their organ; the dismallest organ that ever ground a hackneyed set of songs and hymns to madden the thoroughfares."

"The Press of our country!" interjected Colonel Halkett in moaning parenthesis.

"It's the week-day Parson of the middle-class, colonel. They have their thinking done for them as the Chinese have their dancing. But, Nevil, your Dr. Shrapnel seems to treat the traders as identical with the aristocracy in opposition to his 'people.' The traders are the cursed middlemen, bad friends of the 'people,' and infernally treacherous to the nobles till money hoists them. It's they who pull down the country. They hold up the nobles to the hatred of the democracy, and the democracy to scare the nobles. One's when they want to swallow a privilege, and the other's when they want to ring-fence their gains. How is it Shrapnel doesn't expose the trick? He must see through it. I like that letter of his. People is one of your Radical big words that burst at a query. He can't mean Quince, and Bottom, and Starveling, Christopher Sly, Jack Cade, Caliban, and poor old Hodge? No, no, Nevil. Our clowns are the stupidest in Europe. They can't cook their meals. They can't spell; they can scarcely speak. They haven't a jig in their legs. And I believe they're losing their grin! They're nasty when their blood's up. Shakespeare's Cade tells you what he thought of Radicalizing the people. 'And as for your mother, I'll make her a duke;' that's one of their songs. The word people, in England, is a dyspeptic agitator's dream when he falls nodding over the red chapter of French history. Who won the great liberties for England? My book says, the nobles. And who made the great stand later?—the squires. What have the middlemen done but bid for the people they despise and fear, dishonour us abroad and make a hash of us at home? Shrapnel sees that. Only he has got the word people in his mouth. The people of England, my dear fellow, want heading. Since the traders obtained power we have been a country on all fours. Of course Shrapnel sees it: I say so. But talk to him and teach him where to look for the rescue."

Colonel Halkett said to Stukely: "If you have had a clear idea in what you have just spoken, my head's no place for it!"

Stukely's unusually lengthy observations had somewhat heated him, and he protested with earnestness: "It was pure Tory, my dear colonel."

But the habitually and professedly cynical should not deliver

themselves at length: for as soon as they miss their customary incision of speech they are apt to aim to recover it in loquacity, and thus it may be that the survey of their ideas becomes disordered.

Mr. Culbrett endangered his reputation for epigram in a good cause, it shall be said.

These interruptions were torture to Beauchamp. Nevertheless the end was gained. He sank into a chair silent.

Mr. Romfrey wished to have it out with his nephew, of whose comic appearance as a man full of thunder, and occasionally rattling, yet all the while trying to be decorous and politic, he was getting tired. He foresaw that a tussle between them in private would possibly be too hot for his temper, admirably under control though it was.

"Why not drag Cecil to Shrapnel?" he said, for a provocation.

Beauchamp would not be goaded.

Colonel Halkett remarked that he would have to leave Steynham the next day. His host remonstrated with him. The colonel said: "Early." He had very particular business at home. He was positive, and declined every inducement to stay. Mr. Romfrey glanced at Nevil, thinking, You poor fool! And then he determined to let the fellow have five minutes alone with him.

This occurred at midnight, in that half-armoury, half-library, which was his private room.

Rosamund heard their voices below. She cried out to herself that it was her doing, and blamed her beloved, and her master and Dr. Shrapnel, in the breath of her self-recrimination. The demagogue, the over-punctilious gentleman, the faint lover, surely it must be reason wanting in the three for each of them in turn to lead the other, by an excess of some sort of the quality constituting their men's natures, to wreck a calm life and stand in contention! Had Shrapnel been commonly reasonable he would have apologized to Mr. Romfrey, or had Mr. Romfrey, he would not have resorted to force to punish the supposed offender, or had Nevil, he would have held his peace until he had gained his bride. As it was, the folly of the three knocked at her heart, uniting to bring the heavy accusation against one poor woman, quite in the old way: the Who is she? of the mocking Spaniard at mention of a social catastrophe. Rosamund had a great deal of the pride of her sex, and she resented any slur on it. She felt almost superciliously toward Mr. Romfrey and Nevil for their not taking hands to denounce the plotter, Cecil Baskellett. They seemed a pair of victims to him, nearly as much so as the wretched man Shrapnel. It was their senselessness which made her guilty! And simply because she had uttered two or three exclamations of dislike of a revolutionary and infidel she was compelled to groan under her present oppression! Is there any-

thing to be hoped of men? Rosamund thought bitterly of Nevil's idea of their progress. Heaven help them! But the unhappy creatures have ceased to look to a heaven for help.

We see the consequence of it in this Shrapnel complication!

Three men: and one struck down; the other defeated in his benevolent intentions; the third sacrificing fortune and happiness: all three owing their mischance to one or other of the vague ideas disturbing men's heads! Where shall we look for mother wit?—or say, common suckling's instinct? Not to men, thought Rosamund.

She was listening to the voices of Mr. Romfrey and Beauchamp in a fever. Ordinarily the lord of Steynham was not out of his bed later than twelve o'clock at night. His door opened at half-past one. Not a syllable was exchanged by the couple in the hall. They had fought it out. Mr. Romfrey came upstairs alone, and on the closing of his chamber-door she slipped down to Beauchamp and had a dreadful hour with him that subdued her disposition to sit in judgment upon men. The unavailing attempt to move his uncle had wrought him to the state in which passionate thoughts pass into speech like heat to flame. Rosamund strained her mental sight to gain a conception of his prodigious horror of the treatment of Dr. Shrapnel, that she might think him sane: and to retain a vestige of comfort in her bosom she tried to moderate and make light of as much as she could conceive. Between the two efforts she had no sense but that of helplessness. Once more she was reduced to promise that she would speak the whole truth to Mr. Romfrey, even to the fact that she had experienced a common woman's jealousy of Dr. Shrapnel's influence, and had alluded to him jealously, spitefully, and falsely. There was no mercy in Beauchamp. He was for action at any cost, with all the forces he could gather, and without delays. He talked of Cecilia as his uncle's bribe to him. Rosamund could hardly trust her ears when he informed her he had told his uncle of his determination to compel him to accomplish the act of penitence. "Was it prudent to *say* it, Nevil?" she asked. But, as in his politics, he disdained prudence. A monstrous crime had been committed, involving the honour of the family:—no subtlety of insinuation, no suggestion, could wean him from the fixed idea that the apology to Dr. Shrapnel must be spoken by his uncle in person.

"If one could only *imagine* Mr. Romfrey doing it!" Rosamund groaned.

"He shall: and you will help him," said Beauchamp.

"If you loved a woman half as much as you do that man!"

"If I knew a woman as good, as wise, as noble as he!"

"You are losing her."

"You expect me to go through ceremonies of courtship at a time

like this! If she cares for me she will feel with me. Simple compassion—but let Miss Halkett be. I'm afraid I overtasked her in taking her to Bevisham. She remained outside the garden. Ma'am, she is unsullied by contact with a single shrub of Dr. Shrapnel's territory."

"Do not be so bitterly ironical, Nevil. You have not seen her as I have."

Rosamund essayed a tender sketch of the fair young lady, and fancied that she drew forth a sigh; she would have coloured the sketch, but he commanded her to hurry off to bed, and think of her morning's work.

A commission of which we feel we can accurately forecast the unsuccessful end is not likely to be undertaken with an ardour that might perhaps astound the presaging mind with unexpected issues. Rosamund fulfilled hers in the style of one who has learnt a lesson, and, exactly as she had anticipated, Mr. Romfrey accused her of coming to him from a conversation with that fellow Nevil overnight. He shrugged and left the house for his morning's walk across the fields.

Colonel Halkett and Cecilia beheld him from the breakfast-room returning with Beauchamp, who had waylaid him and was hammering his part in the now-endless altercation. It could be descried at any distance; and how fine was Mr. Romfrey's bearing!—truly noble by contrast, as of a grave big dog worried by a small barking dog. There is to an unsympathetic observer an intense vexatiousness in the exhibition of such pertinacity. To a soldier accustomed at a glance to estimate powers of attack and defence, this repeated puny assailing of a fortress that required years of siege was in addition ridiculous. Mr. Romfrey appeared impregnable, and Beauchamp mad. "He's foaming again!" said the colonel, and was only ultra-pictorial. "Before breakfast!" was a further slur on Beauchamp.

Mr. Romfrey was elevated by the extraordinary comicality of the notion of the proposed apology to heights of humour beyond laughter, whence we see the unbounded capacity of the general man for folly, and rather commiserate than deride him. He was quite untroubled. It demanded a steady view of the other side of the case to suppose of one whose control of his temper was perfect, that he could be in the wrong. He at least did not think so, and Colonel Halkett relied on his common sense. Beauchamp's brows were smouldering heavily, except when he had to talk. He looked palish and worn, and said he had been up early. Cecilia guessed that he had not been to bed.

It was dexterously contrived by her host, in spite of the colonel's manifest anxiety to keep them asunder, that she should have some minutes with Beauchamp out in the gardens. Mr. Romfrey led

them out, and then led the colonel away to offer him a choice of pups of rare breed.

"Nevil," said Cecilia, "you will not think it presumption in me to give you advice?"

Her counsel to him was, that he should leave Steynham immediately, and trust to time for his uncle to reconsider his conduct.

Beauchamp urged the counter-argument of the stain on the family honour.

She hinted at expediency; he frankly repudiated it.

The downs faced them, where the heavenly vast 'might have been' of yesterday wandered thinner than a shadow of to-day; weaving a story without beginning, crisis, or conclusion, flowerless and fruitless, but with something of infinite in it sweeter to brood on than the future of her life to Cecilia.

"If meanwhile Dr. Shrapnel should die, and repentance comes too late!" said Beauchamp.

She had no clear answer to that, save the hope of its being an unfounded apprehension. "As far as it is in my power, Nevil, I will avoid injustice to him in my thoughts."

He gazed at her thankfully. "Well," said he, "that's like sighting the cliffs. But I don't feel home round me while the colonel is so strangely prepossessed. For a high-spirited gentleman like your father to approve, or at least accept, an act so barbarous is incomprehensible. Speak to him, Cecilia, will you? Let him know your ideas."

She assented. He said instantly, "Persuade him to speak to my uncle Everard."

She was tempted to smile.

"I must do only what I think wise, if I am to be of service, Nevil."

"True, but paint that scene to him. An old man, utterly defenceless, making no defence! a cruel error! The colonel can't, or he doesn't, clearly get it inside him, otherwise I'm certain it would revolt him: just as I'm certain my uncle Everard is at this moment a stone-blind man. If he has done a thing, he can't question it, won't examine it. The thing becomes a part of him, as much as his hand or his head. He's a man of the twelfth century. Your father might be helped to understand him first."

"Yes," she said, not very warmly, though sadly.

"Tell the colonel how it must have been brought about. For Cecil Baskett called on Dr. Shrapnel two days before Mr. Romfrey stood at his gate."

The name of Cecil caused her to draw in her shoulders in a half-shudder. "It may indeed be Captain Baskett who set this cruel thing in motion!"

"Then point that out to your father," said he, perceiving a chance of winning her to his views through a concrete object of her dislike, and cooling toward the woman who betrayed a vulgar characteristic of her sex; who was merely woman, unable sternly to recognise the doing of a foul wrong because of her antipathy, until another antipathy enlightened her.

He wanted in fact a ready-made heroine, and did not give her credit for the absence of fire in her blood, as well as for the unexercised imagination which excludes young women from the power to realise unwonted circumstances. We men walking about the world have perhaps no more imagination of matters not domestic than they; but what we have is quick with experience: we see the thing we hear of: women come to it how they can.

Cecilia was recommended to weave a narrative for her father, and ultimately induce him, if she could, to give a gentleman's opinion of the case to Mr. Romfrey.

Her sensitive ear caught a change of tone in the directions she received. "Your father will say so and so: answer him with this and that." Beauchamp supplied her with phrases. She was to renew and renew the attack; hammer as he did. Yesterday she had followed him: to-day she was to march beside him—hardly as an equal. Patience! was the word she would have uttered in her detection of the one frailty in his nature which this hurrying of her off her feet opened her eyes to with unusual perspicacity. Still she leaned to him sufficiently to admit that he had grounds for a deep disturbance of his feelings.

He said: "I go to Dr. Shrapnel's cottage, and don't know how to hold up my head before Miss Denham. She confided him to me when she left for Switzerland!"

There was that to be thought of, certainly.

Colonel Halkett came round a box-bush and discovered them pacing together in a fashion to satisfy his paternal scrutiny.

"I've been calling you several times, my dear," he complained. "We start in seven minutes. Bustle and bonnet at once. Nevil, I'm sorry for this business. Good-bye. Be a good boy, Nevil," he murmured kind-heartedly, and shook Beauchamp's hand with the cordiality of an extreme relief in leaving him behind.

The colonel and Mr. Romfrey and Beauchamp were standing on the hall-steps when Rosamund beckoned the latter and whispered a request for *that letter* of Dr. Shrapnel's. "It is for Miss Halkett, Nevil."

He plucked the famous epistle from his bulging pocket-book, and added a couple of others in the same handwriting.

"Tell her, a first reading—it's difficult to read at first," he said, and burned to read it to Cecilia himself: to read it to her with his

comments and explanations appeared imperative. It struck him in a flash that Cecilia's counsel to him to quit Steynham for awhile was good. And if he went to Bevisham he would be assured of Dr. Shrapnel's condition: notes and telegrams from the cottage were too much tempered to console and deceive him.

"Send my portmanteau and bag after me to Bevisham," he said to Rosamund, and announced to the wofully astonished colonel that he would have the pleasure of journeying in his company as far as the town.

"Are you ready? No packing?" said the colonel.

"It's better to have your impediments in the rear of you, and march!" said Mr. Romfrey.

Colonel Halkett declined to wait for anybody. He shouted for his daughter. The lady's maid appeared, and then Cecilia with Rosamund.

"We can't entertain you, Nevil; we're away to the island: I'm sorry," said the colonel; and observing Cecilia's face in full crimson, he looked at her as if he had lost a battle by the turn of events at the final moment.

Mr. Romfrey handed Cecilia into the carriage. He exchanged a friendly squeeze with the colonel, and offered his hand to his nephew. Beauchamp passed him with a nod and "Good-bye, sir."

"Have ready at Holdesbury for the middle of the month," said Mr. Romfrey, unruffled, and bowed to Cecilia.

"If you think of bringing my cousin Baskellett, give me warning, sir," cried Beauchamp.

"Give me warning, if you want the house for Shrapnel," replied his uncle, and remarked to Rosamund, as the carriage wheeled round the mounded laurels to the avenue, "He mayn't be quite cracked. The fellow seems to have a turn for catching his opportunity by the tail. He'd better hold fast, for it's his last!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

'CECILIA CONQUERED.

THE carriage rolled out of the avenue and through the park, for some time parallel with the wavy downs. Once away from Steynham Colonel Halkett breathed freely, as if he had dropped a load: he was free of his bond to Mr. Romfrey, and so great was the sense of relief in him that he resolved to do battle against his daughter, supposing her still lively blush to be the sign of the enemy's flag run up on a surrendered citadel. His authority was now to be thought of: his paternal sanction was in his own keeping.

Beautiful as she looked, it was hardly credible that a fellow in possession of his reason could have let slip his chance of such a prize; but whether he had or had not, the colonel felt that he occupied a position enabling him either to outmanœuvre, or, if need were, interpose forcibly and punish him for his half-heartedness.

Cecilia looked the loveliest of women to Beauchamp's eyes, with her blush, and the letters of Dr. Shrapnel in her custody, at her express desire. Certain terms in the letters here and there, unsweet to ladies, began to trouble his mind.

"By the way, colonel," he said, "you had a letter of Dr. Shrapnel's read to you by Captain Baskelett."

"Iniquitous rubbish!"

"With his comments on it, I dare say you thought it so. I won't speak of his right to make it public. He wanted to produce his impressions of it and me, and that is a matter between him and me. Dr. Shrapnel makes use of strong words now and then, but I undertake to produce a totally different impression on you by reading the letter myself—sparing you" (he turned to Cecilia) "a word or two, common enough to men who write in black earnest and have humour." He cited his old favourite, the black and bright lecturer on Heroes. "You have read him, I know, Cecilia. Well, Dr. Shrapnel is another, who writes in his own style, not the leading-article style or modern pulpit stuff. He writes to rouse."

"He does that to my temper," said the colonel.

"Perhaps here and there he might offend Cecilia's taste," Beauchamp pursued for her behoof. "Everything depends on the mouthpiece. I should not like the letter to be read without my being by;—except by men: any just-minded man may read it: Seymour Austin, for example. Every line is a text to the mind of the writer. Let me call on you to-morrow."

• "To-morrow?" Colonel Halkett put on a thoughtful air. "To-morrow we're off to the island for a couple of days; and there's Lord Croyston's garden party, and the Yacht Ball. Come this evening—dine with us. No reading of letters, please. I can't stand it, Nevil."

The invitation was necessarily declined by a gentleman who could not expect to be followed by supplies of clothes and linen for evening wear that day.

"Ah, we shall see you some day or other," said the colonel.

Cecilia was less alive to Beauchamp's endeavour to prepare her for the harsh words in the letter than to her father's insincerity. She would have asked her friend to come in the morning next day, but for the dread of deepening her blush.

"Do you intend to start so early in the morning, papa?" she ventured to say; and he replied, "As early as possible."

"I don't know what news I shall have in Bevisham, or I would engage to run over to the island," said Beauchamp, with a flattering persistency or singular obtuseness.

"You will dance," he subsequently observed to Cecilia, out of the heart of some reverie. He had been her admiring partner on the night before the drive from Itchincope into Bevisham, and perhaps thought of her graceful dancing at the Yacht Ball, and the contrast it would present to his watch beside a sick man, struck down by one of his own family.

She could have answered, "Not if you wish me not to;" while smiling at the quaint sorrowfulness of his tone.

"Dance!" quoth Colonel Halkett, whose present temper discerned a healthy antagonism to misanthropic Radicals in the performance, "all young people dance. Have you given over dancing?"

"Not entirely, colonel."

Cecilia danced with Mr. Tuckham at the Yacht Ball, and was vividly mindful of every slight incident leading to and succeeding her lover's abrupt, "You will dance:" which had all passed by her dream-like up to that hour: his attempt to forewarn her of the phrases she would deem objectionable in Dr. Shrapnel's letter; his mild acceptance of her father's hostility; his adieu to her, and his melancholy departure on foot from the station, as she drove away to Mount Laurels and gaiety. Why do I dance? she asked herself. It was not in the spirit of happiness. Her heart was not with Dr. Shrapnel, but very near him, and heavy as a chamber of the sick. She was afraid of her father's favourite, imagining, from the colonel's unconcealed opposition to Beauchamp, that he had designs in the interests of Mr. Tuckham. But the hearty gentleman scattered her secret terrors by his bluntness and openness. He asked her to remember that she had recommended him to listen to Seymour Austin, and he had done so, he said. Undoubtedly he was much improved, much less overbearing. He won her confidence by praising and loving her father, and when she alluded to the wonderful services he had rendered on the Welsh estate, he said simply that her father's thanks repaid him. He recalled his former downrightness only in speaking of the case of Dr. Shrapnel, upon which, both with the colonel and with her, he was unreservedly condemnatory of Mr. Romfrey. Colonel Halkett's defence of the true knight and guardian of the reputation of ladies, fell to pieces in the presence of Mr. Tuckham. He had seen Dr. Shrapnel, on a visit to Mr. Lydiard, whom he described as hanging about Bevisham, philandering as a married man should not, though in truth he might soon expect to be released by the death of his crazy wife. The doctor, he said, had been severely shaken by the monstrous assault made on him, and had been most unrighteously handled. The

doctor was an inoffensive man in his private life, detestable and dangerous though his teachings were. Outside politics Mr. Tuckham went altogether with Beauchamp. He promised also that old Mrs. Beauchamp should be accurately informed of the state of matters between Captain Beauchamp and Mr. Romfrey. He left Mount Laurels to go back in attendance on the venerable lady, without once afflicting Cecilia with a shiver of well-founded apprehension, and she was grateful to him almost to friendly affection in the vanishing of her unjust suspicion, until her father hinted that there was the man of his heart. Then she closed all avenues to her own.

A period of maidenly distress not previously unknown to her ensued. Proposals of marriage were addressed to her by two untitled gentlemen, and by the Earl of Lockrace: three within a fortnight. The recognition of the young heiress's beauty at the Yacht Ball was accountable for the bursting out of these fires.* Her father would not have deplored her acceptance of the title of Countess of Lockrace. In the matter of rejections, however, her will was paramount, and he was on her side against relatives when the subject was debated among them. He called her attention to the fact impressively, telling her that she should not hear a syllable from him to persuade her to marry: the emphasis of which struck the unspoken warning on her intelligence: Bring no man to me of whom I do not approve!

"Worthier of you, *as I hope to become*," Beauchamp had said. Cecilia lit on that part of Dr. Shrapnel's letter where, "Fight this out within you," distinctly alluded to the unholy love. Could she think ill of the man who thus advised him? She shared Beauchamp's painful feeling for him in a sudden tremour of her frame; as it were through his touch. To the rest of the letter her judgment stood opposed, save when a sentence here and there reminded her of Captain Baskett's insolent sing-song declamation of it: and that would have turned sacred writing to absurdity.

Beauchamp had mentioned Seymour Austin as one to whom he would willingly grant a perusal of the letter. Mr. Austin came to Mount Laurels about the close of the yachting season, shortly after Colonel Halkett had spent his customary days of September shooting at Steynham. Beauchamp's folly was the colonel's theme, for the fellow had dragged Lord Palmet there, and driven his uncle out of patience. Mr. Romfrey's monumental patience had been exhausted by him. The colonel boiled over with accounts of Beauchamp's behaviour toward his uncle, and Palmet, and Baskett, and Mrs. Culling: how he flew at and worried everybody who seemed to him to have had a hand in the proper chastisement of that man Shrapnel. That pestiferous letter of Shrapnel's was animadverted on, of course; and, "I should like you to have heard it, Austin," the colonel said, "just for you to have a notion of the kind of universal blow-up those

men are scheming, and would hoist us with, if they could get a little more blasting powder than they mill in their lunatic heads."

Now Cecilia wished for Mr. Austin's opinion of Dr. Shrapnel; and as the delicate state of her inclinations made her conscious that to give him the letter covertly would be to betray them to him, who had once, not knowing it, moved her to think of a possible great change in her life, she mustered courage to say: "Captain Beauchamp at my request lent me the letter to read; I have it, and others written by Dr. Shrapnel."

Her father hummed to himself, and immediately begged Seymour Austin not to waste his time on the stuff, though he had no idea that a perusal of it could awaken other than the gravest reprehension in so sensible a Tory gentlemen.

Mr. Austin read the letter through. He asked to see the other letters mentioned by Cecilia, and read them calmly, without a frown or an interjection. She sat sketching, her father devouring newspaper columns.

"It's the writing of a man who means well," Mr. Austin delivered his opinion.

"Why, the man's an infidel!" Colonel Halkett exclaimed.

"There are numbers."

"They have the grace not to confess it, then."

"It's as well to know what the world's made of, colonel. The clergy shut their eyes. There's no treating a disease without reading it; and if we are to acknowledge a 'vice,' as Dr. Shrapnel would say of the so-called middle-class, it is the smirking over what they think, or their not caring to think at all. Too many time-servers rot the State. I can understand the effect of such writing on a mind like Captain Beauchamp's. It would do no harm to our young men to have those letters read publicly and lectured on—by competent persons. Half the thinking world may think pretty much the same on some points as Dr. Shrapnel; they are too wise or too indolent to say it: and of the other half, about a dozen members would be competent to reply to him. He is the earnest man, and flies at politics as uneasy young brains fly to literature, fancying they can write because they can write with a pen. He perceives a bad adjustment of things: which is correct. He is honest, and takes his honesty for a virtue: and that entitles him to believe in himself: and that belief causes him to see in all opposition to him the wrong he has perceived in existing circumstances: and so in a dream of power he invokes the people: and as they do not stir, he takes to prophecy. This is the round of the politics of impatience. The study of politics should be guided by some light of statesmanship, otherwise it comes to this wild preaching. These men are theory-tailors, not politicians. They are the men who make the 'strait-waistcoat for humanity.'

They would fix us to first principles like tethered sheep or hobbled horses. I should enjoy replying to him, if I had time. The whole letter is composed of variations upon one idea. Still I must say the man interests me; I should like to talk to him."

Mr. Austin paid no heed to the colonel's "Dear me! dear me!" of amazement. He said of the style of the letters, that it was the puffing of a giant: a strong wind rather than speech: and begged Cecilia to note that men who labour to force their dreams on mankind and turn vapour into fact, usually adopt such a style. Hearing that this private letter had been deliberately read through by Mr. Romfrey, and handed by him to Captain Baskett, who had read it out in various places, Mr. Austin said: "A strange couple!" He appeared perplexed by his old friend's approval of them. "There we decidedly differ," said he, when the case of Dr. Shrapnel was related by the colonel, with a refusal to condemn Mr. Romfrey. He pronounced Mr. Romfrey's charges against Dr. Shrapnel, taken in conjunction with his conduct, to be baseless, childish, and wanton. The colonel would not see the case in that light: but Cecilia did. It was a justification of Beauchamp; and how could she ever have been blind to it?—scarcely blind, she remembered, but sensitively blinking her eyelids to distract her sight in contemplating it, and preserve her repose. As to Beauchamp's demand of the apology, Mr. Austin considered that it might be an instance of his want of knowledge of men, yet could not be called silly, and to call it insane was the rhetoric of an adversary.

"I do call it insane," said the colonel.

He separated himself from his daughter by a sharp division.

Had Beauchamp appeared at Mount Laurels, Cecilia would have been ready to support and encourage him, boldly. Backed by Mr. Austin, she saw some good in Dr. Shrapnel's writing, much in Beauchamp's devotedness. He shone clear to her reason at last: partly because her father in his opposition to him did not, but was on the contrary unreasonable, cased in mail, mentally clouded. She sat with Mr. Austin and her father, trying repeatedly, in obedience to Beauchamp's commands, to bring the latter to a just contemplation of the unhappy case; behaviour on her part which rendered the colonel inveterate.

Beauchamp at this moment was occupied in doing secretary's work for Dr. Shrapnel. So Cecilia learnt from Mr. Lydiard, who came to pay his respects to Mrs. Wardour-Devereux at Mount Laurels. The pursuit of the apology was continued in letters to his uncle and occasional interviews with him, which were by no means instigated by the doctor, Mr. Lydiard informed the ladies. He described Beauchamp as acting in the spirit of a man who has sworn an oath

to abandon every pleasure in life that he may, as far as it lies in his power, indemnify his friend for the wrong done to him.

"Such men are too terrible for me," said Mrs. Devereux.

Cecilia thought the reverse: not for me! but she felt a strait upon her nature, and she was miserable in her alienation from her father. Kissing him one night, she laid her head on his breast, and begged his forgiveness. He embraced her tenderly. "Wait, only wait; you will see I am right," he said, and prudently said no more, and did not ask her to speak.

She was glad that she had sought the reconciliation from her heart's natural warmth, on hearing some time later that M. de Croisnel was dead, and that Beauchamp meditated starting for France to console his Renée. Her continual agitations made her doubtful of her human feelings: she clung to that instance of her filial steadiness.

The day before Cecilia and her father left Mount Laurels for their season in Wales, Mr. Tuckham and Beauchamp came together to the house, and were closeted an hour with her father. Cecilia sat in the drawing-room, thinking that she did indeed wait, and had great patience. Beauchamp entered the room alone. He looked worn and thin, of a leaden colour, like the cloud that bears the bolt. News had reached him of the death of Lord Avonley in the hunting-field, and he was going on to Steynham to persuade his uncle to accompany him to Bevisham and wash the guilt of his wrong-doing off him before taking the title. "You would advise me not to go?" he said. "I must. I should be dishonoured myself if I let a chance pass. I run the risk of being a beggar: I'm all but one now."

Cecilia faltered: "Do you see a chance?"

"Hardly more than an excuse for trying it," he replied.

She gave him back Dr. Shrapnel's letters. "I have read them," was all she said. For he might have just returned from France, with the breath of Renée about him, and her pride would not suffer her to melt him in rivalry by saying what she had been led to think of the letters.

Hearing nothing from her, he silently put them in his pocket. The struggle with his uncle seemed to be souring him or deadening him.

They were not alone for long. Mr. Tuckham presented himself to take his leave of her. Old Mrs. Beauchamp was dying, and he had only come to Mount Laurels on special business. Beauchamp was just as anxious to hurry away.

Her father found her sitting in the solitude of a drawing-room at midday, pale-faced, with unoccupied fingers, not even a book in her lap.

He walked up and down the room until Cecilia, to say something, said: "Mr. Tuckham could not stay."

"No," said her father; "he could not. He has to be back as quick as he can to cut his legacy in halves!"

Cecilia looked perplexed.

"I'll speak plainly," said the colonel. "He sees that Nevil has ruined himself with his uncle. The old lady won't allow Nevil to visit her; in her condition it would be an excitement beyond her strength to bear. She sent Blackburn to bring Nevil here, and give him the option of stating before me whether those reports about his misconduct in France were true or not. He demurred at first: however, he says they are not true. He would have run away with the Frenchwoman, and he would have fought the duel: but he did neither. Her brother ran ahead of him and fought for him: so he declares: and she wouldn't run. So the reports are false. We shall know what Blackburn makes of the story when we hear of the legacy. I have been obliged to write word to Mrs. Beauchamp that I believe Nevil to have made a true statement of the facts. But I distinctly say, and so I told Blackburn, I don't think money will do Nevil Beauchamp a farthing's worth of good. Blackburn follows his own counsel. He induced the old lady to send him; so I suppose he intends to let her share the money between them. I thought better of him: I thought him a wiser man."

Gratitude to Mr. Tuckham on Beauchamp's behalf caused Cecilia to praise him, in the tone of compliments. The difficulty of seriously admiring two gentlemen at once is a feminine dilemma.

"He has disappointed me," said Colonel Halkett.

"Would you have had him allow a falsehood to enrich him and ruin Nevil, papa?"

"My dear child, I'm sick to death of romantic fellows. I took Blackburn for one of our solid young men. Why should he share his aunt's fortune?"

"You mean, why should Nevil have money!"

"Well, I do mean that. Besides, the story was not false as far as his intentions went: he confessed it, and I ought to have put it in a postscript. If Nevil wants money, let him learn to behave himself like a gentleman at Steynham."

"He has not failed."

"I'll say, then, behave himself, simply. He considers it a point of honour to get his uncle Everard to go down on his knees to Shrapnel. But he has no moral sense where I should like to see it: none: he confessed it."

"What were his words, papa?"

"I don't remember words. He runs over to France, whenever it

suits him, to carry on there. . . ." The colonel ended in a hum and buzz.

"Has he been to France lately?" asked Cecilia.

Her breath hung for the answer, sedately though she sat.

"The woman's father is dead, I hear," Colonel Halkett remarked.

"But he has not been there?"

"How can I tell? He's anywhere, wherever his passions whisk him."

"No!"

"I say, yes. And if he has money, we shall see him going sky-high and scattering it in sparks, not merely spending; I mean living immorally, infidelizing, republicanizing, scandalizing his class and his country."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Cecilia, rising and moving to the window to feast her eyes on driving clouds, in a strange exaltation of mind, secretly sure now that her idea of Nevil's having gone over to France was groundless, and feeling that she had been unworthy of him who strove to be "worthier of her, as he hoped to become."

Colonel Halkett scoffed at her "Oh no," and called it woman's logic.

She could not restrain herself. "Have you forgotten Mr. Austin, papa? It is Nevil's perfect truthfulness that makes him appear worse to you than men who are time-servers. Too many time-servers rot the State, Mr. Austin said. Nevil is not one of them. I am not able to judge or speculate whether he has a great brain or is likely to distinguish himself out of his profession: I would rather he did not abandon it: but Mr. Austin said to me in talking of him . . ."

"That notion of Austin's of screwing woman's minds up to the pitch of men's!" interjected the colonel with a despairing flap of his arm.

"He said, papa, that honestly active men in a country, who decline to practise hypocrisy, show that the blood runs, and are a sign of health."

"You misunderstood him, my dear."

"I think I thoroughly understood him. He did not call them wise. He said they might be dangerous if they were not met in debate. But he said, and I presume to think truly, that the reason why they are decried is, that it is too great a trouble for a lazy world to meet them. And, he said, the reason why the honest factions agitate is because they encounter sneers until they appear in force. If they were met earlier, and fairly—I am only quoting him—they would not, I think he said, or would hardly, or would not generally, fall into professional agitation."

"Austin's a speculative Tory, I know; and that's his weakness,"

observed the colonel. "But I'm certain you misunderstood him. He never would have called us a lazy people."

"Not in matters of business: in matters of thought."

"My dear Cecilia! You've got hold of a language! . . . a way of speaking! . . . Who set you thinking on these things?"

"That I owe to Nevil Beauchamp."

Colonel Halkett indulged in a turn or two up and down the room. He threw open a window, sniffed the moist air, and went to his daughter to speak to her resolutely.

"Between a Radical and a Tory, I don't know where your head has been whirled to, my dear. Your heart seems to be gone: more sorrow for us! And for Nevil Beauchamp to be pretending to love you while carrying on with this Frenchwoman!"

"He has never said that he loved me."

The splendour of her beauty in humility flashed on her father, and he cried out: "You are too good for any man on earth! We won't talk in the dark, my darling. You tell me he has never, as they say, made love to you?"

"Never, papa."

"Well, that proves the French story. At any rate, he's a man of honour. But you love him?"

"The French story is untrue, papa."

Cecilia stood in a blush like the burning cloud of the sunset.

"Tell me frankly: I'm your father, your old dada, your friend, my dear girl! do you think the man cares for you, loves you?"

She replied: "I know, papa, the French story is untrue."

"But when I tell you, silly woman, he confessed it to me out of his own mouth!"

"It is not true now."

"It's not going on, you mean? How do you know?"

• "I know."

"Has he been swearing it?"

"He has not spoken of it to me."

"Here I am in a woman's web!" cried the colonel. "Is it your instinct tells you it's not true? or what? what? You have not denied that you love the man."

"I know he is not immoral."

"There you shoot again! Haven't you a yes or a no for your father?"

Cecilia cast her arms round his neck, and sobbed.

She could not bring it to her lips to say (she would have shunned the hearing) that her defence of Beauchamp, which was a shadowed avowal of the state of her heart, was based on his desire to read to her the conclusion of Dr. Shrapnel's letter touching a passion to be overcome; necessarily therefore a passion that was vanquished, and

the fullest and bravest explanation of his shifting treatment of her : nor would she condescend to urge that her lover would have said he loved her when they were at Steynham, but for the misery and despair of a soul too noble to be diverted from his grief and sense of duty, and, as she believed, unwilling to speak to win her while his material fortune was in jeopardy.

The colonel cherished her on his breast, with one hand regularly patting her shoulder : a form of consolation that cures the disposition to sob as quickly as would the drip of water.

Cecilia looked up into his eyes, and said : " We will not be parted, papa, ever."

The colonel said absently : " No ;" and, surprised at himself, added : " no, certainly not. How can we be parted ? You won't run away from me ? No, you know too well I can't resist you. I appeal to your judgment, and I must accept what you decide. But he is immoral. I repeat that. He has no roots. We shall discover it before it's too late, I hope."

Cecilia gazed away, breathing through tremulous dilating nostrils.

" One night after dinner at Steynham," pursued the colonel, " Nevil was rattling against the Press, with Stukely Culbrett to prime him : and he said editors of papers were growing to be like priests, and as timid as priests, and arrogant : and for one thing it was because they supposed themselves to be guardians of the national morality. I forget exactly what the matter was : but he sneered at priests and morality."

A smile wove round Cecilia's lips, and in her towering superiority to one who talked nonsense, she slipped out of maiden shame and said : " Attack Nevil for his political heresies and his wrath with the Press for not printing him. The rest concerns his honour, where he is quite safe, and all are who trust him."

" If you find out you're wrong ?"

She shook her head.

" But if you find out you're wrong about him," her father reiterated piteously, " you won't tear me to strips to have him in spite of it ?"

" No, papa, not I. I will not."

" Well, that's something for me to hold fast to," said Colonel Halkett, sighing.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. CIV. NEW SERIES.—AUGUST 1, 1875.

PROFESSOR CAIRNES.

It is a difficult task when suffering from the loss of a dear and valued friend to commit to writing any adequate expression of his worth, or to convey to those who did not know him a just conception of the characteristics that specially endeared him to one.

The world, which has known Mr. Cairnes as the leading political economist of the day, second only in power, originality and clearness of exposition to his friend and master, Mr. Mill, has lately been told under what circumstances the brilliant and incisive writings from which so much was to be learned, were written. It is known now that they were dictated by a man in the prime of life, so far as mere years are concerned (he was only fifty-one at the time of his death), but who was held in the cruel bondage of a painful and relentless disease, the ever intensifying severity of which gradually reduced him to a state of physical helplessness more complete than that of an infant. The constantly increasing intensity of the malady, the knowledge that it was ever gaining ground on all his physical powers, the dread that it might eventually attack the powers of his mind, are the circumstances which, in my opinion, specially ennobled the heroic fortitude with which Mr. Cairnes not merely endured his afflictions but triumphed over them, by continuing, in spite of them, to contribute year after year some new and valuable addition to economic science and political speculation. Many men can bear with tolerable courage and equanimity a misfortune of which they feel they know the worst. If a certain definite loss has to be borne the sufferer can brace his mind to bear it, and often succeeds in bearing it well. But the severity of Mr. Cairnes's sufferings was constantly increasing; it was impossible to foresee their future extent. The only thing that was certain was that they would end in death, but when and after how great a series of bodily and mental tortures, it was impossible to tell.

In looking back on the years of pain which he endured, one

sees how steadily and invariably he became, month after month and year after year, more helpless and enfeebled. His illness began in 1866, with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. At the time it was thought by himself and his friends that the attack would pass away, and that he would be restored to his usual health and vigour. No remedy, however, proved of the slightest avail. The disease made slow but steady progress; joint after joint was attacked, and he became more and more helpless and dependent on others for assistance. With indomitable courage he struggled against the increasing helplessness which was constantly being forced upon him. That which he was able with difficulty to accomplish one month, he was obliged finally to relinquish the next. Five years ago he came to stay with me at Cambridge; at that time he was just able, by the aid of crutches, to get from room to room. Sad as his condition then was, he soon became so much more incapable of movement that he often used to refer to this visit as a period of comparative health, and to speak of it as a pleasure which he could never enjoy again. After he was unable to walk, he used to be wheeled in a Bath chair. At that time he had gone to live at Blackheath in order to be near his friend Mr. Mill, who with that gentle and kindly consideration which was one of his most predominant characteristics, walked by the side of the Bath chair almost every day when Mr. Cairnes was well enough to go out. Mr. Mill once told me that he did this in order to prevent Mr. Cairnes feeling dull and solitary in these excursions; and also to renew in some measure the pleasure which he and Mr. Cairnes had formerly derived from taking country walks in each other's society. It was not, however, long before even this enjoyment had to be abandoned. The slight movement caused by the shaking of the chair became too painful to bear, and the only out-door relaxation he had, was being occasionally carried out into his garden. At length this, too, had to be given up; and for some time before he died he never left his house. It was very seldom that I saw him suffering from depression; and only once I noticed in him anything approaching to a tone of despair. It was at the time when he found it necessary to give up teaching his two boys, and he seemed to conclude that if he could not do this, there was nothing else left that he could do. No one, however, who then had an opportunity of conversing with him, could have failed to notice that with increased physical helplessness there was no diminution of intellectual power. It was therefore urged upon him that there was still work of the greatest utility which he could do, and which probably could not be so well done by any one else; and it is an extraordinary instance of what may be achieved by a courageous will under the most trying difficulties, that during the three years which elapsed between the time to which

I refer and the appearance of his Logical Method of Political Economy in the spring of this year, was the period of his greatest literary activity. In that time he collected and republished in two large volumes the essays he had previously written on various political and economical subjects; he then brought out his most important work, entitled, *Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded*; and subsequently he re-wrote and greatly extended, *The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy*. Beside these important works he also produced within the period to which I refer several valuable essays which appeared in various periodicals; such, for instance, as his criticism on Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Sociology* in this Review, and his reply to Mr. Goldwin Smith's attacks on women's suffrage in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

For many years before his death he was perfectly aware that his case was hopeless, and that nothing could be done to check the progress of the disease. He was seldom free from pain, and he knew that an indefinite future of constantly increasing pain was before him; and yet he pursued his work as an economist with untiring energy and zeal, and maintained the keenest interest in contemporary politics. No man was better informed than he of the course of political events, no one was a safer guide as a practical politician. And in conjunction with these qualities he possessed a charm, vivacity, and humour in conversation that made all his friends look forward to their visits to him as one of their greatest pleasures. When any of his friends heard a good story, probably the first thing they thought of was—"How Cairnes will enjoy it!" It used to be proverbial among us, that laughing with him over some joke or hearing him tell some amusing story, we often lingered so long at his house that we generally had to run to the railway station, and not unfrequently missed the last train. His cheerfulness was so remarkable that in his society his friends almost forgot his affliction, and his conversation could not have been more bright and lively if he had been in the enjoyment of perfect health. It is difficult to imagine a conjunction of circumstances showing a nobler and more genuine fortitude. The courage of the battle-field sinks almost into insignificance compared with the heroism which enabled Mr. Cairnes, through the long years of hopeless pain, to keep up a constant cheerfulness, and to use the great powers of his mind to add by his writings to the knowledge and well-being of mankind.

His friends can never forget that he had one invaluable aid in maintaining this noble fortitude. His courage, was all but equalled by that of his wife. She was ever ready to devote her life to his service, she nursed him by day and night, she read and wrote for him, collected information for him; and, above all, maintained in his presence a calm and bright cheerfulness, in order

that he might be spared the additional sorrow of seeing that his affliction was breaking down her brave spirit.

I cannot, at this time, attempt anything like a detailed criticism of Mr. Cairnes's position as a political economist. But I am anxious to point out some of the characteristics which, in the opinion of some as competent to judge as myself, are certain permanently to ensure for him a leading position among the most distinguished political economists. Mr. Cairnes never wrote a systematic treatise covering the whole range of political economy; and probably the chief reason why he never attempted to do so was that he felt the ground had been well occupied by Mr. Mill. No one, however, who has read Mr. Cairnes's *Leading Principles of Political Economy* can doubt that he possessed such rare powers of clear exposition, and was so familiar with the most recondite principles of the science, that he did not refrain from writing a systematic treatise from want of power to do so. Although his writings do not extend over the whole range of economic science, it is difficult to overrate their value. I think it is impossible to estimate too highly the educational influence they are calculated to exercise. After a student has carefully worked through Mr. Mill's *Political Economy*, there are no books which he might read with so much advantage as Mr. Cairnes's *Leading Principles*, and the new edition of his *Logical Method of Political Economy*. Although the former work contains a criticism on some of the principles of political economy as expounded by Ricardo and Mill, especially with regard to the theories of supply and demand, and cost of production, yet both the works I have mentioned must be considered as developments of the economic principles of those writers. But probably the most distinguishing merit of Mr. Cairnes as an economist was the remarkable skill with which he applied the principles of economic science to the solution of political problems. No economic writer with whom I am acquainted possessed this power to the same extent. It is often assumed by those who are engaged in active political life that they possess a practical sagacity and a power of obtaining an insight into current events which is denied to one who applies scientific principles to politics. It is therefore well to remember that when many of our leading politicians were lost in a maze of confusion as to the real issues at stake in the American civil war, Mr. Cairnes, in his work called *The Slave Power*, explained the real nature of that contest with almost the precision of a mathematical investigation. Too high a value can scarcely be placed upon the political usefulness of this work. It exerted a powerful influence on English public opinion in favour of the North, at a time when there seemed to be imminent peril that the English nation would show so much sympathy with the slaveholders of the South as permanently to embitter the relations between the United States and this country. This,

however, was by no means the only occasion on which Mr. Cairnes showed that it is not impossible to combine the most perfect mastery of economic science with the best qualities of the practical politician. One of his earliest contributions to political economy was a series of essays, which were published in 1858, on the influence of the gold discoveries. These essays were about three years since republished; and sufficient time had elapsed since their first appearance to show with what singular exactness the course which the rise of prices would take, in consequence of the additional supplies of gold, had been foreseen.

Mr. Cairnes, even until a few weeks of his death, retained his active and intelligent interest in current politics. A week seldom passed without my enjoying the advantage of discussing with him the particular questions which happened to be before the House of Commons. Although he was cut off from active political life, I never met any one on whose political judgment so much reliance could be placed. I remember that during one of the last visits I paid him he discussed the Budget of the present year, the National Debt Bill, the Savings Banks Bill, and other financial measures which were then before Parliament, and no speech that I heard in the House of Commons on these questions seemed to show so complete a familiarity with the exact bearings of all these various proposals. But it would be doing his varied powers a great injustice if it were supposed that he confined his attention to those subjects which were immediately connected with finance or political economy. To him more than to any other man is the cause of united or undenominational education in Ireland indebted for having escaped the manifold perils by which it was at one time threatened. Having successfully held professorships in the University of Dublin and in Queen's College, Galway, he not only was intimately acquainted with the position of higher education in Ireland, but he could contrast the different results produced by the denominational and undenominational systems. During those days when the Catholic vote was being eagerly sought by rival bidders of each political party, when the Conservatives were promising to create a Catholic university, and when Liberals were granting a supplemental charter to the Queen's University, Mr. Cairnes worked with unceasing energy and determination to defeat the insidious attacks which were being made on united education in Ireland. Years afterwards, when unfortunately illness prevented him displaying a similar activity, he rendered a scarcely less important service to the same cause at the time when Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill was introduced. The most experienced and best informed politicians assumed that a measure which was so well received, would be certain to pass its second reading by an overwhelming majority. After Mr. Cairnes had read through the bill, I went down to discuss it with him. He at once indicated the particular parts of the bill which he thought objectionable.

His acquaintance with the subject was so thorough that he instantly detected the full bearing of every clause, and he from the first thought the bill so faulty that the House of Commons would find it impossible to amend it, without so fundamentally changing its character as virtually to make it a new measure. It is scarcely necessary to remark how accurately these anticipations were fulfilled. There was such a reaction in public opinion against the bill that many who began by praising it, ultimately denounced it in unqualified terms. As the debate, which ended in the overthrow of the most powerful Government of modern times proceeded, I was again and again reminded that almost all the effective points which were made by the opponents of the measure, had been from the first anticipated by Mr. Cairnes. Although he was a thorough Liberal in politics, he never wavered in the opinion that it was far better that the political party to which he belonged should suffer a damaging defeat, rather than that the higher education of Ireland should be handed over to the control of an Ultramontane priesthood. The defeat of this bill was no doubt at the time a bitter disappointment to Mr. Gladstone and his Government. But since he has retired from office, and after the publication of his recent pamphlets, it can scarcely be doubted that no one is more impressed than he now is with the incalculable injury that would have been done to Ireland, if the higher education of that country had been controlled by those who have bound themselves to obedience to the Vatican decrees.

The general character of Mr. Cairnes's mind showed in a very striking manner that the careful training, resulting from the scientific study of some particular subject, quickens the other faculties and extends the range of the intellectual powers. Few men had more general literary cultivation, and few had a better knowledge or keener appreciation of the masterpieces of English poetry. A few weeks before his death he listened with great interest to an account of Salvini's acting in the character of *Othello*, and, warming with the subject, he repeated from memory and with admirable emphasis, a considerable part of the last act, and some other of the most striking passages of the play. He had a most thorough knowledge of Shakespeare, and one of his favourite relaxations was to teach some of his favourite passages to his little girl, who seems to have inherited not a little of her father's quick intelligence.

It is impossible for any one to feel more strongly than I do, how entirely these few lines fail to convey a true and adequate idea of the worth of the friend to whose memory they are offered. As his friends stood round his grave there was one thought which must have been common to us all—that no one would be held in more affectionate remembrance, and that no one had ever lived a more noble and courageous life.

HENRY FAWCETT.

THE INHERITANCE OF THE GREAT MOGUL.¹

"In Asia and Eastern Europe scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the Gulf of Scanderoon to the Amur and the Yellow Sea."

These striking words form a fitting prelude to the story of the travels of the Polo family, which opens in 1260 by the departure of the two brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo, on a trading expedition to the Crimea. "The book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East," as it has now been given, newly translated and edited by Colonel Yule, with notes, maps, and illustrations, leaves scarcely anything to be hoped for as the fruit of further research, and is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the various Mongol sovereignties in Asia and Eastern Europe in the thirteenth century. In a preliminary sketch of the state of the East at the time of the journeys of the Polo family, it is shown that the vast empire which Genghis Khan² had conquered, still owned a nominally supreme head in the Great Khan (or *Kaan*, as we are told to write it), though practically it was splitting up into several great monarchies, under the descendants of the four sons of Genghis. Kublai Khan was the grandson of Genghis, and the fifth in succession, being the younger son of Tuli, the fourth son of Genghis. The throne of the Mongol empire had just been ascended by Kublai, "the most able of its occupants after the founder." Succeeding his elder brother, who died in 1259, before an obscure fortress of Western China, he carried out a previous intention of his brothers to remove the seat of government from Karakorum, on the northern verge of the Mongolian desert, to the more populous regions that had been conquered in the further East, and this step in the end converted the Mongol *Kaan* into a Chinese emperor, realising then, as at many subsequent periods, the truth of the ancient proverb—"China is a sea that salts all rivers that flow into it." Mongols and Tartars, each in succession, have found themselves absorbed by the people they conquered, their own distinctive nationality becoming more or less completely merged in that of the Chinese.

(1) "The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East." Newly translated and edited, with notes, maps, and other illustrations, by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. Second edition, revised, with the addition of new matter and many new illustrations. London: John Murray. "Central Asia, from the Aryan to the Cossack." By James Hutton. London: Tinsley Brothers. "England and Russia in the East." A series of papers on the political and geographical condition of Central Asia. By Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: John Murray.

(2) Colonel Yule justifies a different spelling, calling him *Chingis Kdan*; but long use has made the form in the text, if less correct, more generally recognisable.

Southern China still remained in the hands of the native dynasty, but their subjection followed, with great slaughter, as was the wont, and is to this day, of Mongol and Tartar rulers. Marco Polo details many of the particulars of the conquest, adding that "the number of inhabitants is so great that no person can count them, and if they were men-at-arms, those of the province of Manji would conquer the whole world."

That they were not very far from accomplishing this feat under the Mongol Khans is plainly shown by the mere recapitulation of the inheritance which the founder of the great dynasty of Mongolian sovereigns left to his four sons, Juji, Chagatai, Okodai, and Tuli. In the third generation, when Kublai Khan, the second son of Tuli, assumed in succession the great headship of the House of Genghis, wars on a vast scale were brewing between the descendants, and they were becoming practically independent of each other, and the nominally supreme head, the "Great Káan." Thus Hulaku, the third son of Tuli, and brother of the two great Khans, Mangu and Kublai, was ruler of Persia, Babylonia, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, yet he and "his sons' sons, continued to stamp the name of the Great Khan upon their coins, and to use the Chinese seals of state which he bestowed upon them."

Barka, son of Juji, the first ruling prince of the House of Genghis to turn Mahomedan, reigned on the Steppes of the Volga, where a standing camp had become a great city, under the name of Sarai. The "SARRA," to which Chaucer alludes in his half-told tale of Cambuscan, when

"At Sarra, in the Londe of Tartarie,
There dwelt a king that werriéd Russie.
Through which ther died many a doughty man :
This noble king was cleped Cambuscan."

The House of Chaghatai, the second of the sons of Genghis, had settled upon the pastures of the Ili, and the valley of the Sir Daria or Jaxartes, and ruled the wealthy cities of Sogdiana. Kaidu, the grandson of Okodai, who had been the successor of Genghis in the Kaanship, refused to acknowledge the transfer of the supreme authority to the House of Tuli, his younger brother, and, we are told by Colonel Yule, was through the long life of Kublai, a thorn in his side, perpetually keeping his north-western frontier in alarm. His immediate authority, it is added, was exercised over some part of what we now should call Eastern Turkestan, and Southern Central Siberia; whilst his hordes of horsemen, force of character, and close neighbourhood brought the Khans of Chaghatai under his influence, and they generally acted with him. Such seems to have been the first rough partition of territories, after the death of Genghis, and were it not for these inevitable divisions among the

survivors of the most ambitious and successful conquerors, the subjugation of the whole world under one sceptre might not be so impossible. The aim of Genghis was literally the conquest of the world—as he conceived it,—and was nearer its accomplishment in his own life, and in that of two of his descendants, Kublai and Timur, than it had ever been before, or is likely to be again. The empire which he created counted within its limits probably one half of the whole human race, and extended from the Sea of Okhotsk, at the north-eastern extremity of Asia, over the whole breadth of the Continent as far as the Black Sea. •Insane as such ambition seems, it must have its source in some perennial springs of action common to our nature, since it constantly reappears with a certain periodicity in successive ages—fortunately far apart,—and in races still more widely separated by ethnographic characters and surrounding conditions. Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian, Greek, Roman, and French, have each in turn sent forth heroes on this quest for universal empire. With the Romans alone it became the insanity or ambition of a people, who for successive ages sought to be the rulers of the world, and actually founded an imperial sway over Europe from the Rhine to the Danube, and in Asia and Africa, nearly as far as Alexander had penetrated on either continent. The whole of Asia and Eastern Europe had not, however, been under the sceptre of a single ruler, until Timur swooped from his Mongolian steppes, the heir of the first Great Mogul, and camped in the heart of Hungary and Poland, with a mixed multitude of tribes and nations for his army. Of the many sovereignties established by him on his track, one remained to our day and was occupied by his descendants. The throne of the Great Mogul at Delhi, with its phantom sceptre, still existed, when the great mutiny swept it aside with the last vestiges of authority over the millions of Hindostan. Since this last exodus of Mongolian tribes with a Timur for their leader, many changes have taken place in the partition and subdivision of the widely-scattered Kingdoms and Khanates, which it was not possible to bind together under one head for any but a brief space; but the physical character of the soil and the races which occupy it, remain very nearly the same. Between India and the southern limits of the Russian Empire vast spaces of Central Asia seem to be little changed in anything, as Sir Bartle Frere has said, “since it was a nursery of great nations, and the cradle, not only of kings and founders of empires, but of trains of thought and vast systems of moral and political philosophy which have overspread and widely influenced other regions south and west.” So nearly the same, indeed, that the question will sometimes suggest itself whether, under any combination of circumstances, like results are wholly beyond the limits of possibility? The steppes of Mongolia, and the great table lands of

Asia, whence so many tides of migration and conquest have proceeded in times past, still breed the same race, and supply them with the same motives for a stampede, southward and westward. "Desert means license," says the Arab proverb, and "wild lands breed wild men," who are both restless and adventurous, and only want a leader for any enterprise. No doubt to an observer of the incessant ebb and flow of these waves of migration, it is evident that the tidal stream of conquest, so long pursuing its course intermittingly from east to west, has ever since the last advance of the Turks into Europe, and the second siege of Vienna, more especially,—been slowly but certainly ebbing. Within the last two centuries all aggression and advance has come from the west. While the Russian empire has been broadening downwards to the Black Sea and Central Asia, and at the same time extending eastwards to the mouth of the Amur, England has occupied the Indian Peninsula,—and English, Dutch, Spanish and French have successively taken possession of the Malay Archipelago, and much of the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

A new phase of international relations and interests has arisen in consequence of this reversed movement of the west on the east. New in more senses than one, and tending each day to become more seriously embarrassing to European diplomacy. The "Eastern question," the constant source of difficulty to modern statesmen, and which has already led to one of the great wars of the century, is daily extending its scope, and now may fairly be held to include Central Asia, and the advance of Russia in that direction. The cause of uneasiness is very similar in both cases, since it is the progress southward of the occupants of the great Northern plains and steppes, which creates the danger. In the direction of Turkey all Europe has been concerned in preventing Constantinople falling into Russian hands. There is no European State which has not some interest in such a question as this. With a great arsenal on the Bosphorus—the gates of the Black Sea in Russian keeping—to close or to open at pleasure—the position of all the maritime powers would be affected, and those of Europe critically, by altered conditions of security and the proximity of a first-class power. But Great Britain, being the only one of these which is at the same time a great Asiatic power, sees herself doubly threatened by the approach of Russia towards her Indian frontier. Comparatively unimportant to other Western States, it touches England at a vital point. But inasmuch as the balance of power is mainly determined by alliances between the different States which constitute the fighting power of Europe, and these in their turn are the result of continuous attempts to adjust mutual interests and rival pretensions, no step can now be taken by Russia or England in Asia, without a reflex influence being felt at Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. This truth, so long recognised

as regarded Constantinople, is now as regards Central Asia and our Indian Empire.

Nor is it the only novel feature, which time and Russian progress have imported into the Eastern question. It is entirely new that any movement of China should exercise a similar influence on the councils or the interests of Europe. The army which the Chinese are on the point of marching on Eastern Turkestan from behind the angle of the Great Wall, to wrest that province from the actual ruler the Atalih-Gazih, is likely to have one of two results, either of which would be adverse to British interests. Yacoob Beg may be left unaided from Russia, and defeated,—in which case the extermination of the whole Mussulman population will inevitably follow, and the frontiers in Chinese hands will be hermetically closed in their hands as it was before;—or the Russians may enable him to successfully resist the Chinese arms, and his independence will be lost, as the price of such aid, with exactly the same consequences as regards our trade—the policy of Russia being to exclude all competition. This would also bring a dangerous power so much nearer to our frontier, and open the gates of China, through the valley of Kashgar, to Russian arms and commerce. China, however, has the traditions and some of the prestige of the great Mongol conquests, while Kublai Khan reigned supreme at Cambalu over all the Chinese. They may not so easily relinquish possession of this gateway to the inner land. Their past history would lead to this conclusion; and it seems certain that the present ruler of Eastern Turkestan cannot successfully resist them single handed. Thus the consequences of this mighty grasp of empire under one strong chief of Mongol race, however fugitive the hold or transitory the power, may be found to have left permanent traces, the effects of which are far from being exhausted. The greatest and richest portion of Kublai's inheritance in territory and in population, has fallen to the present Tartar rulers of China. In the coming conflict for the possession of Eastern Turkestan, on our northern borders, a Chinese emperor, who neither consults nor is consulted by European powers, is preparing to assert his claim to a portion of the Mongol emperor's inheritance,—a movement which we seem to have little power to prevent, however adverse it may be to our interests or security. So again, in our efforts to open a trade route from British Burmah into Western China, we have been met by treachery, and an attack in which the Burmese and Chinese are more than suspected of complicity. If this prove to be so, the action of the Chinese Court may entail a Burmese war, and the further extension of our Indian frontier to that of China on the south-west.

It is in this sense therefore, that I propose to treat of the Great Mogul's inheritance, and consider the present and future destinies

of those countries in Central and Western Asia which formed so large a portion of the Mongol's Empire. Many works, and some of high authority, have lately appeared on Central Asia, and Russian advances into it, together with a still greater number of Reviews and separate articles on the same subject; but all have been written either from an Anglo-Indian or a Western point of view. I venture to think, therefore, that something may be gained by reversing the order, and looking at all these questions from a Mongolian, or at least a more Eastern standpoint.

To China, Russia, and England has fallen chiefly the heritage of the lapsed estates—the scattered kingdoms and territorial fragments of an overgrown empire. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his “England and Russia in the East,” Colonel Yule by his recent edition of the story of Marco Polo's travels, carrying us back to the days of Kublai Khan; and Mr. Hutton by his “Central Asia, from the Aryan to the Cossack,” giving, as has been well said, a codification of the literature of the Central Asian question from the earliest to the latest period,—have supplied excellent text books, and authoritative guides to all who seek information in this interesting field of inquiry. But the whole of this vast region, with its mixed races and agglomeration of kingdoms and powers, is now in a state of transition or fusion. The rapid introduction of foreign elements is leavening the whole mass with new ideas, and creating a fermentation which must inevitably produce great changes. Whether the time has arrived in China for one of those great social movements, as Sir Bartle Frere has suggested, which in all ages have so powerfully affected the destinies of nations and the geographical distribution of races, I will not here discuss. But it is certain that these imported germs, covering the whole field of human thought and action in those regions, are rapidly bearing fruit. Hitherto, these coming changes, these shiftings of social strata, and of political relations and boundaries as their consequence, have been considered too exclusively, I think, in their more or less obvious and direct bearing, on the policy and interests of European States. If the future, as runs the rule in the East, be foreshadowed in the present, the Chinese empire, and even the lesser realm of Japan, cannot be any longer left out of the account. It was suggested recently, in an able leader of the *Times*, that the hour may be at hand when Chinese history and politics, and even Chinese rites and ceremonies, may have the deepest interest for the West,—much leading to the thought that an important part is reserved to them in the future history of Asia. With laws, usages, and forms of government which have grown up apart without any influence from without, or from other races infusing elements common to all the other groups of mankind, they are the heirs not only of an old civilisation—older than any now sur-

living—but one especially their own. Possessed of a literature which has borrowed nothing from the genius or research of the scholars of other lands, a language unique in its symbols, its structure, and its antiquity, and a people more numerous than those under the sway of any other power, remarkable for their industry, the Chinese Empire forms at this day the greatest (if extent of dominions and number of population be taken together) ever swayed by a single power in any age or any part of the world. “It produces within its own borders everything necessary for the comfort, support and delight of its inhabitants, and comprises within its limits every variety of soil and climate; while beneath, it abounds in coal and ironstone, the primary elements of our own wealth and power. It is watered by large rivers, which serve not only to irrigate and to drain it, but, by means of their size and the course of their tributaries, also afford unusual facilities for intercommunication.” Thus Williams, in his “Middle Kingdom,” describes the people and the country, and those who best know both, will be the most ready to admit the accuracy of the description. The writer in the *Times* may well think, therefore, such an Empire, after enduring more than 3,000 years, with a people bound together by common ties of race, language, and religion, may play an important part in the history of the future. Holding in undisputed possession the larger share of the heritage of Genghis Khan, with at least three hundred millions of subjects, and among them most of those warlike and pastoral tribes whose ancestors crossed the Danube six centuries ago—with, practically, unlimited resources in men and means, if they only knew how to bring them into play—they cannot be safely despised. Nor are they likely to view the Central Asian, or any other Eastern questions in which Western powers are occupying themselves (little caring what an emperor of China may think or do) in the same light as we do. Perhaps with something of their own superciliousness and overweening conceit, the Powers who have any interests at stake in the East, have too long assumed that China has no future, and takes no heed. The late exterminating wars however against the Mahomedan rebels in Yunnan and Shensi, on her southern and western borders; and the march of her armies even now to the frontier of Eastern Turkestan, with the avowed intention of recovering it from its present *de facto* ruler,—with as little care for the wishes or interests of either Russia or England, as those countries have ever shown in their dealings with Asiatics for the will of China,—should teach another lesson.

We are reminded that “the original haunts of the Moghuls (or Mongols) were the inhospitable steppes lying to the north and north-west of China, whence issued the barbaric hordes with whom Attila,

the Scourge of God, ravaged Europe in the fifth century. A fierce, untutored race of wandering shepherds, of hideous aspect, who spread themselves like a devastating flood not only over Asia, from the Sea of China to the Black Sea, but also over Hungary, and threatened to overwhelm the whole civilized world." And *Karakorum*, the old capital of the Mongols, was situated at the foot of the Khingan Dula range of mountains—no great distance from Kiachta as the crow flies, where Russia now has her chief mart.

If we are disposed to glance backward through all these centuries, and observe how constant has been the set of this mighty current and moving tide of human beings from the north and east,—southward and westward,—we cannot fail to recognize in such persistent phenomena the influence of natural laws. Some efficient cause must have existed, either in the constitution, temperament, and habits of the Mongol races, or in the physical features of the region and the conditions of climate and soil; because the efforts of the human race are generally such as best conform to the geographical conditions of the stage on which they must live and labour. It is thus that the course of civilisation has mainly followed that of the great rivers—those "highways of the primeval world"—and their valleys and deltas have been the seat of all the more civilised monarchies. The Nile, the Tigris, and Euphrates gathered on their shores the settled populations and the great cities of the ancient world. Wealth, luxury, and fixed habitations all tend to foster the arts of peace rather than war; while the high table-lands, the arid deserts, and vast steppes of Asia have always been occupied by nomad, pastoral, and warlike races. With no fixed abode, living in movable tents or kraals, from the cradle to the grave, we should expect them to be under such conditions of life, exactly what they have ever been, restless, savage, and adventurous—"born man-slayers and man-stealers," as they have been described, and are to this day. It was not without cause that the settled Egyptians held in fear and detestation the Shepherd kings. As they always turn the doors of their huts to the south, so is the tendency of such a race to gravitate towards southern valleys and a more genial climate;—and, with a predatory instinct, to enter into the labours of the more industrious and less warlike husbandmen. Unfortunately, the habits of a life cling to them, and the fairest regions of the earth become a wilderness under their rule. Asia Minor, once the most fertile and populous of regions, covered with great and wealthy cities, is only one among many examples of the desolation that follows the Mongol, the Tartar, and the Turk alike. "Where the Turk's foot treads no grass ever grows," is a proverb among the victims of their misrule; and inaptitude for the patient industry which creates wealth and plenty is still their characteristic.

"They came, destroyed, burnt,
Murdered, robbed, and went,"

according to the Persian distich. Vast regions to the east of the Mediterranean, and broad tracts to the south of it, have been depopulated and changed, from a state of verdure and beauty to one of aridity. The same tendencies and causes are in force to this day, and if we would understand the very elements of the social and political problems which are involved in the eastern questions, they must be borne in mind. The Kirghis tribes and the Koords and Turcomans, the Golden Hordes, Kipchak, and many others, have not changed their nature, because they may now be called Cossacks or Kalmucks, and march at the orders of a "Great White Khan" (the title by which the Czar of Russia is best known in those regions), instead of at the behest of the great Mogul,—a Genghis or a Kublai Khan. A little pressure from behind, and a chief to lead them forward, are all that any of them require to induce them to strike their tents and rush on the war path, in search of adventure and spoil. The supreme head may be at the western extremity in St. Petersburg now, which before was at Karumkorum or Cambalu; but the same forces and materials in each case furnish the aggressive power; and the same tendencies and motives impel them on southern and western countries. With one important difference, however—that the Emperor of Russia wields all the power which Western science, discipline, and superior arms can give: while Kublai had to trust to bow and spear, and a few rude fieldpieces, for the subjection of all Asia and the conquest of a world.

The description which geographers and travellers give us of Russia and Siberia are not of a nature to enhance our estimation of the advantages of occupying such possessions, and still less of living in them, if there be any possibility of going elsewhere. We are told that the region extending from the Caspian to the Arctic, more than 2,000 miles, is permeated by the longest rivers in the east, studded over with innumerable lakes and marshes, and presents almost everywhere a monotonous succession of plains covered with slime, forests, and ice, exposed to all the glacial influences—unfertile desert wilds cold in the north; tolerably rich, "more thickly peopled, civilised, and temperate, only in the south." What can be more natural or inevitable than the exodus of all who are able to move from these northern regions, to the sunny valleys of Central and Southern Asia—to Turkestan, "a jewel set in sand," and the garden of the East, as Central Asia was esteemed in Tamerlane's day—and towards some unfrozen sea and open ports in the Persian Gulf, or the Mediterranean? What nation able to put a million of men in arms, will ever rest contented to live icebound in northern wastes and steppes, when such countries as are situated in the South of Europe and Asia have always been the prize of the strong?

On the Asiatic side, there are great and complex systems of

mountain barriers separating the plains of India from Eastern Turkestan and the upper table-lands and valleys of Central Asia—not simple ranges like the Alps or the Pyrenees, which can be crossed by a single pass, as Mr. Shaw, the enterprising merchant and traveller, now in Yarkand, has so well shown; but composed of many chains enclosing considerable countries within their valleys, such as Thibet and Cashmere. These are feeble barriers however, against such necessities as have driven all the eastern hordes south and west, and precipitated them in resistless numbers over the plains and valleys of India, Bakhara, and Persia. Some thirty times has India been thus the prey of these warlike hordes, hungering and thirsting for loot and pleasant lands. Mr. Shaw relates how Russia, even for objects of trade, with indomitable spirit determined to overcome all obstacles, kept men at work a whole summer in roughing the ice over a formidable glacier in the Muzat Pass, lying between Aksu and Kulja. The Russian Steam Navigation Company, formed in 1857, when the Black Sea fleet was destroyed, and largely subsidized by the Government to give employment to the officers and seamen, now employs eighty-seven steamers; and we are told by Mr. Long, they touch at all the ports of the Black and Caspian Seas, the chief ports from Constantinople along Asia Minor and Palestine to the canal of Suez, and ply regularly between Odessa and London. They had to cut through the jungle at Poti to make the beginning of a great port—the primeval forest and a pestilential climate were the obstacles they had to contend with—and they are now “making a city out of a swamp,” as Peter the Great did two centuries earlier at Petersburg, and we ourselves at Calcutta, “out of the swamps and lairs of wild beasts.”

Physical obstacles are not likely long to arrest the progress of such a race. But it has now been ascertained that the range of the Thian Shan to the north, and the Himalayan system to the south, which converge together as they run westward, and unite in a vast boss, supporting the high plateau of Pamir, which the natives call the *Baur-i-dunya*, or “upper floor of the world,” is penetrated by numerous valleys from east to west, which makes it far easier to traverse in that direction, than from north to south. Eleven passes we know have to be crossed in travelling from India to Turkestan, and of these only two are lower than the summit of Mount Blanc. Yet, impassable as these mountain barriers may seem, they are penetrated in such a manner by rivers, and so accessible by comparatively easy routes, that they have never formed insurmountable obstacles to peaceful commerce, and still less to hostile forces. When indeed have such obstacles been insurmountable to a determined enemy? The wild horsemen of Attila pouring forth from the steppes on the north-western boundaries of

China, as later did similar hordes under Genghis Khan, and Timur, were neither stopped by vast distances, mighty rivers, nor mountain ranges. A hundred degrees of longitude were between them and their starting place, when they encamped on the plains of Hungary, and stabled their horses in the Kremlin. The greatest rivers of Asia and Europe, the Volga, the Don, and Borysthene, the Vistula, and Danube offered no obstruction. Nothing arrested the march of these fierce and untameable nomads. They either swam their horses, or passed on the ice, or else traversed them in leathern boats which followed the camp, and transported both waggons and artillery. Genghis Khan sent his hardy followers into the plains of India, despite of all mountain barriers, in the thirteenth century, as the Mahomedan Tartars had done before in the eleventh. There is no difficulty, therefore, in the geographical configuration not to be overcome. How far a civilised power like Great Britain, with all the appliances and military resources at command which Europe can supply, might be able to render the Bolan pass, or the passes of Cashmere and Afghanistan, impracticable to any invading force, is a question which need not be discussed here. But that Russia in possession of Central Asia, and the steppes—those classic grounds of the Mongol and Tatar—might be in a position to spur on such barbarous hordes of assailants, eager for the plunder of the rich cities of Hindostan, as would try the powers of the best general and troops of Europe to stop them, is sufficiently evident. It is this danger which has to be provided against, rather than a direct attack from Russian troops, for the conquest of India, or even a raid into it. To create a sense of insecurity, stir up enmities in front, and treason in the rear, would be the weapons of an enemy from the West—not as a means of conquest, but of coercion or intimidation, to neutralise and embarrass any policy running counter to Russia, either in Europe or elsewhere. A more insidious and far more dangerous line of tactics, than one of open attack and declared hostility. China seems in Burmah to be trying the effect of a policy attributed by anticipation to Russia in Afghanistan.

Enough, I think, has been said to show how great a part conditions of climate and race, as well as of physical geography, have played in these great tides of invasion, and the migration of whole tribes and nations from the north and east towards the south and west. A tendency so continuously manifested for more than twenty centuries—commencing, indeed, in prehistoric periods, and only in quite recent times seeming to have exhausted itself—can scarcely indeed have existed without the concurrence of both physical and moral causes, of no unintelligible or undiscoverable nature. But it is never wholly without profit to trace the various links in a chain of

continuous cause and effect, when such momentous issues hang upon this very continuity, however modified in fashion or outward shape. The Russians if not precisely Mongols are near akin, and with a great mixture of Asiatic blood, inhabit the same regions. They are driven forward by the same natural desires and wants, and the same physical conditions of soil and climate, as were the Mongol followers of Genghis and Timur; sharpened it may be by some whet of civilisation, and glimpses of culture and luxury from which their prototypes in the thirteenth century were wholly exempt. As to the morality of these invasions and forcible appropriations of other men's lands, with notices of eviction somewhat unceremoniously served upon whole nations, to suit the interests or the convenience of new comers,—there is little to be said, nor need I refer to the influences of Christianity in arrest of action. When have these ever prevailed to prevent spoliation or wars? Have any considerations either of morality as to the rights of property in territory, or of Christianity or canons of international law, prevented invasion in the last century; or a declaration of war, a sudden onslaught, and a "rectification" of boundaries? What do treaties avail when the master of twenty legions deems them irksome or injurious? What cause of quarrel is ever wanting to justify attack when the stronger State desires to spoil the weaker? Cannon balls make sad rents in the best treaties which ministers or diplomatists can sign. We need not waste our time therefore in the casuistry of moral disquisitions, when national interests and imperial wills are in question.

The Count de Ségur, who had studied in a good practical school under the first Empire, relates in a pleasant French way in his *Memoirs*, a first lesson in diplomacy which he received from a veteran diplomatist of the day, on his entrance into that career. Not a Frenchman, but a Spaniard, be it observed, the Count d'Aranda, who at the time referred to (1784) was the ambassador of Spain at the Court of France. He assured the young debutant that he could show him in a very short time the secret of all European policy, and this was his lesson. He spread a map of Europe on the table, saying, "The end of political study is to know the strength, the means, the interests, rights, fears, and hopes of all the different powers, and to be able to be on our guard, and in opportune time to conciliate, disunite, meet them in war, or enter into alliances, according as our own interests or safety might require." "But this," said the young *attaché*, "must demand large study." "Not at all," replied his instructor. "In a few moments you will know all. Look at this map. None of the States of Europe, great or small, you will see, present a well-defined or rounded territory—a complete square, or parallelogram, or circle. Either there is some point jutting out, or curved inwards; a rent here, or semi-detached portions

there. Look at the colossus, Russia; at the south is the peninsula of the Crimea—"presqu'île qui s'avance dans la Mer Noir et qui appartient aux Turcs; la Moldavie et la Vallachie qui conviendrait assez au cadre Moscovite, surtout si en tirant vers le nord où y joignait la Pologne. Regardez encore vers le nord, là est la Finlande hérissée de roches, elle appartient à la Suède, et cependant elle est bien près de Pétersbourg. Passons à present en Suède, voyez-vous la Norvège, c'est une large bande tenant naturellement au territoire Suédois—eh bien, elle est dans la dépendance du Danemark. Voyageons en Prusse, remarquez comme ce royaume est long, frêle, étroit, que d'échancrures il faudrait remplir pour l'élargir du côté de la Saxe, de la Silésie, et puis sur les rives du Rhin! *Entendez-vous?* Et l'Autriche, qu'en dirons nous? Elle possède les Pays-Bas, qui sont pourtant séparés d'elle par l'Allemagne, tandis qu'elle est tout près de la Bavière, qui ne lui appartient pas—vous retrouvez cette Autriche au milieu de l'Italie; mais comme c'est loin de sa cadre! Comme Venise et le Piémont, le rempliraient bien!"

"Enough!" he continued; "you understand no doubt how all these powers would keep their projecting angles or enclaves, fill up their rents and fissures, and generally round and complete the figure of their territories, as occasion may serve. That is lesson enough. *Car voilà toute la politique. Entendez-vous—comprenez-vous?*" "Yes," replied the young diplomatist, "I understand; for now, looking at the map, I see to the west of Spain a long slice called Portugal, which I think would suit Spain exactly." "I see you understand; and now you are as wise as the rest of us in diplomacy."

Some of my readers may remember a burlesque illustration of the same principles, which appeared in the shop-windows during the Franco-German war, where the States of Europe were represented by human types, personifying their respective territories. In this manner France was a portrait of Napoleon III. shaven of moustache and imperial, which took the shape of Alsace and Lorraine projecting inconveniently, towards the Rhine; while Belgium, Luxembourg, and Switzerland, neutral states, stretched along the frontiers between the two belligerents, were all subjected to great pressure, and seemed in some danger of being flattened or altogether effaced. Towards the Danube Russia, in the form of a colossal bear, was sitting upon Turkey, and the superincumbent weight was evidently felt to be very grievous by the Sultan in his flattened fez. This is not geography as scientific men teach it, nor is it in accordance with any recognised system of international law or morality; but it has something in it very much akin to lessons and facts in the political history of past and present generations. In all there is the pervading influence of like causes and effects. Europe, so long the appanage or hunting-ground of the

Asiatic hordes, and their spoil, has at last triumphed over Asia in its turn—not as it did for a brief space, under the leadership of Alexander the Great, but by permanent possession and conquest. The tide of colonisation and conquest has set the other way, and now marches from west to east. Great Britain, true to her maritime traditions, sailed round the Cape to reach the coast of India, otherwise unapproachable, from whence she made her line of advance northward to the Himalayahs. Russia, equally faithful to the instincts of her race and geographic position, has pressed steadily downwards across steppe and desert, to meet us on the other side of the great mountain barrier, among the fertile valleys of Central Asia, and eastward to an open port in the Pacific and the Amur. Had Russia gained an opening to a southern sea in Europe, it is possible that all her wants might have been supplied, but the Crimean war prevented it; and failing this, who expects her to remain satisfied and tranquil?

A permanent menace then proceeds from the colossal empire which hangs upon the frontiers of Turkey, Persia, Hindostan, and China, and like a huge glacier threatens the valleys below. Though veiled in diplomacy, and seemingly immobile for the time, it moves nevertheless, and is gaining ground with a steady persistence. From Constantinople to Peking there is a general sense of impending danger, a fear of an overwhelming force crushing down. European Powers having no Eastern empire or possessions, are not directly menaced, and may feel no danger from the absorption into one vast empire, not only of half a continent, but of all the barbarous and nomad races which have for two thousand years and more, supplied the conquering and devastating hordes in their course westward and southward. But that there should be a Czar whose throne is in Europe, with power to give the impulse for invasion, in either or both of these directions, as a Genghis Khan decreed from the furthest eastern limit, cannot fail to give rise to some grave misgivings as to the future.

I have pointed out elsewhere,¹ in speaking of the advances made by the Russians southward, that the part which Russia plays in the history of Europe and Asia is as much a question of physical geography as of policy, if we look to the determining causes:—

“What could Russia do, frozen in between two seas and with closed ports for more than six months in each year, but, guided by an infallible instinct (often exemplified in nations as in individuals), stretch out feelers towards the open waters and more genial climates? We have heard much of Russia’s destiny driving her southwards to the Bosphorus, and eastward in the same parallel over the rich valleys of Central and Tropic Asia; but is it not a geographical

(1) Address to the Geographical section of the British Association, Bradford, Sept. 18, 1873.

necessity, far more than a political ambition, which has thus driven her across the whole breadth of Asia until she gained the Chinese ports on the Pacific, and southwards towards the mouths of the Danube, the sunny ports of the Mediterranean, and the head of the Persian Gulf? Until unfrozen rivers and ports could be reached, how could her people make any progress, or develop their resources? It not only was a natural tendency—as natural as the descent of the glacier to the valleys, forging downwards by a slow but irresistible pressure, but as inevitable. Obstacles may retard the progress, but not arrest it; and Russia is but following the course of nature as well as history, in pouring down nomad hordes and hardy Scythians on the cultivated territories lying in a more genial climate; while railroads and telegraphic wires supply her with means of transport and quick transit over vast spaces, never enjoyed by her great predecessors in this line of march."

We may hope that more civilising influences will follow the Russian advance through regions never highly favoured in this respect;—but to expect permanently to stop her progress, and bar her way to an outlet and an open sea in the south,* is to shut our eyes to the inevitable; and if this be so it behoves Great Britain more especially to adopt a policy consistent with the end. A drifting policy, to which in modern times we are all too prone, is the most dangerous of all, now that India is brought within the perplexed circle of the Eastern question, in which, as Mr. Long has well said, are involved the interests of both Asia and Europe. Whether the solution, as he surmises, cannot be far distant or not, it is certain that by pressure on Central Asia and the frontier of India, Russia can end the political contest for Constantinople, to which she is preparing a second and a shorter road from the East through Persia. Her expenditure of blood and treasure for the conquest of the Caucasus had for its object a flank movement to turn the Balkan and take Turkey in the rear, while Persia and the direct line to India were laid open.

Turkey, sullen and overmatched, but still defiant, with some of the instincts and traditions of a conquering race, looks on while Russia pursues her way, absorbing whole provinces and populations of Mussulman faith. Persia, less defiant it may be, in the consciousness of greater weakness and inability to resist, is also penetrated with a sense of insecurity. The Afghans, who keep the gates of India on the north-west, are truculent and doubtful, yet still uneasy; while Yacob Beg, with Russia to the west, China in arms on the east, and Great Britain behind the Himalayahs,—too far off to aid, and too uncertain of her policy to take any decisive action,—is sore bestraited between two dangers. If reconquered by China, as is very likely to happen, unless aided from without, the event, as I have said, means extermination to the whole Mussulman population. If aided by Russia, it means subjugation and the loss of independence. Thus from the Bosphorus and Black Sea, and along that meridian to the Japanese islands, the way to any southern outlet on an unfrozen sea is barred to Russia by a continuous chain of kingdoms which all have their

existence imperilled as independent states. What resistance it may be in their power to make, against the further advance of Russia in that direction, might, perhaps, be certainly counted upon; and were they capable of any combination and stable league, their safety could hardly be endangered, even by such a power as the Russian Empire. But there is nothing to be looked for in this direction. China alone is in a position to resist dismemberment or subjugation.

Along the whole northern boundary of China there is a vast barrier of mountains as far as the junction of the Kirghis steppe with China and Russia, a length of some two thousand five hundred miles. Commencing at the north-eastern corner of Manchuria, above the mouth of the Amur, are the first summits of this Altai range, which, although it takes many names in its long course, is continuous, and forms the northern limit of the table-land of Central Asia, as well as the boundary between China and Russia. The Himalayah range is linked to it by a range nearly at right angles with the Tianshan, and proceeding from a mountain knot in the south-western part of Turkestan called Rashtikhur, it takes a south-easterly direction along the northern frontier of India and the southern boundary of Thibet, till it breaks up near the head waters of the Yangtze-kiang, and other rivers between Thibet, Burmah and Yunnan. China is further protected from any approach from the north, by the great desert of Gobi, a name signifying "Sandy Sea." The entire length of the wilderness is more than 1,800 miles, with an average width of from 300 to 400. Although the whole of the tract is not actually a desert, no part of it can lay claim to more than comparative fertility, and, according to Dr. Williams, from whose description I quote, "the great altitude of most portions seems to be as much the cause of its sterility as the nature of the soil." But of the greater part, a Chinese author's description may be accepted, who says, "There is neither water, herb, man, nor smoke; if there be no smoke there is absolutely nothing." Towards Kashgar, along the southern side of the Celestial Mountains, extends a strip of arable land from fifty to eighty miles in width, producing grain, pasturage, cotton and other things, and in which lie nearly all the Mahomedan cities and forts of the *Nan Lu* or southern Chinese circuit, as Kashgar, Okso and others; and along the banks of the Koton river a road runs from Yarkand to that city and thence to Shapa. Thus Yarkand and eastern Turkestan form the western gate into Thibet and China. And it is by this portal an enemy may most easily enter. From Kulaja, annexed to Russia in 1872, to Singaufu, the great capital of North-Western China, lies the great caravan road which has been traversed for 2000 years between Kashgar, in Central Asia, and the Celestial Empire, with no moun-

tain range to interpose—an easy gradient and abundant coal and wells along the steppe-like country.

This may be one reason why the Chinese at the present moment attach so much importance to regaining possession of the revolted province, and excluding the Russians from the most vulnerable point in their frontiers against foreign intrusion. There is a notable analogy between the geographical position of China and India, in the isolation secured to each by their great mountain barriers and the sea, the influence of which upon their political and social development has been equally remarkable. Until the great maritime discoveries and enterprises of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries laid the whole seaboard of both countries open to European nations, each had in the ocean a perfect isolating medium;—more absolute and effective even than mountains or deserts. This long-continued insulation has gone far to determine the immobile and unchangeable character of their respective populations, and a policy of seclusion and non-intercourse with foreigners; to each their country has been the land of Bharut—as the Indians call the whole peninsula—‘a separate world.’ Sir Henry Maine, in his very striking lecture on “The Value of the Study of India,” recently delivered at Cambridge, has admirably described the influence of such conditions.

But it is evident that although the whole of eastern and southern Asia, from Japan and the Corea to the Bosphorus, with India in the centre, as a great reserve of British force to aid,—if firmly leagued, or susceptible of any reliable combination, might resist any irruption from the north, and render the subjugation of any one impossible even to Russia—no such league or alliance, offensive and defensive, is practicable. From the Black Sea to the Bosphorus and Mediterranean, or through Persia to the head of the Persian Gulf, Russia sooner or later will apparently force her way. England alone, though with her maritime superiority capable of worrying Russia both in the Baltic and the Black Sea, could not offer effective resistance. In the present state of Europe the Russian and German empires united could paralyze the other Western Powers in such a contingency, and the “sick man,” so far as Constantinople is concerned, would be as little capable of defence as the last of the Greek emperors. The principle of non-intervention, and our manifest disinclination to incur either liability or responsibility, has alienated foreign States, and sown distrust in the minds of all their Rulers. A representative Government and a shifting ministry inspire no confidence abroad. Asiatic Powers do not understand it, and Western States cannot trust it for any continuity of purpose or alliance.

It has been suggested as a possible solution that Constantinople

might, by common consent, be neutralised and made a free port. Of course this assumes that Turkey would be compelled to abandon it, and withdraw her forces to the Asiatic border—and this could not fail to carry with it the abandonment of the Principalities, and all other possessions on the European side, to become either independent States, or provinces of Russia and Austria. This would be to reconstruct the map of Eastern Europe, and could scarcely be effected without a war;—or by conquest, in the first instance, without the concurrence of all the great Powers. The Danubian provinces might prove a very doubtful gain either to Russia or Austria; and disturbing neighbours to both, if independent. Nevertheless, to one or other of these alternatives all things are tending ultimately, though by what steps to be effected, or in what lapse of time, few men would like to hazard a prediction. To Russia either the Mediterranean or the Persian Gulf must sooner or later be the outlet, and of the two the Dardanelles would offer a safer and less objectionable outlet than the Persian Gulf, to this country and to Russia alike. Such an outlet alone can supply the safety-valve needed to prevent continued explosions and eruptions from the pent-up forces and activities of the Russian Empire. The Black Sea, with its commercial highway by the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, might seem to give this necessary outlet and access to open seas in the south. But it is plain that Russia wants more than this permissive channel of intercourse and commerce. It is seeking to re-establish the old lines by which, before the irruption of Turks and the desolation they brought with them, Constantinople and Pekin were united by more than one line of great caravan routes,—making Constantinople the converging centre of distribution for the commerce of the East to Europe and the shores of the Mediterranean. Constantinople would then be the seat of Russian empire, and the centre of a vast line of commerce between Europe and Asia—China and the Western world—safely entrenched between two seas, and on the great highway of nations. Imperial sway and commercial development to the extent of Russia's resources, and the wants of the territories and populations within her almost boundless limits, is the aim of such ambition, and Constantinople is the goal, the attainment of which would alone go far to secure both.

Passing in review the great Eastern questions of the day in their commercial and political aspects, as they affect the policy and the interests of European powers, it is impossible not to feel how imperfectly this can be accomplished in a single article. How much remains to be said, and how many considerations have been passed over that nevertheless enter largely into the problems for solution, I am painfully aware. To supply this deficiency I can only in a few concluding paragraphs indicate the principal heads under which

further information must be sought. These may best be summarized as having reference to the social, commercial, and religious aspects of the shifting phases of Eastern progress and movement.

Russian advances during the last half century in Central Asia, and on the Eastern borders of China, must be regarded as the initial cause of by far the greater part of the changes now in progress. The contact of this semi-Oriental power, with Western culture and policy, together with the rapid extension of her frontiers into the heart of Central Asia and on the banks of the Amoor, have stirred to their depths Asiatic elements in all these directions. The occupation of nearly one-half of Manchuria, the patrimony of the Manchoo Tartars, now on the Chinese throne, taken in connection with the attacks of the Western powers on the sea face, have roused the whole Chinese Empire, with its three hundred millions of a homogeneous race, from a sleep of ages, to an excited and angry activity. The possession of India by Great Britain has further tended, no doubt, to awaken the slumbering energies of another two hundred millions of Asiatics in the South, and by near approach, to lend its disturbing influence to many more on the confines of this Indian Empire. Further west, towards the Bosphorus and the Danube, the Persians and the Turks especially, cannot but feel their existence at stake. As the latest invaders from Asia into Europe, without any attempt at assimilation or civilization, their instinct tells them they are still looked upon as intruders whose title to occupation rests only on conquest, and by that same sword-arbitrament, are liable from day to day to eviction.

But here both social and religious forces have to be taken into account. The creeds of Asia are not dead, and the religious element will yet play a most important part in the future settlement of political boundaries and national interests. China, with Buddhism for its creed, carries with it all Thibet and the Mongol tribes as far as Central Asia, and has lately waged a ruthless and successful war of extermination against the Mahomedans within her own borders, while she is advancing on Eastern Turkestan with the same fell intent. There the shock of two great religious systems, each counting their followers by millions, instinct with mutual hatred and rival fanaticism, must be felt from one end of Asia to the other. Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, all Central Asia, and the Northern Provinces of India, are both Mahomedan and fanatic. The Chinese have little of fanaticism, but it is different with the Mongol races; and with the instincts of imperial power the Rulers of China know that it is through the Dali-Llana of Thibet and the influence of the Buddhist worship, that they reign over the Tartar and Mongolian steppes. The importance they attach to this source of power has been demonstrated by the wars lately waged, and it will

well supply any default of fanatic feeling among the body of the people in China proper. Hindooism again, it has been said, is not a proselytizing religion, yet it has shown in late years a great power of attraction and receptiveness to the millions within the Indian border who had not previously been received in the pale; and the Hindoo religious element may be safely estimated as the prevalent faith influencing a hundred million, or more. Still for these the struggle and the shock of war between the Buddhist and the Mahomedan creeds may have comparatively little attraction or interest; but not so with the forty millions of our Mahomedan subjects. Neither is it matter of indifference with the Russian and the Greek Church, intermingled and mixed up as the latter is with commercial and political elements. It has been said—very truly I believe, in an able article in the *April Quarterly*, that—

“The Russians have one source of impulse which moves them more powerfully than it does any other European nation. This is the Religious crusading element. It visibly affects the policy of nations like France and Germany, but it cannot be said to be in either a popular element of political action. But it is quite otherwise in Russia. There whatever of national feeling or of real loyalty to the throne exists is inseparably bound up with religion, and whatever is religious is actively propagandist and hostile to non-Christian powers. This is one of the great Russian political forces of which we either habitually ignore the existence, or take less account than it deserves. It is in many ways a source of strength to Russia far beyond her own borders.”

What influence this may have in the pending crisis, when the fate of Eastern Turkestan and its present Mahomedan population hangs on the issue, is not easy to forecast. Russia cannot afford, with all her religious crusading spirit, to rouse the fanatic spirit of her Mussulman subjects in the Khanates and Kirghis steppes, and along her southern border, by helping the destruction of the Atalikh Gazih's rule. It would better suit her policy to help him against China, and secure the monopoly of commerce through this region, which opens the road to the west of China, for trader and soldier alike.

This leads to the consideration of the other most potent motive for Russian advance in Central Asia, and the very general desire, among even the non-military classes, for the enlargement of the empire in the East,—and that is commercial development. Indeed the leading springs of all Russian ambition and enterprise, since the time of Peter the Great, may be summed up under three heads, uniting all the moneyed and the commercial with the military classes. First, the want of an open port,—an ocean base as it has been termed,—on an unfrozen sea; secondly, commercial extension, and the growth of a middle class which can only be created by such development; thirdly, the greed of power and empire, combined with the religious crusading spirit of the Greek Church. The first and second are commercial and social necessities of such paramount

importance, that the whole nation is ready for any sacrifice in favour of Asiatic military expeditions to further the end, and especially to secure new and exclusive markets, on strictly protectionist principles. Wherever Russian conquest or influence extends, therefore, all access is closed to rival traders, or competition of any kind; and we are thus landed in a commercial antagonism, out of which there seems to be no escape, for it is the Moscow protectionists who urge on military expeditions with this object. As regards the religious element, it has hitherto been but little developed, and in China more especially carefully suppressed, not to excite hostility at Peking, which might have jeopardised other and more immediate aims of territorial and commercial extension. Yet it is evident that in China and Russia come into conflict for the possession of Eastern Turkestan, that this truce may not be much longer maintained, and in that case a new source of fermentation and activity will be introduced into the Chinese mind. So far, the Chinese have only had to contend with any missionary or proselytizing element in other Western hands—the Roman Catholic and the Protestant representatives of Christianity. These, it is true, have given them trouble enough, and the same questions of spiritual and secular jurisdiction have been raised by the Ultramontaniam of the Romanist missions, under the protectorate of France, as are now exercising the German mind. What action China will take in such questions it is not difficult to determine. Her rulers will resist to the utmost all effort to impose upon them, behind the conditions of extraterritorial rights already hateful to them, any assertion of Papal supremacy, or pretensions of the spiritual to interfere with the civil jurisdiction, and the sovereign power of the State. To those who know the Chinese, and have had the opportunity of watching the direction of their efforts of late years, it has long been evident that they are preparing for action. In a blind, and somewhat wild fashion it may be—often under very bad advice, and never long on the same course, but still persistently they have been seeking to obtain means of defence—to arm their forts with Krupp guns—to drill and discipline Chinese troops by foreign officers—to create a fleet, with docks and arsenals, and all other appliances derived from Western sources. And quite recently there is a report of an American general going out to put their whole coast in a state of defence. If this prove correct, it is probably one of the many ill-conceived schemes suggested by trading firms with a view to large contracts, in which the Chinese may very easily waste their resources, and accomplish no really useful result. They would be better advised, if they spent, what they could well afford, much larger sums in developing a system of railroads and telegraphic lines, and working mines, with European machinery and artificers, while creating a really effective

land and sea force placed upon a good footing. They might in a very short space of time, by such efforts, become a Power which would not only be able to hold its own against all enemies, but assert its right to be taken into European councils in all Asiatic affairs. China, however, has much to learn before this can come to pass; and in the meantime, with all her potential capabilities to make her alliance of as much importance in European combinations as any first-class power in the West, the policy and the aims of Chinese rulers are little heeded. There is, notwithstanding, no State in the West that could so easily put a million of men on foot, or maintain a first-class fleet; if we take into account her almost unlimited resources in men, and all the elements of wealth. But then the rulers of the empire must first know how to bring into play their ample means, learn to choose fit instruments, and fully trust them; and there is so little sound influence perceptible in the councils of China, that it is perhaps just as well they should be left by slower processes to reach a higher level. Chinese reforms in every direction are much wanted, and the most obvious and ready means of effecting them are denied to the Government, so long as the unreasoning susceptibilities and mutual jealousies of foreign powers, interfere with the perfect freedom of the Chinese to employ their own agencies, without dictation or interference as to their selection from different nationalities, or their dealings with individuals once in their service.

Little or nothing has been said of Japan, and yet since its revolution it has been daily rising in importance. With a population of thirty millions, inferior to no Asiatics in courage and industrious power, with a beautiful group of islands for their country, and an earnest desire to assimilate western civilisation and culture, the day is not far distant when their place in the comity of nations may be willingly conceded. European policy, and alliances for peace and war will have to take account of their presence in the high roads of western and eastern commerce across the Pacific, and in the Chinese seas. If they were to be absorbed by Russia, as they once might well have feared, or were in alliance with it or the United States in an European war, in which either of the latter were belligerents, they might prove very useful allies, and troublesome enemies to the commerce of any other State having a great Eastern trade. They, too, are getting up a fleet on European models, which may before long assume respectable proportions, while among their islands are some of the finest harbours of the world. Russia has lately obtained possession of their half of Sagalien in exchange for the Kuril islands to the north of Japan. I do not know that any valid objection can be raised to such an exchange; but it is to be hoped that this kind of traffic may end there. Japan has always been jealous of her independence, and she may now count upon the interest which all the Western world has in its preservation.

I do not believe, as Mr. Long lately urged, that the real goal of Russia is China. Great as are the powers of deglutition and assimilation which Russia has shown, China is too indigestible and too large a morsel, however desirable for trade. The Bosphorus or the Persian Gulf are the true termini of the Russian lines of advance. India is merely subsidiary, and chiefly to be used as a means of giving "check to the queen" on the great chessboard of Europe, whenever England's policy runs counter to Russian aims. It may be true enough that possession of the valley of the Oxus, like that of the Caucasus, is not an ultimate point, but only a resting-place or stage in advance;—but we may be satisfied that neither the conquest of India or of China, has yet entered into the plans of Russian rulers or statesmen. Nor can I think that there would be any wisdom in anticipating hostile intentions, by advancing to meet a Russian advance halfway at Merv, or Herat on the Afghan border. Russia certainly desires to secure the monopoly of trade in Central Asia and the West of China perhaps,—but we should be ill advised to make this a ground for hostilities, and a war with Russia beyond the Himalayahs. Russia may not be a very safe or commodious neighbour on our Indian frontier; any more than China thinks we should be on the Burmese side—warned by experience of Russian neighbourhood on the north; but I cannot help believing, with Lord Napier and Ettrick, that our best policy lies in securing Afghanistan from Russian influence. I believe trade is our chief means of traversing any Russian designs of exclusion and monopoly. But if Russia succeeds by force of arms in shutting out our commerce from Central Asia, it is a lesser evil than war. Only we must make it perfectly clear that we regard Afghanistan as the exclusive theatre of English influence, without prejudice to its internal government or national independence. The best interests of the Afghans march with our own. We should guarantee its absolute integrity, with reference to any external aggression, but tolerate no participation of political influence or aggression on her boundaries, such as we had defined or should define them. This was the opinion given by Lord Napier when presiding at the reading of Mr. Long's paper, and I most entirely agree with him in the belief that if such a policy be openly declared, there is no fear of collision with Russia, and no reason why we should not maintain very good relations with that country in Central Asia as in Europe. After all it would be quite as easy for England to raise up enemies in Central Asia to Russia, as for the latter to create a danger or troubles for us in India, and with probably worse results. It has yet to be proved, whatever may be the alleged Orientalism of Russia, that she is a better Ruler of Asiatics than ourselves.

RUTHERFORD ALCOCK.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

AN OLD FABLE.

Mephistopheles (ad spectatores).

“Am ende hangen wir doch al
Von creaturen die wir machten.”

FAUST, Second Part (*Birth of the Homunculus*).

PART I.

I.

PROMETHEUS being reconciled with Jove,
The old Titan took the liberal leadership
Of that Olympian government, which he
(The first great popular incendiary)
Had long denounced from the Caucasian cold
Of Opposition. And, perceiving soon
That, tho' the Monarch of Olympus ruled
By right divine, he was not indisposed
To let himself be popularly famed
The father of his subjects, the adroit
Intriguing Titan thus to Jove appeal'd :
“ Monarch of gods and mortals, live for ever !
Stay not thy steps in the well-enter'd path
Of Progress. Earth's mute multitudes behold :
Read in the language of their longing eyes
The passionate petition of the dumb :
And to life's thousand inarticulate thoughts,
Emotions, faculties, and sentiments,
Grant the yet-wanted, all-completing, gift
Without which life is valueless—a voice ! ”
But Jove, mistrustful, answer'd, “ To what end ? ”
“ No end of ends ! ” the Titan cried, “ each end
A fresh beginning. Voice will lead to speech,
Speech to intelligence, intelligence
To liberty.” “ And liberty to what ? ”
Mocking his minister the monarch ask'd,
Impatient of reply. “ Let none be led
To dream of taking liberties with me !
Restless, impulsive old philanthropist,
Thy talk smacks revolutionary still.”
“ Still ? ” said Prometheus sullenly, “ Why not ?
From revolutionary sources rose

The Power I serve: and what wert thou thyself
 Without the Revolution, Son of Time?"
 "Son of Iapetus," the god replied,
 "It was to win, and not to lose, a throne
 We raised the revolutionary war
 Wherein thy services, long recognised,
 We have requited."—"Ay," the Titan snarl'd,
 "Witness Mount Caucasus!"—"And witness thou
 That we recall'd thee from Mount Caucasus."
 "I do: and well I know the reason why,"
 Prometheus answer'd, with a bitter smile,
 "The gods themselves obey Necessity."
 Shrugging Olympian shoulders, Jove resumed,
 "Since then, high honours, office, influence, place
 Have long been thine. Enough! forget the past
 Which disunited us; nor indispose
 The confidence we graciously accord
 Rather to him by Themis recognised
 As the most sage of her sedate adepts,
 Than to the perjured Titan who abjured
 The cause of his own Party."—"And for whose?"
 "For mine. I know it."—"Thine?" with vehemence
 Long ill-repress'd the indignant Titan cried,
 "Nor thine, nor thee, monarch of parricides
 From sire to son! If I renounced the cause
 Of Passion warring with Intelligence,
 God of the moment, know that I disdain
 The service of all crown'd decrepitude.
 Death's liegeman was I never. Living force
 In all that lives I seek; and, where I find,
 I love and serve it. Let the poorest germ
 That strives with uncongenial circumstance
 But show me beating in its breast one pulse
 Of pregnant life, it shall not lack mine aid
 To grow and strengthen,—ay, and overcome!"
 Jove mutter'd, "Overcome? audacious word!
 Whom should the upstart overcome? not me."
 "And why not thee," the uncourtly giant laugh'd,
 "If only it be worthier than thou?"
 Kronides, never have I flatter'd thee,
 Never deceived thee. In the dynasty
 And race of Uranus, 'tis violence
 That hath made power hereditary. Jove,
 Mistrust tradition. Had not Kronos pent
 In penal Tartarus the Giant Brood,
 He had not lack'd their hundred-handed help

Against thy parricidal enterprise.
 Beware of the oppress'd. 'Tis in their camp
 The Revolution ever finds recruits.
 Confide in Liberty, the friend of all ;
 And, thanks to her, by all befriended, thrive.
 Be thou, if she o'erpass thee by a foot,
 Still great enough to o'erpass her by a head.
 'Tis at the price of ever greater growing
 Eternity is granted to the great."
 Pensive, the monarch of Olympus paused :
 Then, with a voice as melancholy low
 As the last murmur of a worn-out wind
 Whose power, once felt round all the rolling world,
 Retains, to haunt the ruins it hath wrought,
 Nothing of its old rapture save a sigh,
 "Prophet," he said, "who, in the hoary past
 Where the old gods and the old centuries sleep,
 Sole of thy kindred saw'st the hour not theirs
 And madest it thine, ere yet the forward shade
 Of its slow footstep from the dial's face
 Minute by minute trod their daylight out ;
 Thou who to Kronos didst his doom foretell,
 And canst see further than the gods themselves,
 Whose immortality is but a mood,
 A momentary mood, of that Unrest
 Which hath no name nor being of its own,
 And cannot either find or lose itself
 Thro' endless change, say what, if I refuse,
 Shall be my fate ?"—"Immense satiety,"
 The Titan said. Jove mused. "If I accord
 To all my subjects liberty of speech,
 What then ?"—"They then shall tell it thee themselves,"
 Prometheus answer'd. Spying Cupid pass
 Equipp'd and quiver'd for a chase less cold
 Than Dian's, Jove impatient turn'd ; and waved
 A hand of half compliance, as he sigh'd,
 "Prometheus, thou art compromising me !"

II.

Then, that apostate from the Tory Camp
 Of the Old Titans (Jove's Whig Minister)
 This grudging concession to the earth convey'd.
 There he convoked his numerous clients all
 In universal parliament ; from man,
 Made in Apollo's image, to the frog,
 Made in man's own ; and loosed the bolts and bars

Which had till then lock'd mercifully fast
 The voices of innumerable hearts.
 This done, preferring doubtless to enjoy
 The concert at a distance, he return'd,
 Proud of his pranks, to the Olympian Hall.

PART II.

I.

The gods and goddesses, the demi-gods
 And demi-goddesses, all demi-nude
 (Couch'd upon clouds, in classic attitudes
 Since then repeated several thousand times
 By thrice as many strokes of classic art),
 Were listening, with more wonder than delight,
 To the new noises ; howlings, growlings, grunts,
 Snorts, barkings, brayings, neighings, bellowings,
 Chirrupings, cooings, crowings, caterwaulings,
 Hoots, whistlings, hummings, buzzings, borne aloft
 From the no-more-discreetly-silent earth.
 And as, with sidelong shoulder, trailing tread,
 And bended brow, the burly Titan pick'd
 His way unwelcome thro' those groups divine,
 Their comments were not complimentary.

II.

"Please to explain this new caprice, or stop
 That peacock's noise," resentful Juno cried.
 "What ails the infatuated fowl? My bird
 Is braying like an ass!"—"Fair Majesty,
 This new caprice is an old debt paid off,"
 Prometheus answered. "Earth's inhabitants
 Must now reveal what's *in* them—to the ear,
 Whate'er the consequence may be. Till now
 They only shew'd what's *on* them—to the eye.
 Fair is thy favourite, and finely dress'd
 Exact no more from one so beautiful."
 Aurora, discontented by the crow
 Of the quick, indiscreetly-clamorous cock,
 Complain'd, "Prometheus might, at least, for *me*
 Have managed to discover, or contrive,
 A somewhat more melodious minstrelsy
 Than the rude shriek of that ridiculous bird."
 "Sweet cousin, thine indulgence," he replied,
 "For the cicala's creaking music leaves
 Less plaintive strains but little chance to please

Love's ear compassionately prejudiced.
 Sleep sounder, and wake later. What hath drawn
 Thy blushing charms thus early from their couch ?
 Is it the souvenir of Cephalus,
 Or else the expectation of Orion ?"

III.

Thus parrying, as he pass'd, with bitter jest
 The just reproaches of indignant gods,
 Jove's great, ungallant, clever Minister
 Push'd his way on. Olympus loved him not
 'Spite of his ancient birth and lineage high ;
 Even the demi-deities who came
 Last into fashion look'd on him askant,
 As tho' he were a sort of parvenu.
 The restless genius, that from all his peers
 Distinguish'd this intrepid Titan, gave
 To his strange, inconvenient character
 Something incongruously coarse. Impell'd
 By unintelligible vehemence,
 His vivid conduct grieved the fluent grace
 Of the Olympian elemental calm ;
 As, sheer across the current of a stream,
 Fervid and fluttering with volcanic fire
 Some ravaged morsel of a mountain rolls.
 The Titan, in his heart of hearts, despised
 And bore an ancient grudge against the gods.
 Venus alone (that famous Fairest Fair,
 On whose fair fame the Titan's biting wit
 Had never fasten'd its incisive tooth ;
 For, stern to others, he for her had smiles
 Like lightnings playing thro' a thundercloud)—
 Venus alone, of all the goddesses,
 Was not unconscious of a curious charm
 In this grim god-born mocker of the gods.
 'Twixt Mars and Vulcan, Beauty spares a place
 For Wit : and, if but wit enough they have,
 Wise politicians, prizing place, pay court
 To Beauty. With an amicable nod
 The charming goddess beckon'd to her side
 Prometheus. He approach'd her : and " Well done !"
 Approvingly she whisper'd in his ear.
 " What long on earth I miss'd, thou hast supplied.
 I love the lion's roar, the ringdove's coo :
 Passion and sentiment are well express'd.
 And much the amorous bull's deep bellowing

Delights me ; for methinks a mode I know
 To mellow that fierce music with no loss
 Of lusty meaning to its savage strain.
 But prithee, my Prometheus, tell me why
 Thou hast withheld thy last and greatest gift
 From some whose claim on thy solicitude
 The modesty of their mute tenderness
 Should have confirm'd ?" The Titan, in surprise,
 An interrogatory eyebrow raised.
 " Behold those little loving earthly souls,"
 The goddess answer'd, " nightingales and larks,
 In unobtrusive plumage poorly clad,
 That hop about the bushes and the grass
 Wherein they hide themselves the whole day long,
 Silent amidst the universal brawl
 And babble of the emancipated world.
 I know their sweetness and simplicity,
 And shall they have no language ? Hearts that beat
 With base emotions find ignoble voice :
 Souls fill'd with shameful thoughts take shameless tongue :
 Wrath, and unreason, and vulgarity
 No listeners lack : stupidity and spite
 Speak loud : and these, the darlings of the spring,
 Whose lives are love's most lyric poësies,
 Remain without an audience upon earth."
 The Titan's intense penetrating eye
 Sounded the secret dwelling in the depths
 Of those small bosoms. " And what seest thou there ?"
 The goddess ask'd. Sighing, he answer'd her,
 " What I have long foreseen."—" And what is that ?"
 Full on the glorious beauty of her face
 His fervid gaze the admiring Titan fix'd.
 " O Beauty, sovran and superlative,
 Thou who wast born but to reveal thyself
 And be adored, how should'st thou understand
 The secret of a beauty unlike thine,—
 A beauty bashful, fill'd with self-mistrust,
 That shuns the light and seeks the sheltering shade ;
 A timorous beauty, fearing to be seen,
 Yet fainting to be loved ?" And Venus laugh'd,
 " Mocker ! what bastard art thou speaking of ?"
 " Ay," mused Prometheus, " bastard born ! Begot
 From the embrace of Heaven and Earth, it breathes
 Between them both an unacknowledged life."
 " What," said the goddess, " is the bastard's name ?"
 The Titan sigh'd, " Its name is Poësy."

—“ A woman ? ”—“ No. ”—“ A man, then ? ”—“ Ah, still less ! ”

The glorious sexual goddess blush'd reproof,

“ Is Hermes, then, a father ? ”—“ 'Tis not he. ”

—“ Not Hermes ? then 'tis Jupiter ? ”—“ I doubt. ”—

“ If there's a doubt, it must be Jupiter. ”

—“ If it be Jupiter, no doubt have I

He doubts not of it. ”—“ Pass the father's name.

The mother is the love-tale's text, we know,

The father but the pretext. Name the mother. ”

—“ But thou would'st not believe ” “ 'Tis Juno, then. ”
(Venus said this with a malicious smile.)

—“ No. ”—“ Is it Pallas ? ”—“ No, alas, not she ! ”

—“ And why, alas ? ”

The Titan meaningly

Look'd at the goddess, till she laugh'd out loud,

“ Matchless impertinent ! ” But he, unmoved,

“ Fair Queen, I warn'd thee that thou would'st not deign

To give me credit ” “ For such impudence ?

No, truly ! Fie ! to say it to my face ! ”

—“ But I said nothing. ”—“ And yet all implied.

What next ? ”—“ Dear Aphrodite, name me thou

Thy father, and *thy* mother. ”—“ Nay, methinks

The name of Jupiter is known to all :

So is Dione's. ”—“ *They* thy parents ! they ?

Great and dear goddess, beauty such as thine

Hath nobler birth. Nor deem those stupid gods

The true begetters of a deity

Above their own. No, Aphrodite, no !

A single drop of sacred ichor sweet,

The mystic blood of mighty Uranus,

Fall'n in the wild unfathomable world

Of waters, brought thy wondrous self to birth :

And even so, one momentary glimpse

Of Heaven, reflected in a single glance

From eyes divine, that in that glance embraced

~~The~~ spirit of an earth-bound creature, bred

This Aspiration unappeasable

Which hath no sire, no mother, and no sex ;

Which is not man, nor woman ; but the soul

Of the wide universe, from matter freed,

And floating thro' infinitude in search

Of what 'tis destined from the gods to snatch,

(As I from their Olympus fetch'd their fire)

The immortality they dread to lose. ”

—“ And this new Beauty ? ”—“ Sadden'd and abasht, ”

Prometheus mutter'd bitterly, "by all
 The vulgar voices of the Multitude
 That loves its own monopoly of noise,
 The new-born dare not show itself on earth.
 Therefore I craved from Jupiter what he
 Denies me still,—the gift of wings for birds :
 Birds only : that those fair embodiments
 Of this shy Beauty which aspires yet shrinks,
 Finding in heaven the freedom miss'd on earth,
 Might soar and sing."

IV.

Low sank the Titan's voice
 Into a meditative murmur. "Yes!"
 He mutter'd, as in commune with himself,
 "And then, perchance, might they reveal to man
 That superhuman language, last e'er learn'd,
 Whereby alone man's soul may be express'd.
 Then, too, perchance, that soul at last set free
 From all that yokes it to the life of brutes,
 Might recognise the glorious destiny
 To which my purpose guides it. O man, man!
 Dear, desperate essay of my great revolt,
 Could'st thou but understand me! Stupid gods,
 What profits you your immortality?
 To be the same for ever, is to be
 For ever lacking life's divinest gift—
 The faculty of growth. What good in that?
 But to be ever growing young again,
 From age to age eternally renew'd,
 Behold the gift (a gift to gods denied)
 My forethought hath for man alone reserved!
 Death is the vain condition jealous Jove,
 To baffle mine ambition, hath imposed
 Upon its human instrument. O blind
 And undiscerning god, could'st thou not guess
 That to these hands the fetter thou hadst forged
 Gave all they needed whence to forge a sword?
 Mankind must die. The fiat hath gone forth.
 Die? When I heard that word of doom pronounced,
 More self-restraint I needed to suppress
 A shout of joy, than when 'twixt bitten lips
 My groans I strangled upon Caucasus!
 Mankind must die? 'Tis well. By means of death
 Man's race shall be, from age to age refresh'd,
 Perpetually growing young again.

Death's salutary sickle, as it reaps
 The old grain, to the young the soil restores.
 A man is dead, long live mankind ! From age
 To age, the experience of each single life
 Passes to its successor ; ages roll,
 And in a hundred ages (what care I
 How many births as many deaths succeed ?)
 Man's progeny surpasses head by head
 The stature of its highest ancestry.
 Hist ! I have watch'd the ocean, watch'd the shore :
 The sand rejected, by the restless wave
 Grows, grain by grain, together, heaps itself
 Higher and higher, hardens ; and at last
 The wave, returning, breaks upon a rock,
 And is itself fejected. Human sands,
 Grains of humanity, rise, higher rise,
 Upon each other's shoulders, and stand fast.
 Not, as my foolish Titans, shall ye pile
 Ossa on Pelion in the vain attempt
 To scale Olympus ; for, as man expands,
 Olympus shall dissolve itself away
 Beneath the summits of his gradual growth ;
 And ye shall drink the scatter'd spray thereof,
 As the earth drinks the water, gaining strength
 And gladness, and producing miracles
 Of majesty, of loveliness, of life ! "

V.

Venus. What art thou muttering, Titan, to thyself ?
 Mysterious dreamer, dost thou meditate
 The eventual destruction of the gods ?

Prometheus. Not thine, Anadyomene, not thine !
 Divine embodiment of beauty, naught
 Can lessen thine imperishable power.
 Receive mine oath, and aid me.

Venus. How ? in what ?

Prometheus. Inspire in Jove the wish to be a bird
~~That~~ he may woo a mortal.

Venus. Is that all ?

PART III.

I.

Pretentious patrons of mankind, what means
 However monstrous have you e'er disdain'd
 For pushing forward your own purpose ? Kings,

You, for your subjects' good, have seized their goods :
 And you, philanthropists, to emancipate
 Your fellow-creatures, have chopp'd off their heads.
 Priests, promising mankind a better life,
 Have made man's life almost intolerable.
 Leeches, to cure men's maladies, with steel
 And poison multiply men's sufferings.
 Philosophers, by way of throwing light
 On what man finds compassionately dark,
 Put out his eyes by flashing in his face
 Their formidable lanterns. To attain
 His object none of these absurdities
 Prometheus condescended to adopt :
 He merely made a god ridiculous.
 Jove, for the sake of Ganymede, assumed
 An eagle's form. How, after that, could Jove
 Refuse the meanest bird a pair of wings ?
 Promiscuous benefits can rarely claim
 A better origin. To elevate
 One favourite, the Crown must needs consent
 To advance a dozen mediocrities.
 The public still cries out : but what of that ?
 For there are then thirteen instead of one
 To justify and to resist its wrath.
 Moreover the wrong done, whate'er that be,
 Is not an isolated privilege.
 It is a general calamity,
 And therefore generally better borne.

II.

Prometheus was, like lesser liberals,
 A doctrinaire, from whom all failure fail'd
 To win the recognition of a fault.
 When he had universalised the voice,
 And every vulgar brute could say his say,
 To souls refined and delicate was left
 No refuge from the hubbub all around
 Save their own silence ; and such souls remain'd
 Dumb with an inarticulate disgust.
 The Titan, by promiscuous speech vouchsafed
 To the coarse crowd, had in the finer few
 Life's highest note unwittingly suppress'd.
 That was the first irreparable fault :
 But, to correct it, he must needs commit
 A greater fault ;—the gift of wings to birds.

This inequality of circumstance
 And faculty (as might have been foreseen)
 Displeased the democratic mind of man ;
 Who deem'd himself humiliated much
 By the comparison his envy drew
 Between the smallest sparrow and himself.
 Prometheus (not less fertile in resource
 Than a Financial Minister) no doubt
 Would have extorted from the hand of Jove
 The envied gift of wings for envious men,
 Had men, by their ingratitude, meanwhile
 Not prematurely ended his career.
 Mortals themselves, and mortals unabasht,
 To them naught seem'd more utterly absurd
 Than immortality. So they decreed
 The abolition of Olympus : blind,
 Or, at the least, indifferent to the fact
 That they, by banishing the gods, exiled
 Their Titan patron, and deprived themselves
 Of his unprized protection. Once again,
 The giant victim of ingratitude,
 Prometheus to Mount Caucasus withdrew.

III.

"Rash race of suicides !" the Titan groan'd ;
 "The prey of your precocious appetites,
 You have devour'd the future ! All in vain
 I dream'd and schem'd to free you from a world
 Where Genius, bringing life, found only mud
 From which to make an image of itself.
 What with those aspirations will you do,
 Which should have been as levers to uplift
 Humanity above the gods themselves ?
 Fools ! you have fix'd your fulcrum in the void :
 And by its uncompassionated shame
 The torment of your fall will be increased.
 Alas ! and what will now be their worse doom
 Whose spirits have by poësy been stirr'd ?
 Lost children of my frustrate enterprise,
 Poets, can you be silent ?"

That antique
 And austere martyr contemplated sad
 The sombre rocks around him, and then sigh'd
 "If not . . . well, learn to suffer, even as I !"

PARLIAMENT AND POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

It is an ordinary topic, that the government carried on under the form of the English constitution is in reality no kingdom at all, but a veiled or disguised republic; and it appears to be a common impression that it is, on the whole, what Hume many years ago anticipated that it would in good time become, "a republic of no inconvenient form." We do not propose to controvert the first of these notions, though we think it inaccurate, misleading, and mischievous. Every one must deplore the adoption of any way of looking at the subject which can tend to make either the form or the substance of government in any way unpopular. To insist on the republican character of our institutions must grate on the ears of that majority of people who dislike republics, and to insist on their incompletely republican character must equally discontent the minority who approve them. Yet if the proper denomination of a government is always *ad plurimum*, as is laid down by Lord Chief-Justice Hale, the formula, fairly and plainly considered, is hardly controvertible. Nor do we propose to review the supposed defects of our existing form of polity, on the ground that, to use a common phrase, it "carries a good deal of pasteboard." We suspect that there is no form under which government can present itself that might not be fairly charged with that degree of imposture which the pasteboard figure implies. Every government depends far less upon its formal than upon its moral basis. The essence of modern government consists in nothing more nor less than a certain state or habit of social and civil regulation, residing exclusively in those who are subject to it. Now the traditional relation of governors and governed, as we find it reflected in the familiar phrases of all but very modern law and literature,¹ is in the practice of our times greatly relaxed and modified. The principle known as Constitutionalism aims at realising, and in many modern societies does actually realise, an idea which was of old ranked among the notions of Utopists—that of getting both those who govern, whether persons, families, or classes, and those who are governed, alike under the influence of some well-defined and lasting mutual understanding, expounded and ratified by some well-understood canon of law. In England such an ideal was attained long before we underwent the change implied in the term "disguised republic." The condition implied in the word "governed" has long been

(1) It is unnecessary to do more than remind the reader of history that the distinction between those who govern and those who are governed was formerly most strongly marked in non-monarchical governments.

common to everybody. From the queen to the peasant, one state or habit of political regulation permeates every rank of our complex society. Parliament, using the term in its proper acceptation of the general assemblage of Queen, Lords, and Commons, all representing themselves, and some representing vast masses of others, both in theory and in practice involves every one comprehended in that society. This general assembly keeps in its own hands the whole legislative power, and maintains a jealous oversight of the whole executive power, though both, less for purposes of convenience than from regard to ancient forms, remain vested in the person of the sovereign. Such being the case, even those of us who still respect the "form of sound words" cannot gravely censure others who find satisfaction in complimenting our polity with the title of a Republic.

Whether our polity can fairly be considered a republic of no inconvenient form, is a point upon which we are less clear. The question, perhaps, may be thought to be better adapted to the temporary needs of a debating society than to engage the serious attention of busy men. Typical English minds have never been eager to discuss the merits of any general form or frame of government. Of one thing only Englishmen are quite certain, that, owing in a great measure to the monarchical admixture, the executive branch of our government is marked by a cheapness and an efficiency which are conspicuously wanting in some republics of a more regular type. In the face of this fact, and so long as it is the fact, we are not likely to envy the better elaborated democracies which invite observation around us. We sometimes hear people say that the country is fast becoming "republican." It is a notion which a very slight acquaintance with English history, united with a moderate observation of English character, will go far to dissipate. No thoughtful man is tempted to use such an expression, even by the piquancy which it may give to a passing observation. Even supposing it to be demonstrated that it is certain or probable, or even possible, that every advantage which we enjoy in virtue of the monarchical element in our government would be secured to us under a formal republic, we look around us in vain for the motive force which would raise into significance an opinion favourable to the formal change that the argument suggests. The further we proceed in our course of constitutional progress, the less likelihood, under any possible circumstances, of any expression to such an effect on the part of the collective sense of the nation. The larger the mass of more or less educated opinion, and the better the general type of the minds who compose it, the harder to move would such a mass of opinion become. English character, from one generation to another, is marked with a peculiar persistency. The Englishman turns a deaf ear to such doctrines as usually result from the application of

abstract reasoning to politics. The stubbornness of the unbacked mule is as nothing to the stubbornness with which he will resent the attempt to make him follow out any of his principles to its logical consequences. He will rather deny the principle itself. He justifies himself by a number of cherished formulas, most of which are reducible to the familiar terms, "It's all very well in theory, but it won't do in practice." It is not enough to show that a thing is incomplete, inconsistent, incompetent to its ostensible or any other useful ends, unless you can point out in it some feature of gross practical inconvenience. To this characteristic British temper we undoubtedly owe some substantial advantages. We owe to it, besides, a strong spirit of acquiescence in some substantial disadvantages. We owe to it a disposition to believe in ourselves, and all that belongs to us, to a degree which sometimes parallels the most ridiculous forms of optimism. We owe to it a notable laxity in applying long-demonstrated remedies to long-standing scandals. We are a society that has long been remarkable among European societies for its internal strength and cohesion, and that will be remarkable among the governments of the world for the predominance of a quality corresponding to what in the philosophy of Matter is called *inertia*—a quality perfectly compatible with the greatest external weight and the busiest external activity.

It is common to assume that no disturbance of this general temper is deducible from the sweeping statutory changes of the past half-century. Nothing whatever, we often hear, has been effected by them that was not completely justifiable by reference not only to common sense and common justice, but to a state of things antecedent to the several abuses which we have succeeded in removing. Penal laws and disabilities for religious sectarianism, limited parliamentary representation, restrictions of a certain interested kind upon trade, were alike repugnant to the "true genius of the English Constitution," and that genius has been appropriately invoked upon their removal. In a certain sense, this is true enough. But our reforms have consisted less in the restoration of any actual old state of things than in renewing the prevalence of intermitted principles. The peculiar civil arrangement called the English Constitution had as little to do with the passing of the Reform Act as with the granting of Magna Charta. The peculiar form of both these concessions, and the peculiar circumstances under which both had to be extorted, were due to the fact that neither King John nor the Duke of Wellington understood the precise nature and force of the power which the most weighty classes of the English people commanded. Power follows the balance of property. Six hundred years ago, therefore, power rested with the barons; it now rests with the middle classes. Power, in politics, is a simple and unalterable

element which all the constitutionalism in the world will never modify. When that measure of power which people aim at is accorded them, they are usually satisfied for the time. As the barons were satisfied and made conservative, in a sense, by their charter, so the English middle classes have been satisfied and made conservative, in a like sense, by the Reform Acts.

Whether it be true or no that we are after all pretty much the same, in these respects, as our forefathers were before us, it is clear that we are not greatly different from them in our disposition to make long halts in the march of constitutional progress. We are not greatly alarmed when, as a consequence of some change lately effected, something else is pointed out to us as a clear anomaly. Perhaps we are disposed to recur to an old feeling, and to like it all the better on that account. Perhaps we imagine that if our anomalies were cleared away, we should have so much the less to cherish in that palladium of which we habitually boast to our enemies in the gate. Perhaps we suspect that the whole British constitution, too closely scrutinised, might turn out to be one vast anomaly. It may be the fact that the spirit of our constitutional law does not recognise the existence, as such, of anomalies. Whatever is, has presumably its meaning and use, the consideration of which should far transcend that of its anomalous character. At any rate, that anomalies should continue has never been considered a strange thing in English policy, nor has the result which might be expected always accompanied the obvious preponderance of a balance of power able to remove them, even when they are grossly troublesome. As in private matters, so in public, people acquiesce readily enough in anomalies, even when they involve palpable inconveniences. But everybody is not of the same turn of sentiment. The contentment which usually accompanies a state of normal prosperity is never universal. The number and proportion of acquiescents usually varies from year to year, and from generation to generation. It is increased, or diminished, by causes which are perfectly discernible, if not accurately measurable and ponderable. Many of them are slight, and all appear to be variable. The least inconstant, perhaps, is that natural fickleness which has been ever observable in democracies. It is among the favourite after-dinner aphorisms of a great statesman, that the English people must have a change, upon an average, once in seven years. According to such a view, that spirit of mere contented acquiescence, which forms the ground of our now-prevalent Conservative tone, lasts for a certain time and then wears out, as a man alternately sleeps and wakes. It is succeeded by a period of busy activity. At the present moment, those national faculties which produce active political movement seem to be completely torpid. The nation lies wrapt in a dead and heavy

slumber, like the strong man in the lap of the harlot. A flood-tide sets dead and heavy against anything like progress. Sooner or later there will certainly come the awakening, the change in the temperature, the ebb of the waters. In the meantime, it may be asked, is it right to consider this period of dead repose as merely a reaction in the ordinary and probable course of things? Is there no further cause to which it may be fairly attributed? Is nothing, at any rate, discoverable, which has facilitated the check we have sustained, which aids its continuance, and the removal of which, at some future time, might help to secure us from its recurrence?

We believe the fact to be that an anomaly exists in our present constitution, which is capable, under given circumstances, of bringing to a standstill the whole of the forces which sustain and accelerate our political progress. That anomaly is the fixed duration of the House of Commons. The imprudence or obstinacy of a minister may produce a sudden panic, or a sudden fit of caprice or impracticability, passing rapidly over the mind of the country; and during its prevalence a House of Commons may be elected which for seven years shall take measures to check and discourage all return to a normal and healthy state of national life. By a large parliamentary majority the spirit of opposition may be extinguished, and its organization may be paralysed. The nation may see its mistake too late. The mind and the temper of a great community are exempt from none of the disturbances which affect the mind and temper of an individual man. But the existing organization of the nation prevents all remedy for its mistakes until seven years (saving accidents) shall have passed over its head. Seven years of penance are due to what may have been a trifling error. Public opinion and Parliament, in fact, may be for seven years committed in hopeless hostility with each other. A ministry may govern, only supported by the obstinacy which commonly attends a mistaken choice, and unsupported by any of the strong, rational, well-ballasted, thorough-going approval which is necessary to give to its work life, reality, and permanence. Public opinion, while the present fixed duration of Parliament lasts, is a halting, a hampered, an imperfect power. The representation of the people, advanced so nearly to completion on the one side, is a wreck and a shadow on the other.

It is not easy to trace all the steps by which public opinion has won its present supremacy, and assumed its present form, in the British Commonwealth. The English government, doubtless, has always rested on a basis of general approval by a majority of the men of known weight and property in the kingdom; but in former times, and indeed until very recently, it was recognised and expected that such men would always constitute, out of the total freemen of the kingdom, a proportion numerically minute. Such elements were

readily calculable. It was easy to ascertain the weight and direction of the influence exercised by men whose position in the community was definite and permanent. It was consequently easy to determine its exchangeable value. Walpole's maxim, that every man had his price, was no such gross stigma upon English morality as may at first sight appear. All this is changed. For property we boast that we have substituted citizenship. To this new qualification the forms that were proper to limit a public opinion, based upon the antiquated rights of property, are wholly unsuitable. It is curious, nevertheless, that a fixed duration of Parliaments should never have been thought of until long after property had ceased to be the sole qualification for taking a share in the national affairs. It was, in fact, the growth of a democratic power in the boroughs which forced into being the law which to this day limits the duration of Parliaments.

The main object of Parliament being to secure fairness of taxation, it was understood that the main thing to be represented in Parliament was property, and that property, as a principle, was to be represented in its accumulations. As Parliament aimed gradually at numerous and considerable succursal objects, the deficiency in public spirit which characterizes all oligarchies made its appearance. It was counteracted by means which have become obsolete with the oligarchic system itself. But property, which existed mainly in its accumulations, was always fairly represented. Such was unquestionably the theory which underlay the most important form of representation, that which took effect in the presence in the King's Parliament of the Bishops, the Peers, and the Knights of the shire. It was not greatly otherwise in the case of the boroughs. The true practice of borough representation, only deviated from on grounds which it is difficult on legal principles to approve, after the twenty-second of James I.,¹ was that a dozen of the chief men in every place, holding their office for life, elected those who should represent that place in Parliament. When the fee-farm of the borough was in private hands, the returns were sometimes made in form by the proprietors themselves. Parliaments were originally understood to be elected for the life of the sovereign, who was himself laid down to be the beginning, middle, and end of Parliament. Writs of summons issued yearly, and it happened commonly, though by no means always, that the same persons were returned in every Parliament. Each session, it should not be forgotten, was in law a distinct Parliament. Such a system certainly secured an accurate correspondence between the weight of public opinion in the country, and the direction of public opinion in Parliament. Every one interested was directly represented, and the representation was subjected to constant review. Public attention, it may be, centered at

(1) See Brady's "Treatise of Cities and Boroughs," *passim*.

first in the narrow point of granting public money; but it was never, in the earliest times, exclusively limited to this, and it rapidly extended itself to every important element in public economy. Such a system obviously had its defects. It was, nevertheless, the system which gave us our Seldens, Hampdens, Pym, and Cromwells, and furnished us with that undoubted chain of constitutional securities which begins somewhere about the Statute of Tallages and ends with the Act of Settlement. It is less correct to describe it as the system of annual Parliaments than as that of Parliaments of unlimited or (in our sense) unfixed duration.

With the growth of the middle classes, and of forces, now preponderating, which then had no existence, after the period of the Commonwealth came a period in which the country, alike in its national and its local constitutional details, was smitten with the "cold, dry, petrific mace" of a false political system. In our political as in other matters, forms and principles, once elastic enough, refused to yield to any new requirements. Prescription, as expounded by a narrow race of lawyers, confined representation exclusively to its old channels. New forces, after a long stagnation, at length asserted themselves. A time of awakening came, and the people of England, once aroused, never rested until they had at length wrung from the powers that were the right to be represented,—not in types and shadows, but in due form, act, and substance. No one can doubt that the changes produced by the Reform Act have been most beneficial. The spirit of English liberty, once equally admired and dreaded, has lost every one of its dangerous accompaniments. Popular riots are no longer found necessary to enforce the prevalence of popular opinion. The tone of the Press, always, when it carried with it any degree of power, the organ of the people, has completely changed. Agitation has assumed a form which is regular and legal, civilly harmless, and constitutionally powerful. There is a growing ability to estimate the weight of public men by some fair and tolerably certain standard. Parliament is completely subordinated to the powers outside it. Ministries are completely subordinated to Parliaments. By a number of more or less convenient means, though opinion is clothed in many forms, speaks by many organs, and is defined by no precise constitutional rule, yet control over the ends and means of government is secured far more effectually than by the best-elaborated paper system that ever came from the pigeon-holes of a continental constitution-monger.

A century ago, Parliament was the vehicle of anything rather than of public opinion: it was alternately the vehicle of royal wishes, of ministerial intrigues, of oligarchical self-interest, and of popular prejudice. All these were occasionally united, as, for instance, in the production of the parliamentary majorities by which

Lord North for so many years infatuated his royal master. Public opinion, indeed, in the proper sense, did not exist. When a man acted as a man would now act with a view to leading public opinion, or ventured so to comport himself as to imply that such an element existed, his own friends usually cautioned him to take pains to appear less keenly interested in the matter, to avoid the imputation of unworthy motives. It was very commonly believed, for instance, that the opposition of the most independent of statesmen to the disgraceful war with the American colonies was stimulated by a regard for their private emolument. To go to the people themselves was to incur the imputation of being a demagogue. In our day, the wisest and most independent of statesmen must justify himself from time to time in the face of his constituents. The nation believes itself in this way to exercise the most effective control over those who administer its affairs. Yet the fact is that the nation, by returning too large a majority of men attached to one party, may effectually cast out of its hands all control over its affairs, and limit its free action to the space of ten days once in seven years. Such a state of things exhibits as forcible a contrast with the liberty which, all deductions being made for the formal deficiencies of the representation, was enjoyed by Englishmen in the time of Charles I., as the annual license enjoyed by the Roman slave contrasted with the uninterrupted rights exercised by the Roman citizen.

The moral effect upon public men of the vast change glanced at in this retrospect has, however, been vastly for the better; and never, it is probable, were our leading politicians more worthy of being fully trusted and profoundly respected on the part of the nation at large. Ministers, indeed, have long been tested by a stringent trial. To become minister, a man must approve himself in a manifold ordeal. A constituency must choose him, Parliament must accept him as a leader, public opinion must ratify the choice, and the queen, guided by well-understood though unwritten constitutional rules of selection, must send for him. A man may well feel no hesitation in responding to these assurances that he is expected to assume a leading part in administering the affairs of his country. The career of the statesman, by all calculation, ought to have become plainer, easier, and pleasanter. Perhaps the means by which publicity is given to current events have a tendency to magnify the importance of those who are already great enough, and to diminish that of those who are worthy of being better appreciated. Such a condition of things, however, is many centuries old, and it is neither possible nor desirable to disturb it. But the fact is, explain it as we will, that great statesmen in the present day rapidly become unpopular: they rapidly lose heart and hope, and leave their work to less competent hands. Democracies are proverbially ungrateful, as well as fickle; and the emancipated democracy of England bids

fair in both these respects to rival the standard examples of history. A great measure, a statesmanlike scheme, is interpreted as a bid for popularity. Breadth of view, sagacity, and foresight are misunderstood, except by the few. Popular enthusiasm is reserved for the crotcheteer and the charlatan. To those who know how completely the case was reversed in the days of Pitt and Fox, it may seem as if the very organization of democracy had been accompanied by a considerable decline in the qualities which alone can justify it and give it weight and permanence.

Whether Parliament itself is on the whole so popular a power as it was a hundred years ago, may be reasonably doubted. It is, at any rate, obvious that it is not that power which has the strongest purchase over the mass of the people. The people, it may be said, will never adore its own creature. It looks outside an assembly which is the work of its own hands, and turns to something apparently more permanent and more venerable. The Lords, we are assured by those who should know, have of late years much risen in the scale of popularity. However this may be, nothing is more curious than to note how accurately the development of popular government has been followed by a development of the popularity of the Crown. Most European sovereigns of this day are enjoying a high personal popularity; none exceeds in this respect the sovereign of that nation which enjoys the most popular form of government. The points of contact between the Crown and the reigning family have been multiplied in a number of ways, which it is unnecessary to recount. The growth of the seed patiently sown during a whole generation has been already reaped, and it may be expected to be reaped in yet larger measure. The bulk of the people are slowly passing into that stage in which a consideration of the personal attributes of the highest personages in the realm has the greatest weight and attractiveness. That peculiar growth in our government which was formerly known as the "influence of the Crown" has not indeed been openly revived, but no one who considers rationally what passes daily before our eyes would be surprised were new and strange forms of such an influence suddenly revealed by some unexpected combination of circumstances. The day has gone by when the growth of such an influence, in any shape, could be regarded as portentous. We can hardly say the same of another force which is daily growing under our eyes. The Church, taken in its widest sense, as the totality of those institutions which in the three kingdoms influence men's minds through the religious instincts, is a second element which has monstrously increased in power and weight within living recollection. Strange as it may seem, everything has been strengthened except the mainsprings of the actual political machine. For Parliament alone, and that in both its

chambers, together with the distinguished men who rise to power through its means, has it been reserved to take no share in the popular feeling which has been produced in favour of our institutions by the extension of the basis on which they are founded.

Little as the popular spirit of the last generation has detracted from the essential character of English civil life, it has facilitated the beginnings of remarkable changes in certain of its forms. We need but allude, in passing, to the still-incomplete democratisation of our chaotic forms of local government. The corporations have been revolutionized. We should rather say that, having completely lost their ancient character, they have been re-adapted into some semblance of it, while for local purposes, which they are unable to supply, supplementary organizations have been called into life. Local government is popular, even in the most costly and arbitrary of its forms. Had it been possible, there is no doubt that political reform should properly have commenced with those small political units. As it is, the work of completing the system of local government flags because the great representative body of the kingdom lacks the power or the sagacity to carry it through. The inconveniences of the present state of things are a matter of hourly experience, yet the country apparently has not that confidence in the schemes which have from time to time been propounded in Parliament which could alone justify it in supporting those who devise them.

Every one will wish to pass lightly over those defects in temper, energy, and public spirit which have for some time been remarked in the House of Commons, and which have been only too observable in the history of the present session. It is not on these temporary incidents that we rest our plea. The House of Commons, if we may use a phrase which at present seems trite, but which may before very long startle us with its significance, is in the earlier stage of a period of broad transition. We must hope that when the effect of recent changes, as yet hardly penetrating the surface, shall have sunk well into the soil of the country, the personal character of Parliament will be greatly modified. We shall probably in time have a majority and not a minority of members who will view the proceedings of Parliament as a responsible business worthy of serious and sedulous pursuit. It may be too much to hope that the spirit of mere perfunctoriness will ever entirely evaporate, but we may hope that the time may come when it will be no difficult matter to assemble forty people to discuss the affairs of our vast Asiatic empire. Changes must, of course, have time to work. The social bond, now so completely relaxed, which once made of Parliament an unusually homogeneous kind of club, will be perhaps replaced in time by something stronger and more significant. In the meantime, we should facilitate the operation of the changes we have made by a *pari passu* advance in corresponding departments of the constitution. As it is, we

have a democratic Parliament checked by the old Whiggish practice, and held, in virtue of its duration, in oligarchic leading-strings.

It is not the fact, nevertheless, that the reforms of late years have left the duration of Parliaments entirely unaffected. It may not be generally remembered that the most revolutionary change which Parliament has experienced was introduced by Mr. Disraeli's last Representation of the People Act. Parliament was originally, as is well known, no part of the standing government of the country. It was designed as a means of imposing upon all those possessed of taxable property the responsibility of considering and assenting to the necessary expenditure of the kingdom. It was assembled, prorogued, and dissolved by the king's command. So much of its original organization is still in force; but that entire formal dependence which secured the formal connection of Parliament with the monarch's person has been wholly abolished. The duration of Parliament was formerly limited by the king's life or pleasure. The king assembled a Parliament which remained during his whole life substantially the same, that is, the Parliament or Great Council of that particular king, and which subsisted until his decease, unless he chose to dissolve it. The duration of Parliament is still limited by the pleasure of the monarch, that is, in modern practice, by the convenience of his ministers; but Mr. Disraeli's Act removed the last vestige of the old theory, according to which the Parliament was constitutionally an emanation from the royal person, and the king was not only an essential member of the Parliament, but actually its beginning, middle, and end. The character of a mere royal council, assembled from time to time, with functions which hardly touched the standing government, has so completely forsaken it that it has been found desirable to abolish, by direct enactment, this fundamental common-law principle. Parliament now survives, subject to the convenience of ministers, to the full term of its statutory life, notwithstanding the death of the king. It is true that a statute of Anne¹ had prolonged it for a space of six months after the monarch's decease; but it is obvious that this statute was merely an affirmation of the ancient principle, together with a provision which removed the most palpable inconvenience which attached to its observation. Parliament is now, to all intents and purposes, a standing national council, elected for a term of years by an extensive, incompletely organized democracy. Its attainment of the statutory duration is limited by the condition of maintaining a certain working majority; and it is otherwise dissolvable at the will of a body of ministers who exercise a supremacy in it in virtue of this decided preponderance of its opinion in their favour. The nation at large, however, is deprived of the power of censure, and has no means of retrieving the errors of a

(1) 6 Anne, c. 7.

hasty election. This may, perhaps, be said to be as it should. The gravity of elections is enhanced by their infrequency, and it should be considered that this can hardly be safely lessened unless we could be sure of a real deepening of the sense of electoral responsibility. In the meantime, it is possible to satisfy ourselves that some change of the kind, if it were desirable and practicable, is by no means repugnant to the "genius of the Constitution."

To many persons, doubtless, the septennial duration of the English Lower House has a sort of sacred character. Seven years is a complete, traditional, time-honoured term. When closely considered, it may seem a long term. It represents a very considerable fraction of an average human life; and when the immediate consequence of its maintenance is that we get seven years of political repletion, and seven of positive starvation, we may well consider whether it is absolutely unalterable, in case this strange course of diet should at any time turn out to be too much for the bodily habit or temperament of the country. The law which prescribes seven years' Parliaments is not written in Magna Charta. It is the outcome of the most profligate period in our political annals, and its immediate design was to shield the practice of corruption which then and long afterwards cankered the whole representation. At the same time it partially removed the House from influences which were injurious to its character and authority. Every one knows how questionable were the means by which the Septennial Act was secured. We do not, however, impeach the first Parliament of George I. for exercising an unwarrantable power, nor can we maintain that the years during which the Triennial Act was in force, constitute a time the spirit and political methods of which we are desirous of seeing revived. We do not advocate the opinion of the versatile Shaftesbury, the uncompromising Samuel Johnson, and other notable democrats, who agitated for the ancient system of annual Parliaments. Whether or no the famous statute of Edward III. was designed to secure annual elections, or merely annual sessions of Parliament, makes but little for any practical modern purpose. The functions and the mode of election of the House of Commons have been so much changed by the growth of custom and the progress of legislation that such questions are wholly obsolete. We know very well that annual Parliaments could hardly fulfil the conditions which are now required in the English Senate, but it may well be doubted whether, nevertheless, the Septennial Act has not fully served its turn. We ought to be duly grateful for all that it turned out to be the means of accomplishing. There can be no doubt that Speaker Onslow was substantially right in his opinion that the Septennial Act emancipated the House of Commons from its dependence on the Crown and the House of Lords, and that during the years of the Hanoverian

dynasty the lower house has been continually and steadily growing in consequence and strength. Of this view the Act of Mr. Disraeli has furnished a final confirmation. The Septennial Act, originating, like the Triennial Act, in the Lords, was introduced by the responsible heads of the Whig party, at a time when Whiggism was something more than a mere name. It settled the foundations of government on what was then a firm and popular basis. The Triennial Act had been a concession from the king. William III., said the Duke of Buckingham, "made the people easy" by the Triennial Act. The Tories had raised the cry that it would never be well in England until there were annual Parliaments; and, a three years' duration, for which there existed the shadow of a precedent in a well-known statute of Charles I., was admitted as a compromise. William III. was most unwilling to pass it, and he only consented to it when the Bill came up to him the second time, under peculiar circumstances. The Stuarts, especially Charles II., had been notorious for their disposition to tamper with the Constitution, and William wisely cherished a profound respect for it. He refused his assent to the Triennial Bill on the ground that "as he found the English Constitution the best in the world when he saved it, he would not presume to make it better." The Septennial Act was designed for both a temporary and a permanent end. The temporary one was the security of the Hanoverian succession; the permanent end was the mitigation of the gross practical inconveniences of frequent elections. It is unnecessary to show how entirely obsolete these objects have become, and how completely the uses for which the Act was devised have been satisfied. If the general circumstances of government, and the general relations of the Crown, the Parliament, and the people, remained the same as they were in 1716, there would be hardly a shadow of a reason for its retention. But, like many other relics of the past, it has remained in operation partly because it has been found tolerably good in practice, partly because it has been foolishly and intemperately assailed, and partly because no arrangement has been suggested which on the whole could be demonstrated to be more convenient.

The ablest defender of septennial Parliaments has admitted that the current of the English Constitution sets overwhelmingly in favour of a remission, as frequent as is practicable, of the rights of the House of Commons into the hands of the electors. The Whigs of 1716 understood this as fully as the Whigs who resisted so firmly the annual motions for annual Parliaments made about the time of the American War by Alderman Sawbridge. They rested their policy upon three arguments—1. That frequent elections occasion ruinous expenses; 2. That frequent elections tend dangerously to foment the animosities which survived the very recent rebellion in favour

of the Pretender; 3. That frequently changed Parliaments obstruct foreign alliances, and confuse foreign policy.

When a contested county election might cost a sum of from ten to fifty thousand pounds—equivalent to a much larger sum in our own times—it is clear that the first argument had its weight. The real fact was, and it was candidly avowed in both Houses, that triennial elections had been found to cut up the roots of family interest. It was easy to represent this result, in the words of Lord Dorset, as “subjecting the Constitution to the caprice of the multitude.” It is certain, however, that many leading noblemen made but small account of this consideration. They avowedly supported the Bill on the second ground, viewing it merely as a temporary measure, implying a distrust of the temper and intelligence of the people, which it was never contemplated would have a long practical duration.

It is probable that the practical inconvenience of frequent elections will in the course of a few years be reduced to a minimum. Elections, under recent enactments, become quiet and regular. Further changes will probably be made which will facilitate and extend the objects of these enactments. The people is not regularly divided, in every corner of the country, into two vindictively hostile camps. There is no danger that a triennial Parliament can ever draw with it the consequences attributed to it by Lord Sunderland—a triennial king, a triennial ministry, and a triennial alliance. The whole nation is practically a vast untumultuous senate, debating and dividing for itself, from time to time, upon such points as it deems to be of the greatest temporary importance. The policy of parties is substantially fixed and identical. The questions between them are limited to a much narrower issue than at any previous time. In fact, it is curious to observe how little dissimilarity exists between them upon anything resembling a broad principle. None, at any rate, is openly avowed which can be considered in any way commensurate to the traditional distinctions that divide them.

The disorders of elections were themselves amply sufficient to justify the abolition of triennial Parliaments. The first year of the Parliament was spent in scrutinising the elections by a committee of the whole House, in procuring vindictive decisions, and indulging in a bitter spirit of recrimination. In the second year something was done; but in the third all activity was paralysed by the again impending appeal to the country. The Septennial Act extended the kernel of the session from one to five years; in other words, the act multiplied the importance of the House of Commons by five. Under the triennial system, the country had presented all the appearance of a vile and turbulent democracy. The senseless animosities of the people were practically reflected in the infamous Impeaching Parliament of 1701. Even before this, the House of Commons, says Burket, under the triennial system sank utterly in public credit. “There was

very little of gravity, order, or common decency among them."¹ Ministers were never sure of their majority, and these short Parliaments rarely survived even to the term of their statutory existence. It was when the disorders of the Impeaching Parliament were at their height, that the voice of a superior public opinion made itself heard. The county of Kent, always in the van in matters of public spirit, sent up a petition to the House, "desiring them to mind the public more, and their private heats less." They charged them boldly with neglecting affairs of importance, both foreign and domestic; and the just discontent which their action evinced, spread gradually through the nation. Control of the House by constituents was then so much of a breach of Privilege, that those who brought up the petition were, by the order of the House, imprisoned until its prorogation. This Parliament—the worst, according to Burnet, of a reign marked by bad Parliaments—lasted less than a year, and that which succeeded was dissolved by the death of William himself. With the history of the triennial Parliaments before our eyes, it is difficult to agree with the wish of Bentham that, in retaliation for the constitutional outrage perpetrated by the Septennial Act, the nation had resorted to the expedient of a second Gunpowder Plot—"not contrived merely, but executed."

The Septennial Act remained for many years undisturbed, and it won the gradual acquiescence of the Tories themselves, to whom it turned out in practice as convenient as to the Whigs. Yet even the Whigs never viewed it as a permanent measure, and Burnet himself wished to have the annual Parliament restored as soon as the war was over, and the temper of the people was sufficiently cooled. The time came, however, when the dead weight of the old Whiggism was felt to press too heavily on the nation. In 1744 a motion was actually made in favour of annual Parliaments; and so little weight was attached in public opinion to the arguments in favour of the Septennial Act, that it was nearly carried. But a stiffness, resulting from the intense struggles of the early part of the century, had fallen on the life of the nation. The history of the subsequent agitation for annual Parliaments, in its earlier stages, proves little more than the immense force of the inertia which pervaded the country. It is a part of that general agitation for parliamentary reform which continued with little intermission from the early years of George III. to the passing of the Reform Act. Chatham, as is well known, was an advocate of short Parliaments. In the cry of the reformers of late times, Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments were almost always united. Triennial Parliaments, advocated as a moderate measure, were by Bentham and his school loudly deprecated; annual Parliaments were demanded, and there was to be no compromise. A lofty idea of parlia-

(1) Burnet, II. 247.

mentary duty was formed and expounded by Bentham to correspond with his extended ideas of parliamentary reform. The question of the proper duration of Parliament was widely agitated and discussed with much learning and ability in the early years of the present century, but so much was to be said in favour of the present system, and so little on behalf of any other, so long as the actual methods of representation remain unreformed, that the question was allowed to remain untouched, pending the operation of the changes introduced by the Reform Act. Half the work planned by our predecessors has now been wellnigh accomplished. We possess a representation law which, with one more addition on an admitted principle, will be practically the nearest approach to universal suffrage that this nation is likely to see. The other half of the early reformers' demands, the dissolution of those relics of Whiggism which survive through the fixed duration of Parliament, now begins to invite the attention of Liberals. We believe it to be a more promising task than the storming of the ecclesiastical establishments, or than any other topic which is ready to hand. The appeal must, however, be made in the right way, and begin in the right place, namely, among the people themselves, and with the right persons, namely, the persons of weight and authority among the Liberal party. The issue of a motion on the subject in Parliament itself may be easily foreseen. To raise the question in the way in which it has been done in the present session, is to misunderstand the conditions of its solution, and to bring it into discredit with all reasonable people.

We believe, however, that a majority of our readers will clearly distinguish the point which we wish to raise from that raised by the member for Stoke. What this gentleman has said and done would be mischievous, if it were of any significance. We are not sure that either a Quinquennial Act, or a Triennial Act, or an Annual Act, is what is wanted. We are only sure that the time has come when the reasons in modern practice upon which the Septennial Act is permitted to continue, while searching reforms have for some years been at work changing the whole elements of Parliament itself, and shifting the whole structure on which it rests, may fairly be made the subject of enquiry. Perhaps the true solution is to be found in the gradual abbreviation of the term of a Parliament's existence. At any rate, it is probable that no Triennial Act would ever be allowed to come into operation until the country had thoroughly tried the general principle by several years' experience of a Quinquennial Act. It may be that the stimulus which is so much needed, both inside and outside the walls of Parliament, is to remove the fixed duration of its existence altogether. To this particular consideration we may find occasion to revert on a future occasion.

E. J. PAYNE.

THE MEDITERRANEAN OF JAPAN.

IN the far East, lying between the islands which compose the empire of Japan—that ancient and mysterious realm but recently explored and introduced into the circle of nations by the greed or enterprise of Western commerce—there ebbs and flows and sparkles, with a gorgeous beauty truly Oriental, a fair Mediterranean, known as the Seto Uchi, or Inland Sea. Though smaller by far than its namesake of the West, it has many physical characteristics much more striking. It abounds in harbours, bays, snug anchorages, deep channels, and sheltering islands. It basks in a climate almost perfect in its serenity and freedom from extremes. The mariner fresh from the chilly spring-time and ungenerous summer of our own islands navigates its waters in June with a cloudless sky,—

“Beneath a roof of blue Ionian weather,”

unprotected by awnings, and fearless of the sun, which at the same season off the Spanish or Italian coasts, beats down on those who sail beneath it with an insupportable and even deadly fierceness. Here are no tideless waters: a strong ebb and flow, running to and fro between fairy islets, and round verdant capes, with almost headlong fury, purifies and freshens every inlet with an influx from the wide Pacific Ocean without. Remarkably free from storms and rain, the frailest fishing-boat is pushed fearlessly out to the mid waters of its widest parts. No *scirocco* blows across it to render life scarcely worth having throughout the length of many an autumn day. In fine weather the bosom of the sea does not undulate sufficiently to rock even the smallest bark; yet there is no lack of breeze. It should be the very paradise of pleasure-seekers.

The scenery is truly lovely: a Devon foreground set in a background of the Alps. Lofty mountains bound the landscape. In summer, light, fleecy clouds hover about the higher slopes; while through dips in the stately range of heights glimpses are caught of still higher peaks beyond bathed in a violet haze, or dissolving into the misty distance. Fronting the water are pine-clad hills, with the varied and fantastic outline natural to a once volcanic region. Their sides are scamed with valleys, in which nestle pleasant villages, half hid in the variegated foliage of shady trees. The temperate zone meets the tropics in groves and coppices of pine, and fir, and camphor-wood, and graceful bamboo. Above, the lilac waves in clusters, whilst underneath the steepes are all aglow with azaleas in crimson masses. The quaint gables and high-peaked roofs of temples peer out from leafy groves, traversed by glades of brilliant green.

Streams gushing from the rocks trace silvery lines upon the abrupt hill sides. Rocky promontories, festooned with creepers, and crowned with clumps of firs, jut out into the sea, and divide white sandy beaches, or form placid little coves and bays. Here a huge mass of grey granite stands out as a monument of some ancient convulsion of the soil: there a succession of grassy knolls and hanging woods undulating backward from the shore introduces a park-like feature into the panorama. Art completes the picture. The slopes of the mainland, and of innumerable islands—

“That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,”

are clothed with fields of waving corn, of a really golden hue in the dazzling June sunlight. The style of cultivation is high. The fields are arranged in terraces, which climb in a long series of steps the sides of hill and ravine to a goodly height above the lower ground. Here and there the fields are dotted with the brilliant emerald of tiny patches of the young rice-plant. Blue wreaths of smoke rise from bonfires of brushwood, lighted to bream the sharp-bowed craft hauled up on the beach below. The sea is studded with the boats of fishermen, and flecked with the white sails of scores of native trading vessels.

The Seto Uchi cannot, of course, compare in historic interest with the great inland sea of the West, which washes the classic shores of Italy, of Greece, of Syria, and of Egypt. Yet, when its story becomes known to us, it will probably reveal a series of events almost as deeply interesting as any in the history of the Eastern world. Till yesterday it divided the domains of the great peers of a feudal monarchy. It runs by the seaport of the long-secluded capital of a line of *fainéant* sovereigns, whose mayors of the palace ruled—by consent of a proud aristocracy of great feudatories—in a vast city farther east, the millions of inhabitants of a populous empire. Its shores are studded with busy cities, with baronial castles of Daimios who, still living, but a few years ago wielded an almost independent sovereignty over the rich and thickly-populated provinces that enclose it; and with scenes memorable in the first period of the intercourse with intrusive strangers from the West. Its islands are as rich in legends as the castle-crowned crags of the Rhine, or the sea-girt rocks of the Tyrrhenian Sea. The greater part of it is never, or but rarely, traversed by an European keel. In these days of extended travel it offers to the visitor the combined attractions of a pleasant climate, an orderly state, and untrodden grounds.

However much all this may be thought to render the Seto Uchi worth exploring, there is no doubt that a visit to it was eagerly looked forward to by the officers and company of one of Her

Majesty's ships serving in the Chinese Seas. China and its people are indeed interesting to the stranger; but the visitor to that country becomes insensibly familiarised with them on his way towards its shores. The long line of Chinese coast cities begins in Burmah, or, at least, in the Malay Peninsula. Penang and Singapore are in all but name Chinese seaports. A vast immigration has filled our Straits Settlements with a population, following the customs, and speaking the dialects, of Hai-nan and Foh-kien. A voyage to China thus loses something of its freshness by the time the voyager has reached the mouth of the great Yang-Tze. Many as are the interesting sights which are witnessed in a day's walk on Chinese ground, they are invariably accompanied by others so revolting, that not even long familiarity with them can lessen the disgust which they inspire. The long-pent-up mariner descending on the shore to stretch his cramped limbs, and breathe, as he hopes, an invigorating air, is met by sights and odours too disgusting not to destroy much of the pleasure of the excursion. The senses are assailed by the results of habits and customs too filthy to describe. The air is laden with sickening stenches, the beauty of buildings is obscured beneath the accumulated foulness and neglect of years. Filthy animals almost dispute the narrow ways with the passer-by. Hunger and fatigue must be excessive to make the stranger who is intrepid enough to pass the rampart of ordure that usually guards the approaches to them, enter the vermin-infested dwellings to seek refreshment or repose.

A short visit to Nagasaki had proved to the crew of the ship just spoken of, how different was the state of things in Japan. There, physical cleanliness, at all events, reigned supreme. The first sight of beautiful scenery after the eye had been tired out with gazing on the monotonous flats watered by the lower Yang-Tze, raised expectation high; and it was with feelings of intense interest, in which all shared, that the Inland Sea was entered towards mid-day on a lovely day in early June. As Simono-saki straits are approached, the islands, islets, and rocks increase in number. Fleets of junks and fishing-boats by fifties are passing to and fro, or lying at anchor in the channels. On many of the islands the villages are *en fête* in commemoration of some occurrence in Japanese history. It is difficult to imagine anything prettier than the appearance of one of these villages decked with flags and streamers and exhibiting numerous gaily-coloured kites in the form of fish or birds floating from lofty poles planted in front of the houses. The long white banners are decorated with the local blazonry and the armorial bearings of the still influential Daimios, and many have added a gaily painted picture of a warrior or demi-god in full panoply.

The long street of Simono-saki town stretches along the left-hand

shore of the narrow strait. It was the capital of Chosiu, the great Daimio or feudal Prince of Nagato, one of the eighteen peers of the Japanese monarchy; chiefs perhaps more powerful, and ruling richer and more populous provinces, than any Dukes of Burgundy or Counts of Toulouse in the old Capetian kingdom. This is the scene of the three days' fighting in August, 1864, when a force, chiefly British, under Admiral Kuper, but comprising French, Dutch, and Americans, vindicated the right of free entrance to the Inland Sea. The Daimio's forts are now disarmed and in ruins; and the great Nagato himself, stripped of his feudal powers, is residing at the new capital, To-kio. A neat lighthouse, with whitewashed dwelling close by, is the most prominent object in the neighbourhood now. The Imperial flag of Japan flies from the flagstaff hard by and is dipped in compliment to the white ensign of Her Majesty flying at the vessel's peak.

The ship threads her course between islands, past towns, and promontories, and ranges of mountains, and last, towards evening, casts anchor in the glassy bay on which stands the village of Hato, in the great and fertile island of Sikok. The succession of sandy beaches passed so frequently on the way has evoked the spirit of the fisherman existing so commonly in the breasts of British seamen. The large seine is accordingly got up, overhauled, and prepared for use; and a party starts very shortly after the anchor has been let go to try their luck in one of the coves near which the ship is lying. A "seining party" generally means an evening picnic on the beach, so the fishermen have a goodly following of amateurs, to whom lighting a fire of brushwood, paddling in the water for hours, and running about half-naked on the sand, present irresistible attractions.

A smaller party landed with the object of visiting a large town called Imabari, some seven or eight miles off, which the chart shows to lie under the shelter of a feudal castle. Huto is separated from the sea by a broad strip of sandy beach. The village contains perhaps a hundred houses. The inhabitants combine the occupations of fishermen and agriculturists; nets are drying on the sand, fishing-boats are lying near the landing-place, and the village itself is surrounded by corn-fields and vegetable gardens. Accompanying the party was one who, though he wears the uniform of Queen Victoria, is a native of Japan and a subject of the Mikado. A pleasant and useful interpreter he proved himself during the excursion.

Those who land for the first time in the more remote parts of Japan find themselves transported not so much to a new world as to a different age. Immediately after having entered the Inland Sea the voyager is brought face to face with scenes and customs irresistibly recalling what is known of those of ancient Greece and Rome. The ships seem to have floated off some ancient

coin. They have the same rig, the same single sail, with *antenna* and *ceruchi*, and if not the same rudder, at least one all but the same, as the *pédalion*. Their exact shape has been seen on hundreds of coins and marbles, which have made us familiar with the sharp overhanging prow and the chambered *aplustre* at the stern. Dodona and the shrine of the Tyrian Astarte are recalled by the sacred groves which wave on every island, and crown headland after headland on the main. Shrines and temples, with their statues and sacred vessels, their fonts for lustration, their altars and votive tablets, are to be seen on these shores on every side. One feels that here, if nowhere else, the classical antiquarian may realise much of the real life of ancient times. The garments of the inhabitants are of a Roman or an ancient fashion. To see groups of sturdy husbandmen, above whose sandalled feet and bare insteps are strapped neatly made and well-fitting greaves, is to give to the phrase *ἐκνήμυτες ἀχαιοί* a more vivid meaning than it conveyed before. The flowing robes of the comfortable classes in the streets of towns closely resemble the toga of the Romans, but not more closely than does the short tunic of the women the *chiton* of the Greeks. The shops, with their open fronts, are on the model of those still to be seen at Pompeii. The spaces between flat adjacent tiles upon the roofs are in Japan now, as in southern Europe in the days of Plautus, closed by rows of semi-cylindrical *imbrices*. The state of material civilisation is on a level with that which prevailed throughout the Roman world in the best days of the empire.

Civil inhabitants meet the strangers and are ready with their kind offices in leading the way to the house of the head-man of the village. He himself was absent, but his substitute quickly provided a guide, who was soon stepping out in front of the party with quick strides of his muscular and "well-greaved" legs. The villagers showed much curiosity and followed the visitors in a little crowd, but always at a respectful distance. The head-man's garden and farm-yard offer a private exit from the village, which is finally quitted as the gate of a cemetery, still recalling Pompeii and the smaller monuments of its "street of tombs," is passed. The road runs through corn-fields yellow with the ripening grain, and winds between hills of low elevation, up the gentle slopes of which rise the graduated terraces of the cultivated ground. Through the growth of shrubs and conifers which clothe the hill-sides, crop up, where too steep for husbandry, great masses of disintegrating granite, which fill the clefts and hollows with their *débris*. The perpendicular escarpments of the terraces, and of the many small canals and watercourses are supported by revetments of neatly-adjusted Cyclopean stonework. The road itself is smooth and level, and gravelled with the grey fragments of the granite to the semblance of a garden-path. Its width is not great; at first not

more than four English feet. But it soon widens till there is ample space for the passage of the horses of the farmers, of which many were carrying, pannier fashion; bundles of produce to or from the fields. The bridges are of large stone slabs, rather narrow it is true, though on the more frequented parts of the road broad and commodious structures of wood, rising in an arc of a circle towards the middle, and guarded by a low railing at the side, afford room for several passengers to cross abreast.

The local public works appear to be excellently kept. We passed a party of men, engaged under what seems careful supervision, in mending the road. The streams are "canalized," and their banks are in the best of order. At intervals stand square wooden poles, some four feet high, on which, as the interpreter read, are written the characters signifying the names of the village and of the person responsible for the condition of the way. The road, soon after the village has been left, skirts the shore of a lake, perhaps a mile and a half in length. This sheet of water is either wholly or in part artificial, constructed evidently for purposes of irrigation. A high bank or dyke bounds it at the farther end; and on the other side the land is seen to lie some feet lower than the level of the water, and is scored all over with watercourses and narrow rills. Beyond the lake is a wide plain covered still with corn-fields. Here and there at rare intervals are smaller terraces, green with the newly-sprung-up rice. Closer to the cottages are plots of beans and peas. Elaborate culture is everywhere manifest, as too is economy of soil. The corn is planted in rows, between which in the hollows made by the hoe, sometimes crops up a bright green stripe of rice.¹

Woods of pine and camphor and the lacquer-tree cling around the base and sides of the serrated granite ridges on either hand. Broad gulleys run up between the spurs, carpeted with green, and studded with villages and commodious farm-houses. Bright flowers sparkle in the sun in the cottage gardens. A tall purple mallow, not unlike the English hollyhock, takes the post of honour in the corner next the gate. The glorious crimson azalea is spread in patches by the wayside. The air is sweet with the perfume of the honeysuckle, and the banks are all ablaze with a richly-hued convolvulus. The narrow strip of turf that edges the roadway is flecked with small white dog-roses, and brightened by innumerable clover-blossoms, variegated with shades of colour from the palest mauve to the richest purple. Men and women, hoeing the ground or reaping corn, dot the fields: the men exposing nearly the whole of their thick-set muscular bodies to the sun, and the women as lightly clothed as the "single-garmented" Spartan maidens.

Groups of people were passed upon the road. All, even the peasants, charmed the strangers by their pleasing and graceful

[(1) Some of the hedges would not disgrace an East-English farm.

manners. Natural good-breeding is a characteristic of, even the lowest of the Japanese. It is not merely the civility of the people, but their politeness and grace which so win the strangers' hearts. We discussed it as we walked. Can it, as doubtless are the order and condition of the roads and other public works, be owing to the prolonged existence of a local aristocracy? to the presence of natural leaders throughout the land who are regarded as at once both chiefs to obey and models to imitate? Will polished manners long continue amongst a people urged to get the utmost profit from the soil to meet their contributions to the exigencies of a government invisibly residing in a distant city, and represented by one of the new class of political adventurers who, now sitting in the seat of the Daimio, has but two cares—to gain promotion to higher place and accumulate savings out of his slender appointments? Will those who have grown grey and reared their children beneath the sway of a long line of hereditary lords, fashion their manners upon the new-fangled habits of the sharp politician who comes from To-kio in a stiff and ungraceful Western dress to talk to them of the eternal truths of political economy and the law of nations; who instead of retainers is obeyed by some half-dozen policemen in ill-fitting European trousers and uncomfortable European boots; and who, taking the place of Imabari, or perhaps of the great Awa himself, dwells in a modest abode without the gate of Imabari's castle?

As each passer-by neared the visitors, he or she removed the short blue kerchief wrapped turban-wise around the head, and, as room was made that the latter might pass, stooped with a not ungraceful bow and gave "Good day," in the national salutation, "O-tu-o." Hoes and mattocks, and other farming tools, were cheerfully and politely tendered for inspection where desired. The owners of neat little houses by the roadside seemed pleased to see the strangers examine their curious details: their accurate carpentry,—junctions without nail or bolt; sliding doors and shutters; windows formed of delicate panes of semi-transparent paper. Seated on the cleanly matted platform of one more pretentious than the others, was an old man whose truly Roman features distinguished him, amongst a Mongolian race, as of handsome presence and noble mien: yet of mien not more noble than was his manner. He grandly acquiesced in the intrusion of an inquirer; saluted with lordly grace, told the distance still between the visitors and Imabari; and informed the interpreter that no Europeans have ever passed along that road before.

Those who pass along it now rise in self-estimation at the news. This will be, indeed, a set-off to any undue self-gratulation of the amateur fishermen, if the success of the seining-party turn out to be worth boasting of. Thoughts are turned in a new direction by the sight of a thick column of black smoke rising far in front and to

the left of the road. This is said to be from the great salt-works, which in time are passed, stretching for a mile or two along the way, and lying between the traveller and the village of Hashi-Hama. The masts of the coasting-vessels in the village port now appear against the sky, and soon the double-peaked headland at the entrance—the shape of which carries back the remembrances of the Mediterranean voyager to the twofold citadel-rock of Corfu—comes in view. The scenery is compared with that of the Ionian group: resemblances are traced in the terraced corn-fields to the Corfiote vineyards that line the Gqruna road. The vine, it is agreed, should flourish on those sunny slopes. But as yet for the dwellers by the Inland Sea no Bacchus has

“ From out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine.”

The road had now become broader, and the sea showed in a blue streak beyond the plain in front. The houses of Imabari soon stood out clear against the background of water. The road is a wide *boulevard*, flanked by lofty trees. A suburb was entered, the street of which leads to a bridge that opens the way into the town itself. The entrance is into a somewhat broad thoroughfare running straight for more than a mile right across the town. The inhabitants received the strangers with a look of pleased surprise: children flocked out to look at them more closely; grave shopkeepers, with gravity of aspect increased by the Japanese mode of shaving the head from the forehead back to the crown, looked up from their wares to scan the new arrivals, and clapped their hands to call out the members of their families to see the unwonted sight. Feminine curiosity is no more quenchable on the shores of the Seto Uchi than it is thousands of miles further west. Women, girt with broad zones of brilliant hue, seductive as the cestus of Venus herself in their exposure of the form and their coquettish fastening behind, soon joined the crowd which was quickly collecting in the strangers' wake. The latter noted the graceful manners and handsome features of the dames, and exchanged phrases of surprise at finding here, after so long an interval, the glowing complexions of the women of their native land. From behind the bamboo lattices peeped, but ill-concealed, many a coy damsel as rosy as a Devon maiden. Buxom matrons shod with snowy buskins and high-soled wooden sandals brought out their offspring, hanging behind their shoulders, to look upon the strange visitors. Transverse streets contributed their quota to the procession, till to turn back and look along the way just passed over was to gaze upon a moving crowd, perhaps half a mile in length. The head of the crowd still kept a fair distance behind the visitors; good manners restrained every desire to push closer to the front, or to obtain a nearer view.

The district first passed through—in which lay the village of Hato—was filled with believers in the Sintoo faith, which soft southern name the geographical position of the place is far enough to the north of Nagasaki to aspire into Shintoo. Temples, groves, and holy places contain neither idol nor graven image. Tall portals of stone, with curved lintels convex downwards, and long cross-beams morticed through the sustaining columns, rise in conspicuous loneliness before each sacred spot. Nearer Imabari at frequent angles of the road the traveller comes upon small busts of some Bhâddhisatwa or saint of the Buddhist creed, ending like Terminus in a block of stone. At Imabari the followers of the Indian prince evidently form a majority. A handsome temple on the right of the long street is being restored, in faithfulness apparently to its first design. A carved and steep-roofed lych-gate forms the entrance. Artists are suspended high in the air renewing the fantastic carvings of the frieze. The hum of the advancing crowd and the clatter of hundreds of sandalled feet rise to the carvers, who turn round on their giddy seats to gaze upon the men of strange faith passing below. Workmen on the roof quit their business and slide quickly to the projecting eaves to get a closer view, and servants of the temple climb the scaffoldings to share this elevated vantage-ground. The group of “occidentals” turned into the courtyard to visit the temple and the shrines. The crowd flowed in after them like a river, parting in two to allow them to continue their way directly they show signs of desiring to do so. Passing by the dressed-back ranks on either side, the strangers caught fragments of the talk, and heard that the natives’ ideas, whatever they may be, are clothed in a smooth, melodious speech, with softened gutturals and the vowel sounds of the Tuscan or Castilian tongue.

Large and well-stocked shops increase in number as the street is followed. Food neatly served in wooden vessels scrubbed to an almost dazzling cleanliness is in readiness for the buyers. Long lines of tasteful blue pottery and shapely terra-cotta vessels catch and please the eye. Fans and toys and cotton cloths are shown for sale at every score paces’ length. Glancing through the open shop-fronts, across the neatly matted platforms, glimpses are caught of what seems an appendage to every house—tiny gardens, trimly kept with ferns and flowers and shrubs and rock-work and liliputian streams. In front are window-gardens in miniature, eighteen inches square, or less; or perhaps earthenware vases of gay cut flowers, and bowls of water in which swim little shoals of ruddy gold-fish. The street is smooth and clean; a narrow side-walk of cement slopes to a deep-cut gutter edged with free-stone copings. The central way is paved in the middle with oblong slabs or broad unshapen flag-stones, such as were laid down upon the Appian Way. In many

parts the street has been watered to lay the dust. Householders scrupulously sweep and wash the pavement in front of their abodes.

Sturdy as is the race of men, shortness of stature is the rule: one towering above his fellows in the crowd, and rising to the strangers' height, is found to owe his apparent tallness to the high pattens on his feet. Europeans of the middle height knock their heads against the suspended goods of the shopkeepers, beneath which the natives pass untouched. The dwellings are in proportion; there is a toy-like minuteness in the scale. The ridge of most roofs would be found scarcely fifteen feet above the level of the ground; yet two stories is the almost invariable number. In front are little railings of slight bamboo, so low that a child might climb them with ease. Often there is an outer shutter of strips of lath in perpendicular parallels, joined together with geometrical precision. Shutters and windows slide in wooden grooves. The translucent panes of paper often give place in the centre to a small oblong of glass, painted with some gay picture, which permits a look-out from within. The doors are fitted to slide like the windows. Diminutive balconies jut out from the level of the upper floor; in the street most of the houses are of wood, stained a rich, warm brown. In the country villages already passed many are built of timber frames, wattled, and plastered with a yellow clay. The farm-houses are commodious and large. The style of building is generally the same; the dwelling-house stands prominently forward in the centre of the farther side of a quadrangular court; the entrance is beneath a loft, and on either side extend along the front face granaries and byres. Store-houses and cooking-places, and what seem sleeping-rooms for the labourers, form the sides of the quadrangle, which is decorated with shrubs and flowers. Sometimes a whitewashed or buff-coloured wall surrounds the group of buildings. Light ploughs lie beneath the pent-house roof, and occasionally narrow cars for draught by men, with solid wooden wheels like the old Roman waggon, still to be seen in use in Portugal. The furniture in all is simple; finely-woven mats, cushions, and trays of lacquered ware. Chairs are unknown: the inhabitants kneel or crouch upon the mats at meals or in conversation, or recline at full length on cushions for repose. At last the farther end of the street is reached, and the curved bridge across the moat of the outworks of the Daimio's castle. The work of demolition had already begun, and the path led through a wide breach in the stone parapet of the outwork. Here the visitors are brought face to face with the Middle Ages. Three years and a half only have passed since the abolition of the feudal tenures and dominion. The retainers still bear upon their sleeves the cognizance of their feudal lord. His colours still tint the pennons that float from many a flagstaff along the route. Those long white buildings

within the castle walls must have re-echoed time after time to the tramp and hum of armed vassals and retainers of *samurai* and *yaconins*. Fancy flies back to the period of the decline of a like system in the countries farther west. The recent demolition might almost have been caused by an onslaught of a rival baron. *Condottieri* might have assaulted that battered wall, or have striven for possession in the plain beneath. Some Duke Guarnieri, or Sir John Hawkwood might almost be mustering his mercenaries on the farther side of the castle mound. Imabari was a Daimio of inferior rank, an *arrière-vassal* of the Prince of Awa, who held high state in his capitals of Tokushima and Wadasima, more than a hundred miles off, on the eastern shore of fertile Sikok. How the barony fell into "commendation" to the over-lord, as did those of many of the great Awa's homagers, may be told by some future Japanese Hallam, who will dig in a mine rich in treasures of historic interest.

The house of the new "governor" or local magistrate—an unpretending structure with broad wooden gateway and whitewashed walls—stands outside the ramparts of the keep, or inner work of the fortress. He himself was away some twenty and odd miles off at a conference of provincial officials. The visit had therefore to be deferred. The sun had already sunk within a few degrees of the western horizon, and it would require speedy travelling to reach Hato beach, where the boat was lying, before dark. Whilst passing through the street of Imabari the sight of a single article of Western manufacture or design, a plain petroleum lamp, had struck the strangers by its rarity as a phenomenon. The town yet proved not to be so far out of the reach of foreign intercourse as to be without the vehicle, which has already become national, the *jin-rik-sha*. This is the man-power carriage of the country, introduced, or at least improved, by the American strangers, first of all foreigners to have free intercourse with modern Japan. The carriage is of graceful shape; sometimes finely lacquered, mounted upon easy springs and running smoothly upon two slight wheels of large diameter. The shafts curve steeply upwards, and are held in each hand by the man who drags the vehicle.

Directly it is known that any are required a dozen willing bystanders dart off at full speed to order them; and this evidently out of courtesy without hope or thought of reward. The desired number was collected in time. The travellers mounted and were prepared to start, when the shafts were gently lowered to the ground, and the proprietors left the carriages to provide lamps to light them on the way should night fall, as it would, before the end of the journey was reached. The crowd which up to now had increased in numbers rather than diminished, improved the occasion of their visitors being stationary and in elevated positions to survey them more closely.

Still there was no symptom of rudeness or annoyance. Children, with quick observance, remarked the difference in the manner of protecting the feet of the two races. One small inquirer stepped forward to inspect more narrowly a foreign boot. It was exposed to the utmost to assist his inquisitiveness. At last a timid and inquiring finger gently explored a button; but soon shrunk back as though a law of good breeding had been violated. The owners of the carriages returned bearing tasteful lanterns of paper, elliptic in shape and adorned with coloured characters. Constructed to collapse, these were placed with other goods in a capacious receptacle behind; the shafts were raised, the sturdy draught-men leaned forward, and off starts the whole group at a rapid pace—at least six miles an hour—which is long kept up. The inhabitants gave the farewell salutation, “*saionara*,” good-night, and raised the passable semblance of a British cheer, as the strangers moved rapidly from their midst.

The road is all but a perfect level throughout. At one slight ascent the travellers insist on alighting, conversation springs up between the men, which is interpreted to mean complimentary allusions to the considerate kindness of their burdens. Darkness soon compelled the kindling of the lights. Candles made from the tallow-tree were lighted and placed in the pretty lanterns. The men drew with speed, carefulness, and skill. Intimation of the slightest roughness of the path was sent in high raised voices from front to rear of the little column. Narrow bridges were deftly crossed. Alighting was deprecated as unnecessary. To pass along the summit of a high embankment with a moist rice-field on the one hand and a purling brook upon the other demands some confidence in the draught-man's skill. The way was enlivened by the flight of fireflies, and by the merry and not unpleasant chatter of frogs and the buzz of harmless insects. Country folk passing in twos and threes, courteously drew aside to let the party pass. More than two hours were taken in returning by a longer route to the narrow path leading to the beach at Hato. The moderate wages of the men from Imabari were paid with the addition of a little present, which they received so gratefully as to volunteer to accompany the party with their lanterns to the water's edge. A long patch of sand was crossed, and the boat was found where left at the time of starting. A few minutes' rowing takes the travellers on board. The songs of the seining-party, cheering themselves up on returning from an almost fruitless expedition, are heard across the placid waters of Hato Bay. Those who have been to Imabari congratulate themselves upon their agreeably spent afternoon, and the pleasures of a first visit to the shores of the Inland Sea.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

MR. CROSS'S LABOUR BILLS.

THOSE to whom the progressive elevation of the mass of the people is at once a creed and a policy, will rejoice in Mr. Cross's Employers and Workmen Bill as marking the approaching close of a long and memorable chapter in the history of labour. Those best acquainted with the recent history of the subject have perhaps most reason to be surprised at the manner in which this result has been accomplished. That workmen should be singled out for specially harsh and injurious legislation; that the English law of contract, as elaborated by a long succession of wise and able judges, should be a law for capitalists only, and the benefits of its provisions be practically denied to the bulk of the people, whose highest interests, moreover, are placed in the hands of amateur judges, seemed to a portion of the Liberal press, and to many politicians of the Liberal party, to be no grievance, and scarcely an anomaly. We were told that workmen were not as other men are, that they were a peculiar and stiffnecked generation, requiring special and severe laws. Those who claimed for workmen equal rights were at one time denounced as incendiaries, at another pitied as fools, and, according to the humour of their critic, overwhelmed with the scathing rhetoric of outraged respectability, or scarified by the contempt of superior intelligence. They were told it was a fallacy to condemn a law as unequal and unjust, merely because it punished acts when done by workmen that were not punishable when done by persons who were not workmen.

All that is changed. Principles that but a short time ago were stigmatized as the insolent pretensions of rampant unionism, or the visionary projects of unpractical reformers, are to-day the basis of Tory legislation. Mr. Cross is building up his reputation as a statesman upon doctrines that only the other day were held up to execration as the revolutionary excesses of ultra-radicalism. Out of the mouth of a Tory minister, it has been heard that prisons are intended only for criminals, and that a workman having a dispute with his employer is no more a criminal than an employer having a dispute with his workman. Such a statement is harmless enough, but those only who have watched the organs of public opinion are aware what a distinct advance it marks in the political education of the country. Naturally we ask, what has brought about this sudden change? Why has Mr. Cross surrendered to the working man? He has not been goaded into any desperate course by the philippics of the Liberal press; he has scarcely been stimulated by the rivalry of the Liberal leaders; no great demonstrations, such as robbed Mr. Walpole of his peace, have thundered at the door of

the Home Office ; nothing has been heard but the quiet and reiterated protests of the workmen backed by a small but vigorous band of writers. The usual signs of impending political change have not been very pronounced, and no one who derived his political foresight from the leading columns of the newspapers, could have suspected that the end of the old penal legislation directed against workmen was nigh at hand. To any one, however, who had considered the history of that legislation, had traced its policy and understood its objects, its fate must have been clear. It was legislation that had outlived its day. Its doom was written upon it. Hence the folly and blindness of those Liberal ministers who, when the corn was long ripe for the sickle, left the harvest to be gathered by their rivals and successors.

From the dawn of authentic history the movement of the working class has been steadily in one direction. It may be summed up in a sentence. Every advance of general civilisation has been marked by an increasing tendency to regard the workman more and more as a man, having the right to live and labour for himself, and less and less as a mere instrument of toil for the use or pleasure of another. If we look to the position of the workman in ancient society, we shall find the extreme assertion of the rights of the master, and an absolute denial of rights to the workman. Ancient European society was based on slavery. The workman existed not for his own sake, but solely for his master's. To himself he was nothing : his right to life even depended on the degree to which he could make himself pleasant or useful to his owner. When capital and labour first met, capital alone had rights, labour had none. The ox, the ass, the man-slave, and the woman-slave were in the same legal position ; their comfort or desires were no further consulted than was necessary to keep them in good condition for work. Such was the position of the workman as disclosed to us by the records of ancient law. But the same records that inform us of the degraded condition of the workman, also show us that forces were in operation tending steadily to exalt him in the scale of being. First of all, his life was given him ; to kill him was declared to be murder. Next he was shielded from excessive cruelty, and, finally, under the sanction of custom, he began to acquire *quasi* rights of property. It is true that the essential character of slavery prevented ancient law from directly admitting slaves as owners, but indirectly it did do so, and occasionally a slave purchased his freedom out of his own savings. This gradual amelioration of the condition of a slave strictly within the limit of slavery, may have been due in some degree to a growing feeling of humanity, to an enlarging sense of human brotherhood ; but we should greatly err if we failed to take account of other, perhaps stronger, forces,—the self-interest of the slave-owner and

the patient resistance of the slave. There can be no doubt that just in proportion as the rights of the workman as a man have been recognised, his value as an instrument for the production of wealth has increased. To a perception of that truth by the Romans, their slaves were indebted for such qualified rights of ownership as they were permitted to exercise. Slavery is unprofitable, as well as wicked; it impoverishes even more than it degrades. The elevation of the workman, morally and materially, is almost a greater benefit to his employer than to himself. How much happier and nobler as a man is the modern employer of labour, when we compare him with the ancient slave-owner! The wealth and importance of the middle class, its luxuries and refinement, flow directly from that emancipation of labour, which is so often frowned upon with a jealous eye. Nothing more clearly shows the great advance that has been made than a comparison of the difficulties of the modern and ancient employers of labour. The days of employers are often disturbed, and their dreams troubled by the fear of strikes; but what is the most disastrous strike compared with its ancient prototype—an insurrection of slaves? It is better to face the risk of financial embarrassment than to live under the constant dread of the midnight assassin.

What, it may be asked, is the bearing of all this upon the modern controversies? From slavery to free labour is surely a long step. But the answer is that the advance has gone on in unbroken continuity. Freedom has grown out of slavery by a slow process of development through many centuries; and no one can really understand the issues that are raised regarding the position of workmen who does not carry his mind backwards to the very beginning of the conflict between capital and labour. From the ancient world to the fourteenth century we may take a leap. By this time in England slavery has disappeared, and serfdom has taken its place. The extreme mitigation of slavery in the Roman world was serfdom: the extreme degree of slavery permitted by the law of England was serfdom. Thus we begin in advance of the farthest point that was reached by the Romans. The serf or villein held a position midway between slavery and freedom; he was fixed to the soil, and compelled to till it, however little the work might suit him; and he was subject to arbitrary exactions and compulsory labour, but nevertheless he was much better off than a slave. But alongside the serfs, and especially in towns, there were workmen who, in contrast with the serfs, may be called free. They were not, however, really free. By the common law of England they were free, but the statute book shows that the governing class had no disposition to let them enjoy the sweets and rewards of freedom. The theory of Parliament was that in all matters relating to his work, the labourer should be subjected to

the arbitrary will of his employer. Employers and workmen were not deemed by them to be equals, settling by bargain the terms on which they would co-operate in the production of wealth; but the employer was considered a lawful superior, who had the right to dictate to the workman not merely the kind and amount of work he should do, but the number of hours he should work, and the wages it would be good for him to receive. A workman who had broken his contract was said to "desert his service," as if he had violated an oath of allegiance; and to slay his master was more than homicide, it was petit treason. Such was the theory imprinted by our forefathers in the statute book and in the history of England in letters of iron. It was a crime for a workman to try to obtain the highest price he could for his labour; it was a crime in many cases to refuse the occupation or the employer that his betters thought fit to provide for him; it was a crime to change his place of residence with the view of bettering his condition; above all, it was a most detestable and malignant crime for a workman to concert with his fellows plans for their mutual succour and advantage. We have travelled so far from the ideas that animated such legislation, that we can hardly believe they ever had any real influence; but there is no better way of understanding the real meaning of the Labour Laws, now destined to be repealed, than by a few examples illustrating the principles applied by our Statute Law to the relation between employer and workman.

Previous to the middle of the fourteenth century, whatever improvement there may have been in the condition of the English labourer was so gradual as to attract no notice, or at least to create no alarm. But after the Black Death, such was the demand for labour and the scarcity of labourers, that for the first time apparently the labourers insisted on a decided advance of wages. This alarmed the gentry, who thought they themselves were most likely to suffer in the long run; and accordingly Acts of Parliament were passed to punish the insolence of the labourers who asked more wages after the plague than they were accustomed to receive before. An Act of Richard II. states the object of such legislation with pleasing frankness: "Because that servants and labourers will not, nor by a long season would serve and labour without outrageous and excessive hire, and much more than hath been given to such servants and labourers in any time past, so that, for the dearness of the said servants and labourers, the husbands and land-tenants cannot pay their rents, nor hardly live upon their lands, to the great damage and loss as well of the lords as all the commons." The principle of that statute—that it was a crime for a workman to seek higher wages—continued the settled policy of our legislators for more than four hundred years, and even so late as 1720 an Act was passed to keep

down the wages of the tailors of London and Westminster. Any master who gave more than was allowed by the Act was liable to a fine of £5; every workman who asked more was to be imprisoned for two months. A curious evidence of the effect of such laws may be gathered from a remark that fell from Lord Kenyon in 1799 on a trial that took place before him of some journeymen shoemakers for conspiring together to ask an increase of wages. It was urged in their defence that many of the masters in the same town had voluntarily raised the wages of their workmen, and there could be nothing unreasonable in asking the other masters to do so likewise. Lord Kenyon said these more liberal masters ought to be cautious of conducting themselves in that way, as they were as liable to an indictment for conspiracy as the workmen, and there was a case where a master, from showing too great indulgence to his men, had himself become the object of a prosecution. Such was the attitude of the English law and of English judges towards workmen so late as the beginning of the present century.

A legislature not afraid to pursue as an avowed object the keeping down of wages, was not likely to sanction any indirect means of defeating its aims. It is not, therefore, surprising that the law should have prohibited the labourers from moving freely from place to place in search of more work and wages. No policy could be more consummately iniquitous and effectual than to chain the labourer to his native parish. A labourer bound to the place of his birth is a more helpless and pitiable creature than a serf, for the serf has land to till and live upon, while the labourer sustains a precarious life on wages, falling back in his difficulties on the provision made by the law for paupers. Such was the policy of the English legislature, a policy in which it persisted unweariedly for centuries, till it ended by giving us the most joyless peasantry in Europe. So early as the middle of the fourteenth century, enactments were passed to restrict the labourer's right of free locomotion; but it was not until the reign of Charles II. that our rulers hit upon an expedient of the most diabolical ingenuity to strangle the progress of a people. By the law of settlement then introduced, and which has been maintained down almost to our own day, any two justices were empowered to remove any person out of their parish, unless he were born in it, or occupied a house worth £10 a year. An unbiassed historian has described this measure in language of severity, but of studied moderation, as "practically restricting them [the labourers] through life to the place of their birth, destroying every incentive to independent exertion, and perpetuating ignorance, poverty, and a low state of civilisation." But for the extraordinary expansion of industrial and manufacturing pursuits, and the disproportionate increase of towns, which restricted within relatively narrow limits the mischiefs

of the law of settlement, that baneful enactment would have done its work but too well, it would have sapped the strength and destroyed the prosperity of the country.

Combinations of workmen to raise their wages, as they were more effectual than isolated efforts, were accordingly regarded as more desperately wicked, and punished with greater severity. Nevertheless, towards the end of the last and beginning of the present century, secret societies grew and flourished despite all the terrors of the criminal law; and at last in 1824, eight years before the first Reform Bill, a measure was carried making it lawful for the first time in the history of England, for two workmen to agree to ask higher wages. In the following year the Parliament harked back, to some extent, from the Act of 1824, for the Commons were in an irresolute frame of mind, and while anxious to prevent the growth of trades-unions, were afraid to strike with the necessary severity. A statement made by the member who proposed the reactionary Bill, illustrates the feeling of the House of Commons of that day, although it necessarily seems very absurd to us who are accustomed to the annual parliament of trades-unions. "No less," he said, and we can readily conceive with what bated breath he made the awful announcement, "no less than thirteen cases of absolute combination were stated to the committee, and of these seven had grown up since the passing of the late Act."

A bare recital of these facts is the best means of showing the vast change that separates the modern from the old-fashioned theory of the relation of workmen to employers. The change may be described in a word, from the side of the workman, as an advance from dependence to independence, from subjection to equality. It is denied by no persons having any political weight that the law can recognise in the relation of employer and workman only two equals making a bargain, and that no rights or obligations are to be admitted, except such as flow from their agreement. The doctrines of Political Economy so often hurled at trades-unionists, have no basis whatever except on the assumption that wages are determined freely by contract. What is the plain inference to be drawn from these facts? Why, surely, that as the theory underlying the old laws has entirely perished, those laws could not continue to live. For a time the law may fall behind the moral sentiments of the age, and treat a breach of contract as a crime, as a violation of fealty or allegiance, but sooner or later the harmony must be restored. In the law of conspiracy as applied to workmen, and in the Master and Servant Act of 1867 now, to be repealed, we have the vices without the vigour or consistency of the older legislation. Such an Act could not permanently be kept alive. It was a dying branch of a dead tree. Its provisions were insulting and irritating to the workmen, while of no

real benefit to the employer; and the only reason why they have been so long tolerated is, that they were rarely put in force. The penal legislation directed against the workmen was doomed to perish; the tree was marked by the finger of fate, and the only question was which woodman should have the honour of cutting it down. The occasion was one which it might have been supposed would have been eagerly seized by a reforming ministry. To lop off dead branches of the old Upas tree of tyranny, ought to have been congenial occupation for a colleague of Mr. Gladstone. But his Home Secretary was under the spell of prejudice, and missed his opportunity. Mr. Cross deserves credit, as a politician, for seeing what his Liberal predecessor in office did not see, what the Royal Commission of his own appointment did not see, what so many Liberal politicians could not or would not see, that the old legislation between master and servant had no real vitality in it, that as a protection to the employers it was a mere sham, and he has therefore gone a long way to conciliate the workmen without sacrificing or even endangering any substantial interest of the employers. That, in doing so, he has offended many of his supporters is doubtless true; but when it is found, as it certainly will be, after the new Bills are passed, that employers are quite as able as ever to hold their own, that the power of capital—a power that Parliament did not give and cannot take away—remains intact, when the employers perceive that Mr. Cross has sacrificed nothing but their prejudices, they will enter into the spirit of his performance, and applaud a minister who can dish the Liberals and win popularity on such very easy terms.

A brief statement of the changes introduced by the Home Secretary places the infatuated neglect of his Liberal predecessors in a clear light. Prior to the year 1867, a workman who quarrelled with his employer and left his work was proceeded against in the same manner as if he were accused of drunkenness or assault. He was arrested by warrant and dragged off to gaol, like a thief or murderer at large; he was tried in a summary fashion; if convicted, a fine of arbitrary amount was imposed, and if the fine, with costs, were not paid on the spot, he was sent to prison as a criminal. In 1867 the Master and Servant Act made some improvements. It required a summons to be served, and a warrant was not to be issued unless the defendant failed to appear. Mr. Cross has gone farther: he provides that a breach of contract by a workman shall be dealt with throughout as a civil injury, which it is, and not as a crime, which it is not. Warrants of arrest are abolished, but judgment may be signed for the amount claimed in default of appearance by the workman. When damages are awarded, execution is to be enforced in the manner adopted by the county courts, and the workman will not be sent to prison unless it appears that he is able to

pay but refuses. Another decided improvement is that under Mr. Cross's Bill magistrates will not have the power to inflict a fine. To permit fines for breach of contract is to sanction the wholly erroneous and exploded doctrine that a breach of contract by a workman is a criminal violation of allegiance; and even when fines were not actually imposed, the power of imposing them suggested to the magistrates the wildest notions as to the proper measure of damages. Some of the judgments given against workmen proceeded upon ideas as to the measure of damages that would create consternation in Westminster Hall if applied to ordinary mercantile contracts. Another conspicuous merit in Mr. Cross's Bill is that it abolishes the remedy of specific performance contained in the Act of 1867—a remedy impracticable in itself, wholly at variance with the accepted doctrines of the Court of Chancery, and that led in several instances to the cruellest oppression and injustice. These provisions are excellent in themselves, but the benefit of them is confined to workmen. Apprentices are still to be governed by the miserable expedients of the Master and Servant Act, but as they have no votes they have perhaps no right to complain. Mr. Cross has emphasised his proposals by a judicious alteration of the name of the Bill. The Master and Servant Act is to be superseded by The Employers and Workmen Act, a change of phraseology that aptly expresses the better spirit of modern legislation. It is not the least remarkable circumstance in the chequered history of labour that it should have been reserved for a Tory Government to bid good-bye to "Master and Servant," and introduce us to "Employer and Workmen."

In vain, however, does Parliament make just laws if they are left to be interpreted and administered by incompetent tribunals. The Employers and Workmen Bill is an excellent measure, but when it becomes law it will be administered in the majority of cases by the very worst tribunal that the wit of man can suggest. When damages exceeding £10 are claimed, the complaint must be brought in the county court; but as such an amount is very rarely sought, the administration of the law is still left in the hands of the justices of the peace. The argument against the justices does not rest upon any general or abstract considerations, although these are obvious enough, nor upon the disrepute into which they have fallen, but is convincingly established by their proved incompetence in this very matter. A short passage from the Report of the last Royal Commission shows in what manner the unpaid magistrates are accustomed to adjudicate in disputes between masters and workmen. Speaking of the Master and Servant Act of 1867, the Report proceeds:—

"From a careful observation of the cases of conviction under this Act, which

have taken place at petty sessions, it certainly appears that the Act has been misconstrued and misunderstood in many points, and that many of the convictions, if made the subject of appeal, would in all probability have been quashed, for we find cases where imprisonment in case of non-payment of a fine imposed has been awarded for a longer period than the law allows. Hard labour has been made part of the sentence where the term of imprisonment, in default of the payment of the fine, has been fixed by the Court, whereas by the 16th Section it is specially provided that no such imprisonment should be with hard labour. Adjudications have been double, that is to say, requiring the defendant to do two or more things legally inconsistent. Defendants have been brought into court without knowing what the complainant required, the amount of compensation, damages, or other remedy being omitted from the summons, contrary to the direction contained in Section 4, which expressly requires that these particulars shall be stated in the summons. And in cases in which complainants have asked for small specific sums as compensation, or have asked for security for performance of the contract, the sentence has been direct imprisonment with hard labour for considerable periods, without any option of tendering the compensation or finding the security asked for; thus making useless the provision intended for the protection of the defendants. In many cases, too, it appears that when the defendant has pleaded guilty, the sentence, without any evidence being heard, has been more severe than the remedy demanded by the summons."

That the justices should err in applying the Master and Servant Act was to be expected; but the damning circumstance is that these errors were all in one direction—to deal with the workman harshly and unjustly. At the best, the justices do not form a strong legal body, but, what is still worse, they are not impartial; they strain the law against the workman. So impressed was the Royal Commission with the weakness of the justices as a tribunal, that they recommended that, wherever a stipendiary magistrate was to be found, the intervention of the unpaid magistrates, in disputes between employers and workmen, should be wholly excluded. They reported in favour of the continuance of the justices in other cases on the sole ground that it would be inconvenient to transfer the jurisdiction to the county courts, as they are at present constituted. The Commissioners did not consider the alternative proposal—the substitution of skilled and paid judges for the Great Unpaid. But that is the issue that must now be confronted. Mr. Cross's Bill leads at once to the abolition of the amateur administration of justice; for it is impossible that workmen having once got a fair law, can be content to leave its administration in the hands of an incompetent and partial tribunal. Two reasons alone, were there no others, are sufficient to compel attention to this subject. As a rule workmen are too poor to obtain legal assistance, and, therefore, the court they apply to ought to be thoroughly skilled in the law; workmen can still less afford the luxury of appeals, and therefore the tribunal to which they must go ought to command their utmost confidence. Besides, no money is so well spent as that which is employed in providing an efficient and just administration of the law. The magistrate's court

is the poor man's court, and only through that court does the bulk of the people ever come to know anything of the law; if that channel be muddy, what avails it that the waters come from the clear spring of Parliamentary wisdom? It is to be feared that the extraordinary growth of summary jurisdiction during the present century, by bringing the people more frequently in contact with the justices, has led to a widespread distrust of the law and its administrators. The gross charges made by Dr. Kenealy against the judges of the superior courts fill with amazement the minds of those who are accustomed to witness the manner in which justice is dispensed from the highest seats; but they have found a ready entrance into the minds of the people, whose only knowledge of the administration of law is derived from the experience of summary jurisdiction. When we remember the extraordinary freaks of justices that are continually being forced on public attention, and that a vast number of similar cases occur without exciting notice, we may view with less wonder the credence that has been given to Dr. Kenealy's peculiar eloquence. That the confidence of the poorer classes in the impartiality of the law has been seriously undermined, is only too apparent; and the responsibility rests with those who have deliberately preferred the "cheap and nasty" to a fair payment for the proper administration of justice. What makes such a policy the more singular is, that in India the English government has deliberately pursued a very different plan. England is a country enormously rich compared with India, its people are jealous of their legal rights, and quick to resent injustice; yet in England we consider country gentlemen good enough judges for common people, while in India we tax a poverty-stricken people for the support of a costly magistracy, and the administration of a refined system of law, whose merits are scarcely appreciated in India, while its expense is thoroughly disliked. What has been given to India cannot long be denied to England, and until English workmen are relieved from the unpaid magistracy, it cannot be said that the question of administering justice between employers and workmen has received a final settlement.

The second of Mr. Cross's Bills, which deals with Conspiracy and Protection of Property, may be disposed of in a few words. The first portion of the Bill takes away the last lingering remnant of illegality from the combinations of workmen, by providing that two persons shall not be indicted for a conspiracy to do any act, unless that act, when done by one, would be a crime. It also intends to provide that the maximum punishment for a conspiracy shall not exceed the maximum punishment of the act when done by a single person. But whether the Bill accomplishes that object may be questioned. The third section restricts the punishment of con-

spiracy to three months, when the act is punishable only on summary conviction. This is doubtless meant to include the acts made punishable in this Bill; but unfortunately for this purpose, these acts, by the sixth section, are made punishable in the option of the accuser by indictment in a higher court. The effect would seem to be that for a conspiracy to do any act made punishable by the Bill, two years' imprisonment may be awarded, instead of three months', as appears to be the intention of the Bill. Thus, if two persons beset a house, with a view seriously to annoy any person, they may be tried for conspiracy, and sentenced, if the Bill is passed in its present form, to the outrageous punishment of imprisonment for two years.

In dealing with the Criminal Law Amendment Act, Mr. Cross is conspicuously weak. He has accepted, on the pressure of Mr. Lowe, the principle that the law against criminal intimidation and annoyance should be made general, and no longer confined to disputes between workmen and employers. But instead of adopting the clear and intelligible language of Mr. Lowe's amendment, the Home Secretary has thought fit to present to the House a bungling and inartistic reproduction of the language of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. If the Bill passes into law in its present shape, it will add to English criminal jurisprudence offences of the vaguest possible description, and we doubt whether the criminal code of any civilised people contains provisions of such clumsy and dangerous elasticity. To the workmen, all that Mr. Cross has conceded is the substitution of the word "compel" for "coerce;" and if to that very ambiguous benefit we add the amendment of Mr. Mundella, by which a fine may be imposed as an alternative to imprisonment, we exhaust the concessions made to them by the Government. The decision in the cabinet-makers' case may be repeated to-morrow; Mr. Cross has done nothing to decide between the conflicting opinions of the judges on the subject of picketing; and it would therefore be very premature to congratulate him on having settled the controversy that has arisen from the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

W. A. HUNTER.

THE ELEATIC FRAGMENTS.

It might well be questioned whether the founders of the Eleatic School deserve to rank among Greek poets; for though they wrote hexameters, composing what the Greeks called ἔπη, yet it is clear that they did this with no artistic impulse, but only because in the dawn of thought it was easier to use verse than prose for fixed and meditated exposition. The moment in the development of human thought when abstractions were being wrung for the first time with toil from language, and when as yet the vehicle of rhythmic utterance seemed indispensable, is so interesting that a point in favour of Xenophanes and Parmenides may be fairly stretched, and a place may be given them between Hesiod, the creator of didactic poetry, and Empedocles, the inspired predecessor of Lucretius.

The problem which lay before the earliest philosophers of Greece was how to emerge from mythological conceptions concerning the origin and nature of the world into a region of more exact and abstract thought. They had their list of demiurgic agencies, Titans and deities, some of them dramatically personified in the poems of Homer and the legends of Olympus, others but vaguely indicated by the names of Earth and Ocean, Heaven and Time. The polytheistic and mythologizing instincts of the race at large tended to individualise these primal powers with more and more distinctness, collecting legends around the more popular among them, and attributing moral sympathies and passions to those who were supposed to have relations with humanity. But there remained a background of dimly described and cloudy forces, upon which the mythopoetic imagination had taken little hold: and these supplied a starting-point for scientific speculation. It was in this field that the logical faculty of the Greek mind, no less powerful and active than its poetic fancy, came first into play. Thus we find Thales brooding in thought upon the mythus of Oceanus, and arriving at the conception of water as the elementary principle of the universe; while Gaia, or earth, in like manner is said to have stimulated Pherecydes. Anaximenes is reported to have chosen air as the groundwork of his cosmogony, and Heraclitus developed the material world from fire.

It must not be supposed that any of these early speculators invented a complete hypothesis for deducing phenomena from earth, air, fire, or water, as apprehended by the senses. Their elements or ἀρχαὶ are rather to be regarded in the light of symbols, metaphors adopted from experience for shadowing forth an extremely subtle and pervasive substance capable of infinite modification by rarefaction and

condensation. They were, in fact, seeking after abstractions; but the problems of philosophy as yet presented themselves in crude and concrete form to their intellects.

A further step in the direction of the abstract was taken by Anaximander, the Milesian astronomer, who is reported to have made a sundial, to have calculated the recurrence of the equinoxes and the solstices, and to have projected geographical charts for the first time in Greece. This practical mathematician derived the universe from the unlimited, τὸ ἄπειρον, hurling thought thus at a venture as it were into the realm of metaphysical conceptions. It would appear from the dim and hazy tradition which we have received about Anaximander that he instituted a polemic against the so-called physicists, arguing that to the elements of fire or water there can be attributed a beginning and an ending, but that the abstract indefinite, as uncreate and indestructible, takes precedence of all else. His thought, however, though fruitful of future consequences, was in itself barren: nor have we any reason to conclude that by the ἄπειρον he meant more than a primordial substance, or *Grund*, without quality and without limitation—a void and hollow form containing in itself potentialities of all things. It is characteristic of this early age of Greek speculation, that Simplicius found it necessary to criticize even Anaximander for using poetic phraseology, ποιητικωτέροις ὀνόμασιν. In his polemic, however, he started one of the great puzzles, the contrast between birth and death, and the difficulty of discovering an element subject to neither, which agitated the schools of Greece throughout their long activity.

While the thinkers of Ionia were endeavouring to discover terms of infinite subtlety, through which to symbolize the uniform and unchangeable substance underlying the multiplicity of phenomena, the Pythagoreans in Italy turned their attention to the abstract relations of which numbers are the simplest expression. Numbers, they saw, are universally applicable; nor is there anything tangible which can escape the formulæ of arithmetic. Mistaking a power of the mind for a power inherent in the universe, they imagined that the figures of the multiplication table were the essential realities of things, the authentic inner essence of the sensible world; and to number they attributed a mystic potency. Speculation was still so immature that they failed to observe the sterility of the conception.

Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, following another path, pronounced that the really efficient agency in the universe is Mind. For this utterance he has been justly eulogized by the metaphysicians of all succeeding centuries. It was, in fact, the starting-point of what in German phraseology is called *Begriffs-philosophie*. Anaxagoras insisted on a point which had been neglected by his contemporaries—the form-giving activity and self-identity of the human mind—and

asserted the impossibility of leaving this out of the account of the universe. But, as Socrates complained, he stopped here, and diverged into material explanations, talking about meteorological phenomena without attempting to connect them with the action of his *Noûs*.

Democritus of Abdera, a little later, in time than the thinkers who have hitherto been mentioned, was so attracted by the indefinite divisibility of matter, that he explained the universe by the theory of a Void in which an infinity of Atoms moved and met in varied combination. It is well known that this hypothesis, the parent of the Epicurean and the Lucretian systems, has been the mainstay of materialism in all ages, and that it has lately been received into favour by some of the most advanced physicists. Yet it must not be imagined that the Atomism of Democritus was in any true sense scientific according to our acceptance of the term. Like the Infinite of Anaximander, the Mind of Anaxagoras, the Numbers of Pythagoras, the Fire of Heraclitus, his Plenum and Vacuum was a conjectural hypothesis founded upon no experiment or observation properly so called. All of these early systems were freaks of fancy, shrewd guesses, poetic thoughts, in which abstractions from language, elementary refinements upon mythology, together with crude speculations about natural objects, were made the groundwork of dogmatism. At the same time thought at this period was both active and creative; nearly all the permanent problems which occur to human ignorance—the antitheses of a beginning and an ending, of being and not being, of rest and motion, of the continuous and the discreet, of the one and the many—the criterion of knowledge and opinion, the antagonism of the senses and the reason, the relation of the vital principle to inanimate existence—were posed in the course of animated controversy. Logic had not been formulated as a method. Philosophical terminology had not as yet been settled. But the logical faculty was working in full vigour, and language was being made to yield abstractions hitherto unapprehended. "

This brief survey of the origin of Greek philosophy will enable us to understand the position of the Eleatics. Regarded collectively, and as a school developing a body of doctrine, they advanced in abstraction beyond any of their predecessors or contemporaries. Whereas other philosophers had sought for the abstract in phenomenal elements, the Eleatics went straight through language to the notion of pure being: even the numbers of Pythagoras were not sufficient for the exigencies of their logic. The unity of being, as the one reality, and the absolute impossibility of not-being, revealed by the consciousness and demonstrated by language in the copula *ἐστι*, forms the groundwork of their dogmatism. How important was the principle thus introduced into the fabric of European thought may appear in the sequel. It is enough for the moment

to point out to what extent it has influenced our language through such words as entity, existence, essence. The Eleatics may claim as their own coinage the title of all metaphysics—Ontology, or the Science of Being.

It would, however, be in the last degree inaccurate to treat the Eleatic doctrine, as maintained by Xenophanes, Parmenides, Zeno, and Melissus, from the point of view of one consistent system. By so doing not only would the truth of history be violated, but one of the most valuable examples of the growth of thought in Greece would be lost.

Xenophanes, who is regarded as the founder of the school, was a native of Colophon. He left his fatherland, and spent the greater portion of his life in Sicily and Magna Græcia. We hear of him first at Messina, then at Catania; and there is good reason to believe that he visited the Phœcean colony of Elea (afterwards Velia) on the western coast of Calabria, a little to the south of Pæstum. At all events antiquity spoke of him as the father of philosophy at Elea, and Diogenes Laërtius mentions a poem of two thousand hexameters which he composed in joint praise of this city and Colophon. Xenophanes lived to a great age. In a couplet preserved from one of his elegies he speaks of having wandered, absorbed in thought and contemplation, for sixty-seven years through Hellas, and fixes twenty-five years as the age at which he began his travels. He was celebrated, like his fellow-countryman, Mimnernus, for his elegaic poetry, some fragments of which are among the most valuable relics we possess of that species of composition. About 538 B.C. is the date usually assigned to him.

The starting-point of philosophy for Xenophanes was found in theology. "Looking up to universal heaven," says Aristotle, "he proclaimed that unity is god." The largest fragment of his metaphysical poem consists of a polemic against polytheism, both as regards the anthropomorphic conception of deity prevalent in Greece, and also as regards the immorality attributed by Homer and Hesiod to the gods. His own God is a high abstraction of mind, one and indivisible, without motion, without beginning or ending, in no way like to man. To the divine unity he attributed thought and volition; but he does not appear to have attempted to connect God with the universe. Like the other speculators of his age and nation, he theoretically deduced the world from simple elements, choosing earth and water, as we gather from some fragments of his poem, for the primordial constituents. At the same time he held a doctrine which afterwards became the central point of Eleatic science. This was a disbelief in the evidence of the senses, a despair of empirical knowledge, which contrasts singularly with his own vehement dogmatism upon the nature of the divine

being. Thus the originality of Xenophanes consisted in his pronouncing, without proof, that the universe must be regarded as an unity, and that this unity is the divine existence, all human mythology being but dreams and delusions. Of his philosophical poem only inconsiderable portions have been preserved. These, however, are sufficient to make clear the line he took, both in his assertion of monotheism and his polemic against the anthropomorphic theology of the Greeks. Such as they are, I have translated them as follows:—¹

“One god there is, among gods and men the greatest, neither in body like to mortals nor in mind.

“With the whole of him he sees, with the whole of him he thinks, with the whole of him he hears.

“Without exertion, by energy of mind he sways the universe of things.

“That he abides for ever in the same state, without movement, or change from place to place, is evident.

“But mortals fancy that gods come into being like themselves, and have their senses, voice, and body. But, of a truth, if oxen or lions had hands, and could draw with their hands and make what men make, then horses like unto horses, and oxen like unto oxen, would both paint the images of gods, and shape their bodies also, after the similitude of their own limbs.

“Homer and Hesiod attributed to gods everything that is disgraceful and blameworthy among men, and very many lawless deeds of gods they recorded— theft, adultery, and mutual deceit.”

Another set of scattered fragments, small in number, and meagre in their information, from the poem by Xenophanes on φύσις, show that he held the views afterwards developed by Parmenides concerning the uncertainty of human opinion, and that the elemental substances which he favoured in his cosmogonical theory were earth and water. These also I have translated:—

“For all of us from earth and water sprang.

“Earth and water are all things that come into being and have birth.

“The spring of water is the sea.

“This upper surface of the earth beneath our feet is open to the sight, and borders on the air; but the lower parts reach down into infinity.

“What we call Iris, that also is a cloud, purple-dark, scarlet-bright, yellow-pale to look upon.

“The very truth itself no man who hath been or will be, can know concerning gods and all whereof I speak; for though he publish the most absolute, yet even so he does not know: opinion is supreme o’er all things.

“These things are matters of opinion, shadows of the truth.

“Not from the beginning did gods reveal all things to mortals; but in course of time by seeking they make progress in discovery.”

(1) In my translations of the fragments of Xenophanes and Parmenides, I have followed the text of their most recent editor, W. A. Mullach, not without reference, however, to that of Karsten, some of whose emendations seem almost necessary to the sense. The meaning of many Parmenidean sentences may, however, be fairly said to be now irrecoverable, owing to the uncertainty of readings and the lack of context.

The essential weakness of the Eleatic way of thinking was not glaringly apparent, though implicit, in the utterance of Xenophanes. This consisted in the unreconciled antithesis between the world of unity, of true being, of rational thought, and the world of multiplicity, of phenomenal appearance, of opinion. By pushing the tenets of his master to their logical conclusions, and by exchanging theological for metaphysical phraseology, Parmenides, the greatest teacher of the school, exposed the fatal insufficiency of Eleatic dualism. At the same time he achieved an ever-memorable triumph in philosophy by forcing the problem of essential reality upon the earliest Greek speculators, and by defining the battle-ground of future ontological controversy.

Parmenides, a native of Elea, who flourished about the year 503, enjoyed a reputation in his native city scarcely inferior to that of Pythagoras at Crotona, of Empedocles at Acragas, or of Solon at Athens. Speusippus, quoted by Diogenes Laertius, asserts that the magistrates of Elea were yearly sworn to observe the laws enacted by Parmenides. Cebes talks about a "Pythagorean or Parmenidean mode of life," as if the austere asceticism of the Samian philosopher had been adopted or imitated by the Eleatic. Indeed, there is good reason to suppose that Parmenides held intercourse with members of the Pythagorean sect, his neighbours in the south of Italy. Diogenes Laertius relates that he was united in the bonds of closest friendship to Ameinias and Diochætes, two Pythagoreans. Of these the latter was a poor man, but excellent in breeding and in character: Parmenides so loved him and respected him that, when he died, he dedicated a hero's chapel to his memory. The philosophers of this period in Greece, as might be proved abundantly, were no mere students, but men of action and political importance. Their reputation for superior wisdom caused them to be consulted in affairs of state, and to be deferred to in matters of constitutional legislation. Some of them, like Thales, Anaximander, and Empedocles, were employed on works of public utility. Others, like Pythagoras, remodelled the society of cities, or, like Anaxagoras, through their influence with public men like Pericles, raised the tone of politics around them. All of them devoted a large portion of their time and attention to the study of public questions. It was this kind of prestige, we may conjecture, which, in the next phase of Greek thought, threw so much power into the hands of sophists, and which finally encouraged Plato in his theory that those states would be best governed where the sages were the rulers.

Of Parmenides himself some precious notices have been preserved by Plato. It appears that the great Eleatic teacher visited Athens in his old age. Socrates was a young man at the period of this visit; and Plato, whether inventing an occasion for their meeting or

relying on actual tradition, brings them into conversation.. In the prelude to the dialogue *Parmenides* we read :¹

“He told us that Pythodorus had described to him the appearance of Parmenides and Zeno ; they came to Athens, he said, at the great Panathenaea ; the former was, at the time of his visit, about sixty-five years old, very white with age, but well-favoured. Zeno was nearly forty years of age, of a noble figure and fair aspect ; and in the days of his youth he was reported to have been beloved of Parmenides. He said that they lodged with Pythodorus in the Ceramicus, outside the wall, whither Socrates and others came to see them ; they wanted to hear some writings of Zeno, which had been brought to Athens by them for the first time. He said that Socrates was then very young, and that Zeno read them to him in the absence of Parmenides, and had nearly finished when Pythodorus entered, and with him Parmenides and Aristoteles, who was afterwards one of the Thirty ; there was not much more to hear, and Pythodorus had heard Zeno repeat them before.”

The *Theatetus* contains another allusion to Parmenides, which proves in what reverence the old philosopher was held by Socrates :—

“My reason is that I have a kind of reverence ; not so much for Melissus and the others, who say that ‘all is one and at rest,’ as for the great leader himself, Parmenides, venerable and awful, as in Homeric language he may be called ;—him I should be ashamed to approach in a spirit unworthy of him. I met him when he was an old man and I was a mere youth, and he appeared to me to have a glorious depth of mind. And I am afraid that we may not understand his language, and may fall short even more of his meaning.”

Finally in the *Sophistes* a passing allusion to the same event is put into the mouth of Socrates, “I remember hearing Parmenides use the latter of the two methods, when I was a young man, and he was far advanced in years, in a very noble discussion.” These notices of the Eleatic sage, we feel, are not in any sense accidental. Plato has introduced them in important moments of his three most studied dialogues upon those very points which occupied the mind of Parmenides, and by the elaboration of which he made his greatest contribution to philosophy. The problems of knowledge and of the relation of the phenomenal universe to real existence were for the first time methodically treated in the school of Elea. Their solution in the theory of Ideas was the main object of Plato’s philosophical activity.

The unity asserted by Xenophanes gave its motto to the Eleatic school ; *ἐν τὰ πάντα* became their watchword. Parmenides, however, abstracted from this unity all theological attributes. Plain existence was the only positive quality which he left to the principle of Being ; and though he seems to have identified this Being with Thought, we must be careful not to be misled by modern analogies into fancying that his *ἀρχή* involved a purely intellectual idealism. Nor, again, can we regard it as the totality of things presented to the senses : the most earnest polemic of the philosopher is directed

(1) This and the two following translations from Plato are Professor Jowett’s.

against this view. The Unity, the Being, of Parmenides was in truth the barest metaphysical abstraction, deduced, we are tempted to believe, in the first instance from a simple observation of language, and yet, when formed, not wholly purged from corporeity. Being is proved by the word *ἐστί*. The singular number indicates the unity of the subject; the present tense proves its eternity, for it neither asserts a *has been* nor a *will be*, but an everlasting *is*. Its antithesis Not-Being is impossible and inconceivable; *οὐκ ἐστί*. Completing his conception of Being as the sole reality, and carrying out the arguments attributed by Aristotle to his master,¹ Parmenides shows that the eternal One is indivisible, immovable, continuous, homogeneous, absolutely self-identical, beyond the reach of birth, or change, or dissolution. Furthermore it is finite and spheroid. In rounding and completing his notion of the Unity of Being, Parmenides seems at this point to have passed into the region of geometrical abstractions. The sphere of mathematics requires to be circumscribed by a superficies equidistant at all points from the centre. These conditions of perfection Parmenides attributed to Being, forgetting that the finite sphere conceived by him implied, by a necessity of human thought, a beyond against which it should be defined. At the same time this geometrical analogy prevents us from assuming that the further identification of Being with Thought excluded a concrete and almost material conception of the Ens.

As opposed to this unique *ἀρχή*, the sole and universal reality, which can only be apprehended by the reason, and which is eternally and continuously One, Parmenides places the totality of phenomena, multiplex, diverse, subject to birth, change, division, dissolution, motion. These, he asserts, are non-existent, the illusions of the senses, mere names, the vague and unreal dream-world of impotent mortals. Yet he cannot deny their phenomenal existence; there they are, deceiving the sage and the simple man alike: experience asserts them; language and the opinion of humanity take them for granted as realities. Parmenides feels bound to offer an explanation of this cosmos of illusion, this many-formed and many-coloured mirage. His teaching consequently contains a paradox deeply embedded in its very substance: having first expounded the law of absolute truth, he proceeds to render a grave and meditated account of error. Having demonstrated the sole existence of abstract Being, he turns a page and begins to discourse, like any physicist of his age in Greece, concerning Light and Night, Hot and Cold, Fire and Earth, Active and Passive, Male and Female, Rare and Dense: and by a singular irony of fate it was precisely for this portion of his teaching that he received the praise of Bacon in the *Novum Organum*. To connect the doctrine of Being, τὰ πρὸς

(1) See the treatise, *De Xenophane, Zenone et Gorgia*.

ἀλήθειαν, and the doctrine of Appearance, *τὰ πρὸς δόξαν*, was beyond his power. It was what Plato afterwards attempted in his theory of ideas, and Aristotle in the theory of forms and matter, *εἶδη* and *ὕλη*. Parmenides himself seems to have regarded man as part of the cosmos, subject to its phantasmagoric changes and illusions, yet capable of comprehending that, while the substratum of Being is alone immutable, real, and one, all else is shifting, non-existent, and many. Neglect, he says, the subject of sense, the plurality of things obedient to change, and you will arrive at the subject of reason, the unity that alters not and can be only apprehended by thought. Yet, while on the one hand he did not disdain to theorize the universe of sense, so on the other hand, as already hinted, he had not arrived at the point of abstracting corporeity from Being. A new stage had to be accomplished by human thought before the mind could fairly grapple with the problems nakedly and paradoxically propounded by the sage of Elea.

From the immense importance attached by Parmenides to the verb *ἐστί*, and from his assertion that men deal with names and not with realities, it followed that to his metaphysical teaching a logical set of corollaries had to be appended. To construct these was the task of Zeno, his beloved pupil and authorised successor. Zeno undertook to maintain the Parmenidean Unity, both against the vulgar evidence of the senses and also against philosophers who, like Heraclitus, directed their attention to the flux and multiplicity of things. His method was, not to prove the necessity of unity at rest, but to demonstrate the contradictions involved in the ideas of plurality and motion. The intellectual difficulties implied in the divisibility of time and space and matter were developed by Zeno with a force and subtlety that justified Aristotle in calling him the founder of dialectic. His logic, however, was but the expansion of positions implicit in Xenophanes and clearly indicated by Parmenides. How the Eleatic arguments, as further handled by Melissus, helped the Sophists, and influenced the school of Megara, who went so far as to refuse any but identical propositions, are matters that belong to another chapter of Greek history. So, too, is Plato's attempt to resolve the antinomies revealed in human thought by the polemic of his predecessors. Enough has now been said to serve as preface to the following version of the fragments of Parmenides.

His poem—for, strange as it must always seem, Parmenides committed the exposition of his austere abstract and argumentative doctrine to hexameters—begins with an epical allegory. He feigns to have been drawn by horses on a chariot to the house of Truth: the horses may perhaps be taken, as in Plato's vision of the *Phædrus*, to symbolize faculties of the soul; and the gates of Truth open upon two roads—one called the way of night, or error, the other of light,

or real knowledge. The goddess who dwells here, divine Sophia, instructs him equally in the lore of truth and of opinion, and makes no attempt, as will be seen from her own words, to conceal the futility of the second part of her discourse. From a literary point of view the poem has no merit. Even the exordium is stiff and tame. It begins thus:—

“The steeds which bear me, and have brought me to the bounds of my desire, since they drew and carried me into the way renowned of Her who leads the wise man to all knowledge—on that road I journeyed, on that road they bore me, those steeds of thought that whirl the car along. But maidens showed the way, sun-born maids, who left the hails of gloom and brought us to the light, withdrawing with their fingers from their brows the veils. And the axle in the socket made a whistling sound, glowing as by two round wheels on either side it ran, while the steeds drove the car swiftly on. There are the gates which open on the paths of Night and Day. A lintel shuts them in above, and a floor of stone beneath: but the airy space they close is fastened with huge doors, which Justice the avenger locks or unlocks by the key she holds. Her did the maidens sue with gentle words, and wisely won her to draw for them the bolted barrier from the gates. The gates flew open, and the doors yawned wide, back rolling in the sockets their brazen hinges wrought with clasps and nails. Straight through the portal drove the maidens’ car and horses on the broad highway. And me the goddess graciously received; she took my right hand in her hand, and spoke these words, addressing me: “Child of man, companion of immortal charioteers, that comest drawn by horses to our home, welcome! for thee no evil fate sent forth to travel on this path—far from the track of men indeed it lies—but Right and Justice were thy guides. Thy lot it is all things to learn; both the sure heart of truth that wins assent, and the vain fancies of mortals which have no real ground of faith. Yet these too shalt thou learn, since it behoves thee to know all opinions, testing them, and travelling every field of thought.”

Here the exordium, as we possess it, ends, and we start upon the fragments of the lecture addressed by divine Sophia to the mortal sage. The order and the connection of these fragments are more than doubtful. So much, however, is clear, that they fall into two sections—the first treating of scientific truth, the second of popular opinion. The instrument of knowledge in the one case is the reason; in the other the senses bear confused and untrustworthy witness to phenomena.

“Come now, for I will tell, and do thou hear and keep my words, what are the only ways of inquiry that lead to knowledge. The one which certifies that being is, and that not-being is not, is the pathway of persuasion, for truth follows it. The other which declares that being is not, and that not-being must be, that I affirm is wholly unpersuasive; for neither couldst thou know not-being, since it cannot be got at, nor couldst thou utter it in words, seeing that thought and being are the same.

“To me it is indifferent where I begin, for again to the same point I shall return. It must be that speech and thought is being, for being is, and that not-being is nothing: which things I bid thee ponder. First, keep thy mind from that path of inquiry, then, too, from that on which mortals who know nothing wander in doubt; helplessness sways in their breasts the erring mind; hither and thither are they borne, deaf, yea and blind, in wonderment, con-

fused crowds who fancy being and not-being are the same and not the same; the way of all of them leads backwards."

Some light is thrown upon these fragments by a passage in the *Sophistes* of Plato, where the Eleatic stranger is made to say: "In the days when I was a boy, the great Parmenides protested against this (*i.e.* against asserting the existence of not-being), and to the end of his life he continued to inculcate the same lesson—always repeating both in verse and out of verse, *keep your mind from this way of inquiry, for never will you show that not-being is.*" The fragment which immediately follows, if we are right in assuming the continuity and order of its verses, forms the longest portion of the poem extant.

"Never do thou learn to fancy that not-being is; but keep thy mind from this path of inquiry; nor let custom force thee to pursue that beaten way, to use blind eyes and sounding ear and tongue, but judge by reason the knotty argument which I declare. One only way of reasoning is left—that being is. Wherein are many signs that it is uncreate and indestructible, whole in itself, unique in kind, immovable and everlasting. It never was, nor will be, since it exists as a simultaneous present, a continuous unity. What origin shall we seek of it? Where and how did it grow? That it arose from not-being I will not suffer thee to say or think, for it cannot be thought or said that being is not. Then, too, what necessity could have forced it to the birth at an earlier or later moment? for neither birth nor beginning belongs to being. Wherefore either to be or not to be is the unconditioned alternative. Nor will the might of proof allow us to believe that anything can spring from being but itself. Therefore the law of truth permits no birth or dissolution in it, no remission of its chains, but holds it firm. This then is the point for decision: it is, or it is not. Now we have settled, as necessity obliged, to leave the one path, inconceivable, unnamed, for it is not the true way; but to affirm, as sure, that being is. How then could being have a future or a past? If it began to be, or if it is going to be, then it is not: wherefore birth and death are alike put aside as inconceivable. Nor is it divisible, since it is all homogeneous, in no part more itself than in another, which would prevent its coherence, nor in any part less; but all is full of being. Wherefore it is one continuous whole, for being draws to being. Immovable within the bounds of its great chains it is, without beginning, without end, since birth and dissolution have moved far away, whom certainty repelled. Eternally the same, in the same state, for and by itself, it abides; thus fixed and firm it stays, for strong necessity holds it in the chains of limit and clenches it around. Wherefore being cannot be infinite, seeing it lacks nothing; and if it were, it would lack all.

"Look now at things which though absent are present to the mind. For never shall being from being be sundered so as to lose its continuity by dispersion or recombination.

"Thought and the object of thought are the same, for without being, in which is affirmation, thou wilt not find thought. For nothing is or will be besides being, since fate hath bound it to remain alone and unmoved, which is named the universe—all things that mortal men hold fixed, believing in their truth,—birth, and death, to be and not to be, change of place, and variety of colour.

"Now since the extreme limit of being is defined, the whole is like a well-rounded sphere, of equal radius in all directions, for it may not be less or greater in one part or another. For neither is there not-being to prevent its attaining to equality, nor is it possible that being should in one place be more

and in another less than being, since all is inviolably one. For this is certain, that it abides an equal whole all round within its limits.

"Here then I conclude my true discourse and meditation upon Truth. Turn now and learn the opinions of men, listening to the deceptive order of my words."

The divine Sophia calls the speech which she is about to utter, deceptive (*ἀπατηλόν*), because it has to do no longer with the immutable and imperturbable laws of entity, but only with the delusions to which the human mind is exposed by the evidence of the senses. If Parmenides had been in any true sense of the word a poet, he would not have subjected Sophia to the ridicule of condemning her own observations, when he might have invented some other machinery for the conveyance of his physical hypothesis. Nothing, in fact, can be more artistically monstrous than to put lies into the mouth of Truth personified. The fragments of this portion of his poem may, in spite of their scientific worthlessness, be translated, if only for the sake of completeness. We must suppose, therefore, that wisdom has resumed her parable, and is speaking as follows:—

"Two forms have they determined by their minds to name; for those are wrong who take but one of these. Corporeally and by signs they have distinguished them, setting on the one side fire, otherreal, gentle, very subtle, everywhere identical, but different from the other element. That, too, is self-identical, diverse from fire, dark night, a thick and weighty body. Of these I will reveal to you the whole disposition, as it appears, so that no thought of mortals may ever elude you.

"Now, seeing that all things are called by the name of light and night, and the qualities that severally pertain to them, the universe is full of light and murky night, rivals equally balanced, since neither partakes of the other.

"For the narrower spheres have been fashioned of impure fire; those next of night, interpenetrated by a portion of flame; and in the midst of all is the goddess who controls the whole. For everywhere she is the cause of dire parturition and procreation, making female mix with male, and male with female."

At this point in the murky exposition there shines forth a single line, which, seized upon by poets and poetic souls in after-years, traverses the dismal waste of false physics and imperfect metaphysics like a streak of inspiration—"fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky."

"Love, first of all the gods, she formed."

"Thou, too, shalt know the nature of ether, and in ether all the signs, and the hidden acts of the bright sun's pure lamp, and whence they sprang; and thou shalt learn the revolutions of the round-eyed moon, and whence she is; and thou shalt understand the all-surrounding heaven, whence it arose, and how fate ruling it bound it to keep the limits of the stars.

"How earth and sun and moon and ether shared by all, and the galaxy and farthest Olympus, and the hot night of stars sprang into being.

"Another light that shines in revolution round the earth by night.

"For ever gazing at the radiant sun.

"For as the elements are mixed in the jointed framework of our limbs, so

are the minds of men made up. For the nature of the members is the same as that which thinks in the case of all and each; it is mind that rules.

"From the right side boys, from the left girls.

"Thus, according to opinion, were born and now are these things; and afterwards, when they have grown to the full, will perish: whereto men have affixed, unto each, a name."

It is only by a complete translation of the extant fragments of Parmenides that any notion can be formed of the hiatus between what he chose to call truth and what he termed opinion. As a thinker, he revealed both the weakness of his metaphysical system and the sincerity of his intention by proclaiming this abrupt division between the realm of the pure reason and the field of the senses, without attempting a synthesis. No other speculator has betrayed the vanity of dogmatism about the Absolute more conclusively by the simultaneous presentation of lame guesses in the region of the Relative. The impartial student of his verse is forced to the conclusion that the titles *τὰ πρὸς ἀλήθειαν* and *τὰ πρὸς δόξαν*, which have been given to the two departments of his exposition, are both arbitrary: for what warrant have we that his intuitions into the nature of pure Being are more certain than his guesses about the conditions of phenomenal existence? Parmenides might indeed be selected as a parable of the human mind pretending to a knowledge of the unconditioned truth, and after all arriving at nothing more cogent than opinion. The innumerable ontological assertions, which in the pride of the speculative reason have been made by men, are *δόξαι*, and the epigram painted by Parmenides against the common folk is equally applicable to his own sect—

"Κῶφοι ὁμῶς τυφλοὶ τε, τεθηπότες, ἄκριτα φῆλα."

As soon as men begin to dogmatize, whether the supposed truth to which they pin their faith be the barest metaphysical abstraction or some assumed intuition into the divine nature, they create a schism between the multiplicity of the universe and the unity which they proclaim. In other words, they distinguish, like Parmenides, between what they arbitrarily denote as truth and what they cannot account for as phenomena. To quit the sphere of our own mind is impossible; and therefore nothing can be discovered which is not some mode of the mind. The utmost the metaphysician can do is to describe the operations of the human intellect without explaining its existence, and all systematized knowledge is but a classification of the categories of consciousness. Thus the sophistic position that man is for man the measure of all things is irrefutable. But when he attempts to hypostasize his own thoughts as realities, to argue outward from his conceptions to the universe, this is the same as taking a leap in the dark across an undefined abyss from the only ascertained standing-ground to a hypothetical beyond.

• JOHN ADDINGTON SIMONDS.

A HOME-RULE EXPERIMENT IN CEYLON.

I.

WHILE Sir Henry Maine, in 1871, was lecturing at Oxford on village communities, the late John Stuart Mill in these pages was reviewing the result of Sir Henry Maine's researches, and general opinion was being directed to the lights thrown on European institutions by present-day procedure in Indian villages,—in the large island directly south-east of Hindostan the experiment of reviving village communities was being made: an experience of three years' working of the resuscitated institutions has abundantly justified the experiment. But, whilst in name identical, the institutions which Sir Henry Maine and others have made familiar to the English student of ancient forms of communal life, and the village communities of Ceylon, re-established in a nascent form in 1856, and fully developed, armed with judicial power, in 1871, have little in common. Especially is this the case with regard to what is the main feature of interest in the Teuton *Murk* and the Indian *Panchayet*, the ownership of land by the community for the community; such possession of land never existed in the maritime provinces of Ceylon,¹ and only to a very slight extent in the little country where the Kandyan kings had such long and uninterrupted rule. Community of ownership of land, to some extent, did exist in all parts of the island; but such land was only held as a grant at the pleasure of the king, who was considered

(1) Sir Richard Morgan, acting Chief Justice of Ceylon, in a letter to the writer, dated April 15, 1875, says:—"Land was never held by the community for the community in the maritime provinces of Ceylon, as certainly was the case in India. It used to be given by the sovereign, generally for services, *e.g.* Lascareens (Sinhalese palace guards), Arachchi (provincial officer), Vil Vidahn, &c. In the Kandyan provinces the land to some extent may be deemed to have been held by the community, for grants were made to different families for the upkeep of, and worship in, the temples." To show the slavery to which this system has led, I am tempted to quote a few sentences from the opening address of Sir Hercules Robinson to the Legislative Council of Ceylon in 1859, when he promised a measure to reform the evils he describes by giving the temple serfs the opportunity of commuting. Sir Hercules Robinson said:—"The whole system, in short, is described by those who have carefully watched its effects as degrading to humanity. Under it men are bought and sold with the land, industrial enterprise is blighted, agricultural improvement is barred, litigation is encouraged, oppression is legalised, and, in the case of temple tenants, freedom of conscience is interfered with. One of the district judges even goes so far as to state, in his report for last year, that the system gives such an undue influence to certain classes over others of the people, that it extends even to the giving of testimony in the courts and the administration of justice." In this community of land Sir Emerson Tennent sees one origin of polyandry, for which the Sinhalese not long since were notorious ("Ceylon," vol. ii. p. 428).

sole landlord. Antony Bertolacci, auditor-general under Sir Frederick North, first British governor of Ceylon, in a book¹ published in London in 1817, speaking of the maritime provinces, which included all land outside of the mountain zone on the east, south, and west, describes very fully how native officials were paid for their services by grants of land, and how these grants could be revoked by the mere word of the king (pp. 277 to 330). Practically, what Sir Henry Maine says of Lower Bengal ("Village Communities, East and West," p. 104) took place in Ceylon, upon the British taking possession of the island. Sir Henry writes:—"The assumption which the English first made . . . was, that all the soil belonged in absolute property to the sovereign, and that all private property in land existed by his sufferance." The land question was one of the first to tax the administrative abilities of English officials in Ceylon; but as their dealings with holders proceeded on the ground that the land was possessed in absolute ownership, dispossession taking place only by order of the king, and not held by the community, I may, in the present paper, pass over this subject, and proceed to the consideration of the village communities and village tribunals which promise to work such a vast revolution for good among the people.

However it may be with respect to other countries, where native races do not seem to have stamina enough successfully to engage in the struggle for existence with the new-comers who are settlers (*e.g.*, Australia, New Zealand, and possibly Fiji), Ceylon is held by the British for the benefit of the natives of the land, who show no signs of decay, and legislation is undertaken as viewed from their stand-point. Consequently, when, in 1856, Sir Henry Ward determined to resuscitate the irrigation tanks in certain parts of the island wholly occupied by natives, he resuscitated also an old institution which had not long before existed amongst the people for the performance of communal works, namely, the village council. It was found, however, that the decisions of this body could not be enforced; legal power had been taken away from them by the creation of minor courts in 1843, so that if any party chose to dispute their authority, as in the case of the communities referred to by Sir Henry Maine in his Oxford Lectures, there was no power at hand to enforce compliance with the decree that had been made. Whilst giving power to village communities, the irrigation ordinance of 1856 did not actually compel all the residents in a district to contribute so many days' labour per year to the needed work; but it enabled the community to revive the ancient customs touching irrigation, and whenever those customs required owners of adjoining

(1) "A View of the Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial Interests of Ceylon," by Antony Bertolacci. London, 1817.

fields to fence lands, to protect tracts of fields from cattle, &c., to regulate the supply and due distribution of water, all the members of the community were obliged to take part in the work. The experiment was watched with great interest, because, if the scheme were found practicable, and the members of the diverse races in Ceylon showed themselves capable of self-government, a way would be found out of the difficulty caused by daily-increasing litigation, to which the people seemed wholly given up, and which was fast choking the minor courts with work that could not be overtaken. To what a stupendous extent this proneness had developed amongst a people who, prior to the British occupation of Ceylon, had few or no courts to go to, may be inferred from the statement of the Inspector-General of Police (Mr. G. W. R. Campbell, sometime subsequently acting Lieutenant-Governor of Penang) in his Police Administrative Report for 1869, where he points out that in the year under review nearly a thirteenth of the whole population was brought before the magistrates as accused persons; of these 168,000 persons only a tenth were convicted, and 112,367 were dismissed without trial. The District Judge of Colombo (Mr. T. Berwick), in a letter to the Colonial Secretary, advocating the establishment of village councils as the proper forum for the settlement of trivial disputes, points out that the full significance of Mr. Campbell's statement is not apparent until it is considered that the enormous array of litigiousness the latter instances is independent of the numbers thronging the civil courts. He writes as follows:—

“ At the rate of the averages of individuals found to be involved in each case, assuming them to apply throughout the island, as is more than probable, we have—

	<i>Cases.</i>	<i>Souls.</i>
Trials	13,874 × 12 =	166,488
Dismissals . . .	54,573 × 8·2 =	447,498
		<hr/> 613,986

“ Add only a half of this number for the Courts of Requests, and the sum is nearly a million; a number which exceeds a third of the population, and which must be considerably exceeded (at the same rate) when the litigation of the superior Courts is included. Then, as comparatively few cases came on for trial under several postponements and re-issue of subpoenas,—and of the ‘Dismissals’ a large proportion also are struck off for absence of the complainant, after several postponements,—it will not be very wide of the mark if we infer that there is an annual attendance at the Courts approaching, and perhaps equal to, the whole population; certainly largely exceeding the adult population.”

Absence from the native village for attendance at Court, of course means neglect of agricultural pursuits and consequent impoverishment, to say nothing of the direct penalties imposed by the Courts, and which year by year mount up to very large sums. To these add cost of legal assistance and of witnesses, &c., and it will be

seen how vast was the evil to be met.¹ The great advantage of the revival of village courts of arbitration (and more) was felt on all hands; the obvious impossibility of instituting false charges—as in many of the cases referred to in the figures quoted—before neighbours who must know practically all the collateral circumstances of the case, was clear. Again, the remembrance of these simple means of obtaining justice (the old village council only received its *coup de grâce* in 1843) was yet fresh in the minds of some of the inhabitants; the village elders told the rising generation of the good old times, when crops did not suffer through justice having to be sought at the far-away town. All these things combined to force upon the favourable consideration of Government the advantage of harking back to the old paths.

II.

Owing to circumstances which have been briefly alluded to, we have not to trust to vague and uncertain tradition for particulars of the old system of "home rule" in Ceylon, under which the people flourished, and which was proved by centuries of experience to be well suited to the genius of the different races amongst which it existed. While in some parts of the interior the village republic existed, and the people were prosperous and content, seeing the white face of the administrative officer only once a year when that functionary was on revenue tours, in the large towns, less than a hundred miles away, the English jurist-system had been grafted on to the Roman-Dutch law—which the Hollanders introduced into the island during their occupancy, and the procedure in the courts was in every respect similar to that in any ordinary town in England. In Ceylon, as elsewhere, the British seem to have thought that the institutions under which they had grown great immeasurably surpassed the laws and customs of any people whom they happened to have conquered, and so English procedure in legal matters has everywhere dogged the steps of English conquest. The Tamil and Sinhalese law-students talk far more glibly of Magna Charta than they do of the ancient laws of their own people. So far as Ceylon is concerned, the English only did as the Dutch had done before them, but they were more thorough than their predecessors. The policy is

(1) On the other hand, when introducing the Gausabhawa (Village Communities) Ordinance into the Legislative Council, Sir Richard Morgan, Queen's Advocate, said of this very Report of Mr. Campbell's:—"He (the Queen's Advocate) believed the figures were somewhat exaggerated; no allowances were made for breaches of revenue laws, which could not properly be classed as crimes, although, for facility of recovery, criminal proceedings were adopted in respect to them. He referred to prosecution under the road, dry grain, cattle trespass, salt, and such like ordinances. These were instituted in large batches, and one or two typical cases decided a number of others. No allowance also was made for counter cases—cases not only between the actual parties, but subsidiary cases between their relations and friends."

seldom successful, at least in the earlier stages. The Asiatic, certainly, will not see things from the English point of view, and the good intentions of the ruler is but a small factor in the matter. A most powerful illustration of this is afforded at the time of writing this paper, in the mistake Lord Northbrook is held to have made in permitting the Gaikwar of Baroda to appear before a commission composed of high English officials and native princes of the first rank—in a word, “of his peers”—and attempt to clear himself from the grave suspicion under which he was held by the Government of India.¹ The Hindus of every race do not appreciate this eminently English way of acting, and hence the outcries of the vernacular journals against the Baroda trial, and the monster prayer-meetings at Puna and elsewhere on behalf of the Gaikwar.

Two years ago, in order to secure the better administration of affairs in Ceylon, but mainly that an impulse might be given to native interests by the repair of tanks, &c., for irrigation, a new province—the North-Central—was created, portions being taken from three others to make this. Mr. J. F. Dickson—who, in the eyes of the Colonial Office, succeeded so well that he was offered a prominent post in the new Fiji Government, but declined it—was placed in charge of the province, and his first report is now before the writer. On proceeding to investigate the province he found that but very faint ripples of the wave of English occupation of Ceylon had reached the tank-villages in the hot midland and northern plains of the island; but that he gazed on a state of things similar to that which, in 1679, was seen (and described) by Robert Knox, the first Englishman who visited Ceylon—a state of society which was very ancient even then. Mr. Dickson says—

“The whole province is composed of a number of small agricultural republics, each of which has its tank for irrigation purposes, with the field below it, and the duty of maintaining the tank with its channels in repair properly by custom devolves on the community, each member being bound to contribute his share of labour in proportion to his share in the field. But under our rule there has hitherto been no simple machinery for compelling the idle and the absentee shareholders, who go and live in other villages but still retain their claims on the field, to perform their share of the work. The others are unwilling to work for the benefit of the defaulters, and the work is left undone. To this cause alone much of the present ruin of the tanks is attributable.”

The province in which this state of things was found to exist has for its capital that city of ancient renown, Anaradhapura, so well known to students of oriental history, and which was, without doubt, the centre of the grandest irrigation works known in the world.

(1) The writer does not condemn the policy of Lord Northbrook in this matter. He holds it to have been eminently wise and just. With the fewest possible exceptions this is the prevailing opinion in the Anglo-Indian press. The natives will not say so, but not yet.

(2) “Ceylon,” by Sir Emerson Tennent, vol. ii. pp. 432, 433.

The Governor of Ceylon (Mr. W. H. Gregory) has recently been describing the ruins of some tanks which he visited, which are almost fabulously large, and the very remains of which are stupendous. Contradictory as it may at first sight appear, it was under the reign of despotic kings, who rigorously exacted *raju-k-ariga* [labour on public works by the people at their own charge], that the greatest material prosperity of Ceylon is to be found, when she exported grain to the Indian continent, instead of being, as now, dependent upon her great neighbour for a large quantity annually of necessary food, a large amount of communal freedom being also possessed by the people.

Sir Emerson Tennent, in his painstaking and eminently reliable *History of Ceylon*, says—

"... Hence every village to the north of the Kandyan zone was provided with one tank at least; and, by the provident munificence of the native sovereigns, the face of the country became covered with a network of canals to convey streams to the rice lands. So long as these precious structures remained intact, cultivation was continuous and famines unknown. But their preservation was dependent, not only on the maintenance of the co-operative village system (a system whose existence was contingent on the duration of peace and tranquillity), but on the supremacy of a domestic Government sufficiently strong to control the will and direct the action of these rural municipalities."—*Ceylon*, vol. ii., pp. 433, 434.

Mr. H. S. O. Russell, late Government Agent for the Central Province, in the debate in the Legislative Council on the second reading of the Gansabhawa Ordinance, said—¹

"At the time when the British power carried the last Kandian monarch from his throne into life-long exile, there existed throughout the Kandian realm a patriarchal system whereby the administration of each village community was entrusted to the natural leaders of that community. The village elders, with the village headman as their president, met from time to time at a convenient spot where, surrounded by all who cared to see and hear and criticize their proceedings, they deliberated on affairs of common interest, adjusted civil disputes, and awarded punishment to ordinary offenders against person and property. Cases of serious crime, rare indeed in those happy days, were reserved for the consideration of the king himself. It is possible that but for the luckless rebellion in 1817 and 1818 the British Government might have recognised by legal enactment, at any rate might not have ignored, the competency of the Gansabhawa in the matters above mentioned."

And again—

"Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that the vital principle of the Gansabhawa has ever been utterly extinct. In rural districts the verdict of the village still influences the decisions of arbitrators appointed by our Courts; Batamahatmaya echoes it in reports to the Kuchcherri, and disputes between members of a family or between neighbours are sometimes referred to mutual consent. But, except in matters connected with paddy-land cultivation the Gansabhawa has no power of enforcing its own decisions, and from them they do not suit may set them at naught."

(1) "The Ceylon Hansard," 1971, pages 52, 53.

In a report upon the scheme before it was submitted to the Legislature, the same gentleman said :—"It may be assumed, then, that a thousand years ago social relations and duties in the English village and in the Kandyan village were regulated, if not by the same system, yet by principles having a common origin and very similar development, and that while in England the system with the lapse of centuries became profoundly modified, it retained, as the Gansabhawa, most of its original features in the Kandyan country to the date when the British Government replaced the last native king."

There were, therefore, amongst the people all the circumstances likely to make the proposed re-establishment of Gansabhawa a great success. "That the institution has yet a dormant vitality," said the District Judge of Colombo, in the letter already quoted, "is attested by a hundred vestiges that are familiar to the Courts, especially in land cases." Opinion generally was ripe for the re-introduction of the old system,¹ the people would be glad to find that new Village Communities were only old Gansabhawa writ large, and Government moved forward to supply the want by the introduction of an ordinance, to which reference will now be made.

III.

Early in October, 1871, the draft of the Gansabhawa Ordinance was published in the *Ceylon Government Gazette*, and it was at once discovered that none of its provisions provided for the revival (if anywhere existing, or had existed) of communal ownership, or cultivation of land according to the views of the community. Ancient customs might, however, be enforced by the village council. What the ordinance proposed to do was to place in the hands of the people a means for the easy and inexpensive settlement of disputes arising out of land occupancy or cultivation, for putting down criminal and other disorder, and uplifting the moral tone of the community by the establishment of schools and the like. When it was found that the Government were in earnest in their enunciation of this policy, and would not defeat the object held in view by permitting lawyers to appear before the tribunals to be re-created, that proceedings were to take place in the native languages, processes of court and the like being reduced to a minimum, great was the outcry among the lower class of proctors that the craft was in danger. A Ceylon proctor like unto an English attorney—in some respects; but the Ceylon legal practitioner far surpasses his English contemporary in decided proneness to foment legal disputes, and cause a

(1) A vast number of papers were sent in to Government respecting Village Communities, and all, or nearly all, were of the tenor of those quoted.

about the oyster, that the succulent edible may be swallowed by himself.¹

It was a fault—it may have been only an oversight—of the government of Sir Hercules Robinson that efforts were not made to ascertain the opinion of the great mass of the people on the subject of the proposed reform: they were believed to be in favour of the proposal, and their acquiescence was assumed. But it was made a matter of complaint, at a subsequent mass meeting of the Sinhalese, that the ordinance was not translated into the native tongues—the Tamil and Sinhalese languages. Consequently, information concerning it could only filter down to the mass through the English-speaking natives and the few vernacular journals published in Colombo. Still the people were not ignorant of what was being done. There are means of conveying information in the East that the foreigners in the land wot little of. The Mutiny of 1857 proved this. Similarly, as rapidly as though the telegraph wire had been laid into every village, the people of Ceylon became aware of the measure affecting their interests then before the Legislature, and informally expressed their opinion as being strongly in favour of the proposed ordinance.

The Village Community.

A copy of the Gansabhawa Ordinance, as finally amended, lies before us, side by side with the ink-corrected copy used by the writer whilst the Bill was passing through committee of the Legislative Council. The alterations then made are so few, being merely modifications of detail, that the copy as filed in the office of the Secretary of State for the Colonies in Downing Street may be used to denote the intentions of the framers of the measure in the first instance. After setting forth in the preamble that it is expedient “to facilitate the administration of village communities, and to provide for the establishment of village tribunals, with a view to diminish the expense of litigation in petty cases, and to promote the speedy adjustment of such cases,” the ordinance proceeds to give the following thirteen sub-sections of clause 6, which will show the details of daily life placed in the hands of the people for their own administration:—

“6. It shall be lawful for the inhabitants of any subdivision, so brought within the operation of this ordinance, to make, subject to provisions hereafter contained, such rules as they may deem expedient for any of the following purposes:—

(1.) For the construction, regulation, and protection of village paths,

In April, 1875, the police magistrate of Colombo sentenced an “out-door laborer” to several months’ imprisonment for obtaining money from a poor widow to carry her case through court, and then altogether neglecting her interests.

bridges, élandas, ambalams, madams, spouts, wells, watering and bathing places, fords and ferries, markets, places for slaughter of cattle, sheep or swine, grounds for the burial or burning of the dead, and for the conservancy of forest springs and watercourses.

- (2.) For constructing and repairing school-rooms for the education of boys and girls, and for securing their attendance at school.
- (3.) For regulating fisheries according to local customs.
- (4.) For taking care of waste and other lands set aside for the purposes of the pasturage of cattle or for any other common purpose.
- (5.) For breeding, registering, and branding cattle, and for preventing cattle-trespass, cattle-disease, and cattle-stealing.
- (6.) For the putting up and preservation of land-boundaries and fences.
- (7.) For the prevention and abatement of nuisances.
- (8.) For the prevention of the use of abusive language.
- (9.) For preventing accidents connected with toddy-drawing, and the periodical inspection of the ropes and other appliances used for that purpose.
- (10.) For preventing accidents by the setting of spring-guns.
- (11.) For the prevention of gambling, cock-fighting, and cart-racing on public thoroughfares.
- (12.) For determining the number of councillors to be associated with the president in the trial of cases in any subdivision.
- (13.) For the enforcement of ancient customs as regards cultivation, and for any other purpose connected with or relating to purely village affairs."

These rules, when approved by Government and published in the *Gazette*, were to be binding upon all inhabitants of the subdivision,—Europeans and Eurasians excepted—and judicial notice by officers concerned was to be taken thereof. These rules were to be made at a public meeting called by the Government Agent, on a requisition signed by not less than ten inhabitants of any village or group forming a subdivision. Manhood suffrage, practically, was enacted; for clause 12, dealing with the qualification of voters at such meeting for making rules, provides that—

"Every male inhabitant of the village, or group of villages as aforesaid, above the age of twenty-one years, and who shall not have been convicted, within five years before the date of the meeting, of theft, fraud, forgery, perjury, or of any infamous crime whatever, who shall be present thereat, shall be entitled to vote."

But a property qualification for committee-men was introduced—a bar it may seem to some "village Hampden" whose circumstances are of the poorest when looked at from the outside, by English radicals, but most consonant with the partly stereotyped life of the East. "He putteth down one, and setteth up another," is the sort of proceeding dear to the Asiatic mind, as it was to the royal Hebrew who penned the remark,—personal caprice, and not steady persevering merit. Oriental society, however, especially in Ceylon, is becoming disintegrated.

Clause 14 provides that—

"No person shall be qualified to be elected as a member of committee who

shall not be upwards of twenty-five years of age, or who shall not be possessed of real property, in his own right or in that of his wife, worth more than two hundred rupees [£20 sterling], and who shall have been convicted of theft, fraud, forgery, perjury, or of any infamous crime, or who shall have been dismissed from the public service for misconduct."

The term of office is confined to three years, but a member is eligible for re-election. Objection to voters to be decided on the spot, the decision of the person presiding being final. All questions to be decided by a majority of votes, the chairman having a casting vote.

The Village Tribunal.

This institution, established concurrently with the Council of Elders for purely village purposes, has to do with the crime of the community, and therefore the first clause (clause 20 of the ordinance) dealing with this branch of the reform provides for the appointment of a president, to be paid from the general revenue. The oath of allegiance and the judicial oath must be taken by this functionary, who is to have associated with him five (or a less number of) councillors, the qualifications being the same as for committee-men, and already recited. Civil cases, where "the debt, damage, or demand shall not exceed one hundred rupees," and criminal cases, such as petty thefts, petty assaults, malicious injury to property, or cattle, trespass, and maintenance cases, shall be decided. Power, however, is given to the Queen's Advocate, or his deputy having jurisdiction over the subdivision, to stop the further hearing of a case, and send it to the Police Court by the Court of Requests. The first duty of the tribunal (according to clause 26) is "by all lawful means to bring the litigant parties to an amicable settlement, and to abate, prevent, or remove, with their consent, the real cause of quarrel between them." That failing, evidence may be taken, and the opinion of the councillors given, followed by that of the president. If a difference of opinion exists, the opinion of the president is taken as the decision, but a record is made of the other opinions expressed. A number of clauses providing for the issue of processes for apprehension of offenders follow, as also a statement that the fiscal department (in civil cases, and also in criminal where fines have been imposed) shall enforce the payment of the same. To give effect to the desire expressed in the preamble for inexpensive and summary proceedings being taken, it is enacted (clause 30) that, "The proceedings of these tribunals shall be conducted in the native language, and shall be summary, and free from the formalities of judicial proceedings, and it shall be the duty of such tribunals to do substantial justice in all questions coming before them, without regard to matters of form; and no advocate, proctor, agent, or other person (excepting husbands for their wives, guardians

and curators for minors and wards, and agents doing business in the subdivision for absent principals) shall be permitted to appear on behalf of any party in any case, before such tribunals." Reports of all cases are to be sent at regular intervals to the Government agent.

Such is an outline of a measure which, while doing much for Ceylon, and while improving the status of the people, will yet consolidate British rule; and Ceylon may, in this case, as she has already done with regard to a decimal currency, set an example to her great neighbour of the Indian continent, worthy of being followed by the latter.

Of the debate in the Legislative Council which accompanied the second reading of this measure much need not be said, save that the ordinance had not many friends on the unofficial side of the House. It was supported, with bated breath, by Sir Coomara Swamy, Tamil member, who, curiously enough, in the following extract uses language almost identically the same with that employed at Oxford in the same year, and at much about the same time, by Sir Henry Maine. Sir Coomara Swamy said,—

"It is not generally known that the mainstay and support of the form of Indian communal government, whether in town or village, was the caste system. Gansablawas or Panchayets flourished because caste flourished, and they declined when caste declined. What bound small communities together in those days was the very principle which weakened the Hindus as a nation. There are relics of the system to be witnessed even at present times, and in Ceylon. Amongst the Indian settlers in Colombo there is self-government in full vigour. The chetties call the association by which such functions are exercised, the 'Nakaram.' Every Sunday night it meets in one of the temples, and disposes of not simply such paltry suits as this Bill deals with, but cases of importance, which would otherwise be dealt with by only our District Courts. And what enables this association to carry out its decrees? It is the caste of the chetties. If either the plaintiff or defendant will not abide by the decree pronounced by the 'Nakaram,' their punishment is exclusion from their caste. And this means a great many annoyances. In India, the dhoby would refuse to wash for them, the barber decline to wait on them, whilst the dancing-girl will decline to make her salams."¹

Shortly before the second reading of the ordinance took place the natives of a district not far from Colombo, favourably known for the enterprise and energy of its inhabitants, met in the park of a native gentleman, under precisely similar circumstances to the great Hyde Park reform meetings of 1866, and not unlike the recent salt-tax abolition meeting in Bombay. The meeting in Ceylon was very largely attended, and the proceedings were mainly in the native tongue. A translation of the proceedings was made, and from this translation one is tempted to make one or two brief extracts, which cannot fail to interest Englishmen desirous of seeing how

(1) Compare this with page 125, "Village Communities, East and West," by Sir H. S. Maine. 1871.

representative institutions, long familiar to them, work among Asiatics.

The meeting was held, as has been said, in the grounds surrounding the house of Mr. C. H. de Soysa, a wealthy Sinhalese, who, on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to Ceylon in 1870, devoted £10,000 to the establishment of a model farm. Mr. de Soysa presided, and modestly told the assemblage that he was sure they did not select him on account of his abilities, "nor on account of the little necessities of life I own, and which you call wealth." No less than fifteen resolutions were submitted and spoken to, and, curiously enough, instead of taking the declaratory form familiar to English public meetings, each resolution was made interrogatory : *e.g.*, Resolution 1—

"Is it necessary that we should petition his Excellency the Governor and Council to defer the passing of the ordinance about Village Communities, till purport of the ordinance is known to the inhabitants?"

All the speakers highly praised the British rule, and were most fervent in their expressions of loyalty to the queen, and equally emphatic was the expression of distrust in many of their own headmen. The following extract from a speech, delivered in English, by a Mr. Domingo Mendis, a Sinhalese, who had received an English education, is characteristic of the style of oratory to which Young Ceylon devotes itself. He said—

"Gentlemen, election by votes and trial by jury are not new institutions. I have studied a little English history. Trial by jury, if I am not mistaken, was instituted by King Alfred the Great. You must know, as I am sure most of you were pupils of the Colombo Academy, that the Persians, Greeks, and Romans had their Senate to check the domineering power of the rulers set over them; and also, as most of you present here will find in the Bible, that when the Jews were under the judges or kings, there were men called the prophets between the rulers and the subjects. You must have read how Elijah rebuked King Ahab, and how Nathan rebuked King David in those memorable words, 'Thou art the man.'"

And so, with a confusion of metaphor that was amusing, the speaker pointed out the necessity for supervision of the village councils, if the present headmen were appointed presidents.

Mr. Russell, late Government Agent of the Central Province, was most zealous in his advocacy of the establishment of these village republics, and it was from a district in his province that the first set of rules came to the Governor for sanction. They formed the basis of all subsequent rules, and may profitably be quoted here. Some of the rules should startle the English Tory, who is afraid to trust his countrymen with power to compel the education of children, or to attempt to put down the liquor traffic by local voting as proposed in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill. These rules

(save and except Section V., dealing with cattle, which is omitted) are as follows :—

SECTION I.

“The construction, maintenance and improvement of the communal works mentioned in Section I. of clause 6 of Ordinance No. 26 of 1871, shall be effected by those persons who are interested therein, and who live within a distance of two miles from the place where work is to be done.

“2. If the work concerns only one village, the Gan Arachchi—if more than one village, the Kórála—if more than one Kórála, the Raténahatmayá—shall summon the inhabitants of such village, Kórála, or division, for the purpose of deciding the nature and extent of work to be executed, and the number of days’ labour that each person liable to contribute shall contribute towards it either in person or by substitute.

“3. All notices of meeting for the purpose of discussing the matter of executing a communal work, also notices of the time and place where work is to be performed, are to be made by beat of tom-tom. Wilful failure to perform labour is to be punished with a fine not exceeding fifty cents. for each day of such failure.

“4. All communal paths, bridges, and other properties are to be in charge of the local headman. Fine for neglect of duty on his part is not to exceed twenty rupees.

“5. The fine for obstruction or careless or malicious injury of paths, élandas, and other communal works and property, is to be one-fourth more than the cost of removal of obstruction or repair of injury.

“6. The fine for cutting timber on grounds reserved for preservation of springs is not to exceed twenty rupees. If the injury be excessive, the man who has illegally felled the timber must be taken to the Police Court.

SECTION II.

“7. At the request by petition of the parents or guardians of twenty-five or more children for the establishment of a school, a school shall be established, which is to be built at the expense of all the villagers within two miles of the proposed school; provided always that a schoolmaster is provided without charge to the villagers. The repair and upkeep of the school-house or room shall be provided for by the levy of a moderate fee from the pupils attending the school, or by labour given gratuitously by the parents or guardians of such children. Any parent who does not send his children to either the village school or any other place of education shall be considered as being totally unfit for holding any office under Government, or of being a member of a Gansabbáwa.

SECTION III.

“Any person who shall kill any fish by means of poison shall be guilty of an offence, and, on conviction thereof, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding ten rupees.

SECTION IV.

“9. Any person who shall wilfully set fire to any patana or other land set apart by Government for the common pasturage of cattle of the villagers, shall be guilty of an offence, and, on conviction thereof, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding ten rupees.

“10. Every villager who may be benefitted by such land shall, when necessary, contribute his quota of labour or money towards fencing or cutting a ditch, so that cattle may not go out of the limits of such lands, and towards keeping the place in good and proper order for pasturing purposes.

SECTION VI.

“20. Boundaries of lands shall be marked by fences, ditches, or stones.

Any person who shall wilfully injure or destroy such boundaries shall be guilty of an offence, and be fined any sum not exceeding twenty rupees.

SECTION VII.

"21. Whoever shall use indecent or abusive language for the purpose of annoying or provoking any person, shall be guilty of an offence, and shall be liable on conviction to a fine not exceeding ten rupees.

SECTION VIII.

"22. Not less than three nor more than five persons shall be associated with the president in the trial of cases."

In another case, the following were among the rules agreed to :—

"12. Persons residing on either side of a public road are prohibited from putting dirt, rubbish, timber, mats, copperash, aracca-nut, or any other commodity on it, or to keep carts or allow children—too young to take care of themselves—to play thereon.

"13. No cart-racing shall be permitted upon any public road, and no vehicle shall be driven thereon without a light at night.

"14. Gambling and cock-fighting are prohibited. Every headman is required to prosecute offenders against this rule before the Village Tribunal, as also all disorderly persons and vagrants; also persons using obscene and abusive language.

"15. It shall be lawful for the village headman, under the authority of the committee, to call a proportion of the inhabitants of the village, between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five years, being males, to serve as a nightly patrol within it, for the protection of the persons and property of the villagers.

"16. It shall not be lawful for any person to receive in pawn gold, silver, or other articles, without notice previously given to the village headman; and any person who shall discover and bring to conviction any one offending against this rule shall be entitled to receive five per cent. on the value of property so pawned. If the village headman receives in pawn such articles, he shall give notice thereof to the headman of the next nearest village. The headman shall keep a proper memorandum of such articles, giving a full description of them, as also the conditions and consideration of the mortgage."

With regard to Rule 15, it should be explained that a police force is foisted upon a village by the central Government at the villagers' expense, only when the inhabitants have become turbulent, and are unable to maintain the peace among themselves. As a matter of fact the people generally resent the presence of policemen in their villages.

Again, nearly all the rules contain provisions such as the following :—

"3. Boys from six to fifteen years old, and girls from six to twelve years old, shall be sent to schools by their parents, except when prevented by sickness or other material cause; and the parents infringing this rule shall be subject to a fine not exceeding one rupee."

This compulsory power was greatly desired by Government when they perfected their arrangements for grants in aid of secular education only, having solved the religious difficulty, so far as Ceylon is concerned, long before Mr. Forster in the House of

Commons so disastrously blundered in dealing with the similar question for England. Even our island authorities shrank from enacting compulsory power in this respect; but the people, when left to themselves, rigidly enacted and as rigidly enforced attendance at school by children.

IV.

What has been the effect of this measure of reform? it may be asked. It was to answer that question that the present paper was commenced, and to cause a right appreciation of which answer the foregoing particulars, anything but brief, though the writer has practised great reticence, seemed necessary. Tentatively tried in the first instance, the village councils and tribunals at once became an assured success, and now they are being established on every hand. What is of greatest importance is the fact that a very large degree of interest is taken in the proceedings of these institutions by a (hitherto) sluggish Asiatic people, whose proverbs deify idleness and inertia. A vernacular newspaper, the *Lakrivikirana*, of a few days since (April, 1873) tells of 800 people voting at the establishment of a Gansabhawa at Jattiantola. The testimony of Government officials has just been published, and their opinions, as expressed in the volume of Administrative Reports sent to Lord Carnarvon by Governor Gregory, may be cited.

An Assistant Agent in the Central Province stands first in order. He says:—

“*The Gansabhawa*.—The Village Tribunals in Matalé North appear to be a decided success. The president is doing his work well, and takes an evident interest in improving his district.

“The following is a statement of work done during 1873:—

	<i>Civil.</i>	<i>Criminal.</i>
Cases pending from 1872	5	Nil
Cases instituted	797	548
Cases decided during 1873.	412	339
Cases pending at the end of 1873	390	209
Decisions appealed against	12	5
Decisions affirmed by me	6	1
Decisions reversed	1	Nil
Case sent back for further evidence	Nil	1

“The eight appeals as yet undecided are those in which petitions have been presented to me, but the cases have not been sent to me by the president, Village Tribunals.

“The Minor Courts (as a result) at Dambulla were abolished in September, 1873.”

Mr. Hartshorne, in the same province, records—

“The operations of the Gansabhawa in Walapané have been attended with much success and benefit to the people. Two schools have been constructed under its auspices, and a third is about to be commenced; a large number of village paths have been cut, and some small irrigation works improved. The

people show every readiness to refer their disputes to its arbitration, and appear to be generally well satisfied with the system of procedure, whilst the saving of the expense and inconvenience attending litigation in the Police Court or Court of Requests is manifestly appreciated. The rules framed by the committees of the different districts have undergone a few slight modifications, and have been adopted for the division of Uda Hēwaheta, where the ordinance has been introduced with the most cordial co-operation and satisfaction on the part of the inhabitants."

Mr. W. E. T. Sharpe, Acting Government Agent of the North Western Province, is very emphatic in his opinion :—

"On the recommendation of my predecessor, Mr. Wright, the Gansabhāwa system, under the Ordinance No. 26 of 1871, was introduced in the Wēuda Willi Hatpattu shortly before I took charge of the province in the end of May. The rules were drawn up by committees elected at meetings of the inhabitants, at which the Government Agent presided, and have proved admirably adapted to the system of communal government so thoroughly in accord with the feelings and traditions of the people. The venerable Dissāwe accepted the office of president, and Courts have been held monthly at four central places in rotation for a week at a time."

In the Eastern Province, where the population is made up of races other than the Sinhalese, viz., the Moors, of Arab descent, and Tamils, the project was equally successful. Mr. W. W. Hume reports—

"*Village Tribunals.*—These tribunals, of which there are as yet but two in the province, continued to work satisfactorily. The evidence appears to be carefully taken down, and the records neatly kept, while the small number of appeals is a proof of satisfaction with the decisions.

"*Village Councils.*—Two hundred and seventy-nine councils were held in the year in the ten divisions into which this district is divided. Fines to the amount of 2,472 rupees imposed, but only 819 rupees recovered. Ten appeals were lodged, of which six were confirmed as to the decision, but the fines reduced in five, and four were remanded for further hearing. On the whole, the system may be said to work admirably; without it or something of the kind, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to carry on satisfactorily the extensive paddy cultivation of the district, or to settle the numerous and often complicated questions of division and distribution of water, fencing, kraaling, and disposal of cattle during the crop season, and other matters which arise."

Similar testimony is given by Mr. G. W. Templer, writing from Trincomala in the same province. The most important opinion of all, however, is that expressed by Mr. C. P. Layard, C.M.G., the oldest civil servant in the island, who, as Government Agent of the Western Province, writes—

"Village Tribunals and Councils are in full operation in four divisions of the district of Colombo. In Alutkūru Kōralé South, where the experiment was first made; in the Meda and Pallé Pattus of the Hēwāgam Kōralé, and Muleriyāwa in Alutkūru Kōralé North, exclusive of the town and suburbs of Negombo, and in the Adikāri and Meda Pattus of the Siyané Kōralé, having jurisdiction over an united population of 148,625.

"The cost to Government of maintaining the several establishments is as follows:—

	Annual Salary. Rs.	Travelling Allowances. Rs.	TOTAL. Rs.
1 President	1,500 ..	500 ..	2,000
1 Do.	1,200 ..	300 ..	1,500
2 Presidents, at Rs. 1,000 each .	2,000 ..	1,000 ..	3,000
8 Native Writers, at Rs. 240 ,, .	1,920 ..	— ..	1,920
9 Messengers, at Rs. 120 ,, .	1,080 ..	— ..	1,080

Rs. 9,500

"But the benefit accruing to the people from their existence is not so easily calculated, although generally observable in the disappearance of the lawlessness which had prevailed in some places, and a willing submission to authority—the more influential for being self-imposed—in all.

"Returns of judicial work done by each of the tribunals, affording important relief to the regular Courts of Justice, will be found in the appendix. For the rest, according to the concurrent testimony of the several presidents, under the judicious management of the councillors and local committees, consisting of elderly and experienced villagers, who generally take a personal and lively interest in their duties, agriculture is being systematically promoted, works of irrigation and drainage are suggested and successfully carried out, and the oppression of renters, as well as the evasion of the renters' just dues, hitherto subjects of frequent complaint, rendered impossible.

"Schools for boys and girls—the attendance being compulsory in some, and regular in all—are greatly in demand, and taverns have been reduced to a minimum consistent with the necessity of preventing an illicit trade, and of providing for the reasonable requirements of the community.

"Gambling, cattle-stealing, and crimes of violence have also greatly diminished, and in the instance of one division the indecent custom of children appearing naked in public, and the partial nudity of adults, are prohibited by regulation."

But one more extract will be necessary to show the abundant success which has been already achieved for this measure. Mr. Dickson, in his judicial report for Anaradhapura, says:—"The creation of Village Tribunals under the provisions of the Village Councils Ordinance is an important step in the direction which I would here seek to advocate. These tribunals have been placed under the control and supervision of the Government Agents, who exercise over them authority similar to that which is exercised by the magistrate of the district in India over all branches of the administration of criminal justice. I venture to think that there are here the germs of a system capable of great and beneficial extension."

V.

In all the points claimed for it, this measure of reform may be said to have realised the expectations of the promoters. This does not often happen. Even so simple an arrangement as the ballot in English elections, now passed, would grieve the heart of Mr. Grote, were he to return from the "glimpses of the moon," and see to

what "base purposes" the ballot-box has been sometimes put, and how it has often failed in preserving absolute secrecy. The, moral effects of the Gansabhāwa Ordinance, in the suppression of false charges, and the consequent arrest of a system which, like a cancer, was eating into the body politic of the Sinhalese nation, is not the least among the achievements of this Bill. A more satisfactory administration of justice has resulted, as a vast majority of the land cases tried¹ related to disputes as to boundaries, which could be more admirably settled by arbitration by residents on the spot than by any other means. Further, in the presidentship of Village Tribunals, a new career has been opened to the sons of chiefs, mudaliyars, and well-to-do headmen generally. These lads are sent to Colombo to receive a liberal education, and from their ranks the Bar and clerical professions are choked, so many have been and still are the applications to be enrolled as proctors or advocates. Your educated native, like partly educated, foolish genteel people in England, can stomach no work but that which is dignified by the name of a profession. By reviving the ancient customs of the country, and enlisting the people themselves into the service of the administration of the law, the rulers of Ceylon have deserved well equally of the people they rule and of those in whose service they go forth to rule. The impression has got abroad in England that more is done for the European coffee-planter and merchant than for the native; but lengthened experience goes to prove that in no colony of the British Empire where the whole population is native and very large, and the alien rulers and traders are a mere handful, is there so much prosperity, contentment, and satisfaction as in Ceylon; nowhere can the people see better that they are being ruled for their own good, and very much by themselves, in the higher ranks of the civil and judicial services, in the Supreme Court Bench,² as well as in the Village Council or Tribunal. The ordinance which has been under consideration will do very much to strengthen, and nothing whatever to loosen, the ties which unite Great Britain and Ceylon. Indian officials might find something to help them in their vaster work, in the results of the Gansabhāwa Ordinance of Ceylon.

WILLIAM DIGNY.

(1) A story is told of the trial of a land case, such being notorious for weary prolixity. The mother of a young civil servant who was promoted to the bench a little too soon for dignity, was very fond of showing a highly finished sketch of a beautiful low-country scene in Ceylon. Underneath it was the inscription, "Drawn from the court-house windows at ———, whilst listening to the arguments in a land case." The picture was shown to the governor of the day, and proved to be the "once too often," for a sharp letter was sent to the young civilian, telling him that he had better turn his attention to doing justice to the cases he was sent to try, and keep his artistic proclivities in their proper place.

(2) Two of the three Supreme Court judges, Sir Richard Morgan and Mr. Stewart,* senior puisne justices, are natives of Ceylon.

ON CERTAIN CLERICAL OBLIQUITIES OF MIND.

At the beginning of this paper I wish to state my exact object in writing it. My object is *not* a controversial discussion of details connected with the ritual of the Established Church, or inquiry into the doctrinal views entertained by opposite parties. Of all this there is enough and to spare elsewhere: the arena is crowded with swarming gladiators, brandishing every form of weapon, and accoutred in every variety of armour. A sated reader, *veratus toties*, might be pardoned for turning away from the somewhat over-familiar theme. My object is far less ambitious; it is simply to point out very briefly certain fallacies, or perhaps rather a neglect of logical principles, to which numbers of the clergy of the Established Church appear to fall victims, when they have, with an eye to the practical fulfilment of their official duties, to pass in review the ecclesiastical decisions of the Privy Council. The fallacies I have in view, have not, so far as I have seen, been distinctly touched on or pointed out, and yet it seems important to bring them under notice, because they have reference to subjects which every clergyman of the Established Church is bound, by his position, to consider fully. As to the question *why* these fallacies impose on the clergy, there may be a difference of opinion. Carlyle's "mostly fools" theory is hardly an adequate explanation, for I do not perceive that the clergy are equally illogical in other than ecclesiastical matters: but so soon as the Church questions alluded to are discussed, logical precision appears to vanish. I believe one main reason at all events of this to be that the clergy start with preconceived theories, often grounded on nothing better than feeling or sentiment; by these, the judgment is fatally warped, and all images are distorted by the refracting atmosphere. But, whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains: viz., that fallacies do impose on many of the clergy whenever ecclesiastical judgments are discussed. I proceed to point out two or three of these.

I enter a church. During the service I notice certain ritual observances—to specify them in detail would be altogether beside the question—which by some decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the Purchas case, suppose, or otherwise, have been pronounced illegal, and therefore unlawful for any clergyman of the Establishment to adopt whilst conducting public worship. At the close of the service I privately ask the incumbent on what precise ground he defends his violation of a decision which declared the usages in question to be *for him* unlawful. Assuming

him, not to plead ignorance of the existence of any such decision, he will probably reply, that although in the *Purchas* case, the particular usage under discussion was pronounced *unlawful*, yet in a previous decision by the same tribunal it was pronounced *lawful*; and that, of course, he cannot obey two contradictory judgments. I then ask on what principle he makes a selection between these contradictory judgments: and his reply naturally is that he selects the one which best suits his own views. Now I contend that he has no right whatever to do this. The principle acted on is one that could never be allowed universal or general adoption. A judgment is given on some question in Chancery, or the Court of Queen's Bench in a certain direction: are we at liberty to reject the judgment and refuse to be bound by it, if we are able to disinter a judgment of the same Court at a previous date in an opposite direction? Does any one really think that he would be justified in doing this? I do not believe that any sensible man would commit himself to so un-sound a principle. There can be, I imagine, no question really that the *last* judgment delivered by any competent legal tribunal becomes law so soon as the decision is given, and remains law until a later judgment reverses it. This principle applies of course equally to Chancery, the Queen's Bench, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This latter Court has declared, as I began by supposing, a certain usage to be illegal; at variance that is with the Authorised Formularies of the Established Church. It is useless, then, to bring forward a previous judgment of the same Court in the opposite direction. The later decision is law, just because it is the later, and until it be reversed, or modified by a later decision still, the only law for the clergy to adopt. When our supposed incumbent therefore defends his violation of law on the ground that he must select one judgment, because it is impossible to obey two contradictory judgments, there is a transparent fallacy in his reasoning. He cannot obey two decisions which contradict each other; true; he cannot obey them both at the same time: but then this is what he is not required to do; what he is called upon to do, is to obey them both at successive times, and ~~this he can do easily~~. The first decision was law *then*; and it was his duty to obey it *then* so long as it remained law; in due time, however, that earlier judgment ceased to have weight,—

ὅστις πάροιθεν ἦν μέγας
παμμάχῳ θράσει βρύων
οὐδὲν ἂν λέξει πρὶν ὧν
τριακτῆρος οἴχεται τυχών.

and

Now it has been replaced by a later judgment, and ~~this~~ not that, is the law.

All this, it may be remarked, is too obvious to require statement. It is no doubt theoretically obvious to many, but certainly it is anything but obvious to all. Some time ago I put to a controversial writer of some repute, the question I have here supposed addressed to our imaginary incumbent, and suggested the view I have given above. In his reply the argument was entirely ignored, and I received instead some feeble sarcasms on judge-made law, an *argumentum ad hominem* in the shape of a question why I violated a certain rubric (which in point of fact I carefully observe), and lastly some remarks on the rights of conscience, all of which observations appeared to me entirely irrelevant, and outside the question under discussion.

Or, again, an incumbent may perhaps reply, that although his practices have been pronounced illegal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, yet as the suit in which the decision was given was an undefended suit, he does not regard that decision as binding. Let us put this assertion into the language of a general principle; does it not read thus: *a valid judgment can only be delivered when each litigant has exhausted every possible method of securing a decision in his own favour?* Is this true, or anywhere near the truth? If it were, it would lead, I think, to very curious results; for it would apparently follow that the judgment would not bind the defeated litigant, if in the conduct of the suit he employed any but counsel of the highest reputation and skill; because otherwise, it would be in his power to aver that with counsel of greater skill than the one employed, the result might have been different, and therefore in his favour. And who is to decide what counsel is highest in point of skill? And if it could be decided that one particular barrister is superior to all others, how can both litigants secure his services in the same action? And yet the one who fails to secure him, might always fall back on the plea that if he had so secured him, the verdict might have been otherwise. And besides, in another way the principle, if acted on, would cause an entire failure of justice. An offender knows that his conduct is distinctly illegal; when a suit against him is begun, his course is very simple: he puts in no appearance in court; he employs no counsel to ~~argue~~ his case; judgment is pronounced against him: but what of that? It was an undefended suit, like Marius Priscus, "*Damatus inani iudicio. . . . fruitur dis iratis.*" It may be true that in a criminal prosecution for murder, it is highly desirable for the accused to have the advantage of counsel's help; although the right to such assistance is of very recent date. In such cases, the question is one of *fact*. Witnesses give evidence more or less inculpatory the accused; but all evidence is not trustworthy, nor can all evidence, however trustworthy in itself, be legally received. Clearly the aid of an adviser, practised in such matters, is important, with a view to

object to the reception of evidence of the latter kind, and to sift evidence of the former, to cross-examine witnesses, and in short to test the credibility of the case against his client. All this may be, and no doubt is, desirable; but supposing it all to be absent, is the sentence pronounced, less valid? No one could seriously maintain that it is. And moreover it is not difficult to show that there is an entire absence of similarity between the case just spoken of, and that of a person cited before the judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In the former, the point to be established is one of *fact*; did the accused commit the offence in question? the object of all evidence adduced by the prosecution is to show that he did; the object of all evidence adduced by the defence, to show that he did not; if the commission of the crime is brought home to the accused he is at once condemned: it is in short no question of law but of fact. Before the Privy Council the reverse is the case. The fact is not questioned: no attempt, as a rule, is made to deny the commission of the alleged offence. It would be useless to do so. If in the course of public worship, in the presence of a large, or at all events fairly numerous congregation, incense is burnt, candles on the altar lighted, vestments worn, and the like, the fact must be notorious, and any attempt to deny it, if made, at once be refuted by overwhelming evidence. The fact then is admitted; the real question is, what, assuming the fact, is the law with reference to it? And it is the business of the Court to ascertain this. They may no doubt sometimes receive valuable help from the addresses of counsel; on the other hand they may possibly have dust thrown in their eyes by them: in any case it is for the judges and for them alone, to interpret the statute or law, and, on their own view of its meaning to adjudicate accordingly. The fallacy then, I think, in the plea that the decision of the Committee of the Privy Council is not binding, because the action was undefended, is this: it is assumed that a suit before that tribunal, and an ordinary criminal prosecution, are similar, when in fact they are very different, and that because a certain element is *desirable* in the latter, it is therefore *essential* in the former, whereas in reality it is not essential either in the one or the other.

Or again, our incumbent replies that although his practices are illegal just at present, yet very probably the question as to their legality or illegality will again come before the proper tribunal, and the last decision be reversed. In the first place, I ask who is to determine the exact amount of the probability here assumed? On what basis is it to be calculated? The whole question will, in truth, become one of temperament; the very sanguine man will feel certain that the double contingency will occur, and the final result be favourable to himself; a less sanguine man will not feel quite so sure, but will

still regard the event as highly probable. We all know moreover how greatly our wishes influence our judgment. A man who greatly wants the re-arguing of the case, will soon come to regard it as exceedingly probable that it will be reargued, when in reality the probability is extremely minute, or has no existence at all. Obedience, therefore, to law will only, on this principle, be necessary whenever there is an absolute certainty that no change in the interpretation of the law or in the law itself will subsequently be made. That this certainty will never be admitted by those who are interested in denying it, it requires no prophet to tell us. The plea, therefore, for present disobedience on the ground of a possible reversal of judgment in the future is a mere delusion, for it makes the fallacious assumption that finality is essential to the validity of law.

Or again, our incumbent may assert that he declines to obey the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, because he does not recognise the fitness of the Court to decide on ecclesiastical questions. It is obvious, of course, to reply that the Court does *not* take into its consideration the truth or error of doctrinal beliefs, but only interprets the meaning, so far as it can, of the recognised formularies of the Established Church. To decide that the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is true, and ought to be held by every believer, and to point out that the formularies of the Church of England assert its truth—supposing them to do so—are clearly totally different things. But in truth all this is really beside the question. To disobey the judgment of the highest court or any court, on the ground of its unfitness to deliver judgment, is simply to become each man a law unto himself. Such an argument is utterly unworthy of any clergyman, and ought never, under any circumstances whatever, to be put forward. When that clergyman was ordained, the Court was either in existence or it was not. If it was, on taking Holy Orders in the Established Church, each candidate tacitly consented to obey its laws as then existing, and he has no right subsequently to withdraw that consent. To accept office in any Church, with a mental reservation not to obey its laws when they prove inconvenient, is simple dishonesty. If it came into existence after his ordination, then, supposing its establishment to be constitutional, I do not see that a recalcitrant clergyman can do otherwise than resign his benefice. To suppose the validity of a tribunal to depend on each man's private opinion of its fitness for its duties, is a fallacy too transparent to impose on the most obtuse of reasoners.

Or again, our incumbent will say that no doubt the law is against him; he admits it to be so; but then he considers that a certain amount of liberty is, by universal consent, accorded to every clergyman, and that consequently he may exercise some discretion in such

matters. Now, I grant this: a certain amount of liberty is accorded to every clergyman by general consent; but then it is equally true that liberty beyond a certain point is *not* accorded. It might be harsh to proceed against an offender if his offence consisted of stealing a pin only, but it does not follow that it is harsh to bring to justice a bank-clerk who robs his employers of £250,000. It may not be easy, doubtless, to fix a line between the extreme limits; nevertheless it must be fixed somewhere, in a rough sort of way commending itself to common-sense. Now there are certain questions connected with the manner of conducting public worship in our churches which can hardly be regarded as other than open questions at present. It will be found probably, on such examination as is possible, that there has always existed a difference of usage on these points. The practice of turning eastwards during the recital of the creeds, prevails in many churches, and in many does not: with reference to such practice the rubrics are entirely silent, but the custom has been immemorially in existence, and so liberty to adopt, continue, or discontinue the usage is naturally accorded to each congregation. In other cases, although the rubric may appear to point in a certain direction, yet there has become established by general and long-continued custom an opposite practice. For instance, judging from the rubric prefixed to the Lord's Prayer on its first occurrence at Morning Service ("the people also kneeling, and repeating it with him, both here and *wheresoever else it is used in Divine Service*"), the Lord's Prayer at the beginning of the office for the Holy Communion ought to be repeated with the officiating clergyman by the congregation. Custom, however, I believe almost universally, has abolished this repetition by the people, and the officiating clergyman alone says the Lord's Prayer here. Again, probably the rubrics direct the offertory sentences to be read after the conclusion of the sermon at Morning Service, and the Prayer for the Church Militant to be used whether there is a celebration of the Holy Communion or not. But supposing it to be so, the practice of ending Morning Service with the sermon has long since become prevalent, and almost ~~universal~~ custom has virtually abolished the rubric. In such a case as this it would seem undesirable to interfere authoritatively; and each clergyman may well enjoy the liberty of choosing whether he will follow the rubric or custom. In themselves such matters are entirely unimportant; there is no question of doctrine involved; whether, in a certain place in the Order of Service, the Lord's Prayer is to be read by one man alone or by fifty simultaneously can hardly in itself be a point of conscience. In all cases, therefore, in which, the rubrics being silent, certain usages have grown up and been long in existence, or a long-established and generally prevalent custom has superseded strict adherence to rubric in some

particular point, then "*in dubiis (aut diu usitatis*, somewhat to extend the area) *libertas*," is the sound maxim. But suppose one of these indifferent usages to be no longer allowed to pass unquestioned. It is dragged into the fierce daylight of a legal tribunal, and sentence pronounced on the question raised of its legality or illegality. Then the whole position of affairs is altered. Whether a clergyman has lighted candles or not on the Communion Table during service is immaterial in itself, and if he chose to have them a dozen years ago, and the congregation assented, one hardly sees why he and they should not have followed their bent. But the case is very different now. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been forced to decide on the legality or illegality in the Established Church of the practice of having these lighted candles; and it has decided against their legality. The maxim "*in dubiis libertas*" no longer applies; the question has passed from the twilight land of dubiety, into the glare of pronounced illegality. To talk now about "*in dubiis libertas*" is out of place; these matters are doubtful no longer; they were, if you like, doubtful once, you may call them doubtful still, if by *doubtful* you mean *essentially indifferent*; but to class amongst things doubtful, in the usual sense, questions which have been distinctly settled one way or the other, is a gross fallacy. And this consideration, I may add, disposes of an *argumentum ad hominem* one sometimes hears employed. *I*, so runs the argument, *I* adopt a practice forbidden by the judgment of the Supreme Court of Judicature, but *you* are also guilty of lawlessness in disregarding a plain rubric; therefore, we are on the same platform. *I* reply, No, we are not; even if your averment is correct, *I* violate a rubric only where long-established custom has virtually made that rubric obsolete and practically abolished it (that abolition not having itself been rescinded by any counter-judgment of the Courts), just as the lapse of time has made obsolete many enactments in our Statute Book; *you* refuse obedience to a positive judgment recently given with reference to the exact point in question.

Lastly, our incumbent may say, that although he owes obedience to the Established Church of this land, he owes obedience first to the Universal Church. *I* reply that it is not the Universal Church, but the English Establishment which gives us the position we occupy. It is by virtue of their connection with the latter, not the former, that our bishops are peers of the realm, taking precedence of every baron in the empire; it is the same connection which gives to every rector and vicar throughout England advantages conceded to the ministers of no other religious body in the country. For all this we may or may not care; but we accept our position. Then we must accept the whole position, if we accept any part; and that position requires that we not only receive the emoluments of the

Establishment, but also submit to her tribunals. Of course, sometimes there may be conflicting duties: our consciences may forbid us to accept the decisions of our Ecclesiastical Courts; but I can then only see one course open to us, to resign our connection with a church which lays this burden upon us. To argue, then, that the Universal Church has the first claim on our obedience, assuming the assertion to be inherently true, is fallacious *here*, because we leave out of sight the fact that by accepting and *retaining* the position we occupy as office-bearers in the Establishment, we have already made our choice, and are not, so long as we continue in the Establishment, free to transfer our allegiance elsewhere.

That fallacies of the kind I have spoken of are not imaginary, is proved by what occurred the other day. On June 21st last, at a meeting of the congregation of St. Alban's, Holborn, there was read a protest against the suspension of Mr. Mackonochie, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It represented "that the sentence was obtained by a person not a parishioner: that the congregation entirely accepted Mr. Mackonochie's view of the matters in dispute: that he had been singled out for repeated prosecution for what was but over-zeal for the beauty and order of divine worship: that he had made many concessions in the mode of performing divine service: that several of the matters on which the suspension rests are unsettled, and that the Court of Arches followed the precedent of the case of *Hebbert v. Purchas*, a finding disavowed more or less by Lord Coleridge, Lord Cairns, and Lord Selborne." Now this document bristles with fallacies. The only plea not fallacious appears to be the one which remarks that some of the matters on which the suspension rests are unsettled; and *that* only seems to be not fallacious because it is not, I imagine, true. The real point at issue was surely this: did Mr. Mackonochie in what he did, transgress the law or not? That, and nothing but that, had to be settled. What does it matter *who* set the machine going? Does a thief plead for a remission of his sentence, because policeman A and not policeman B arrests him? The offence was not committed against the congregation of St. Alban's, but against the law. How again was the alleged illegality altered or destroyed by the fact that one thousand people were not unwilling to see the law transgressed? Or again, is lawlessness less lawlessness because the original motive was good? Would a thief be excused because his aim was to complete a valuable numismatic cabinet? Once more, does the abandonment of certain unlawful acts bestow any right to commit other acts equally unlawful? If one refrains from stealing, may one commit murder? And, lastly, is a decision of the final Court to be set aside because three eminent men are inclined to demur?

PERCIVAL FROST.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LORD AVONLEY.

MR. EVERARD ROMFREY was now Lord Avonley, mounted on his direct heirship and riding hard at the earldom. His elevation occurred at a period of life that would have been a season of decay with most men; but the prolonged and lusty autumn of the veteran took new fires from a tangible object to live for. His brother Craven's death had slightly stupified, and it had grieved him: it seemed to him peculiarly pathetic; for as he never calculated on the happening of mortal accidents to men of sound constitution, the circumstance imparted a curious shake to his own solidity. It was like the quaking of earth, which tries the balance of the strongest. If he had not been raised to so splendid a survey of the actual world, he might have been led to think of the imaginary, where perchance a man may meet his old dogs and a few other favourites, in a dim perpetual twilight. Thither at all events Craven had gone, and good night to him! The earl was a rapidly lapsing invalid. There could be no doubt that Everard was to be the head of his House.

Outwardly he was the same tolerant gentleman who put aside the poor fools of the world to walk undisturbed by them in the paths he had chosen: in this aspect he knew himself: nor was the change so great within him as to make him cognizant of a change. It was only a secret turn in the bent of the mind, imperceptible as the touch of the cunning artist's brush on a finished portrait, which will alter the expression without discomposing a feature, so that you cannot say it is another face, yet it is not the former one. His habits were invariable, as were his meditations. He thought less of Romfrey Castle than of his dogs and his devices for trapping vermin; his interest in birds and beasts and herbs, "what ninnies call nature in books," to quote him, was undiminished; imagination he had none to clap wings to his head and be off with it. He betrayed as little as he felt that the coming Earl of Romfrey was different from the cadet of the family.

A novel sharpness in the "Stop that," with which he crushed Beauchamp's affectedly gentle and unusually roundabout opening of the vexed Shrapnel question, rang like a shot in the room at Steynham, and breathed a different spirit from his customary easy pugnacity that welcomed and lured on an adversary to wild out hitting. Some sorrowful preoccupation is, however, to be expected in the man who has lost a brother, and some degree of irritability at the

intrusion of past disputes. He chose to repeat a similar brief forbidding of the subject before they started together for the scene of the accident and Romfrey Castle. No notice was taken of Beauchamp's remark, that he consented to go though his duty lay elsewhere. Beauchamp had not the faculty of reading inside men, or he would have apprehended that his uncle was engaged in silently heaping aggravations to shoot forth one fine day a thundering and astonishing counterstroke.

He should have known his uncle Everard better.

In this respect he seemed to have no memory. But who has much that has given up his brains for a lodging to a single idea? It is at once a devouring dragon, and an intractable steam-force; it is a tyrant that has caten up a senate, and a prophet with a message. Inspired of solitariness and gigantic size it claims divine origin. The world can have no peace for it.

Cecilia had not pleased him; none had. He did not bear in mind that the sight of Dr. Shrapnel sick and weak, which constantly reanimated his feelings of pity and of wrath, was not given to the others of whom he demanded a corresponding energy of just indignation and sympathy. The sense that he was left unaided to the task of bending his tough uncle, combined with his appreciation of the righteousness of the task to embitter him and set him on a pedestal, from which he descended at every sign of an opportunity for striking, and to which he retired continually baffled and wrathful, in isolation.

Then ensued the dreadful division in his conception of his powers: for he who alone saw the just and right thing to do, was incapable of compelling it to be done. Lay on to his uncle as he would, that wrestler shook him off. And here was one man whom he could not move! How move a nation?

There came on him a thirst for the haranguing of crowds. They agree with you or they disagree; exciting you to activity in either case. They do not interpose cold Tory exclusiveness and inaccessibility. You have them in the rough; you have nature in them, and all that is hopeful in nature. You drive at, over, and through them, ~~for~~ their good; you plough them. You sow them too. Some of them perceive that it is for their good, and what if they be a minority? Ghastly as a minority is in an election, in a lifelong struggle it is refreshing and encouraging. The young world and its triumph is with the minority. O to be speaking! Condemned to silence beside his uncle Beauchamp chafed for a loosened tongue and an audience tossing like the well-whipped ocean, or open as the smooth sea-surface to the marks of the breeze. Let them be hostile or amicable, he wanted an audience as hotly as the humped Richard a horse.

At Romfrey Castle he fell upon an audience that became transformed into a swarm of chatterers, advisers, and reprovers the instant his lips were parted. The ladies of the family declared his pursuit of the Apology to be worse and vainer than his politics. The gentlemen said the same, but they were not so outspoken to him personally, and indulged in asides, with quotations of some of his uncle Everard's recent observations concerning him: as for example, "Politically he's a mad harlequin jumping his tights and spangles when nobody asks him to jump; and in private life he's a mad dentist poking his tongs at my sound tooth:" a highly ludicrous image of the persistent fellow, and a reminder of situations in Molière, as it was acted by Cecil Baskellett and Lord Welshpool. Beauchamp had to a certain extent restored himself to favour with his uncle Everard by offering a fair suggestion on the fatal field to account for the accident, after the latter had taken measurements and examined the place in perplexity. His elucidation of the puzzle was referred to by Lord Avonley at Romfrey, and finally accepted as possible: and this from a wiseacre who went quacking about the county, expecting to upset the order of things in England! Such a mixing of sense and nonsense in a fellow's noddle was never before met with, Lord Avonley said. Cecil took the hint. He had been unworried by Beauchamp: Dr. Shrapnel had not been mentioned: and it delighted Cecil to let it be known that he thought old Nevil had some good notions, particularly as to the duties of the aristocracy—that first war-cry of his when a midshipman. News of another fatal accident in the hunting-field confirmed Cecil's higher opinion of his cousin. On the day of Craven's funeral they heard at Romfrey that Mr. Wardour-Devereux had been killed by a fall from his horse. Two English gentlemen despatched by the same agency within a fortnight! "He smoked," Lord Avonley said of the second departure, to allay some perturbation in the bosoms of the ladies who had ceased to ride, by accounting for this particular mishap in the most reassuring fashion. Cecil's immediate reflection was that the unfortunate smoker had left a rich widow. Far behind in the race for Miss Halkett, and uncertain of a settled advantage in his other rivalry with Beauchamp, he fixed his mind on the widow, and as Beauchamp did not stand in his way, but on the contrary might help him—for she, like the generality of women, admired Nevil Beauchamp in spite of her feminine good sense and conservatism—Cecil began to regard the man he felt less opposed to with some recognition of his merits. The two nephews accompanied Lord Avonley to London, and slept at his town-house. They breakfasted together the next morning on friendly terms. Half an hour afterward there was an explosion; uncle and nephews were scattered fragments: and if Cecil was the first to return to cohesion

with his lord and chief, it was, he protested energetically, common policy in a man in his position to do so: all that he looked for being a decent pension and a share in the use of the town-house. Old Nevil, he related, began cross-examining him and entangling him with the cunning of the deuce, in my lord's presence, and having got him to make an admission, old Nevil flung it at the baron, and even crossed him and stood before him when he was walking out of the room. A furious wrangle took place. Nevil and the baron gave it to one another unmercifully. The end of it was that all three flew apart, for Cecil confessed to having a temper, and in contempt of him for the admission wrung out of him, Lord Avonley had pricked it. My lord went down to Steynham, Beauchamp to Holdesbury, and Captain Baskett to his quarters; whence in a few days he repaired penitently to my lord—the most placable of men when a full submission was offered to him.

Beauchamp did nothing of the kind. He wrote a letter to Steynham in the form of an ultimatum.

This egregious letter was handed to Rosamund for a proof of her darling's lunacy. She in conversation with Stukely Culbrett unhesitatingly accused Cecil of plotting his cousin's ruin.

Mr. Culbrett thought it possible that Cecil had been a little more than humorous in the part he had played in the dispute, and spoke to him.

Then it came out that Lord Avonley had also delivered an ultimatum to Beauchamp.

Time enough had gone by for Cecil to forget his ruffling, and relish the baron's grandly comic spirit in appropriating that big word *Apology*, and demanding it from Beauchamp on behalf of the lady ruling his household. What could be funnier than the knocking of Beauchamp's blunderbuss out of his hands, and pointing the muzzle at him!

Cecil dramatized the fun to amuse Mr. Culbrett. Apparently Beauchamp had been staggered on hearing himself asked for the definite article he claimed. He had made a point of speaking of *the* apology. Lord Avonley did likewise. And each professed to exact it for a deeply aggrieved person: each put it on the ground that it involved the other's rightful ownership of the title of gentleman.

"‘An apology to the amiable and virtuous Mistress Culling?’ says old Nevil: ‘an apology? what for?’—‘For unbecoming and insolent behaviour,’ says my lord.”

"I am that lady's friend," Stukely warned Captain Baskett. "Don't let us have a third apology in the field."

"Perfectly true; you are her friend, and you know what a friend of mine she is," rejoined Cecil. "I could swear 'that lady' flings the whole affair at me. I give you my word, old Nevil and I were

on a capital footing before he and the baron broke up: I praised him for tickling the aristocracy. I backed him heartily; I do now; I'll do it in Parliament. I know a case of a noble lord, a general in the army, and he received an intimation that he might as well attend the Prussian cavalry manœuvres last autumn on the Lower Rhine or in Silesia—no matter where. He couldn't go: he was engaged to shoot birds! I give you my word. Now there I see old Nevil's right. It's as well we should know something about the Prussian and Austrian cavalry, and if our aristocracy won't go abroad to study cavalry, who is to? no class in the kingdom understands horses as they do. My opinion is, they're asleep. Nevil should have stuck to that, instead of trying to galvanise the country and turning against his class. But fancy old Nevil asked for the apology! It petrified him. 'I've told her nothing but the truth,' says Nevil. 'Telling the truth to women is an impertinence,' says my lord. Nevil swore he'd have a revolution in the country before he apologized."

Mr. Culbrett smiled at the absurdity of the change of positions between Beauchamp and his uncle Everard, which reminded him somewhat of the old story of the highwayman innkeeper and the market farmer who had been thoughtful enough to recharge his pistols after quitting the inn at midnight. A practical *tu quoque* is astonishingly laughable, and backed by a high figure and manner it had the flavour of triumphant repartee. Lord Avonley did not speak of it as a retort upon Nevil, though he reiterated the word apology amusingly. He put it as due to the lady governing his household: and his ultimatum was, that the apology should be delivered in terms to satisfy *him* within three months of the date of the demand for it: otherwise blank; but the shadowy index pointed to the destitution of Nevil Beauchamp.

No stroke of retributive misfortune could have been severer to Rosamund than to be thrust forward as the object of humiliation for the man she loved. She saw at a glance how much more likely it was (remote as the possibility appeared) that her lord would perform the act of penitence than her beloved Nevil. And she had no occasion to ask herself why. Lord Avonley had done wrong, and Nevil had not. It was inconceivable that Nevil should apologize to her. It was horrible to picture the act in her mind. She was a very rational woman, quite a woman of the world, yet such was her situation between these two men that the childish tale of a close and consecutive punishment for sins, down to our little naughtinesses and naturalnesses, enslaved her intelligence, and amazed her with the example made of her, as it were to prove the tale true of our being surely hauled back like domestic animals learning the habits of good society, to the rueful contemplation of certain of our deeds, however wildly we appeal to nature to stand up for them.

But is it so with all of us? No, thought Rosamund, sinking dejectedly from a recognition of the heavenliness of the justice which lashed her and Nevil, and did not scourge Cecil Baskellett. That fine eye for celestially-directed consequences is ever haunted by shadows of unfaith likely to obscure it completely when chastisement is not seen to fall on the person whose wickedness is evident to us. It has been established that we do not wax diviner by dragging down the gods to our level.

Rosamund knew Lord Avonley too well to harass him with further petitions and explanations. Equally vain was it to attempt to persuade Beauchamp. He made use of the house in London, where he met his uncle occasionally, and he called at Steynham for money, that he could have obtained upon the one condition, which was no sooner mentioned than fiery words flew in the room, and the two separated. The leaden look in Beauchamp, noticed by Cecilia Halkett in their latest interview, was deepening, and was of itself a displeasure to Lord Avonley, who liked flourishing faces, and said: "That fellow's getting the look of a sweating smith:"—presumably in the act of heating his poker at the furnace to stir the country.

It now became an offence to him that Beauchamp should continue doing this in the speeches and lectures he was reported to be delivering; he stamped his foot at the sight of his nephew's name in the daily journals; a novel sentiment of social indignation was expressed by his crying out, at the next request for money: "Money to prime you to turn the country into a rat-hole? Not a square inch of Pennsylvanian paper-bonds! What right have you to be lecturing and orationing. You've no knowledge. All you've got is your instincts, and that you show in your readiness to exhibit them like a monkey. You ought to be turned inside out on your own stage. You've lumped your brains on a point or two about Land, and Commonland, and the Suffrage, and you pound away upon them, as if you had the key of the difficulty. It's the Scotchman's metaphysics; you know nothing clear, and your working-classes know nothing at all; and you blow them with wind like an overstuffed cow. What you're driving at is to get hob-nail boots to dance on our heads. Stukely says you should be off over to Ireland. There you'd swim in your element, and have speechifying from instinct, and howling and pummelling too, enough to last you out. I'll hand you money for that expedition. You're one above the number wanted here. You've a look of bad powder fit only to flash in the pan. I saved you from the post of public donkey, by keeping you out of Parliament. You're braying and kicking your worst for it still at these meetings of yours. A naval officer preaching about Republicanism and parcelling out the Land!"

Beauchamp replied quietly, "The lectures I read are Dr.

Shrapnel's. When I speak I have his knowledge to back my deficiencies. He is too ill to work, and I consider it my duty to do as much of his work as I can undertake."

"Ha! You're the old infidel's amen clerk. It would rather astonish orthodox congregations to see clerks in our churches getting into the pulpit to read the sermon for sick clergymen," said Lord Avonley. His countenance furrowed. "I'll pay that bill," he added.

"Pay down half a million!" thundered Beauchamp; and dropping his voice, "or go to him."

"You remind me," his uncle observed. "I recommend you to ring that bell, and have Mrs. Culling here."

"If she comes she will hear what I think of her."

"Then, out of the house!"

"Very well, sir. You decline to supply me with money?"

"I do."

"I must have it."

"I dare say. Money's a chain-cable for holding men to their senses."

"I ask you, my lord, how I am to carry on Holdesbury?"

"Give it up."

"I shall have to," said Beauchamp, striving to be prudent.

"There isn't a doubt of it," said his uncle, upon a series of nods diminishing in their depth until his head assumed a droll interrogative fixity, with an air of 'What next?' •

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BETWEEN BEAUCHAMP AND CECILIA.

BEAUCHAMP quitted the house without answering as to what next, and without seeing Rosamund.

In the matter of money, as of his physical health, he wanted to do too much at once; he had spent largely of both in his efforts to repair the injury done to Dr. Shrapnel. He was overworked, anxious, restless, craving for a holiday somewhere—in France possibly; he was all but leaping on board the boat at times, and unwilling to leave his dear old friend who clung to him, he stayed, keeping his impulses below the tide-mark which leads to action, but where they do not yield peace of spirit. The tone of Renée's letters filled him with misgivings. She wrote word that she had seen M. d'Hentiel for the first time since his return from Italy, and he was much changed, and inclined to thank Roland for the lesson he

had received from him at the sword's point. And next she urged Beauchamp to marry, so that he and she might meet, as if she felt a necessity for it. "I shall love your wife; teach her to think amiably of me," she said. And her letter contained womanly sympathy for him in his battle with his uncle. Beauchamp thought of his experiences of Cecilia's comparative coldness. He replied that there was no prospect of his marrying; he wished there were one of meeting! He forbore from writing too fervently, but he alluded to happy days in Normandy, and proposed to renew them if she would say she had need of him. He entreated her to deal with him frankly; he reminded her that she must constantly look to him, as she had vowed she would, when in any kind of trouble; and he declared to her that he was unchanged. He meant, of an unchanged disposition to shield and serve her; but the review of her situation, and his knowledge of her quick blood, wrought him to some jealous lover's throbs, which led him to impress his unchangeableness upon her, to bind her to that standard. She declined his visit: "not now; not yet:" and for that he presumed to chide her, half-sincerely. As far as he knew he stood against everybody save his old friend and Renée; and she certainly would have refreshed his heart for a day. In writing, however, he had an ominous vision of the morrow to the day; and, both for her sake and his own, he was not unrejoiced to hear that she was engaged day and night in nursing her husband. Pursuing his vision of the morrow of an unreproachful day with Renée, the madness of taking her to himself, should she surrender at last to a third persuasion, struck him sharply, now that he and his uncle were foot to foot in downright conflict, and money was the question. He had not much remaining of his inheritance—about fifteen hundred pounds. He would have to vacate Holdesbury and his uncle's town-house in a month. Let his passion be never so desperate, for a beggared man to think of running away with a wife, or of marrying one, the folly is as big as the worldly offence: no justification is to be imagined. Nay, and there is no justification for the breach of a moral law. Beauchamp owned it, and felt that Renée's resistance to him in Normandy placed her above him. He remembered a saying of his moralist: "We who interpret things heavenly by things earthly must not hope to juggle with them for our pleasures, and can look to no absolution of evil acts." The school was a hard one. It denied him holidays; it cut him off from dreams. It ran him in heavy harness on a rough highroad, allowing no turnings to right or left, no way-side croppings; with the simple permission to him that he should daily get thoroughly tired. And what was it Jenny Denham had said on the election day? "Poes incessant battling keep the intellect clear?"

His mind was clear enough to put the case that, either he beheld a tremendous magnification of things, or else that other men did not attach common importance to them; and he decided that the latter was the fact.

An incessant struggle of one man with the world, which position usually ranks his relatives against him, does not conduce to soundness of judgment. He may nevertheless be right in considering that he is right in the main. The world in motion is not so wise that it can pretend to silence the outcry of an ordinarily generous heart even—the very infant of antagonism to its methods and establishments. It is not so difficult to be right against the world when the heart is really active; but the world is our book of humanity, and before insisting that *his* handwriting shall occupy the next blank page of it, the noble rebel is bound for the sake of his aim to ask himself how much of a giant he is, lest he fall like a blot on the page, instead of inscribing intelligible characters there.

Moreover, his relatives are present to assure him that he did not jump out of Jupiter's head or come of the doctor. They hang on him like an ill-conditioned prickly garment; and if he complains of the irritation they cause him, they one and all denounce his irritable skin.

Fretted by his relatives he cannot be much of a giant.

Beauchamp looked from Dr. Shrapnel in his invalid's chair to his uncle Everard breathing robustly, and mixed his uncle's errors with those of the world which honoured and upheld him. His remainder of equability departed; his impatience increased. His appetite for work at Dr. Shrapnel's writing-desk was voracious. He was ready for any labour, the transcribing of papers, writing from dictation, whatsoever was of service to Lord Avonley's victim: and he was not like the Spartan boy with the wolf at his vitals; he betrayed it in the hue his uncle Everard detested, in a visible nervousness, and indulgence in fits of scorn. Sharp epigrams and notes of irony provoked his laughter more than fun. He seemed to acquiesce in some of the current contemporary despair of our immovable England, though he winced at a satire on his country, and attempted to show that the dull dominant class of money-makers was the ruin of her. Wherever he stood to represent Dr. Shrapnel, as against Mr. Grancey Lespel on account of the Itchincope encroachments, he left a sting that spread the rumour of his having become not only a black torch of Radicalism—our modern provincial estate-holders and their wives bestow that reputation lightly—but a gentleman with the polish scratched off him in parts. And he, though individually he did not understand how there was to be game in the land if game-preserving was abolished, signed his name

R. C. S. NEVIL BEAUCHAMP for DR. SHRAPNEL, in the communications directed to solicitors of the persecutors of poachers.

His behaviour to Grancey Lespel was eclipsed by his treatment of Captain Baskett. Cecil had ample reason to suppose his cousin to be friendly with him. He himself had forgotten Dr. Shrapnel, and all other dissensions, in a supremely Christian spirit. He paid his cousin the compliment to think that he had done likewise. At Romfrey and in London he had spoken to Nevil of his designs upon the widow: Nevil said nothing against it: and it was under Mrs. Wardour-Devereux's eyes, and before a man named Lydiard, that never calling to him to put him on his guard, Nevil fell foul of him with every capital charge that can be brought against a gentleman, and did so abuse, worry, and disgrace him as to reduce him to quit the house to avoid the scandal of a resort to a gentleman's last appeal in vindication of his character. Mrs. Devereux spoke of the terrible scene to Cecilia, and Lydiard to Miss Denham. The injured person communicated it to Lord Avonley, who told Colonel Halkett emphatically that his nephew Cecil deserved well of him in having kept command of his temper out of consideration for the family. There was a general murmur of the family over this incident. The widow was rich, and it ranked among the unwritten crimes against blood for one offshoot of a great house wantonly to thwart another in the wooing of her by humbling him in her presence, doing his utmost to expose him as a schemer, a culprit, and a poltroon.

Could it be that Beauchamp had reserved his wrath with his cousin to avenge Dr. Shrapnel upon him signally? Miss Denham feared her guardian was the cause. Lydiard was indefinitely of her opinion. The idea struck Cecilia Halkett, and as an example of Beauchamp's tenacity of purpose and sureness of aim it fascinated her. But Mrs. Wardour-Devereux did not appear to share it. She objected to Beauchamp's intemperateness and unsparingness, as if she was for conveying a sisterly warning to Cecilia; and that being off her mind, she added, smiling a little and colouring a little: "We learn only from men what men are." How the scene commenced and whether it was provoked, she failed to recollect. She described Beauchamp as very self-contained in manner throughout: his tongue was the scorpion. Cecilia fancied he must have resembled his uncle Everard.

Cecilia was conquered, but unclaimed. While supporting and approving him in her heart she was dreading to receive some new problem of his conduct; and still while she blamed him for not seeking an interview with her, she liked him for this instance of delicacy in the present state of his relations with Lord Avonley.

A problem of her own conduct disturbed the young lady's clear

conception of herself: and this was a ruffling of unfaithfulness in her love of Beauchamp, that was betrayed to her by her forgetfulness of him whenever she chanced to be with Seymour Austin. In Mr. Austin's company she recovered her forfeited repose, her poetry of life, her image of the independent Cecilia throned above our dust of battle, gazing on broad heaven. She carried the feeling so far that Blackburn Tuckham's enthusiasm for Mr. Austin gave him grace in her sight, and praise of her father's favourite from Mr. Austin's mouth made him welcome to her. The image of that grave capable head, dusty-grey about the temples, and the darkly sanguine face of the tried man, which was that of a seasoned warrior and inspired full trust in him like a good sword, with his vivid look, his personal distinction, his plain devotion to the country's business, and the domestic solitude he lived in, admired, esteemed, loved perhaps, but unpartnered, was often her refuge and haven from tempestuous Beauchamp. She could see in vision the pride of Seymour Austin's mate. It flushed her reflectively. Conquered but not claimed, Cecilia was like the frozen earth insensibly moving round to sunshine in nature, with one white flower in her breast: as innocent a sign of strong sweet blood as a woman may wear. She ascribed to that fair mate of Seymour Austin's many lofty charms of womanhood; above all, stateliness: her especial dream of an attainable superlative beauty in women. And supposing that lady to be accused of the fickle breaking of another love, who walked beside him, matched with his calm heart and one with him in counsel, would the accusation be repeated by them that beheld her husband? might it not rather be said that she had not deviated, but had only stepped higher? She chose no youth, no glistener, no idler: it was her soul striving upward to air like a seed in the earth that raised her to him: and she could say to the man once enchaining her: Friend, by the good you taught me I was led to this!

Cecilia's reveries flew like columns of mist before the gale when tidings reached her of a positive rupture between Lord Avonley and Nevil Beauchamp, and of the mandate to him to quit possession of Holdesbury and the London house within a certain number of days, because of his refusal to utter an apology to Mrs. Culling. Angrily on his behalf she prepared to humble herself to him. Louise Wardour-Devereux brought them to a meeting, at which Cecilia, with her heart in her hand, was icy. Mr. Lydiard, prompted by Mrs. Devereux, gave him better reasons for her singular coldness than Cecilia could give to herself, and some time afterward Beauchamp went to Mount Laurels, where Colonel Halkett mounted guard over his daughter, and behaved, to her thinking, cruelly. "Now you have ruined yourself there's nothing ahead for you but to go to the Admiralty and apply for a ship," he said, sugaring the unkind-

ness with the remark that the country would be the gainer. He let fly a side-shot at London men calling themselves military men who sought to repair their fortunes by chasing wealthy widows, and complimented Beauchamp: "You're not one of that sort."

Cecilia looked at Beauchamp steadfastly. "Speak," said the look.

But he, though not blind, was keenly wounded.

"Money I must have," he said, half to the colonel, half to himself.

Colonel Halkett shrugged. Cecilia waited for a directness in Beauchamp's eyes.

Her father was too wary to leave them.

Cecilia's intuition told her that by leading to a discussion of politics, and adopting Beauchamp's views, she could kindle him. Why did she refrain? It was that the conquered young lady was a captive, not an ally. To touch the subject in cold blood, voluntarily to launch on those vexed waters, as if his cause were her heart's, as much as her heart was the man's, she felt to be impossible. He at the same time felt that the heiress, endowing him with money to speed the good cause, should be his match in ardour for it, otherwise he was but a common adventurer, winning and despoiling an heiress.

They met in London. Beauchamp had not vacated either Holdsbury or the town-house; he was defying his uncle Everard, and Cecilia thought with him that it was a wise temerity. She thought with him passively altogether. On this occasion she had not to wait for directness in his eyes; she had to parry it. They were at a dinner-party at Lady Elsea's, generally the last place for seeing Lord Palmet, but he was present, and arranged things neatly for them, telling Beauchamp that he acted under Mrs. Wardour-Devereux's orders. Never was an opportunity more propitious for a desperate lover. Had it been Renée next him, no petty worldly scruples of honour would have held him back. And if Cecilia had spoken feelingly of Dr. Shrapnel, or had she simulated a thoughtful interest in his pursuits, his hesitations would have vanished. As it was, he dared to look what he did not permit himself to speak. She was nobly lovely, and the palpable envy of men around cried fool at his delays. Beggar and heiress! he said in his heart, to vitalize the three-parts fiction of the point of honour which Cecilia's beauty was fast submerging. When she was leaving he day for calling to see her. Colonel Halkett stood by, porting and answered, "Come."

Beauchamp kept the appointment. Cecilia waited for him for no

He was unaware that her father had taken for this instance of Beauchamp's death-bed. Her absence, after she had said, "Come," appeared a confirmation of her glacial manner when they met at

the house of Mrs. Wardour-Devereux; and he charged her with waywardness. A wound of the same kind that we are inflicting is about the severest we can feel.

Beauchamp received intelligence of his venerable great-aunt's death from Blackburn Tuckham, and after the funeral he was informed that eighty thousand pounds had been bequeathed to him: a goodly sum of money for a gentleman recently beggared: yet, as the political enthusiast could not help reckoning (apart from a fervent sentiment of gratitude toward his benefactress), scarcely enough to do much more than start and push for three or more years a commanding daily newspaper, devoted to Radical interests, and to be entitled "THE DAWN."

True, he might now conscientiously approach the heiress, take her hand with an open countenance, and retain it.

Could he do so quite conscientiously? The point of honour had been centered in his condition of beggary. Something still was in his way. A quick spring of his blood for air, motion, excitement, holiday freedom, sent his thoughts travelling whither they always shot away when his redoubtable natural temper broke loose.

In the case of any other woman than Cecilia Halkett he would not have been obstructed by the minor consideration as to whether he was wholly heart-free to ask her in marriage that instant; for there was no hindrance, and she was beautiful. She was exceedingly beautiful; and she was an unequalled heiress. Alone she would be able with her wealth to float his newspaper, THE DAWN, so desired of Dr. Shrapnel!—the best restorative that could be applied to him! Every temptation came supplicating him to take the step which indeed he wished for: one feeling opposed. He really respected Cecilia: it is not too much to say that he worshipped her with the devout worship rendered to the ideal Englishwoman by the heart of the nation. For him she was purity, charity, the keeper of the keys of whatsoever is held precious by men; she was a midway saint, a light between day and darkness, in whom the spirit in the flesh shone like the growing star amid thin sanguine colour, the sweeter, the brighter, the more translucent, the longer known. And if the image will allow it, the nearer down to him the holier she seemed.

How offer himself when he was not perfectly certain that he was worthy of her?

Some juggler was played by the adept male heart in these later hesitations. Up to the extent of his knowledge of himself, the man was fairly sincere. Passion would have sped him to Cecilia, but passion is not invariably love; and we know what it can be.

The glance he cast over the water at Normandy was withdrawn. He went to Bevis' mark to consult with Dr. Shrapnel about the starting of a weekly journal, instead of a daily, and a name for it—a serious

question: for though it is oftener weekly than daily that the dawn is visible in England, titles must not invite the public jest; and the glorious project of the daily DAWN was prudently abandoned for by-and-by. He thought himself rich enough to put a Radical champion weekly in the field: and this matter, excepting the title, was arranged in Bevisham. Thence he proceeded to Holdesbury, where he heard that the house, grounds, and farm were let to a tenant preparing to enter. Indifferent to the blow, he kept an engagement to deliver a speech at the great manufacturing town of Gunningham, and then went to London, visiting his uncle's town-house for recent letters. Not one was from Renée: she had not written for six weeks: not once for his thrice! A letter from Cecil Baskett informed him that 'my lord' had placed the town-house at his disposal. Returning to dress for dinner on a thick and murky evening of February, Beauchamp encountered his cousin on the steps. He said to Cecil, "I sleep here to-night: I leave the house to you to-morrow."

Cecil struck out his underjaw to reply: "Oh! good. You sleep here to-night. You are a fortunate man. I congratulate you. I shall not disturb you. I have just entered on my occupation of the house. I have my key. Allow me to recommend you to go straight to the drawing-room. And I may inform you that the Earl of Romfrey is at the point of death. My lord is at the castle."

Cecil accompanied his descent of the steps with the humming of an opera melody. Beauchamp tripped into the hall-passage. A young maid-servant held the door open, and she accosted him: "If you please, there is a lady up-stairs in the drawing-room; she speaks foreign English, sir."

Beauchamp asked if the lady was alone, and not waiting for the answer, though he listened while writing, and heard that she was heavily veiled, he tore a strip from his note-book, and carefully traced half-a-dozen telegraphic words to Mrs. Culling at Steynham. His rarely failing promptness, which was like an inspiration, to conceive and execute measures for averting peril, set him on the thought of possibly counteracting his cousin Cecil's malignant tongue by means of a message to Rosamund, summoning her by telegraph to come to town by the next train that night. He despatched the old woman keeping the house, as trustier than the young one, to the nearest office, and went up to the drawing-room, with a quick thumping heart that was nevertheless as little apprehensive of an especial trial and danger as if he had done nothing at all to obviate it. Indeed he forgot that he had done anything when he turned the handle of the drawing-room door.

CHAPTER XL.

A TRIAL OF HIM.

A LOW-BURNING lamp and fire cast a narrow ring on the shadows of the dusky London room. One of the window-blinds was drawn up. Beauchamp discerned a shape at that window, and the fear seized him that it might be Madame d'Auffray with evil news of Renée: but it was Renée's name he called. She rose from her chair, saying, "I."

She was trembling. For a long minute she submitted to silence; then she could not speak.

Beauchamp asked her whisperingly if she had come alone.

"Alone; without even a maid," she murmured.

He pulled down the blind of the window exposing them to the square, and led her into the light to see her face. The dimness of light annoyed him, and the miserable reception of her; this English weather, and the gloomy house! And how long had she been waiting for him? and what was the mystery? Renée in England seemed magical; yet it was nothing stranger than an old dream realised. He wound up the lamp, holding her still with one hand. She was woefully pale; scarcely able to bear the increase of light.

"It is I who come to you:" she was half audible.

"This time!" said he. "You have been suffering?"

"No."

Her tone was brief; not reassuring.

"You came straight to me?"

"Without a deviation that I know of."

"From Tourdestelle?"

"You have not forgotten Tourdestelle, Nevil?"

The memory of it quickened his rapture in reading her features. It was his first love, his enchantress, who was here: and how? Conjectures shot through him like lightnings in the dark.

Irrationally, at a moment when reason stood in awe, he fancied it must be that her husband was dead. He forced himself to think it, and could have smiled at the hurry of her coming, alone, without even a maid: and deeper down in him the devouring question burned which dreaded the answer.

But of old, in Normandy, she had pledged herself to join him with no delay when free, if ever free!

So now she was free.

One side of him glowed in illumination; the other was black as winter night; but light subdues darkness: and in a situation Beauchamp's, the blood is livelier than the prophetic mind.

"Why did you tell me to marry? What did that mean?" said he. "Did you wish me to be the one in chains? And you have come quite alone!—you will give me an account of everything presently:—You are here! in England! and what a welcome for you! You are cold."

"I am warmly clad," said Renée, suffering her hand to be drawn to his breast at her arm's length, not bending with it.

Alive to his own indirectness, he was conscious at once of the slight sign of reservation, and said: "Tell me . . ." and swerved sheer away from his question: "how is Madame d'Auffray?"

"Agnès? I left her at Tourdestelle," said Renée.

"And Roland? He never writes to me."

"Neither he nor I write much. He is at the military camp of instruction in the north."

"He will run over to us."

"Do not expect it."

"Why not?"

Renée sighed. "We shall have to live longer than I look for . . . she stopped."—"Why do you ask me why not? He is fond of us both, and sorry for us; but have you forgotten Roland that morning on the Adriatic?"

Beauchamp pressed her hand. The stroke of Then and Now rang in his breast like a bell instead of a bounding heart. Something had stunned his heart. He had no clear central feeling; he tried to gather it from her touch, from his joy in beholding her and sitting with her alone, from the grace of her figure, the wild sweetness of her eyes, and the beloved foreign lips bewitching him with their exquisite French and perfection of speech.

His nature was too prompt in responding to such a call on it for resolute warmth.

"If I had been firmer then, or you one year older!" he said.

"That girl in Venice had no courage," said Renée.

She raised her head and looked about the room.

Her instinct of love sounded her lover through, and felt the deficiency or the contrariety in him, as surely as musical ears are pained by a discord that they require no touchstone to detect. Passion has the sensitiveness of fever, and is as cruelly chilled by a tepid air.

"Yes, a London house after Venice and Normandy!" said Beauchamp, following her look.

"Sicily; do not omit Syracuse; you were in your naval uniform: Normandy was our third meeting," said Renée. "This is the fourth. I should have reckoned that."

"Why? Superstitiously?"

"We cannot be entirely wise when we have staked our fate. Sailors are credulous: you know them. Women are like them when they embark . . . Three chances! Who can boast of so many, and expect one more! Will you take me to my hotel, Nevil?"

The fiction of her being free could not be sustained.

"Take you and leave you? I am absolutely at your command. But leave you? You are alone: and you have told me nothing."

What was there to tell? The desperate act was apparent and told all.

Renée's dark eyelashes lifted on him, and dropped.

"Then things are as I left them in Normandy?" said he.

She replied: "Almost."

He quivered at the solitary word; for his conscience was on edge. It ran the shrewdest irony through him, inexplicably. "Almost:" that is, 'with this poor difference of one person, now finding herself worthless, subtracted from the list; no other; it should be little to them as it is little to you:' or, reversing it, the substance of the word became magnified and intensified by its humble slightness: 'Things are the same, but for the jewel of the province, a lustre of France, lured hither to her eclipse:' — meanings various, indistinguishable, thrilling and piercing sad as the half-tones humming round the note of a strung wire, which is a blunt single note to the common ear.

Beauchamp sprang to his feet and bent above her: "You have come to me, for the love of me, to give yourself to me, and for ever, for good, till death? Speak, my beloved Renée!"

Her eyes were raised to his: "You see me here. It is for you to speak."

"I do. There's nothing I ask for now—if the step can't be retrieved."

"The step retrieved, my friend? There is no step backward in life."

"I am thinking of you, Renée."

"Yes, I know," she answered hurriedly.

"If we discover that the step is a wrong one?" he pursued: "why is there no step backward?"

"I am talking of women," said Renée.

"Why not for women?"

"Honourable women, I mean," said Renée.

Beauchamp inclined to forget his position in finding matter to contest.

Yet it is beyond contest that there is no step backward in life. She spoke well; better than he, and she won his deference by it. Not only she spoke better: she was truer, distincter, braver: and a

man ever on the look-out for superior qualities, and ready to bow to them, could not refuse her homage. With that a saving sense of power quitted him.

"You wrote to me that you were unchanged, Nevil."

"I am."

"So, then, I came."

His rejoinder was the dumb one, commonly eloquent and satisfactory.

Renée shut her eyes with a painful rigour of endurance.

She opened them to look at him steadily.

The desperate act of her flight demanded immediate recognition from him in simple language and a practical seconding of it. There was the test.

"I cannot stay in this house, Nevil; take me away."

She named her hotel in her French English, and the sound of it penetrated him with remorseful pity. It was for him, and of his doing, that she was in an alien land and an outcast!

"This house is wretched for you," said he: "and you must be hungry. Let me . . ."

"I cannot eat. I will ask you:" she paused, drawing on her energies, and keeping down the throbs of her heart: "this: do you love me?"

"I love you with all my heart and soul."

"As in Normandy?"

"Yes."

"In Venice?"

"As from the first, Renée! That I can swear."

"Oaths are foolish. I meant to ask you—my friend, there is no question in my mind of any other woman: I see you love me: I am so used to consider myself the vain and cowardly creature, and you the boldest and faithfulest of men, that I could not abandon the habit if I would: I started confiding in you, sure that I should come to land. But I have to ask you:—to me you are truth: I have no claim on my lover for anything but the answer to this:—Am I a burden to you?"

His brows flew up in furrows. He drew a heavy breath, for never had he loved her more admiringly, and never on such equal terms. She was his mate in love and daring at least. A sorrowful comparison struck him of a little boat sailing out to a vessel in deep seas and left to founder.

Without knotting his mind to acknowledge or deny the burden, for he could do neither, he stood silent, staring at her, not so much in weakness as in positive mental division. No, would be false; and Yes, not less false; and if the step was irretrievable, to say Yes would

be to plunge a dagger in her bosom; but No was a vain deceit involving a double wreck. Assuredly a man standing against the world in a good cause, with a runaway wife on his hands, carries a burden, however precious it be to him.

A smile of her lips, parted in an anguish of expectancy, went to death over Renée's face. She looked at him tenderly. "The truth," she murmured to herself, and her eyelids fell.

"I am ready to bear anything," said Beauchamp. "I weigh what you ask me, that is all. You a burden to *me*? But when you ask me, you make me turn round and inquire how we stand before the world."

"The world does not stone men," said Renée.

"Can't I make you feel that I am not thinking of myself?" Beauchamp stamped in his extreme perplexity. He was gagged; he could not possibly talk to her, who had cast the die, of his later notions of morality and the world's dues, fees, and claims on us.

"No, friend, I am not complaining." Renée put out her hand to him; with compassionate irony feigning to have heard excuses. "What right have I to complain? I have not the sensation. I could not expect you to be everlastingly the sentinel of love. Three times I rejected you! Now that I have lost my father—Oh! poor father: I trifled with my lover, I tricked him that my father might live in peace. He is dead. I wished you to marry one of your own countrywomen, Nevil. You said it was impossible; and I, with my snake at my heart, and a husband grateful for nursing and whimpering to me for his youth like a beggar on the road, I thought I owed you this debt of body and soul, to prove to you I have some courage; and for myself, to reward myself for my long captivity and misery with one year of life: and adieu to Roland, my brother! adieu to friends! adieu to France! Italy was our home. I dreamed of one year in Italy; I fancied it might be two; more than that was unimaginable. Prisoners of long date do not hope; they do not calculate: air, light, they say; to breathe freely and drop down! They are reduced to the instincts of the beasts. I thought I might give you happiness, pay part of my debt to you. Are you remembering Count Henri? That paints what I was! I could fly to that for a taste of life! a dance to death! And again you ask: Why, if I loved you then, not turn to you in preference? No, you have answered it yourself, Nevil;—on that day in the boat, when generosity in men so surprised me, it seemed a miracle to me; and it was, in its divination. How I thank my dear brother Roland for saving me the sight of you condemned to fight, against your conscience! He taught poor M. d'Henriel his lesson. You, Nevil, were my teacher. And see how it hangs: there was mercy for me in not having drawn down

my father's anger on my heart's beloved. He loved you. He pitied us. He reproached himself. In his last days he was taught to suspect our story: perhaps from Roland; perhaps I breathed it without speaking. He called heaven's blessings on you. He spoke of you with tears, clutching my hand. He made me feel he would have cried out: 'If I were leaving her with Nevil Beauchamp!' and 'Beauchamp,' I heard him murmuring once: 'take down Froissart:' he named a chapter. It was curious: if he uttered my name Renée, yours, 'Nevil,' soon followed. That was noticed by Roland. Hope for us, he could not have had: as little as I! But we were his two: his children. I buried him—I thought he would know our innocence, and now pardon our love. I read your letters, from my name at the beginning, to yours at the end, and from yours back to mine, and between the lines, for any doubtful spot: and oh, rash! But I would not retrace the step for my own sake. I am certain of your love for me, though . . ." She paused: "Yes, I am certain of it. And if I am a burden to you?"

"About as much as the air, which I can't do without since I began to breathe it," said Beauchamp, more clear-mindedly now that he supposed he was addressing a mind, and with a peril to himself that escaped his vigilance. There was a secret intoxication for him already in the half-certainty that the step could not be retraced. The idea that he might reason with her, made her seductive to the heart and head of him.

"I am passably rich, Nevil," she said. "I do not care for money, except that it gives wings. Roland inherits the château in Touraine. I have one in Burgundy, and rentes and shares, my notary informs me."

"I have money," said he. His heart began beating violently. He lost sight of his intention of reasoning. "Good God! if you were free!"

She faltered: "At Tourdestelle . . ."

"Yes, and I *am* unchanged," Beauchamp cried out. "Your life there was horrible, and mine's intolerable." He stretched his arms cramped like the yawning of a wretch in fetters. That which he would and would not became so interwoven that he deemed it reasonable to instance their common misery as a ground for their union against the world. And what has that world done for us, that a joy so immeasurable should be rejected on its behalf? And what have we succeeded in doing, that the childish effort to move it should be continued at such a cost?

For years, down to one year back, and less—yesterday, it could be said—all human blessedness appeared to him in the person of Renée, given him under any condition whatsoever. She was not less ador-

able now. In her decision, and a courage that he especially prized in women, she was far sweeter to him than when he was with her in France: too sweet to be looked at and refused.

"But we must live in England," he cried abruptly out of his inner mind.

"Oh! not England, Italy, Italy!" Renée exclaimed: "Italy, or Greece: anywhere where we have sunlight. Mountains and valleys are my dream. Promise it, Nevil. I will obey you; but this is my wish. Take me through Venice, that I may look at myself and wonder. We can live at sea, in a yacht; anywhere with you but in England. This country frowns on me; I can hardly fetch my breath here, I am suffocated. The people all walk in lines in England. Not here, Nevil! They are good people, I am sure; and it is your country; but their faces chill me, their voices grate; I should never understand them; they would be to me like their fogs eternally; and I to them? O me! it would be like hearing sentence in the dampness of the shroud perpetually. Again I say I do not doubt that they are very good: they claim to be; they judge others; they may know how to make themselves happy in their climate; it is common to most creatures to do so, or to imagine it. Nevil! not England!"

Truly 'the mad commander and his French marquise' of the Bevisham election ballad would make a pretty figure in England!

His friends of his own class would be mouthing it. The story would be a dogging shadow of his public life, and, quite as bad, a reflection on his party. He heard the yelping tongues of the cynics. He saw the consternation and grief of his old Bevisham hero, his leader and his teacher.

"Florence," he said, musing on the prospect of exile and idleness: "there's a kind of society to be had in Florence."

Renée asked him if he cared so much for society.

He replied that women must have it, just as men must have exercise.

"Old women, Nevil; intriguers, tattlers."

"Young women, Renée."

She signified no.

He shook the head of superior knowledge paternally.

Her instinct of comedy set a dimple faintly working in her cheek.

"Not if they love, Nevil."

"At least," said he, "a man does not like to see the woman he loves banished by society and browbeaten."

"Putting me aside, do you care for it, Nevil?"

"Personally not a jot."

"I am convinced of that," said Renée.

She spoke suspiciously sweetly, appearing perfect candour.

The change in him was perceptible to her. The nature of the change was unfathomable.

She tried her wits at the riddle. But though she could be an actress before him with little difficulty, the torment of her situation roused the fever within her at a bare effort to think acutely. Scarlet suffused her face: her brain whirled.

"Remember, dearest, I have but offered myself: you have your choice. I can pass on. Yes, I know well I speak to Nevil Beauchamp; you have drilled me to trust you and your word as a soldier trusts to his officer—once a faint-hearted soldier! I need not remind you: fronting the enemy now, in hard truth. But I want your whole heart to decide. Give me no silly compassion! Would it have been better to me to have written to you? If I had written I should have clipped my glorious impulse, brought myself down to earth with my own arrow. I did not write, for I believed in you."

So firm had been her faith in him that her visions of him on the passage to England had resolved all to one flash of blood-warm welcome awaiting her: and it says much for her natural generosity that the savage delicacy of a woman placed as she now was, did not take a mortal hurt from the apparent voidness of this home of his bosom. The passionate gladness of the lover was wanting; the chivalrous valiancy of manful joy.

Renée shivered at the cloud thickening over her new light of intrepid defiant life. *

"Think it not improbable that I have weighed everything I surrender in quitting France," she said.

Remorse wrestled with Beauchamp and flung him at her feet.

Renée remarked on the lateness of the hour.

He promised to conduct her to her hotel immediately.

"And to-morrow?" said Renée, simply but breathlessly.

"To-morrow, let it be Italy! But first I telegraph to Roland and Tourdestelle. I can't run and hide. The step may be retrieved: or no, you are right; the step cannot, but the next to it may be stopped—that was the meaning I had! I'll try. It's cutting my hand off, tearing my heart out; but I will. O that you were free! You left your husband at Tourdestelle?"

"I presume he is there at present: he was in Paris when I left."

Beauchamp spoke hoarsely and incoherently in contrast with her composure: "You will misunderstand me for a day or two, Renée. I say if you were free I should have my first love mine for ever. Don't fear me: I have no right even to press your fingers. He may throw you into my arms. Now you are the same as if you were in your own home: and you must accept me for your guide.

By all I hope for in life, I'll see you through it, and keep the dogs from barking, if I can. Thousands are ready to give tongue. And if they can get me in the character of a law-breaker!—I hear them."

"Are you imagining, Nevil, that there is a possibility of my returning to him?"

"To your place in the world! You have not had to endure tyranny?"

"I should have had a certain respect for a tyrant, Nevil. At least I should have had an occupation in mocking him and conspiring against him. Tyranny! there would have been some amusement to me in that."

"It was neglect."

"If I could still charge it on neglect! Nevil. Neglect is very endurable. He rewards me for nursing him . . . he rewards me with a little persecution: wives should be flattered by it: it comes late."

"What?" cried Beauchamp, oppressed and impatient.

Renée sank her voice:

Something in the run of the unaccented French: "*Son amour, mon ami*:" drove the significance of the bitterness of the life she had left behind her burning through him. This was to have fled from a dragon! was the lover's thought: he perceived the motive of her flight: and it was a vindication of it that appealed to him irresistibly. The proposal for her return grew hideous: and this ever multiplying horror and sting of the love of a married woman came on him with a fresh throbbing shock, more venom.

He felt for himself now, and now he was full of feeling for her. Impossible that she should return! Tourdestelle shone to him like a gaping chasm of fire. And becoming entirely selfish he impressed his total abnegation of self upon Renée so that she could have worshipped him. A lover that was like a starry frost, froze her veins, bewildered her intelligence. She yearned for meridian warmth, for repose in a directing hand; and let it be hard as one that grasps a sword: what matter? unhesitatingness was the warrior virtue of her desire. And for herself the worst might happen if only she were borne along. Let her life be torn and streaming like the flag of battle, it must be forward to the end.

That was a quality of godless young heroism not unexhausted in Beauchamp's blood. Reanimated by him, she awakened his imagination of the vagrant splendours of existence and the repel delights which have their own laws and 'nature' for an applauding mother. Radiant Alps rose in his eyes, and the morning born in the night: suns that from mountain and valley, over sea and desert, called on all

earth to witness their death. The magnificence of the contempt of humanity posed before him superbly satanesque, grand as thunder among the crags: and it was not a sensual cry that summoned him from his pedlar labours, pack on back along the level road, to live and breathe deep, gloriously mated: Renée kindled his romantic spirit, and could strike the feeling into him that to be proud of his possession of her was to conquer the fretful vanity to possess. She was not a woman of wiles and lures.

Once or twice she consulted her watch: but as she professed to have no hunger, Beauchamp's entreaty to her to stay prevailed, and the subtle form of compliment to his knightly manliness in her remaining with him, gave him a new sense of pleasure that hung round her companionable conversation, deepening the meaning of the words, or sometimes contrasting the sweet surface commonplace with the undercurrent of strangeness in their hearts, and the reality of a tragic position. Her musical volubility flowed to entrance and divert him, as it did.

Suddenly Beauchamp glanced upward.

Renée turned from a startled contemplation of his frown, and beheld Mrs. Rosamund Culling in the room.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



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AN AMERICAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

ENGLAND has given to America language, literature, laws, and institutions. She gave us the Protestant religion, Magna Charta, and African slavery. She endowed us with whatever she had at the time, and we took the good and the bad together. When we came to construct our government we borrowed the form of King, Lords, and Commons without their titles and hereditary succession. The new country remains, in this respect, where it was nearly a hundred years ago, while the old has greatly changed. King and Lords, though retaining their titles and succession, have been merged for all practical purposes in the Commons, while President and Senate remain independent, co-ordinate powers on our side of the water, and the executive power has sensibly gained upon the legislative. In recording some of the impressions which a first visit to England makes upon an American, I mention this as the most striking in its effect upon my own mind. The new republic has, if anything, veered toward monarchy, while the old monarchy has manifestly drifted to republicanism. It seems rather a startling thing to say that England is more republican than the United States, but I have ventured to say it in an American publication, and I repeat it here.

I understand a republic to be a country which is governed by public opinion. As between two countries which are so governed, the one in which public opinion acts more speedily, surely, and effectively, is the more republican, and that country is England, since England is not fettered with specified terms of office during which public opinion is powerless to effect its ends. The spectacle of a proud and able ministry brought to its knees and compelled to change its course within a week's time, upon a question whether a bill deemed by the Premier to be of secondary importance should be passed in this session or the next, is altogether without parallel in our legislation. It was clearly Mr. Disraeli, and not Mr. Plimsoll, who apologised for the late exciting scene in the House of Commons. It

may be argued that specified terms of office are useful in order to secure the sober second thought of the people rather than the first impulsive expression. That may be true, but does not affect the question whether the one or the other kind of government is the more republican.

If it be any grievance that a few hundred persons are allowed to call themselves Lord This and Sir That because their fathers were so styled before them, Englishmen are the only ones who have a right to complain of it, and I have yet to hear such complaints uttered. What may be the precise aims of the republican agitators in England, I have not learned. If they aim to secure a more equal distribution of seats among the constituencies, their efforts seem most commendable, for it is almost an insult to declare a man fit to have the suffrage, and in the same act decree him to be only a fraction of a man as compared with some other person possessing no higher qualifications. In the view I am taking of the forms of government this is merely a matter of detail. In the wider sense it appears to me that the republican agitators of England have already got all, and more than, they can ever attain by copying after us. If they want a democracy, that is another thing. The question whether all adult males should be allowed to participate equally in the functions of government, regardless of education, character, and personal interest in the common weal, is one to be discussed by itself; and if it could be approached by a perfectly unprejudiced person, like the man from the moon, might be placed on the table alongside of the question of woman suffrage. It would be apart from the purpose of this article to set forth any views as to the relative claims of expediency on the one hand, and abstract rights on the other, in determining who shall be allowed to vote. In the republic of the United States, the doctrine of abstract rights has obtained the ascendancy (except as to women), and it must work out its own salvation with more or less fear and trembling. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* In the republic of England the rule of expediency has governed and will continue to govern. Looking at the frequency of bribery in elections, I should say that it would not be advisable to enlarge the area of corruption rapidly by opening the suffrage to a class who would mainly exercise it for its value in money or gin. The next generation of the Seven Dials and St. George's in the East may be, must be, better qualified to vote for members of Parliament than the present, if the new school laws are wisely administered. Whether all the people in England who would use the suffrage wisely and virtuously, have had it extended to them, may well be doubted. Whether all who have received it, do use it wisely and well is not by any means an open question. Any rule which may be adopted for bringing in new shoals of voters, whether by property or educational tests, will necessarily bring in a certain

number of the worthless and unprincipled. That it would have been better for us in America, especially in the large cities, if some such test had been adopted and adhered to, in place of universal suffrage, is the opinion of nearly all who have either education or property.

Not only does public opinion in England act more surely, speedily, and effectively upon the government than in America, but justice is more surely and expeditiously administered in the courts. Three causes for this difference have occurred to me. In the first place English judges are not concerned to determine the constitutionality of any statute—that question having been concluded by the Parliament which enacted it. American courts are constantly pestered with questions of this kind. They have to determine not only the interpretation of the law, but whether it was competent for the legislature to pass the law; and the legislature, both national and state, have fallen into the habit of passing bills of doubtful conformity to the constitution, relying upon the courts to correct their errors, if any—a habit which may be mildly characterized as slovenly, dangerous, and destructive of all sense of legislative responsibility. One-third of all the delay and expense of lawsuits (except those of a strictly common law type) arises from the necessity imposed upon judges of deciding upon the constitutionality of statutes. It might be supposed *à priori* that the courts would eagerly seize such powers, and that the legislature would stoutly resent such encroachments. Exactly the opposite result has followed in both cases. The courts manifest great reluctance to set aside statutes for want of conformity to the constitution, and the legislature, in cases where they do so interfere, manifests not the least uneasiness, unless some party advantage is thereby put in jeopardy—which seldom happens. Secondly, the twofold system of courts—one appertaining to the state and the other to the United States—with a large and increasing number of cases which may be transferred or appealed from the former to the latter, has no parallel in England. Without going into details, I may say that it is productive both of delay and bad feeling. Thirdly, the practice of choosing judges of the state courts by universal suffrage has borne bad fruit in many places, and is destined to bear worse before we see the end of it. The general uprightness of the judiciary serves to make the rascality of the exceptions the more glaring, and to point out more forcibly the dangers of a system which contains such germs.

The celerity with which common schools have been established in England since the passage of the last Reform Bill, is to me very noticeable, as is also the means employed to enforce the attendance of children. In providing school room and instruction for all the children in her borders, and compelling their attendance, London has outstripped the American city where I reside, in which the

"common school system" has prevailed since its first foundation. In the city of which I speak, which is perhaps exceptional, population has commonly outrun school accommodation, and compulsory attendance has only been faintly discussed. The several states of the Union have each their own peculiar school laws. Whether compulsory attendance has been adopted in any I do not know. I think it has been in some parts of New England, but it is not general. To have achieved so great a blessing as the means and appliances of universal primary education, is a surprising thing considering the shortness of time you have been about it. The rates paid by Londoners for all purposes, including Church-rates, are trivial as compared with those paid in American cities. I judge that they are not more than one-fifth the sum assessed upon equal amounts of property in New York or Boston. This is not specially to be wondered at, when we consider the accumulated wealth of London, and reflect that she has long since bought and paid for her permanent improvements, while American cities are either buying theirs or paying interest on the debts contracted to secure them. But it makes the wonder grow that anybody should grumble at a school-rate of threepence in the pound of assessed rental value—the assessment being not more than half the real value—because perchance somebody may have more children in school than somebody else.

That the schools should be handicapped with a church question is to be expected. We are not wholly free from such disputes in America, though our circumstances are much more favourable to non-sectarian tuition than those of the mother country. The union of Church and State is a most conspicuous headland to every American sojourner in England. Here, if anywhere, we seem to find the rock of ages. Union of Church and State is the illegitimate offspring of old Rome. Its origin is to be found not in Jesus, but in Jupiter. When Christianity overturned the old mythology, it put on as many of the clothes of the decedent as it could wear. As the administration of the State, and the administration of religion were one before, so they continued to be one after the image of Mary had supplanted that of Juno in the Pantheon. Why does it never occur to the Ritualists of the Church of England that in putting on the trappings of the Papacy they are as likely as not putting on those of Paganism? The union of Church and State was thus an existing fact when Henry VIII. broke with Rome, and he too passed it on down the stream of time, with a progeny of abuses like that against which Dean Stanley and the Rev. Mr. Fremantle protested last June at the City Temple. Notwithstanding these abuses, and the parent abuse implied in taking from the property of all to support a form of worship which is objectionable to a portion, the State Church seems to be tolerably well braced. It is very plain that Dissent is making no headway against it. The New Learning is its only formidable enemy,

but this is the enemy of the Dissenting churches as well. Indeed, the State Church is much more dexterous in meeting and making terms with this comer, than the other denominations on either side of the water. It seems to be sprinkled with clergymen who make no scruple of dipping into German criticism of the Bible, and passing the cream thereof over to their flocks in the shape of translations. If the New Learning is of the mammon of unrighteousness, it is finding distinguished friends in that which Americans have been accustomed to esteem the most conservative branch of the Protestant faith. For the rest, the Church of England seems to be a well-to-do corporation, owning much land, declaring regular dividends, and fraught with a social power against which the breezy distractions of Moody and Sankey on the one hand, and the incantations of the Pope on the other, will alike prove ineffectual.

It seems to be the fashion, both in England and America, to utter plaintive cries about the growth and spread of Romanism in the two countries. As regards the United States, it may be safely said that the Roman Catholic Church is making no inroads upon the native population. It gains nothing except in the way of importations from Ireland and South Germany, and these are too small in proportion to the whole to be accounted serious. On the other hand, it fairly holds its own in its particular sphere. Its tenets are opposed to our system of popular education, and every now and then we hear a Catholic bishop demanding a division of the school fund, so that Catholics may apply the portion which they contribute to their own peculiar method of training. It is impossible that this demand should be complied with. Logically the public authorities will be compelled to dispense with every form of religious instruction in school: that consists now only of reading the Bible as a morning exercise, and is by no means universal. Some of the most eminent of the Protestant clergy are willing to yield this point. The Catholics will be as little satisfied with that, however, as they are with the present custom; but it is all they can hope for, since a division of the school fund to accommodate the Catholics implies a division to accommodate the Jews, the Quakers, the Spiritualists, the Free-thinkers, and everybody else; in short, a dissolution and breakdown of the whole system.

The Parliament and Government of Great Britain seem to spend their time for the most on matters of trifling importance. Whether reporters shall be recognised or only tolerated in the gallery; whether the Prince of Wales shall distribute few or many necklaces to the native princes of India, and whether they shall be paid for in whole or only in part by the British people; how much manure a tenant farmer should be allowed to put upon land without becoming suddenly rich—these and kindred questions seem to be the exciting topics of Parliamentary debate. The seeming unimportance of the bills

engaging the attention of the Government is one of the first things that arrested my own attention, and I have explained it in two ways. Of course when a country has settled all its great questions it will busy itself with its little ones. England has representative government, free trade, a sound currency, and light taxation. She has paid the Alabama claims, punished the Ashantees, and deposed the Guikwar of Baroda. Peace reigns in all her borders, and a good degree of contentment pervades all classes—higher, at all events, than her neighbours can boast, higher indeed than the United States can claim at the present time. Holland alone seems to show an equal satisfaction with outward circumstances. Nevertheless, since a government must appear to do something, it will naturally pick up the leavings of more stirring times. Again, of two parties dividing the political forces of a country, the one which is committed to the belief that things are well enough as they are, will of course find smaller things to bend its noble strength upon, than one which, theoretically at least, holds that there is much room for improvement.

How far legislation may usefully deal with the squalor of the east-end of London is a question which I shall not enter upon. A pretty careful survey of that region, however, convinces me that England has not reached a point where her statesmen can afford to pause and congratulate themselves that things are well enough now. All large cities have their east end. That of London is peculiar only as London herself is peculiar. Her area of dirt, foul air, and misery is larger than the entire area of many cities of metropolitan pretensions. That this area has partaken more or less of the general improvement which the British nation has felt in the last quarter of a century, is manifest even to strangers who see it now for the first time. It is no longer necessary for anybody to sleep out of doors or go supperless to bed. Indeed, the paradise of these districts will have been reached, when every person habitually has as comfortable and healthful a lodging as he can get in the casual ward. I am quite persuaded that if half-a-dozen honourable members were as much in earnest to reform the bad neighbourhoods of Whitechapel, Stepney, &c., as Mr. Plimstoll is to secure the breaking up of rotten ships, there would soon be changes for the better in this benighted and noisome region, which contains a larger population than all the merchant ships in Christendom, and which displays a degree of good temper eminently inviting the aid of higher intelligence.

Every American is expected to bring home some ideas on the subject of English land monopoly. The conditions of the two countries in respect of land and land-ownership are so different that agriculture, as an element of national concern, needs to be studied here *de novo*. At the risk of repeating some things which I have

said elsewhere, I will here mention the impressions I have gained. Whatever may have been the evils resulting in the past from the aggregation of large tracts of land in the hands of the few, and the divorcement of the many from any interest in the soil except as tenants or hirelings—whatever may be the present evils of such a system—they are such as legislative power is no longer able to reach or greatly modify. If a tract of land equal to the area of England were suddenly added to the kingdom by rising from the sea, and were equally divided among the inhabitants, the process of concentrating it in the hands of the few to the exclusion of the many would begin immediately. The richer would bid for the portions of the poorer, and would in the end obtain them by fair bargain. This must be the result in any country where the accumulation of wealth is great, where land-ownership confers social distinction, and where the area of land is small relatively to population. All three of these conditions exist in England. It would appear from this that what is called land monopoly is not an economic evil, unless we are prepared to admit that a perfectly natural and unconstrained course of trade is an evil—which no economist can allow. Land in England is worth a certain sum per acre per annum for purposes of tillage—for what can be made out of it—and that sum will be paid for it, however large or small the parcels into which it is divided. Is an undue amount of it withheld for deer parks, pheasant preserves, and the like? It appears that as to lands of similar utility—lands within the undisputed control of Parliament, like the New Forest,—the will of the people is best consulted by putting a stop to movements initiated some years ago for transforming it into arable or pasture land, and that it is to be kept as nearly in a state of nature as may be. If Lord Leigh and Lord Ripon are minded to keep large parks at their own expense, to beautify the landscape and improve the air, I am not the one to complain. Still less should I complain if I were an Englishman, having the landscape and the air always at my service.

The beauty of the English landscape, the verdure of the meadows, the fertility of the soil, the scientific and consummate methods of tillage employed, must impress the most careless observer. We have nothing comparable to the expansive foliage of English trees, the robust health of English hedges, the velvet softness and freshness of English turf; nor have we, except in some of the more favoured parts of California, such ample and brilliant open-air flower-gardens. The dryness of our atmosphere and the extremes of our temperature suffice to account for the difference. When I saw the standing crops of hay and cereals in Warwickshire in June last, I thought I had never beheld so bounteous and promising a harvest in any land. The wheat-fields of California and Oregon in a favourable season will perhaps make a finer display in that particular cereal than any I

noticed in England, but those on the Atlantic slope are certainly much inferior in productiveness to yours. If the carefulness and thoroughness of tillage which prevail in England were applied to the soil of the state of Illinois, the resulting produce could not be disposed of at a profit, nor could it be carried to market by any existing means of transportation. The freshness and greenness of rural England invades the metropolis, and gives to London a peculiar charm and distinction. The area and population and wealth of London are a thrice-told tale. Her parks and open squares and private gardens constitute her real distinction among cities in the eyes of the traveller. Other cities can be found larger than anybody will care to see the whole of. None can be found with such wealth of rural adornment. Lincoln's Inn Fields, a spot which few strangers find their way to, is itself quite unique in metropolitan belongings.

English railways come in for a large share of attention and comment from every American visitor. In the way of comfort to the passenger they are inferior to the Transatlantic railways, while the charges for travel are higher. English passenger trains, however, are run at a higher rate of speed than American, and the conditions of safety, for an equal number of trains, are certainly greater. The arrangements for crossing each other's tracks, and the ordinary carriage roads, at different grades, remove a large percentage of the chances of accident. But, on the other hand, the frequency of trains on the same tracks appears to make travelling by rail about as hazardous in the one country as the other. The arrangements of English railways for receiving and delivering luggage, and relieving the traveller from anxiety respecting it, are inexcusably bad, while the system of carriage construction seems to be a deliberate provocation to outrages. These difficulties, I suppose, are to be attributed in part to British conservatism, and in part to the reluctance of railway directors to incur some slight additional expense. A recent case has naturally drawn out from the public press all the reasons that are supposed to justify a mode of travel which makes such outrages possible, and has elicited from a grand jury the startling suggestion that there ought to be some means of communication between the guard and the passengers. The reasons for making a train of railway carriages consist of a series of small prison vans seem to be two in number: viz., first, it has always been so; second, Englishmen are exclusive, and like to have compartments to themselves. That it has always been so we may readily admit, since the modern railway compartment is only the old stage-coach mounted on rails, minus the postboys. As to the exclusiveness, however, it appears that you do not obtain it except in cases where only a few passengers happen to be travelling, or where the guard

is bribed to incommode others in order to accommodate you ; and that when it is obtained, it is at the risk of having your throat cut, or an indecent assault committed upon your sister. When the magic number of eight happen to be travelling together, then and only then is it possible to obtain exclusiveness without bribery and without danger of personal violence, under a system commended for its advantages in the way of exclusiveness. Logically, then, the English railway carriage, with its positive discomforts and potential dangers, is contrived for parties of eight. If there are only seven in the party, the danger is ever present that somebody whose pedigree is unknown may be thrust in among them, whereas if there are nine, one of them is quite sure to get mixed up with a miscellaneous lot of two-legged unfeathered animals, unless he is so fortunate as to find a carriage occupied only by a burglar or a lunatic. I would mention that parties of eight find no difficulty in being as exclusive as they like in American railway carriages, where there is commonly room for fifty or sixty, where ventilation is much more perfect, where there is entire freedom of moving about and relieving the tedium of journeying, and where certain conveniences necessary for comfort and favourable to health are always at hand. I happened to be in a railway carriage in Italy not long since, which was adorned with a glass case firmly imbedded in the compartment close to the roof, to which was attached a printed notice, saying that in case of extreme danger the passenger was authorised to break the glass with his "elbow," and then to turn a key communicating with the guard by electricity, after which he should thrust his arm out of the window and agitate it till somebody came to his relief, but that if the danger was not sufficient to justify him he would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. This, I believe, is an English invention. I had read a description of it many years ago, but the ocular presentation of the thing was irresistibly funny. If this is the article to which a young lady looks for salvation in her hour of need, it is no wonder that she is discovered hanging bodily out of a train moving at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. In reply to the objection that if a cord were passed through the train, communicating with the guard or the engine-driver, nervous people would be continually pulling at it and stopping the train, I offer the experience of one who has travelled some hundreds of thousands of miles by rail in the United States, where the bell-cord is always present, and who has never seen it touched by anybody, except the conductor or some employé of the train.

The reason why the rates of railway fare are higher in England than in America must be on account of the greater original cost of the roads, since they do not seem to be making extravagant profits on their share capital. Of course, if people have the luxury of riding thirty miles an hour through crowded cities on the summit of arches

more magnificent than those of the old Roman aqueducts they must pay something for it. The sensation is a novelty to all foreigners, and probably nothing gives one a more distinct impression of the high material civilisation centred in London. The extraordinary and unequalled facilities enjoyed by London for intercommunication by means of her elevated and underground railways and her river steamers, constitute one of the factors whose conjunction appears to make it impossible for any other city to overtake her in population and importance. The other factors, as they appear to a superficial observer, are perhaps worth noting. The first is the geographical size, or rather smallness, of England, which renders it convenient for every Englishman of moderate income to have a house, or at all events a lodging, in town if he chooses. In respect of her ability thus to recruit herself with the abundant strength of a whole nation, I think London is peculiar. The territory of France is so wide, that Paris can never be to her what London is to England. New York has too many rivals on our side of the water to hope to gain on London in the race, however large our population as a nation may become, and no other city in Christendom bids fair to compete with the three here named. The next potent element of supremacy possessed by London is her accumulated capital and financial gravity, which it would be superfluous to enlarge upon. Undoubtedly, other cities can grow rich and acquire great importance in the way of money-lending. Frankfort-on-the-Main is such a city, but the other conditions of her growth are so completely different from those of London that it is idle to bring her into comparison. Again, the commercial area and facilities of the Thames distinguish London among all European capitals, and must for ever continue to do so. In this respect her only rivals are other ports of the United Kingdom. What Antwerp might have become if she had not been scourged by centuries of war, and stunted by artificial barriers, it is useless to speculate. To the unprejudiced eye no signs can be discerned of the approach of Macaulay's New Zealander, unless it be found in the possible exhaustion, some centuries hence, of the British coal supply, and even then the metropolis may, by the exercise of a wise economy, be able to keep the arches of London Bridge in repair without soliciting alms from abroad.

I have remarked that if it be a grievance that a comparatively small number of persons should be arrayed with titles and set up as a superior stratum of English society, by virtue not of merit but of ancestry, Englishmen are the only ones who have any right to complain of it, and that I have not heard such complaints uttered. On the contrary, the average Briton seems ready to back his insular nobility against any foreign blood that can be mentioned, and the trading Briton seems to have achieved glory enough if he can spread

upon his signboard the fact that he is patronised by some prince or princess. The multiplicity of such announcements adorning the public streets, and the frequency with which we are notified in the advertising columns of the newspapers that this or that movement or interest is pushed by the respectability of Lord —, or sheltered under the ægis of Lady —, are sufficient to remind the wayfaring man from over seas that although he is in a land of republican freedom, and although his native tongue is spoken in its streets, he is nevertheless some distance from home. Here in fact is the vital and radical difference between the two countries. It is not a political difference, as I have already shown, but something deeper and not so easily bridged. Being a social difference it is something which does not concern me, and I leave to English satirists the task of doctoring any moral deformities it may give rise to. How far the vice of tuft-hunting and title-hunting may pervade British society can only be judged, I fancy, after long observation. For my own part, I saw very little of it. Anxiety to wriggle into company where one is not wanted, is a phase of character not usually confided to strangers at a first interview. Although I am assured by eminent Englishmen that the great and distressing British malady is a weakness of the knees at sight of a coronet, it cannot be included among the impressions that early obtrude themselves upon the visitor. It is to be hoped that a people who have conquered so many difficulties may be able eventually to overcome this singular mental awkwardness, which begins by overestimating the dignity of others, and ends in underestimating one's own. Notwithstanding the reputation Americans have achieved in the way of self-assertion, I have to acknowledge that we are not wholly free from the weakness under consideration, though in America a titled person is oftener an object of interest than of reverence, and what is taken for snobbery is not infrequently an ill-governed curiosity. Transatlantic snobbery takes the form of idle expenditure and outside show. The social arrangement which selects one child out of a family to be the exclusive recipient of the honours and estate, and discriminates against girls, is held in profound disfavour, and could by no possibility be made to take root among us. Even those who ape the manners of foreign aristocracy would shrink from a system which appears to contain so rank an element of injustice.

The quantity and specific gravity of the fluids that John Bull sends down his throat have been so forcibly commented on, and so ingeniously accounted for, by M. Taine, that it is hardly worth while for anybody else to travel upon that ground. But excessive moisture and a cold climate are more convenient than philosophical, as reasons to explain why the Englishman is addicted to sherry, brandy, and stout, while the Frenchman, German, and Italian are

content with sweetened water, light wines and thin beer. I have seen more alcoholic liquor consumed in New Orleans and San Francisco, where neither excessive moisture nor cold weather prevails, than in any other American cities. The drinking in these places, however, seems to be rather perfunctory than enjoyable—rather in the way of boisterous politeness and good-fellowship than as a means of assuaging thirst. With an Englishman, drinking seems to be a matter of “true inwardness.” He drinks because he likes the liquor and its effects. If a man must burn his stomach and poison his blood with alcohol, it seems more reasonable that he should do so because he likes it, than because he doesn’t. The inevitable penalty, so forcibly set out by Dr. Carpenter, would seem to have a sort of compensation in the one case which would be wanting in the other. The difference in aspect between a Paris café and a London tap-room is well calculated to make a Frenchman gasp, and the spectacle of women who are not harlots drinking raw gin at a public bar, has a staggering effect upon the American tourist, although he can find a great deal of intemperance without wearing out his shoes at home. The efforts on foot for repressive legislation in England, I venture to predict, will fail of accomplishing their end, whether Parliament shall be persuaded to adopt it or not. In America, it has been found to succeed in localities where the people are nearly all temperance men—that is, where it is not needed—and to fail everywhere else. That intemperance is a frightful evil in both branches of its Anglo-Saxon family is not to be disputed, and I hold in honour the motives of any who seek to combat it, however I may differ from them as to the efficacy or reasonableness of the means sought to be employed.

The English civil service, though perhaps no better than some of the continental systems, is a text upon which any American who has had to do with public affairs may preach a long sermon to his own countrymen. This is not the place for such a discourse, and I shall only outline the impressions made upon me. They will perhaps appear as simple as some of the observations of Goldsmith’s *Citizen of the World*. Nevertheless they go to the root of the whole question of government. In England I perceive that the forces of society conspire to make the person holding an administrative office efficient, faithful, diligent and trustworthy. How far the original appointment to office may be controlled by favouritism, I do not inquire. But it is very clear that if the appointee turns out a rascal, an ignoramus, or a sluggard, he must prove so in glaring despite of the system under which he holds his place, since he is sure of retaining it if he is meritorious, and of being promoted in due time if he is extra-meritorious, and of being pensioned if he is disabled in the service or overtaken by age. His office gives him a certain

amount of social distinction, which he loses if removed for any fault, and the *esprit de corps* which has been bred by long continuance of the system, insures a degree of intelligence at least proportioned to the duties of the office. Under such a system the embers of a vast official patronage cannot be imported into the ordinary political contests of the country, to give additional heat to elections, to inflame partisan rage, and to stifle independent thought and action. Turning to the American system, or practice, we find that the surroundings of the ordinary office-holder prompt him to do the best he can for himself during his probably limited term of office. His social position is not improved by his acceptance of place but rather the reverse, because he is most commonly understood to hold it at the pleasure of some Congressman, and consequently to be the tool of said Congressman. No qualifications of fitness are really requisite, though public opinion enforces some attention thereto. The officer is liable to be removed whenever he becomes distasteful for any reason to the appointing power, or whenever any other person can command the influence to supplant him. Of *esprit de corps* there is none, and can be none. When an election of President is to take place, the emoluments of some eighty thousand offices are really put in dispute, for although the number of removals is always much less, the potentiality of removal is equal to the whole number of incumbents, and the heat generated by the strife is equal to the greed which that number is capable of engendering. A distinguished American senator has been heard to say that this makes the best civil service in the world. It is the worst one that I know anything about, but its inherent vices cannot be fully appreciated till one has been brought into the neighbourhood of a better. I count it among the greatest advantages an American can derive from a visit to England, that he has the opportunity to put the two systems side by side, and to learn the detestable vices of his own by comparing it with yours. If England has not carried her civil service to the perfection attained in Germany, she is not manacled by bureaucracy, and her example proves that it is possible to have an official class who are not a governing class. Indeed the official class in the United States are understood to have fulfilled the conditions of their appointment so far as they have succeeded in becoming the governing class, and the most common reason assigned for removing an incumbent is that he has lost political supremacy in his locality. Why do we not change this system? you ask. There are some difficulties of a technical character. Congress cannot change it even if so disposed, because the constitution lodges the appointing power in the President, and the removing power is understood to be a part of the appointing power. The President for the time being could change it if he would, but his acts would only have the force of example to his successor. In truth, neither Congress

nor President appears to desire any change. They are the chief beneficiaries of the partisan activity of the appointees. In point of fact, public opinion is not yet fully alive to the egregious and growing evils of the service. These evils are understood to have begun in the Presidency of General Jackson, some forty years ago. Prior to that time the American civil service was very much what the English is now; yet there has been no change of law or constitution meanwhile, but only of practice. The American civil service has now become in some respects like the English in the time of George III., when Members of Parliament were bribed with place to hound on the war against the colonies. It is a system which cannot last. How much further mischief it must work ere it is abated, time will show.

English writers have for the most part given a bad name to their own country, and afterwards to other countries they have visited. They have created the impression abroad, so far as they were able, that England is mainly noted for fogs, snobs, and paupers, and that America is principally distinguished for braggarts, armed bullies, and divorced women. This is not the place to defend my own country. She has yet much to learn; but I submit that she is performing a useful though tedious office in washing, combing, and educating the disinherited ones, both white and black, whom Europe has thrown so liberally upon her shores. America welcomes English travellers more warmly than any others, and England welcomes Americans, if not more warmly than others, as warmly as they can hope to be welcomed anywhere. Indeed English hospitality is commensurate with the renown and greatness of the empire. I speak not of my own experience merely, but of that of every American visitor in any way qualified to be the recipient of it whom I have ever met. I did not, in the course of six weeks, have the advantage of a London fog, but the season was not well chosen for that entertainment. I made frequent and extensive tours on foot through the districts inhabited by the working classes, and the result I reach is this—that skilled workmen are on the whole better provided with comforts in England than in America, but have less opportunity to rise to the condition of employers; that the condition of the unskilled labourer is essentially the same in both countries; and that the “slums” are more orderly in London than in most of our large cities. I have not, however, had opportunity to observe the condition of the agricultural labourers in England as yet, and hence can make no comparisons in that department.

The economy of personal expenditure among the well-to-do classes is certainly a notable and praiseworthy feature of English civilisation. Of course economy is a relative term. Englishmen are not so economical as Scotchmen, nor Scotchmen as Frenchmen,

nor Frenchmen as Chinamen. I fear it must be confessed that my countrymen are the most prodigal of all, and that they get less for their money than any others. This is the current opinion of hotel keepers, couriers, dress-makers, jewellers, and vendors of bad copies of the old masters on the Continent, and I shall not venture to contradict such practised observers. But John Bull has one mode of getting rid of his money which is perhaps even more objectionable. Horse-racing, attended by wagers of money, is under the social ban in America. Neither the efforts of a wealthy coterie in New York; nor the President's fondness for the turf, have availed to give it a respectable footing. Consequently, we are surprised when we find how deep a hold it has taken upon British society, and when we see more space given in the daily journals to the betting market than to the produce and corn markets. Undoubtedly betting is the condition upon which racing maintains itself at so high a popularity. Probably any attempt to suppress it by law would at present be ineffectual. It is said that the Italian Government dare not close the state lotteries even if it were inclined to, so strong is the appetite for that form of gambling among the people. But this paper is not intended for a lecture or a moral disquisition of any sort. Horse-racing and the stakes dependent thereon are noted as one of the impressive features of British civilisation which, when coupled with the closing of the Brighton Aquarium on Sunday, the stranger cannot fail to ponder. John Bull is perhaps the most Conservative-Radical member of the human family.

I have here recorded a few of the impressions which a first visit to England, in the months of May and June, has made upon me. Like his Highness of Zanzibar, who was there at the same period, I was gratified beyond the power of the Arabic tongue to express. I shall urge my American friends visiting Europe to give more time to England than seems to have been the fashion, for I am sure that not only will they be amply repaid, but that what is left of the bad feeling engendered during our late war will be dispelled by closer intercourse. This feeling has greatly abated since the settlement of the Alabama dispute, but has not wholly disappeared, since it was founded upon a conviction that the ruling classes of England desired to see us weakened and humiliated. I am sure that the Centennialism now running its course has no admixture of animosity to Great Britain arising from the events of 1776. All that long since passed away. We have no other distinctive history than the events which group themselves about 1776, and so we make the most of them. The greater ones which have transpired since are too near us in point of time to be historical. If Centennialism appears rather long drawn out to others who have the stirring scenes of a thousand years all about them, they should bear in mind these differences.

HORACE WHITE.

ON THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF DIVINE MYTHS IN INDIA.

GROTE, in the first volume of his *History of Greece*, discusses in full the nature of myths, and he determines that the mythical narrative of Europe is a special product of the imagination and feeling, radically distinct both from history and philosophy. He refuses altogether to treat the myths as containing any evidence upon matters of fact. He does not deny, indeed he affirms, that myths may often embody real facts and the names of real persons; but his position is that we have no test whereby to distinguish fact from fiction in any particular myth of which corroborative evidence is not forthcoming, so that we must treat all as "matter appropriate only for subjective history."

Looking to the arguments used in support of this sentence on the myths, one may question whether the historian has not been too exacting in his demands for extensive proofs, and too peremptory in discarding all reliance upon internal evidence and analogies, when he thus condemns indiscriminately all stories which are not specifically propped up by external proofs. For Grote maintains that a narrative of credible incidents raises of itself no more presumption (in default of positive testimony) that the incidents occurred, than does a composition of De Foe—that it is plausible fiction and nothing more.¹ He says that even the highest measure of intrinsic probability in a narrative is alone insufficient to justify one's believing that any of the facts related really occurred; it can only make one admit that they may perhaps have occurred. An assertion may be made, he observes, of a thing entirely probable, which yet no one need credit, as if a man should assert that rain fell in Massachusetts on the day of the battle of Platea. Here Grote seems to be a little hard on the myths. For, first, it is very difficult to distinguish between plausible fiction (of the kind, for example, to which De Foe's *History of the Plague* belongs) and genuine history, in dealing with the records come down from ancient and uncritical ages; and extrinsic evidence thus handed down is as likely to be plausible fiction as the narrative which leans upon it. If we may only receive as credible those ancient narratives which could not possibly turn out to be very plausible fiction, we shall be hard pushed for the trustworthy authentication of much early history, religious and secular. Secondly, the example of the supposed assertion as to simultaneous rainfall at Platea and in Massachusetts

(1) "*History of Greece*," Chapter XVI., page 413, small edition.

is hardly fair. A man's assertion of an isolated fact of which he could not possibly have any positive knowledge, either directly or by hearsay, is a very different thing from affirming credible facts which might reasonably, and according to the known habits of the people who relate the facts, have been handed down by tradition from the persons who witnessed them to those who related them. And, lastly, I venture to think that Grote's purely sceptical attitude ignores a great deal of collateral evidence in favour of myths being ordinarily formed round a nucleus of facts, any other formation being exceptional. At any rate if one may rely upon comparative observation of the growth of myths in various parts of a country in which they spring up like mushrooms, a very great number of the myths of Indian polytheism and hero worship have grown straight up from the roots of a fact.

However, Grote did not deny that myths, taken in a mass, contain real matter of fact; he only said that in any particular myth you cannot distinguish fact from fiction, so he rejects them all as useless for the purpose of history. He would probably have admitted De Foe's History of the Plague to be some kind of evidence that a plague did break out somewhere at some time; he would not have attempted to explain the whole story as some travesty of early imaginations. Now, some of the most enterprising Comparative Mythologists in England and Germany would remove all foundation in fact whatsoever from the figures and incidents of early Aryan myths, especially of divine myths. The whole province of myths has by them been occupied and annexed under the standard of philology. And of all myths the divine myth is universally taken to be most demonstratively a baseless fabric, to be founded on a class of facts utterly different from those which it purports to relate. The highest authorities in comparative mythology appear to trace almost the whole of this class of figures and narratives into personifications of the worship of inanimate Nature. Even Professor Max Müller, who, being strong, is also merciful in his use of the scientific method, wrote in 1856 :—¹

"If we want to know whither the human mind, though endowed with the natural consciousness of a divine power, is driven necessarily and inevitably by the irresistible force of language as applied to supernatural and abstract ideas, we must read the Veda; and if we want to tell the Hindus what they are worshipping—mere names of natural phenomena, gradually obscured, personified and deified—we must make them read the Veda. It was a mistake of the early Fathers to treat the heathen gods as demons or evil spirits, and we must take care not to commit the same error with regard to the Hindu gods. Their gods have no more right to any substantive existence than Eos or Hespera, than Nyx or Apôtê. They are masks without an actor—the creation of man, not his creators;—they are *nominia* not *numina*—names without being, not beings without names."

(1) "Chips from a German Workshop," article Comparative Mythology.

And in another essay on the Manual of Mythology he gives to Mr. Cox the very lenient warning that we ought to be prepared even in the legends of Hercules or Theseus "To find some grains of local history on which the sharpest tools of comparative mythology must bend or break." "It does not always follow," Professor Max Müller observes, "that heroes of old who performed what may be called solar myths are therefore nothing but myths." Nevertheless "the general agreement which has of late years been arrived at by most students of mythology, that all mythological explanations must rest on a sound etymological basis," has been so entirely accepted and made so comprehensive by writers of the books on this subject which are most widely read, that it seems likely to obliterate all other explanations from the popular mind. This is especially the case as to divine myths, which contain so much that is obviously incredible, that people are the easier convinced that all these stories are imaginary from first to last, and the figures in them mere phantoms of sun and mist. Even Grote, who did not commit himself to the theory of solar myths, uses the fact of the existence of divine myths as undeniable proof that myths need have no basis in fact, but may be pure creations of the mythopœic faculty. For, at any rate, he argues (in opposition to those who affirmed the mythopœic faculty to be never creative), the divine legend is often purely imaginative, not merely in Greece but in other countries also. These legends, he considers, derive their origin "not from special facts misreported and exaggerated, but from pious feelings pervading the society and translated into narrative by forward and imaginative minds . . . legends in which the generating sentiment is conspicuously discernible, *providing its own matter as well as its own form.*"¹ "To suppose," Grote adds in a note to another passage, "that these religious legends are mere exaggerations of some basis of actual fact—that the gods of polytheism were merely divinized men with qualities distorted or feigned—would be to embrace in substance the theory of Euemerus."² Now, to embrace Euemerism is also the unpardonable heresy against extreme comparative mythology which cannot be forgiven.

But while it would be undoubtedly a grievous error to embrace the theory of Euemerus as a "Key to all Mythologies," on the other hand I venture to suggest that it cannot be left out altogether as an exploded notion "astonishing in writers who have made themselves in any degree acquainted with the results of comparative grammar." If one may be permitted to offer an opinion formed upon some extensive observation of the working of the mythopœic faculty in India—perhaps the only ancient country which still keeps alive a

(1) "History of Greece," Chapter XVI.

(2) *Ibid.*, note to page 394.

true polytheism of the first order—I should say that in constructing the science of religion we might do worse than make room for the theory of Eucmerus. In the details of his treatment of the myths his method of rejecting all that was to his mind impossible or incredible, and piecing together out of the residuum a plausible version of the story, seems indefensible. But Eucmerus is said to have been an Asiatic traveller; and if we may judge from what goes on before our eyes in Asia now, there is a great deal to say for his main theory, which “represented both gods and heroes as having been mere earth-born men, though superior to the ordinary level in respect of force and capacity, and deified or heroified after death as a recompense for services or striking exploits.” Indeed, this quotation from Grote describes very nearly the conclusions that would be drawn from looking narrowly at the process of the generation of gods in India at the present day; and if there be ground for supposing that this process has been going on more or less in India for thousands of years, the effect is worth considering. It is probable that the loose presumptuous way in which Eucmerus applied his method has brought his theory into unmerited disrepute, and has thus thrown it too much into the background now-a-days. His mistake lay in treating his theory as a master-key which would disclose the inside of all mythologies, though this is a mistake rarely avoided by any one with a theory on the same subject, for even the best and soundest of modern theories seems in this way to suffer by overstraining. For example, this theory of Eucmerus is, I believe, rejected altogether by the more thorough-going comparative mythologists; they will allow space for no explanations but their own. The view maintained in the Mythology of Aryan nations as to the origin and course of divine myths, stated briefly, appears to be that primitive Aryans began with personifying the great processes of Nature, went on to deify in the image of man the impersonated phenomena, and to distribute their attributes; then made the gods actors in legends which accepted in real earnest and converted into early incidents such metaphors as of light striving with darkness, and the like; and finally, settled their full-blown gods and demi-gods down upon earth with local habitations, names, and human biographies. Now, the Eucmeristic theory would, speaking roughly, invert this order of development and begin at the other end, tracing the local hero through different stages of real life up to the great deity who wields the forces of Nature. And the main objection to either theory seems to be that it leaves no room for the other; that because each does explain a part of mythology it has been applied to the whole; that each theory endeavours to interpret not only mythology in one phase or at one period, but the whole general course of its evolution into actual polytheism. Upon this subject

the comparative method and philology have undoubtedly thrown a flood of light; nevertheless the high authorities who appear to resign to the whole family of divine Aryan myths their birth-place in the personifications of inanimate Nature may be unaware of the quantity and weight of evidence that an Eüemerist could even in these days produce on his side. They seem to exclude too absolutely from their survey of the main springs of mythology and religion that copious and deep-flowing fountain of belief, the direct deification of humanity, the fact that men are incessantly converting other men into gods, or embodiments of gods, or emanations from the Divine Spirit, all over Asia; and that out of the deified man is visibly spun the whole myth which envelops him as a silkworm in its cocoon. This very remarkable operation of human credulity is little mentioned by mythologists, and yet to omit careful account of it, or to treat it as merely the last stage of a personified Nature worship, appears to involve risk of a wide misunderstanding of the whole birth and growth of primitive belief. Moreover, this miscalculation at the starting-point would be likely to lead us astray further on, so that we might miss the structural connection between early incoherent forms of religion and those which are later and more concentrated. All the great Asiatic religions which have lifted the world up out of polytheism derive straight from remarkable personages; and it is to be remarked that even of these the historic humanity or individuality has been denied or explained away. Sakya Muni, the founder of Buddhism, has been disguised by the Brahmins as a great Avatâr or embodiment of Vishnu; the younger Burnouf actually interprets Christianity, on etymologic grounds,¹ to be a Fire worship; and the speculations of Strauss are well known.*

Before, therefore, we undertake to tell the Hindu what he is worshipping, and to assure him that his gods are mere names of natural phenomena, I think we are bound to consider them in the actual field of observation, how they grow. We shall at least find a good deal of evidence to be collected in favour of Eüemerism in India itself. For there it is certain that the popular polytheism of the present day is constantly growing up and developing out of the worship of holy or famous men who have actually existed. The universal and incessant practice throughout India (and I may say throughout Eastern Asia) of deifying remarkable personages, will account for the origin of almost all divine anthropomorphic narratives and for all the gods now in vogue, and it warrants placing their first

(1) Explaining, I am told, Christos as "he who is fed with oil," i.e., fire; just as Kápila, the reputed founder of the Sankhya philosophy among the Hindus, is affirmed by learned Hindu commentators to have been an incarnation of *Agni*, because one of the meanings of his name is Fire.

cause on a much broader basis of human incident than is usually allotted to them. In a former paper I tried to describe the process of turning men into divinities, by which saints and heroes are gradually promoted until they reach the highest and mistiest summits of godship; and subsequent enlargement of observation in different provinces of India has created a deep impression that in Europe there is now no adequate conception of the extent to which and the force with which this intense and habitual working of the primitive mind towards deification must have affected the beginning of religions.

In this stage of belief the people construct for themselves Jacob's ladders between earth and heaven; the men are seen ascending until they become gods; they then descend again as embodiments of the divinities; insomuch that it may be almost doubted whether any god, except the Vedic divinities and other obvious Nature gods, comes down the ladder who had not originally gone up as a man, and an authentic man. The ascent of the elder Hindu deities is shrouded in the haze of past times; but several of the most eminent (Siva and Krishna for instance) are still vulgarly reported and believed to have been men; while there are instances in plenty of men who have actually started up the ladder by consent and testimony of the whole neighbourhood, and have re-appeared as acknowledged divinities. To quote examples would be only to give a list of provincial deities, more or less obscure; but one might safely say that a thousand verifiable men are now worshipped as gods in various parts of India, and the number is constantly added to. The Indians worship everything created, but above all things men and women; and anyone can notice that nothing impresses the primitive or the uncultivated mind like human personality or character. Nature worship itself, in its most striking form, is only maintained among the crowd by anthropomorphism, while the actuality and sympathetic attraction of a real known person give him the immense advantage of local popularity. And this intense impression left by human personality is seen to be stronger as scrutiny penetrates into the lower stages of superstition. The aboriginal tribes are completely under its dominion; they cannot shake it off at all, and are haunted by their incapacity to get rid of powerful masters in life or death. If they attribute storms or sunsets to a sort of personified agency they are sure to attribute it to the agency of some real man whom they or their fathers have known. The process of Brahmanizing which these tribes are undergoing in India of course greatly increases the supply of gods from the Euemeric source; for as these poor non-Aryans, innocent of metaphysics, do most undeniably worship men, so the homely jungle hero comes eventually to get brevet rank among regular divinities, whenever his tribe is promoted into Hinduism.

The upper ten thousand of Brahmins are prone to deny the

existence of this process, and to pretend that the deifying which goes on is involuntary on their part and a merely superficial irregularity; they want to keep their Olympus classic, and above the heads of these low-born intruders. But the local Brahman has to live, and is not troubled by any such fine scruples, so he initiates the rude Gond and Mina (non-Aryans of the jungle) as fast as they come to him for spiritual advice, sets them up with a few decent caste prejudices and daubs over their Mumbo Jumbo with a red ochre coating of Brahmanism. This is vexatious to the refined Vedantist of the towns, but the same thing goes on everywhere; not refined orthodoxy and choral services, but revivals and incense pots, keep the mass of a people within a common outline of belief. And so the high and mighty deities of Brahmanism would never draw the non-Aryan, if he were not invited to bring with him his fetish, his local hero or Obiman, his were-wolf and his vampires, all to be dressed up and interpreted into orthodox emanations. In one part of Rajputana the Minas (an aboriginal tribe) used to worship the pig. When they took a turn toward Islam, they changed their pig into a saint called Father Adam, and worshipped him as such; when the Brahmans got a turn at them, the pig became an Avatâr of Vishnu.

While these things are going on before one's eyes, insomuch that any striking personage appears tolerably sure of divine honours and a miraculous biography after death, it is difficult not to allot the first place among the different methods of manufacturing gods to this process. Without doubt the Vedic deities and a good many others which prevail in India have been produced by finer and more intelligent handicraft; but for a rough propitiatory worship, adapted to everyday popular needs and uses, the quantity and quality of the deified men appear to satisfy a large demand and to give them an immense circulation. It should be remarked, however, that the description of Hinduism given in this paper applies throughout to the worship of the mass of the population of India, which is mainly rural; and that the difference between the worship of the country and of the towns is very considerable whenever polytheism extends over a wide area, and is not under the influence of cities as orthodox centres.¹

In short, though no one would deny the strong influence of Nature worship upon primitive religions, yet the part played by inanimate phenomena must not be overrated. Early superstitions derive much from the heavens above, from the sky, the storms, the seasons, and from light and darkness. The great Nature gods still reign, if they

(1) For this reason, when we compare Indian with classic polytheism, the comparison should be made, not with the religion of Italy or of Hellas, but with the polytheism of the Roman Empire. Every one knows how heterogeneous that polytheism became, and how paganism of every sort flourished in the country long after Christianity had become the dominant faith of the towns.

do not govern ; and their influence is felt over a wide range of legend and liturgy. But all the vitality and the concrete impressive figures which stand forth in the front rank of a popular Asiatic religion appear to come direct out of humanity below, out of the earth, as the scene of human action. That the two sources of mythology meet and are blended, there can be no doubt—the Nature god sometimes condenses into a man and is precipitated upon earth ; the man god more often refines and evaporates into a deity up in the skies. And thus it may, perhaps, be said that a polytheistic religion forms itself after the manner of a waterspout, which to the looker-on appears to be by the dipping down of the clouds from the sky, and the uprising of the waters which cover the earth, whereby is created a continuous column which may seem to lead up from earth to heaven, or down from heaven to earth, according to the fancy of the wondering spectator. The bowing down of the clouds toward the earth may illustrate the human personification of the great mysteries of the inanimate forces as seen in the changes of the sky ; the uplifting of the sea water toward heaven above is the elevation to divinity of the incidents of human life, far-sounding actions, wonderful adventures, passionate sufferings, and the like. Where the waters of the earth end and those of the sky begin, one can tell precisely neither in the waterspout nor in the religion, after it has formed ; the precise point of contact disappears, and one can only guess by watching the process of formation upon other occasions. But whereas many persons appear to hold that this column which holds up the heaven of a primitive polytheism is almost entirely let down from the sky, my notion is that it rises much more directly from the earth, that man is mainly the base as well as the capital.

That the theory of Eucemerus applies more extensively to modern Asiatic polytheism than it did to the polytheism of ancient Europe, may well be true. It may be that Nature worship, conscious or unconscious, prevails more largely in one stage than in another of popular religion ; and that the Indians have passed out of that stage ; that the old personifications have been superseded and have retired into the background. Indeed, there is such a crush and jumble of new gods constantly pushing themselves forward up the Jacob's ladder in India, that without fresh blood no old established deity could long maintain predominance. New and improved miraculous machinery is constantly introduced, and the complex and changing nature of human needs and grievances requires a popular god to keep abreast with the times. Such a thing for instance as vaccination requires in these days to be accounted for ; so does a locomotive steam engine ; and the question is whether such new wonders are to be accepted and absorbed or denounced. Fresh blood is of course obtained by the simple expedient of a new embodiment of the old-

fashioned divinity if the competitor is a new man, or by a new attribute if it is a physical discovery. In this manner the elder gods of Hinduism may well have been driven back into the sky by the swarm of earth-born deifications. In earlier ages, when society changed very slowly, and life was more uniform, this necessity for feverish competition did not exist; and religion was more stationary.

But the leading gods of ancient Greece and Rome seem to have always been more obvious personifications of inanimate Nature than has for many centuries been the case in the popular liturgy of India. Comte's theory of the evolution of polytheism by the grouping of physical phenomena into a personage (which is in effect identical with the theory of the evolution of all divine myths from Nature worship) appears mainly drawn from classic polytheism, wherein the great heads of natural departments were universally known and adored, more or less consciously. These are the deities with which Euemerism has nothing to do, and which Euemerus should not have tried to explain away into men, for he did not understand their constitution and made altogether a wrong diagnosis. As to these my conjecture is that the departmental god, immediate or derived, occupies no very forward place in modern Brahmanic polytheism. Without doubt the Vedic personifications are still held in high reverence, and the system agrees with classic polytheism in deifying a few of the more important vital functions, which are, however, still represented by unmistakable concrete symbolism, not by such delicate personifications as Aphrodite or Lucina. And natural phenomena are still largely worshipped in concrete, as the Sun or Fire, which is mere fetichism. But, I repeat, the vast majority of the deities really in vogue are magnified non-natural men, without any defined speciality, who subsist and flourish by absorbing not the powers of nature, but the devout or heroic exploits of men.¹ And this difference, if it exists, between the constitution of Asiatic and of classic polytheism may, perhaps, be explained by saying that the more imaginative and incomparably more æsthetic Greek had reached a later stage of polytheism, in which people are satisfied with personifying movements of Nature; that his symmetrical and poetic taste led him to group the attributes of the sea, for instance, artistically under one name, and actually to adore his beautiful creation. Whereas the Hindu, grotesque and irregular in his conceptions, more gross in his sensuous ideas, but at the same time more profoundly spiritual, more oppressed by the mystery of life and death, requires

(1) They also draw largely upon the dangerous characteristics of animals; but this is a branch of the subject which is not here touched, though here also comparative mythology seems to have made an arbitrary annexation of the whole province. To those who live in a country where wicked people and witches are constantly taking the form of wild beasts, the explanation of Lykanthropy by a confusion between Leukos and Lukos seems wanton.

something closer to human sympathies for his worship. Between a bad climate and worse governments he has usually had a hard and precarious lot upon earth; he would demur from his own experience to the sentiment that kings and priests can make or cure but a small portion of the ills which man endures; he would rather assert the exact contrary—taking the priests to be agents of the gods, and taking the gods, as he does, to be merely another phase of the powerful men who do what they choose with him on earth. These personages, whether in the human or the divine phase, are a great burden to his weariful existence, and are the chief causes of his anxiety to escape from it; he by no means looks forward to meeting his gods in some future world and singing their praise; what the Hindu desires is to escape from them altogether and to attain either absorption or extinction. He canonizes or deifies his distinguished men, not in the way of distributing orders of merit or titles for past services, but because he really thinks they were and are the embodiments of Power and could still do him a mischief. And the extraordinary difficulty which the Hindu finds in conceiving a way of escape out of his personal existence is only one proof of the very strong impression made upon him by individual personality and character. He will not realise the dismissal to shades below of a hero, nor will he leave him drinking nectar with a purple mouth up above, only to re-appear when called in to solve knots worthy of a god. His favourite doctrines of transmigration and incarnation bring the individual constantly back upon earth in the flesh. Thus he constantly turns his men into gods, and his gods back into men; he discovers a living man in whom the god actually resides, or he builds a temple to a god with an authentic human biography, with equal confidence. All this may rest upon pantheism, or the belief that the primal energy is the same everywhere in a storm, a cow, a man, or a god. But it none the less follows that this divine energy is most directly concerned with humanity when it is run into the mould of a human creature. Borgias and Catilines are, in India, more important and impressive representatives of heaven's design than even storms and earthquakes. And, therefore, for one personification of storms and earthquakes, the Hindu deifies a hundred Borgias or successful Catilines. In this way I should attempt to argue that the working divinities of Hinduism are much more largely supplied by the deification of authentic men than may ever have been the case in classic Europe, and consequently that the theory of Eumemerus affords a good explanation of the origin of a great part of Asiatic polytheism.

It is worth remarking that Buckle, in comparing the Hindu and Greek religions, lays stress upon a view of their respective characteristics which is almost exactly contrary to that which has here been

suggested. He is illustrating (in his *History of Civilisation*) the influence of physical laws on religion; and in this place his errors on matters of fact are so great as to inspire grave mistrust of the process of searching a library for facts to suit a comprehensive theory. "According to the principles already laid down," says Buckle, the deification of mortals "could not be expected in a tropical civilisation, where the aspects of nature filled man with a constant sense of his own incapacity. It is, therefore, natural that it should form no part of the ancient Indian religion;" and he then quotes Colebrooke, who said that the worship of deified men is no part of the Vedic system, as if the remark applied to Indian religion generally. He goes on to point out that in Greece the deification of mortals was a recognised part of the national religion at a very early period; whereas it is, he affirms, a form of idolatry unknown to Asiatics. In fact, it is a "peculiarity of the Greek religion." But what Colebrook really said was that the worship of deified heroes is a later phase, not to be found in the Vedas; though the heroes themselves, not yet deified, are therein mentioned occasionally. Buckle had evidently never heard of that very remarkable and flourishing offshoot of Buddhism in India, the Jaina faith, which is nothing else but the worship of deified men; and when we consider that the deification of men is universally characteristic of the cults of all the wild non-Aryan tribes in India, we see how completely Buckle's theory, that this deification implies a superior respect for the dignity of man, breaks down under accurate observation. The bloodiest and most degrading superstition in all India, that of the Khonds, is saturated with the idea that men become gods. Among all the ancient ruling families of Rajputana, the court euphemism for announcing a chief's death is that he has become one of the gods.

And thus, to resume the course of our subject, mythology develops into polytheism very largely out of the primitive habit of astonishment at the deeds and sufferings of real men, out of the mystery of death, and the universal attraction exercised over man by superior men. The elemental personifications exist, but they retain no monopoly of attributes, for a large proportion of every wonderful event or appearance is claimed for the local hero, whether it be storm, earthquake or cholera; it is just as likely to be attributed to some notorious person living or just dead, as to an established god, or to one of the primal deities who are constantly re-appearing in the Avatàrs. Later on in the apotheosis comes the invention of monstrous and fantastic miracles, which are mainly nothing more than gross palpable lies invented by the priests for advertising their deity and attracting attention, like a huge pictorial programme of a circus stuck up in a country village. These amazing excrescences create no proper prejudice at all against the actuality of their hero,

for no hero ever appeared in Asia who was not at once daubed over with a thick coating of the marvellous, which is, however, mere conventional exaggeration, mainly intended to amuse and attract. No one is seriously taken in by the magnificent coloured painting of the circus performer driving twenty horses abreast, but if you go within the booth you will find that he really does something rather novel and curious. And the end of this deification is that a magnified non-natural man is deposited in Olympus with a large credit to his account for whatever has been latterly going on in his neighbourhood upon earth, and an accumulated capital stock of miracles which are mostly delusions pure but often facts grievously distorted. Then in latter days when the atmosphere of belief has changed, and when public opinion has become clarified on such matters, people are astounded at finding a deity with such an extravagant history quietly seated up aloft, and they try to evaporate him or to explain him away with all possible ingenuity. Hence a variety of metaphors and mystifications employed particularly by the more cultivated and intellectual polytheists; but it is very rare to find any one of the superior classes who will acknowledge that the god is simply the natural outgrowth of the deifying process going on around them. They will say of a man that he is the embodiment of a god: they encourage the people to turn men into gods, and they are reluctant to allow that their gods are men. The moralists are puzzled by the apparent want of moral purpose or ethical decency about the god, forgetting that they who fashioned him went upon the analogy of their own experience and of the pitiless course of nature, and that the god was never intended to be a model, or a reforming governor, only a distorted image of some passages in human existence. And, lastly, in order to get rid of the intense anthropomorphism, people expound that it is necessary to the laws and processes of the human mind, and in order to make certain transcendental ideas conceivable to the faculties. But, in fact, man usually obtains the human figures for his heaven by a very much more material operation—by taking rough casts, as one might say, of famous personages in the flesh, and subsequently modelling and re-modelling the plastic shape to suit his fancy or his moral sense.

From this point of view, therefore, the professors of the science of religion who maintain that divine mythology was originally formed in the sky out of nature worship, where it gradually condensed and was precipitated in the shapes of polytheism, may be perhaps said to have omitted due attention to the antecedent process of evaporation upward. The cloud land is first filled by emanations from the earth. And, from a different standpoint of observation, the metaphor suggested by this constant transmutation of human forms into divine images, and by their refraction again upon the sight of men

wondering, is that of a mirage. In countries and climates where, as in India, the fantastic phantasmagoria of divine shapes or scenes in the heavens above answers very closely to what is actually going on, or supposed to be going on, among men upon earth below, the phenomenon is easily explained and understood. One watches the reflected forms take shape and colour, and fade as the sun grows stronger, and dispels the intellectual mist out of which they are produced. Thus watching, it is impossible not to suspect the fallacy of drawing an argument in favour of the credibility of any divine narrative from its natural analogy with the known order of things in the world, and of demonstrating that because strange and unaccountable things are known to occur upon earth, therefore any incident not more strange and unaccountable, reported as from heaven, is credible. This is, to affirm that the reflection is as substantial as the thing reflected. The peculiarity of the religious mirage is that it remains long after the scenes upon earth which it caught up have passed away; for a primitive belief retained among cultivated people is like the survival (if it could happen) in the sky of a mirage long after the landscape which it reflected, with the early light and the hazy atmosphere which transmitted it, have changed. If this survival were possible in the physical world, then, since the appearance still remaining in the sky would have no longer even a fanciful or refracted resemblance to objects on the changed face of the country below, the people would wonder how it came there, the phenomenon would appear mysterious and inexplicable, mystic and symbolical, as a divine myth appears to later generations. But those who have seen a religious mirage in its earlier stages perceive that the human forms visible in the heavens are mostly the great shadows cast by real personages who stood out from among the primitive generations of men upon earth. They are fantastic *silhouettes*, and they fade away as the mists clear; but they almost certainly reflect and preserve in outline an original figure somewhere once existent upon earth, though they may be now no nearer the scale of humanity than the spectres of the Brocken.

For the purposes of the science of religion, and as a study of further developments, it is worth while observing how the spiritualists of India, the preachers of pure morals and of subjective creeds, are hampered and entangled by this gross materialism of the people. No spiritual teacher of mark can evade being reckoned a god (or a visible embodiment of divine power) by the outer ring of his disciples, and an atheist or blasphemer by his enemies; he may disown and denounce, but the surrounding atmosphere is too strong for him. When the lower class of Brahmans discover that in his secret teaching he is against them, they are apt to invent vindictive and scandalous accounts of his birth and social conduct. They may

excommunicate him, and reasonably, for in all countries the spiritualist is impelled to attack caste rules and those prejudices about bodily purity or impurity which are so inveterate in all early theologies. And if the new sect openly defies caste, it will be persecuted. The common people, on the other hand, amid much vague awe of the professional Brahman, never allow him a monopoly of their religious custom; nor does the Brahman himself set up as agent for the only genuine repertory of divinities, or declare all others to be spurious. Uniformity and consistency in creeds are inventions of the thorough-going European mind; and though religion is certainly the only general question which really interests the Asiatic, yet he has never organized either his ideas or his institutions up to that point of precision which naturally breeds active intolerance of dissent or incongruities. To the mass of Hindus it is quite simple that they shall indulge their fancy in following after any new deity or saint who is likely to do them a good turn, without troubling themselves whether this latest dispensation is in accordance or collision with their regular everyday ritual. So they insist on recognising the spiritualist as a fresh manifestation of Power, and they worship him accordingly. This does not much offend orthodoxy, which has no great objection to an extra god or so; but the esoteric doctrines, which probably drown all priesthoods and gods together in the depths of some mystic pantheism, are much more likely to get their authors into trouble. Hence arise the secret fraternities, the mystic symbols and masonic signs, by which nearly every spiritual sect intercommunicates. These things are used to save the teacher from his friends as well as from his enemies; the melancholy ascetic may be seen sitting and enduring the adoration of the crowd; he does not encourage them, but he does not much attempt to undeceive them. His secret, his way of life, his glimpse behind the curtain before which all this illusive stage-play of the visible world goes on, his short cut out of the circle of miserable existences, these things he imparts to those initiated disciples whom he selects out of the herd, and whom he sends abroad to distribute the news. When he dies he is canonized, and he may fall into the grip of the Brahmans after all and be turned into an embodiment of a god, but his society may also survive and spread on its spiritual basis. Unluckily secret societies founded on the purest principles are dangerous institutions in all ages. They are of course regarded suspiciously by every government, and with very good reason; for their movements in Asia are sure to grow into political agitation whenever they acquire an impetus. And in India there is such a perceptible tendency of spiritual liberalism to degenerate into licence, there is so much evidence of the liability of the purest mysticism to be interpreted by way of orgies among weaker brethren, that one

may guess scandalous stories about private gatherings of the initiated to have been not altogether without foundation in any age or country.

Whether a spiritual ascetic shall succeed in founding a sect with inner lights, or only a fresh group of votaries which adore him as a peculiar manifestation of divinity, seems to depend much upon all kind of chances. Sometimes both conceptions of him survive, and thus we get that duplex formation so common in Eastern religions—the esoteric doctrine and the exoteric cult. There is one widely spread sect in India (though not many English know it) which outwardly worships Krishna—an incarnation of Vishnu—and sets up his image in the house; but their real point of adoration is an obscure enthusiast who founded the sect not very long ago, and who is now in the semi-miraculous stage. By the outer disciples he is certainly held to be himself an embodiment of Vishnu; but, so far as can be made out, the initiated still know him to have been a spiritualist who scorned gods and Brahmins. But, as times go on, these two branches out of one stock—the worship of a divinity and the inner revelation—become twisted up together, so that the reputed miracles are used to authenticate the spiritual message, and the spiritual message is put forward as an adequate motive to explain the miracles. Then of course the message itself is subjected to incessant changes and enlargements; for, being always at its first delivery a very simple message contained in a few deep abstruse sayings, it is very soon required to explain everything in this world and the next. *Here comes in the living tradition which fills in details, and provides fresh formulas to supply fresh needs. This duty falls upon the successors who are elected as chiefs of the sect, upon whom the mantle of the founder is supposed to have fallen; sometimes, indeed, they are proclaimed to be successive incarnations of the god who first appeared in the founder. But this is only where the spiritual side of the peculiar doctrine has been very much darkened, either intentionally or by ignorance.*

All these transitions in the working out of religious creeds and dogmas are visible in India at the present day. We can perceive how the religious ideas of a great population do not develop regularly and simultaneously through regular stages in one direction or from one starting-point; but that ideas, simple and complex, physical and metaphysical, moral and immoral, grow up together in a jumble, the strongest growth absorbing the weaker ones. In India of course the whole atmosphere is gradually changing, but we have yet to see how this will modify the old belief. Speaking broadly and excluding Europeanized societies, it may be said that nowhere as yet in India has morality become essential to the credibility of a divine narrative. Perhaps, indeed, the course of ideas in modern India may

never lead up to this necessity, and the Hindus may retain their primitive notions of malignant deities as being reasonably in accordance with the perceived analogies of nature, and as furnishing quite as good an explanation of the prevalence of evil in this world as any hitherto discovered by philosophers. For Mr. Mill's conclusion, that of accepting a Divinity but doubting his omnipotence, is, whatever he may say to the contrary, a kind of philosophic return toward the idea of popular polytheism, a distribution of divine powers. And the main practical objection to its becoming popular is that it in no way satisfies the religious feeling of desire, for perfect trust and dependence which is peculiar to Christianity and Islam.* In Hinduism also this feeling is universal, but vague and indefinite, not belonging necessarily to the conception of the gods. That belief in a moral purpose and a just Providence should be rooted in the Hindu mind, side by side with all these absurd mythologies, is only one of the numerous anomalies natural to polytheism, which should neither derange nor confirm any theory about the origin of the mythology. Yet the co-existence in the same period and community of irrational and monstrous myths with sublime conceptions of the ways of gods toward men has not only been marked as a puzzling contradiction, but has been used as evidence that the source of divine myths was never really religious belief but only metaphoric expression. It seems to have been argued that because Eumæus in the *Odyssey* speaks reasonably and reverentially of the gods, therefore his generation could not actually have invented or believed the undignified and scandalous stories about the gods. And consistency is saved by the theory that the scandalous stories were only distorted Nature myths; that the theology "had not sprung up from any religious conviction;" that "it had started with being a sentiment, not a religion."¹ Nevertheless it is quite certain and open to proof that a pagan will invent and worship most religiously the most indefensible gods, and will simultaneously believe vaguely but firmly in a moral purpose and a supreme dispensation of justice and judgment to come. Any Hindu will call on God [*Bhagvân*] to attest the justice of his cause, precisely as a Christian might; though at the same time he worships any number of specific divinities who have no pretensions to set up as patrons of morality or justice. And the real explanation of the contradiction is that the specific god is seldom anything more than a glorified supernatural image of a man, not necessarily virtuous at all, only undoubtedly powerful. The innumerable gods of Hinduism are mostly deified, ghosts, or famous personages invested with all sorts of attributes in order to account for the caprices of nature. This is the state of the vulgar pagan mind: by the more reflective intelligence the gods are recog-

(1) "Mythology of the Aryan Nations."

nised as existent and as beings capable of making themselves very troublesome, whom it is therefore good to propitiate, like men in office. The devout pagan nevertheless trusts that there is something better beyond and above these gods, and that the moral purpose works itself somehow straight in spite of their capricious influences; at the worst there is death, absorption, or annihilation by which one may escape that dread of the gods which troubles the life of man from its inmost depths.

But whether the Hindus tend toward improving their popular divinities into rational gods, or into moral gods, or into gods inconceivable yet credible, or toward sinking them all in the ocean of pantheism, or of materialism, we may be sure that both the fantastic demi-gods and the mystical spiritualists will have their acts and sayings gradually melted down and recast to suit the exigencies of the times. All sorts of fictions will be employed to manage the further transition by gentle gradients and breaks, to serve for a curtain behind which the costumes are changed and the scenes shifted. And it is probable that, later on, scientific inquirers from a distance (either of space or time) will become so puzzled among the anomalies and contradictions thus produced, not only by the original confusion of belief, but also by the processes which these beliefs and the narratives of their origin have undergone in being adapted to different levels of credulity or conscience, that they will distrust altogether the actuality of the human heaven which is at the bottom of these fermentations. • Future scholars will show how the divine narratives grew up and were pieced together out of unconscious allegory, poetic symbolism, personification of nature, disguise of language, and will decide, because these are necessary conditions to the existence and transitions of a divine myth, that its hero has no more authentic human origin. Yet the Hindu at any rate, with his strong sense of personality after death, and of the necessity for providing a fresh tenement for the soul disembodied, has certainly built up the greater part of his inhabited pantheon out of the actions and words of real men; and he mostly follows, not will-o'-the-wisps and distorted metaphors, but the deep footsteps left by extraordinary men in their passage through the world. He cannot believe that these souls have gone for ever; he is continually recalling them and worshipping them; he will not let the heroic shade depart to the shades below, but translates him at once into a present spirit.

To conclude. It has been thought worth while to lay so much stress in this paper upon the fact that the gods of Asiatic polytheism have been mostly men, because the broad impersonal theories now in vogue about the origin and development of religious belief usually ignore this fact, more or less. Because an immense quantity of

superstitious gossip about the gods, of fairy tales, folk lore, and the like, are evidently fables, built up out of mere words, therefore the extreme comparative mythologist appears to infer that the central divine figures round which all this floating fable gathers are also essentially nebulous and unreal. To dissipate the stories which cluster round a god, and to dissipate the god himself, are two distinct operations; and it is not always clear whether the mythologists observe this distinction in dealing with strange deities, though it is well known nearer home. This may, however, be a mistaken view of the extent to which comparative mythology desires to go; for it is difficult to ascertain positively how far the more adventurous writers would actually carry their dissolving process. But certainly the general drift of some standard popular works upon mythology appears to imply that polytheism gradually grew and took shapes out of mere abstractions and the habit of metaphoric talk. If this were accepted as a comprehensive explanation of the worship and multiform gods of the Hindus, for instance, it would, I think, entail a very wrong apprehension of the beginning and development of primitive beliefs. For I hold that Asiatic religions do not form themselves by impersonating natural phenomena and by accidental linguistic coincidences so much as by deifying authentic men. And the popularity of the impersonal explanation seems to me to be very much connected with the exigencies of the transitional state of cotemporary religion in Europe, which requires all dogmas and clear-cut personalities to be softened down into a haze. However this may be, within the domain of religion, as sometimes within that of history, there may be danger of carrying too far the method which obliterates the influence of persons, and ascribes all movement to general causes, physical or metaphysical. Those who are masters of the subject may preserve their own understanding of the true proportion which the general landscape of each religious period bears to the great figures in the foreground; but upon the unlearned the impression left by the process is apt to be hazy, and a broad view is mistaken for a desert flat. Certainly it would be to depopulate and take all the life and historic reality out of Indian polytheism if we could suppose that it consisted only of an aggregate of fortuitous impersonations of inanimate Nature.

A. C. LYALL.

SOPHOCLES.

SOPHOCLES, the son of Sophilus, was born at Colonus, a village about one mile to the north-west of Athens, in the year 495 B.C. This date makes him thirty years younger than Æschylus, and fifteen older than Euripides. His father was a man of substance, capable of giving the best education, intellectual and physical, to his son; and the education in vogue at Athens when Sophocles was a boy, was that which Aristophanes praised so glowingly in the speeches of the Dikaïos Logos. Therefore, in the case of this most perfect poet, the best conditions of training (τροφή) were added to the advantages of nature (φύσις), and these two essential elements of a noble manhood, upon which the theorists of Greece loved to speculate, were realised by him conjointly in felicitous completeness. Early in life Sophocles showed that nature had endowed him with personal qualities peculiarly capable of conferring lustre on a Greek artist of the highest type. He was exceedingly beautiful and well-formed, and so accomplished in music and gymnastics that he gained public prizes in both these branches of a Greek boy's education. His physical grace and skill in dancing caused him to be chosen, in his sixteenth year, to lead the choir in celebration of the victory of Salamis. According to Athenian custom, he appeared on this occasion naked, crowned, and holding in his hand a lyre:

εἶθε λίρα καλὴ γενομένην ἐλεφαντίνῃ,
καὶ με καλὸν παῖδες φέροισιν Διονύσιον ἐς χορόν.

These facts are not unimportant, for no Greek poet was more thoroughly, consistently, and practically εἰφύνης, according to the comprehensive meaning of that term, which denotes physical, as well as moral and intellectual, distinction. The art of Sophocles is distinguished above all things by its faultless symmetry, its grace and rhythm and harmonious equipoise of strength and beauty. In his own person the poet realised the ideal combination of varied excellences which his tragedies exhibit. The artist and the man were one in Sophocles. In his healthful youth and sober manhood, no less than in his serene poetry, he exhibited the pure and tempered virtues of εὐφροσύνη. We cannot but think of him as specially created to represent Greek art in its most refined and exquisitely balanced perfection. It is impossible to imagine a more plastic nature, a genius more adapted to its special function, more fittingly provided with all things needful to its full development, born at a happier moment in the history of the world, and more nobly endowed with physical qualities suited to its intellectual capacity.

In 468 B.C. Sophocles first appeared as a tragic poet in contest with *Æschylus*. The advent of the consummate artist was both auspicious and dramatic. His fame, as a gloriously endowed youth, had been spread far and wide. The supremacy of his mighty predecessor remained as yet unchallenged. Therefore the day on which they met in rivalry was a great national occasion. Party feeling ran so high, that Apsephion, the Archon Eponymus, who had to name the judges, chose no meaner umpires than the general Cimon and his colleagues, just returned from Scyros, bringing with them the bones of the Attic hero, Theseus. Their dignity and their recent absence from the city were supposed to render them fair critics in a matter of such moment. Cimon awarded the victory to Sophocles. It is greatly to be regretted that we have lost the tragedies which were exhibited on this occasion; we do not know, indeed, with any certainty, their titles. As Welcker has remarked, the judges were called to decide, not so much between two poets, as between two styles of tragedy: and if Plutarch's assertion, that *Æschylus* retired to Sicily in consequence of the verdict given against him, be well-founded, we may also believe that two rival policies in the city were opposed, two types of national character in collision. *Æschylus* belonged to the old order. Sophocles was essentially a man of the new age, of the age of Pericles, and Pheidias, and Thucydides. The incomparable intellectual qualities of the Athenians of that brief blossom-time have so far dazzled modern critics, that we have come to identify their spirit with the spirit itself of the Greek race. Undoubtedly the glories of Hellas, her special *geist* in art, and thought, and statescraft, attained at that moment to maturity through the felicitous combination of external circumstances, and through the prodigious mental greatness of the men who made Athens so splendid and so powerful. Yet we must not forget that Themistocles preceded Pericles, while Cleon followed after; that Herodotus came before Thucydides, and that Aristotle, at a later date, philosophized on history; that *Æschylus* and Euripides have each a shrine in the same temple with Sophocles. And all these men, whose names are notes of differences deep and wide, were Greeks, almost contemporaneous. The later and the earlier groups in this tripe series are, perhaps, even more illustrative of Greece at large: while the Periclean trio represent Athenian society in a special and narrow sense at its most luminous and brilliant, most isolated and artificial, most self-centred and consummate point of *αὐταρκεία*, or internal adequacy. Sophocles was the poet of this transient phase of Attic culture, unexampled in the history of the world for its clear and flawless character, its purity of intellectual type, its absolute clairvoyance, and its plenitude of powers matured, but unimpaired, by use.

From the date 468 to the year of his death, at the age of ninety, Sophocles composed one hundred and thirteen plays. In twenty contests he gained the first prize; he never fell below the second place. After *Æschylus* he only met one formidable rival, *Euripides*. What we know about his life is closely connected with the history of his works. In 440 B.C., after the production of the *Antigone*, he was chosen, on account of his political wisdom, as one of the generals associated with Pericles in the expedition to Samos. But Sophocles was not, like *Æschylus*, a soldier; nor was he in any sense a man of action. The stories told about his military service turn wholly upon his genial temperament, serene spirits, unaffected modesty, and pleasure-loving personality. So great, however, was the esteem in which his character for wisdom and moderation was held by his fellow-citizens, that they elected him in 413 B.C. one of the ten commissioners of Public Safety, or *πρόβοιλοι*, after the failure of the Syracusan expedition. In this capacity he gave his assent to the formation of the governing council of the Four Hundred two years later, thus voting away the constitutional liberties of Athens. It is recorded that he said this measure was not a good one, but the best under bad circumstances. It should however be said that doubt has been thrown over this part of the poet's career; it is not certain that the Sophocles in question was in truth the author of *Antigone*.

One of the best authenticated and best known episodes in the life of Sophocles is connected with the *Œdipus Coloneus*. As an old man, he had to meet a law-suit brought against him by his legitimate son Iophon, who accused him of wishing to alienate his property to the child of his natural son Ariston. This boy, called Sophocles, was the darling of his later years. The poet was arraigned before a jury of his tribe, and the plea set up by Iophon consisted of an accusation of senile incapacity. The poet, preserving his habitual calmness, recited the famous chorus which contains the praises of Colonus. Whereupon the judges rose and conducted him with honour to his house, refusing for a moment to consider so frivolous and unwarranted a charge.

Personally Sophocles was renowned for his geniality and equability of temper; *εὐκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ' εὐκολος δ' ἐκτὶ* is the terse and emphatic description of his character by Aristophanes. That he was not averse to pleasures of the sense, and that he indulged his passions in accordance with Greek custom, is proved by evidence at least as good as that on which most biographical details of the ancients rest. To slur these stories over because they offend modern notions of propriety is feeble. Sophocles would have smiled at such unphilosophical partizanship. That a poet, distinguished for his physical beauty, should refrain from sensual enjoyments in the

flower of his age, is not a Greek, but a Christian notion. Such abstinence would have indicated in Sophocles mere want of inclination. The words of Pindar are here much to the purpose—

χρὴν μὲν κατὰ καιρὸν ἐρώτων δρέπεσθαι, θυμέ, σὺν ἀλικίᾳ.

All turned upon the κατὰ καιρὸν, and no one had surely a better sense of the καιρὸς, the proper time and season for all things, than Sophocles. He showed his moderation, which quality, not total abstinence, was virtue in such matters for the Greeks, by knowing how to use his passions, and when to refrain from their indulgence. The whole matter is summed up in this passage from the *Republic* of Plato: "How well I remember the aged poet Sophocles, when, in answer to the question, 'How does love suit with age, Sophocles—are you still the man you were?' 'Peace,' he replied; 'most gladly have I escaped from that, and I feel as if I had escaped from a mad and furious master.'"

A more serious defect in the character of Sophocles is implied in the hint given by Aristophanes, that he was too fond of money. The same charge was brought against many Greek poets. We may account for it by remembering that the increased splendour of Athenian life, and the luxuriously refined tastes of the tragedian, must have tempted him to do what the Greeks very much disliked—make profit by the offspring of his brain. To modern notions nothing can sound stranger than the invectives of the philosophers against sophists who sold their wisdom; it can only be paralleled by their deeply-rooted misconception about interest or capital, which even Aristotle regarded as unnatural and criminal. That Sophocles was in any deeper sense avaricious or miserly we cannot believe: it would contradict the whole tenor of the tales about his geniality and kindness.

Unlike Æschylus and Euripides, Sophocles never quitted Athens except on military service. He lived and wrote there through his long career of laborious devotion to the highest art. We have therefore every right, on this count also, to accept his tragedies as the purest mirror of the Athenian mind at its most brilliant period. Athens in the age of Pericles was adequate to the social and intellectual requirements of her greatest sons; and a poet whose earliest memories were connected with Salamis may well have felt that even the hardships of the Peloponnesian war were easier to bear within the sacred walls of the city than exile under the most favourable conditions. No other centre of so much social and political activity existed. Athens was the Paris of Greece, and Sophocles and Socrates were the Parisians of Athens. At the same time the stirring events of his own lifetime do not appear to have disturbed the tranquillity of Sophocles. True to his destiny, he remained an artist;

and to this immersion in his special work he owed the happiness which Phrynichus recorded in these famous lines :—

μάκαρ Σοφοκλεῆς ὃς πολλὸν χρόνον βιοῖς
ἀπέθανεν εὐδαίμων ἀνὴρ καὶ δεξιός·
πολλὰς ποιήσας καὶ καλὰς τραγωιδίας
καλῶς ἐτελεύτησ' οὐδὲν ὑπομείνας κακόν.

“ Thrice happy Sophocles ! in good old age,
Blessed as a man, and as a craftsman blessed,
He died : his many tragedies were fair,
And fair his end, nor knew he any sorrow.”

The change effected by Sophocles in tragedy tended to mature the drama as a work of pure art, and to free it further from the Dionysiac traditions. He broke up the Trilogy into separate plays, exhibiting three tragedies and a satyric drama, like Æschylus before him, but undoing the link by which they were connected, so that he was able to make each an independent poem. He added a third actor, and enlarged the number of the chorus, while he limited its function as a motive force in the drama. These innovations had the effect of reducing the scale upon which Æschylus had planned his tragedies, and afforded opportunities for the elaboration of detail. It was more easy for Sophocles than it had been for Æschylus to exhibit play of character through the interaction of the *dramatis personæ*. Tragedy left the remote and mystic sphere of Æschylean theosophy, and confined herself to purely human arguments. Attention was concentrated on the dialogue, in which the passions of man in action were displayed. The dithyrambic element was lost ; the choric odes providing a relief from violent excitement, instead of embodying the very soul and spirit of the poet's teaching. While limiting the activity of the chorus, Sophocles did not, like Euripides, proceed to disconnect it from the tragic interest, or pay less attention than his predecessors to its songs. On the contrary, his choric interludes are models of perfection in this style of lyric poetry, while their subject-matter is invariably connected with the chief concerns and moral lessons of the drama.

The extant plays of Sophocles are all later than the year 440 B.C. They may safely be said to belong to the period of his finished style, or, in the language of art criticism, to his third manner. What this means will appear from a valuable passage in Plutarch :—“ Sophocles used to say that, when he had put aside the tragic pomp of Æschylus, and then the harsh and artificial manner of his own elaborate style, he arrived in the third place at a form of speech which is best suited to portray the characters of men, and is the most excellent.” Thus it would appear that Sophocles had commenced his career as a dramatist by the study of the language of Æschylus ; finding that too turgid and emphatic, he had fallen into affectation and refine-

ment; and finally had struck the just medium between the rugged majesty of his master and the mannered elegance which was in vogue among the sophists. The result was that peculiar mixture of grace, dignity, and natural eloquence which scholars know as Sophoclean. It is interesting to notice that the first among the extant tragedies of Sophocles, the *Antigone*, is more remarkable for studied phrase and verbal subtleties than his later plays. The *Œdipus Coloneus*, which is the last of the whole series, exhibits the style of the poet in its perfect purity and freedom. A curious critical passage in Plutarch seems to indicate that the ancients themselves observed the occasional euphuism of the Sophoclean style as a blemish. It runs thus:—*μέμφαιτο δ' ἂν τις Ἀρχιλόχου μὲν τὴν ὑπόθεσιν . . . Εὐριπίδου ἐκ τὴν λαλίαν, Σοφοκλέους δὲ τὴν ἀνωμαλίαν.*¹ "One might censure the garrulity of Euripides and the linguistic irregularities of Sophocles." I am not, however, certain that this is the right meaning of the phrase *ἀνωμαλία*. Another censure, passed by Longinus upon Sophocles, points out a defect which is the very last to be observed in any of the extant tragedies:—"Pindar and Sophocles at one time burn everything before them in their fiery flight, but often strangely lack the flame of inspiration, and fall most grievously to earth."² Then he adds: "Certainly no wise critic would value all the plays of Ion put together at the same rate as the single tragedy of *Œdipus*." The importance of these critiques is to prove that the ancients regarded Sophocles as an unequal and in some respects a censurable poet, whence we may infer that only masterpieces belonging to his later style have been preserved to us, since nothing, to a modern student, is more obvious than the uniform sustained perfection of our seven inestimably precious tragedies. A certain tameness in the *Trachiniae*, and a relaxation of dramatic interest in the last act of the *Ajax*, are all the faults which it is possible to find with Sophocles.

What Sophocles is reported to have said about his style will apply to his whole art. The great achievement of Sophocles was to introduce regularity of proportion, moderation of tone, and proper balance into tragedy. The Greek phrases *συμμετρία*, *ὁμοφροσύνη*, *μετρίότης*, sum up the qualities of his drama when compared with that of Æschylus. Æschylus rough hewed like a Cyclops, but he could not at the same time finish like Praxiteles. Sophocles attempted neither Cyclopean nor Praxitelean work. He attained to the perfection of Pheidias. Thus we miss in his tragedies the colossal scale and sublime effects of Æschylean art. His plays are not so striking at first sight, because it was his aim to put all the parts of his composition in their proper places, and to produce a harmony which should not agitate or startle, but which upon due meditation

• (1) De Aud. Poet., p. 16 C.

(2) De Subl., xxxiii. 5.

should be found complete. The *σωφροσύνη* or moderation which he exhibited in all his work implies by its very nature the sacrifice of something—the sacrifice of passion and impetuosity to higher laws of equability and temper. So perfect is the *beauty* of Sophocles, that, as in the case of Raphael or Mozart, it seems to conceal the strength and fire which animate his art.

Aristotle, in the *Poetics*, observes that "Poetry is the proper affair of either enthusiastic or artistic natures," *εὐφροῦς ἢ μανικοῦ*. Now Æschylus exactly answers to the notion of the *μανικός*, while Sophocles corresponds to that of the *εὐφρύνης*. To this distinction between the two types of genius we may refer the partiality of Aristotle for the younger dramatist. The work of the artistic poet is more instructive and offers more matter for profitable analysis, for precept and example, than that of the divinely inspired enthusiast. Where creative intelligence has been used consciously and effectively to a certain end, critical intelligence can follow. It is clear that in the *Poetics*, which we may regard as a practical text-book for students, the philosopher is using the tragedy of Sophocles, and in particular the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, as the standard of perfection. Whatever he has to say about the handling of character, the treatment of the fable, the ethics of the drama, the catastrophes and recognitions (*περιπέτεια* and *ἀναγνώρισις*), which formed so integral a part of his dramatic analysis, he points by references to *Œdipus*. In Sophocles Aristotle found the *μεσότης*, or intermediate quality between two extremes, which in æsthetics as in morals seemed to his Greek mind most excellent. Consequently he notes all deflections from the Sophoclean norm as faulty; and since in his day Euripides led the taste of the Athenians, he frequently shows how tragic art had suffered by a deviation from the principles which Sophocles illustrated. The chief point on which he insists is the morality of the drama. "The tragedies of the younger poets for the most part are unethical." With his use of the word *ἥθος* we must be careful not to confound the modern notion of morality: *ἥθος* means, indeed, with Aristotle as with us, the determination of the character to goodness or badness; but it also includes considerations of what is appropriate to sex and quality and circumstance in the persons of a work of fiction. The best modern equivalent for *ἥθος*, therefore, is character. Since tragedy is an imitation of men acting according to their character, *ἥθος* in this wide sense is the whole stuff of the dramatist, and a proper command of *ἥθος* implies real knowledge of mankind. Therefore, when Aristotle accuses the tragedies of Euripides and his school of being "unethical," he does not merely mean that they were prejudicial to good manners, but also that they were false to human nature, unscientific, and therefore inartistic, exceptional or morbid, wavering in their conception and unequal in their execution.

The truly great poet, Sophocles, shows his artistic tact and taste by only selecting such characters as are suitable to tragedy. He depicts men, but men of heroic mould, men as they ought to be.¹ When Sophocles said that he portrayed men such as tragedy required them to be, whereas Euripides drew them just as they are, he pointed to the real solution of the tragic problem.² The point here raised by Aristotle has an intimate connection with his whole theory of tragedy. Tragic poetry must purify the passions of fear and pity; in other words it must teach men not to fear when fear is vile, or to pity where pity would be thrown away. By exhibiting a spectacle which may excite the fear of really dreadful calamity and compassion for truly terrible misfortune, tragedy exalts the soul above the ordinary miseries of life, and nerves it to face the darker evils to which humanity in its blindness and its sin and its self-pride is exposed. Now this lesson cannot be taught by drawing men as they exist around us. That method drags the mind back to the trivialities of every day.

What Aristotle says about the *ἦθος* of tragedy may be applied to point the differences between Sophocles and Æschylus. He has not himself drawn the comparison; but it is clear that, as Euripides defects on the one hand from the ethical standard, so also does Æschylus upon the other. Æschylus keeps us in the high and mystic region of religious fatalism. Sophocles transports us into the more human region of morality. His problem is to exhibit the complexities of life—"whatsoever has passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within." While Æschylus paints heroes in the grip of a remorseless destiny, Sophocles paints men of noble stature acting in subjection to the laws appointed for the order of the world. His men and women are like ourselves, only larger and better in so far as they are simpler and more beautiful. Like the characters of Æschylus, they suffer for their sins; but we feel that the justice which condemns them is less mystic in its operation, more capable of philosophical analysis and scientific demonstration.

It must not be, therefore, thought that Sophocles is less religious than Æschylus. On the contrary, he shows how the will and passion of men are inevitably and invariably related to divine justice. Human affairs can only be understood by reference to the Deity: for the decrees of Zeus, or of that power which is above Zeus, and which he also obeys, give their moral complexion to the motives and the

(1) Notice the phrases *βελτιόνες* in Cap. ii., as compared with *καθ' ἡμᾶς*, and again *ὁμοίους ποιοῦντες, καλλίους γράφουσιν* in Cap. xv., together with the whole analogy of painting in both of these places.

(2) Cap. xxvi.

acts of men. Yet, while Æschylus brings his theosophy in detail prominently forward, Sophocles prefers to maintain a sense of the divine background. He spiritualizes religion, while he makes it more indefinite. By the same process it is rendered more impregnable within its stronghold of the human heart and reason, less exposed to the attacks of logic or the changes of opinion. The keynote to his tragic morality is found in these two passages:—¹

“Oh! that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that in the highest empyrean had their birth, of which heaven is the father alone, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep. The power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old.”

The second is like unto the first in spirit:—

“It was no Zeus who thus commanded me,
Nor Justice, dread mate of the nether powers,—
For they too gave these rules to govern men.
Nor did I fondly deem thy proclamations
Were so infallible that any mortal
Might overleap the sure unwritten laws
Of gods. These neither now nor yesterday,
Nay, but from everlasting without end
Live on, and no man knows when they were issued.”

The religious instinct in Sophocles has made a long step toward independence since the days of Æschylus. No longer upon Olympus or at Delphi alone will the Greek poet worship. He has learned that “God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.” The voice that speaks within him is the deity he recognizes. At the same time the chorus of the *Œdipus*, part of which has just been quoted, and that of the *Antigone*, which bewails the old doom of the house of Labdacus, might, but for their greater calmness, have been written by Æschylus. The moral doctrine of Greek tragedy has not been changed, but humanized. We have got rid in a great measure of ancient demons, and brass-footed Furies, and the greed of earth for blood in recompense for blood. We have passed as it were from the shadow cast by the sun into the sunlight itself. And in consequence of this transfiguration, the morality of Sophocles is imperishable. “Not of to-day or of yesterday, but fixed from everlasting,” are his laws. We may all learn of him now, as when *Antigone* first stood before the throne of Creon on the Attic stage. The deep insight into human life, which was the most precious gift of the Greek genius, and which produced their greatest contributions to the education of the world, is in Sophocles obscured no longer by mystical mythology and local superstition. His wisdom is the common heritage of human nature.

The moral judgments of Æschylus were severe. Those of Sopho-

(1) *Œd. Tyr.*, 883; *Ant.* 450. The first translation is borrowed from Mr. M. Arnold.

cles, implicit in his tragic situations rather than expressed, are not less firm; but he seems to feel a more tender pity for humanity in its weakness and its blindness. The philosophy of life, profoundly sad upon the one side but cheerful on the other, which draws lessons of sobriety and tempered joy from the consideration of human impotence and ignorance, is truly Greek. We find it nowhere more strongly set forth than by Sophocles and Aristophanes,—by the comic poet in the Parabasis of the *Birds*, and in the songs of the *Mystæ* in the *Frogs*, by the tragic poet in his choruses and also in what is called his irony.

All that has been said about the art of Sophocles up to this point has tended to establish one position. His innate and unerring tact, his sense of harmony and measure, produced at Athens a new style of drama, distinguished for finish of language, for careful elaboration of motives, for sharp and delicate character-drawing, and for balance of parts. If we do not find in Sophocles anything to match the passion of Cassandra, the cry of Agamemnon, or the opening of the *Eumenides*, there is yet in his plays a combination of quite sufficient boldness and inventiveness with more exquisite workmanship than Æschylus could give. The breadth of the whole is not lost through the minuteness of the details. Unlike Æschylus, Sophocles opens very quietly, with conversations, for the most part, which reveal the characters of the chief persons or explain the situation. The passion grows with the development of the plot, and it is only when the play is finished that justice can be done to any separate part. Each of the seven tragedies presents one person, who dominates the drama, and in whom its interest is principally concentrated. *Œdipus* in his two plays, *Antigone* in hers, *Philoctetes* in his, *Deianeira* in the *Trachinæ*, *Electra* in her play, and *Ajax* in his, stand forth in powerful and prominent relief. Then come figures on the second plane, no less accurately conceived and conscientiously delineated, but used with a view to supporting the chief personages, and educing their decisive action.¹ A rôle of this kind is given to *Orestes* in the *Electra*, to *Neoptolemus* in the *Philoctetes*, to *Teucer* in the *Ajax*, to *Creon* in the *Antigone*, to *Teiresias* in the *Œdipus*, and so forth. *Clytemnestra* and *Tecmessa*, *Odysseus* and *Theseus*, play similar parts. Again, there is a third plane for characters still more subordinate, but no less artistically important, such as *Jocasta*, *Ismene*, *Chrysothemis*, *Ægisthus*, *Hyllus*. Then follow the numerous accessory persons—*instrumenta dramatis*—the guardian of the corpse of *Polyneices*, the shepherd of *Laius*, the tutor of *Orestes*, messengers and servants, all of whom receive their special physiognomy from the great master. In this way Sophocles

(1) See what Goethe says about the importance of *Creon* and *Ismene* in the *Antigone*. (Eckermann, vol. i.)

made true æsthetic use of the three agonistæ. The principle on which these parts were distributed in his tragedies will be found to have deep and subtle analogies with the laws of bas-relief in sculpture. Poetry, however, being a far more independent art than sculpture, may employ a greater multiplicity of parts, and produce a far more complex effect than can be realised in bas-relief.

The *Philoctetes* might be selected as an example of the power in handling motives which Sophocles possessed. The amount of interest, which is concentrated by a careful manipulation of one point—the contest for the bow of Herakles—upon so slight and stationary a plot, is truly wonderful. Not less admirable is the contrast between the youthful generosity of Neoptolemus and the worldly wisdom of Odysseus—the young man pliant at first to the crafty persuasions of the elder, but restored to his sense of honour by the compassion which Philoctetes stirs, and by the trust he places in him. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived than this moral revolution in the character of Neoptolemus. It suited the fine taste and exquisite skill of Sophocles not only thus to exhibit changes in circumstance and character, but also to compel a change of sympathy and of opinion in his audience. Thus, in the *Ajax*, he contrives to reverse the whole situation, by showing in the end Ajax sublime and Odysseus generous, though at first the one seemed sunk below humanity, and the other hateful in his vulgar scorn of a fallen rival. The art which works out psychological problems of this subtle kind, and which invests a plot like that of the *Philoctetes* with intense interest, is very far removed from the method of Æschylus. The difference between the two styles may, however, be appreciated best by a comparison of the *Electra* with the *Choëphoræ*. In these two tragedies, very nearly the same motives are employed; but what was simple and straightforward in Æschylus, becomes complex and involved in Sophocles. Instead of Orestes telling the tale of his own death, we have the narrative of his tutor, confirmed and ratified by himself in person. Instead of Electra at once recognizing her brother, she is brought at first to the verge of despair by hearing of his death. Then Chrysothemis tells her of the lock of hair. This, however, cannot reassure her in the face of the tutor's message. So the situation is admirably protracted. Æschylus misses all that is gained for the development of character by the resolve of Electra, stung to desperation by her brother's death, to murder Ægisthus, and by the contrast between her single-hearted daring and the feebler acquiescent temper of Chrysothemis. Also the peripeteia by which Electra is made to bewail the urn of Orestes, and then to discover him alive before her, is a stroke of supreme art which was missed in the *Choëphoræ*.

The pathos of the situation is almost too heart-rending: at one moment its intensity verges upon discord; but the resolution of the discord comes in that long cadence of triumphant harmony when the anagnorisis at length arrives. Nor is the ingenuity of Sophocles, in continuing and sustaining the interest of this one set of motives, yet exhausted. While the brother and sister are rejoicing together, the action waits, and every moment becomes more critical, until at last the tutor reappears and warns them of their perilous imprudence. To take another point: the dream of Clytemnestra is more mysterious and doubtful in the *Electra* than in the *Choëphoræ*; while her appearance on the stage at the beginning of the play, her arguments with Electra, her guarded prayers to Phœbus, and her reception of the tutor's message, enable Sophocles fully to develop his conception of her character. On the other hand, Sophocles has sacrificed the most brilliant features of the *Choëphoræ*; the dreadful scene of Clytemnestra's death, than which there is nothing more passionately piteous and spirit-quelling in all tragedy, and the descent of his mother's furies on the murderer. It was the object of Sophocles not so much to dwell upon the action of Orestes, as to exhibit the character of Electra: therefore, at the supreme moment, when the cry of the queen is heard within the palace, he shows his heroine tremendous in her righteous hatred and implacable desire for vengeance. Such complete and exhaustive elaboration of motives, characters, and situations as forms the chief artistic merit of the *Electra*, would perhaps have been out of place in the *Choëphoræ*, which was only the second play in a trilogy, and had therefore to be simple and stationary according to the principles of Æschylean art. The character of Clytemnestra, for example, needed no development, seeing that she had taken the first part in the *Agamemnon*. Again, it was necessary for Æschylus to insist upon the action of Orestes more than Sophocles was forced to do, in order that the climax of the *Choëphoræ* might produce the subject of the *Eumenides*. In comparing Sophocles with his predecessor, we must never forget that we are comparing single plays with trilogies. This does not, however, make the Sophoclean mastery of motives and of plots the less admirable: it only fixes our attention on the real nature of the innovations adopted by the younger dramatist.

Another instance of the art with which Sophocles prepared a tragic situation, and graduated all the motives which should conduct the action to a final point, may be selected from the *Œdipus Coloneus*. It was necessary to describe the manner of the death of Œdipus, since the whole fable selected for treatment prevented anything approaching to a presentation on the stage of this supreme event. Œdipus is bound to die alone mysteriously, delivering his

secret first in solitude to Theseus. A messenger's speech was imperatively demanded, and to render that the climax of the drama taxed all the resources of the poet. First comes thunder, the acknowledged signal of the end. Then the speech of Œdipus, who says that now, though blind, he will direct his steps unhelped. Theseus is to follow and to learn. He risè therefore from his seat; his daughters and the king attend him. They quit the stage, and the chorus is left alone to sing. Then comes the messenger, and gives the grand narration of his disappearance. We hear the voice that called—

ὦ οὔτος οὔτος Οἰδίπους τὶ μέλλομεν
χωρεῖν; πάλαι δὴ τὰπὸ σοῦ βραδύνεται.

We see the old man descending the mysterious stairs, Antigone and Ismene grouped above, and last, the kneeling king, who shrouds his eyes before a sight intolerable. All this, as in a picture, passes before our imagination. To convey the desired effect otherwise than by a narrative would have been impossible, and the narrative, owing to the expectation previously raised, is adequate.

To compare Sophocles with Euripides, after having said so much about the points of contrast between him and Æschylus, and to determine how much he may have owed in his later plays to the influence of the younger poet, would be an interesting exercise of criticism. That, however, belongs rather to an essay dealing directly with the third Greek dramatist in detail. It is sufficient here to notice a few points in which Sophocles seems to have prepared the way for Euripides. In the first place he developed the part of the messenger, and made far more of picturesque description than Æschylus had done. Then again his openings suggested the device of the prologue by their abandonment of the eminently scenic effects with which Æschylus preferred to introduce a drama. The separation of the chorus from the action was another point in which Sophocles led onward to Euripides. So also was the device of the *deus ex machinâ* in the *Philoctetes*, unless indeed we are to regard this as an invention adopted from Euripides. Nor in this connection is it insignificant that Aristotle credits Sophocles with the invention of *σκηνογραφία* or scene-painting. The abuse of scenical resources to the detriment of real dramatic unity and solidity was one of the chief defects of Euripidean art.

It may here also be noticed that Sophocles in the *Trachinæ* took up the theme of love as a main motive for a drama. By doing so he broke ground in a region which had been avoided, as far as we can judge from extant plays, by Æschylus, and in which Euripides was destined to achieve his greatest triumphs. It is, indeed, difficult to decide the question of precedence between

Sophocles and Euripides in the matter. Except on this account the *Trachiniae* is the least interesting of his tragedies. The whole play seems like a somewhat dull though conscientious handling of a fable in which the poet took but a slight interest. Compared with *Medea* or with *Phædra*, *Deianeira* is tame and lifeless. She makes one fatal and foolish mistake through jealousy, and all is over. *Hyllus* too is a mere *silhouette*, while the contention between him and *Herakles* about the marriage with *Iole* at the end, is frigid. Here, if anywhere, we detect the force of the critique quoted above from *Longinus*. At the same time the *Trachiniae* offers many points of interest to the student of Greek sentiment. The phrase *ταύτης ὁ ζεινὸς ἥμερος* is extremely significant, as expressing the pain and forceful energy which the Greeks attributed to passion: nor is the contrast which *Deianeira* draws between *πόσις* and *ἀνὴρ* without value. The motive which Sophocles used in this tragedy was developed by Euripides with a comprehension so far deeper and with a fulness so far more satisfactory, that the *Hippolytus* and the *Medea* must always take rank above it.

The deepest and most decisive quality in which the tragic art of Sophocles resembled that of Euripides is rhetoric. Sophocles was the first to give its full value to dramatic casuistry, to introduce sophistic altercations, and to set forth all that could be well said in support of a poor argument. A passage on this subject may be quoted from *Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe*:—¹

"That is the very thing," said Goethe, "in which Sophocles is a master; and in which consists the very life of the dramatic in general. His characters all possess this gift of eloquence, and know how to explain the motives for their action so convincingly that the hearer is almost always on the side of the last speaker. One can see that in his youth he enjoyed an excellent rhetorical education, by which he became trained to look for all the reasons and seeming reasons of things. Still his great talent in this respect betrayed him into faults, as he sometimes went too far."

The special point selected by Goethe for criticism is the celebrated last speech of *Antigone*:—

"At last, when she is led to death, she brings forward a motive which is quite unworthy, and almost borders on the comic. She says that if she had been a mother she would not have done either for her dead children or for her dead husband what she has done for her brother. 'For,' says she, 'if my husband died I could have had another, and if my children died I could have had others by my new husband. But with my brother the case is different. I cannot have another brother; for since my mother and father are dead there is none to beget one.' This is at least the bare sense of the passage, which in my opinion, when placed in the mouth of a heroine going to her death, disturbs the tragic tone, and appears to me very far-fetched—to savour too much of dialectical calculation. As I said, I should like a philologist to show us that the passage is spurious."

The truth is that this last speech of Antigone is exactly what the severer critics of Euripides would have selected in a play of his for condemnation. It contains, after all allowance for peculiar Greek sentiments, the rhetorical development of a sophistic thesis. In the simple thought there is pathos. But its elaboration makes it frigid.

Sophocles, though he made the subsequent method of Euripides not only possible but natural by the law of progressive evolution, was very far indeed from disintegrating the tragic structure as Euripides was destined to do. The *deus ex machina* of the *Philoctetes*, for example, was only employed because there was absolutely no other way to solve the situation. Rhetoric and wrangling matches were never introduced for their own sake. The choric odes did not degenerate into mere musical interludes. Description and narrative in no case took the place of action, by substituting pictures to the ear under conditions where true art required dramatic presentation. It remains the everlasting glory of Sophocles that he realised the mean between Æschylus and Euripides, sacrificing for the sake of his ideal the passionate and enthusiastic extremities of the older dramatist, without imperilling the fabric of Greek tragedy by the suicidal innovations of Euripides. He and he alone knew how to use all forms of art, to express all motives, and to hazard all varieties, with the single purpose of maintaining artistic unity.

What remains to be said about Sophocles, and in particular about his delineation of character, may be introduced in the course of an analysis of his three tragedies upon the tale of Thebes.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

WOMEN AT THE SWISS UNIVERSITIES.

THERE are several reasons for attaching a deeper importance to the history of the movement for the medical education of women in Switzerland than the short space of time that has elapsed since the admission of the first female student to the Zurich University would appear to warrant. In the first place, there was nothing premeditated or deliberate in the step taken by the local authorities, who admitted women simply because they presented themselves and showed themselves equal to average men. Secondly, the majority of the female students had undergone no special preparation beyond that which is afforded by the Russian female gymnasiums. Thirdly, not a single member of the governing body can be said to be unduly biassed upon the subject of the rights of women. My two chief authorities, Dr. Böhmert, the Professor of Political Economy, and Dr. Hermann, the Professor of Physiology, indeed, express themselves favourably as to the special female students with whom they have had to deal, but neither of them can be said to take a partisan tone.

The admission of women to the Zurich University dates as far back as 1864, when Miss K., a Russian lady, applied for permission to follow a regular course of medical lectures. Her request was granted by the authorities, without any objections being raised by the professors whose lectures she proposed to attend. Shortly afterwards a second Russian lady, Miss S., was admitted on a similar application. As it is laid down as an invariable rule in the University statutes that no person may take a degree who has not gone through the form of matriculation, and as neither of the young ladies in question had complied with this indispensable condition, no great importance was at first attached to their presence at the lectures. But when it was found, after the expiration of a year, that the assiduity of the female students showed no signs of flagging, and that they lost no opportunity of keeping up with the male students preparing for a degree, the question began to assume a different aspect. Should Miss K. and Miss S. be allowed to matriculate and present themselves in due course for a degree, or should their further attendance at the lectures be forbidden? At a meeting of the University Senate which took place in May, 1865, the question was discussed with considerable vivacity on moral, æsthetical, and social grounds, with no further result than that of showing that the supporters and opponents of the proposal that women should be admitted to the University on equal terms with men were at that

time very evenly matched. It was ultimately agreed that no steps should be taken on either side, until the female students had manifested their desires in an official form.

The subsequent effects of this resolution in favour of non-interference were highly favourable to the views of those who wished to see the experiment worked out. The two Russian ladies pursued their studies until the beginning of 1867, when Miss K. quitted the University without attempting to take a degree. In the month of February of the same year, Miss S., who by her energy and assiduity had earned the respect both of professors and students, offered herself for examination. By this time the opposition within the University itself had in great measure died out, and the Cantonal Board of Education was not disposed to raise any objections. Miss S. was, therefore, called upon to matriculate, and, after having been examined, obtained a degree.

The influx of female students after their rights had thus been officially recognised, was by no means so rapid as had been expected; and of those who matriculated in the ensuing terms a certain proportion did not pursue their studies for any length of time. In the summer term of 1871 there were only 15 female students of medicine and 4 of philosophy; but in the course of one year from that date their numbers had risen to 63, and in the summer term of 1873 there were 88 female students of medicine, 25 of philosophy, and one of social science, or 114 in all; of which number no fewer than 100 were Russians. At this time the total number of students at the Zurich University was 438, so that those who had maintained that the admission of women would lead to their attending in such large numbers as to swamp the male element, had now something to point to in support of their apprehensions. Nor was a want of space in the class-rooms the sole evil attending this sudden increase of numbers. The newly-admitted female students were chiefly relatives of Russian emigrants residing in Zurich. Amongst a number of zealous and hard-working young ladies, were found some few whose demeanour tended to reflect unmerited discredit upon the mass of female students in the eyes of superficial or prejudiced observers. As was naturally the case, the many who attended to their studies were scarcely noticed, whilst the few who did not, at once became conspicuous. It is difficult to determine what might have been the ultimate result of the dissatisfaction occasioned by the conduct of the unruly few, had not the publication of a Russian ukase had the effect of reducing the number of the female students within manageable limits. This document, which gave rise to much indignation, not only amongst the Russian community at Zurich, but throughout Switzerland, contains several statements concerning the female students which do not appear to rest upon substantial

grounds. It called upon them to bring their studies to a close before the 1st of January, 1874, under the penalty of being excluded from any employment in Russia within the province of Government control. The mere fact that after the date specified the number of Russian ladies who remained at the Zurich University was reduced to twelve, is a sufficient proof that the great majority only frequented it for educational purposes, and with a view to obtaining employment as midwives, teachers in the gymnasiums, &c., in their own country.¹

It may here be interesting to inquire into the causes which have led to so marked a predominance of the Russian element amongst the female students of the Swiss universities. In the first place, in the opinion of several distinguished professors, both at Zurich and at Berne, the preparatory knowledge with which the Russian ladies present themselves is of such a nature that they are, as a rule, far better qualified for entering upon a course of professional studies on equal terms with men, than is the case with members of their sex in other countries. The stock of instruction they possess is, indeed, fully equal to that which can be acquired in the best schools for boys in Germany and Switzerland. Although education in Russia has not yet reached down to the great masses of the people, there were in that country in 1873, 186 gymnasiums, progymnasiums, and other establishments of a similar character, affording instruction to 23,400 girls, and turning out annually about 1,000 certificated pupils. Courses of lectures given by the university professors for the benefit of women, enable them to attain the standard reached by men, after two years' residence at the university, in the natural sciences, physiology, anatomy, &c.²

Not only are these Russian students better prepared for the study of medicine than most women in other countries, but they have a further incentive for exertion in the knowledge that it would be greatly for the advantage of Russia if she could have female medical officers for employment in the rural districts, which contain nine-tenths of the whole population of the empire. There are, indeed, male doctors appointed to each district; but the distances are so great, and the difficulties that attend travelling so excessive, that they are seen far too rarely in many of the villages to inspire confidence or respect. The peasant women, moreover, are disinclined to consult

(1) It must not be inferred that those who now study at Zurich belong to the insubordinate class. The testimony of the professors is opposed to this view. They are probably young ladies who do not propose to seek for Government employment; whether because they have sufficient means of their own, or from other motives. Some of them are qualifying themselves by the study of mathematics, natural science, &c., to act as governesses, or to serve in large factories or railway offices.

(2) For full details of the very remarkable development of the higher education of women in Russia see *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, July 3rd, 1872, and *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 15th, 1873.

male doctors who are perfect strangers to them at the time of their confinement, and for the ailments of their children they prefer to avail themselves of the services of the first woman who offers. This is one of the chief causes of the fearful mortality amongst women in child-birth, and young children, which, in spite of early marriages and a high birth-rate, confines the annual increase of the population of European Russia to but little more than 1 per cent.¹ The residence of a female doctor who would take her share of the privations and discomforts which attend life in an isolated Russian village, would be looked upon as an act of devotion by the peasantry. Thus situated, a woman of enlightened mind might soon acquire considerable influence, and gradually inculcate the simpler rules of sanitary science, to the neglect of which is due much of the mortality amongst the rural populations, and especially the prevalence of epidemics, which recur at frequent intervals with disastrous effect.

So far as midwives are concerned, the Government has already recognised the necessity of supplying a remedy. Hence the school of midwifery at St. Petersburg. On economical grounds alone, it would appear to be a waste of energies that might be directed to nobler purposes, to send women to live in the country villages who may be incapable of assisting the peasantry on all occasions—save one. With a small salary, and the hope of being eventually allowed the full title and prerogatives of doctors, women efficiently taught might be found to practise medicine in all its branches by way of probationary service. No better test of capacity, nor of the still more important qualities which go to make a great physician, could be devised, than would be afforded by the inspection of a Russian hamlet after it had been under the sanitary control of a medical practitioner for a certain number of years.

Under the circumstances to which I have alluded, it can hardly be held that the Russian edict was dictated by any feeling of opposition to the higher education of women, and the fact that no notice has been taken of the twenty Russian ladies who merely moved to Berne, would seem to afford substantial evidence in support of the opinion that its only object was to break up the Russian colony at Zurich, which was, rightly or wrongly, looked upon as a focus of intrigues against the Empire. Much suffering has undoubtedly been inflicted upon a number of hard-working young ladies, who were endeavouring to qualify themselves for earning an honourable livelihood. The students are now scattered in various directions; besides those at Berne, some are at Prague, others at Paris, and a considerable number have, I am told, returned to Russia.

The agitation caused by the Imperial ukase has not produced the

(1) See "La Russie et les Russes." *Revue des Deux Mondes*, August 15, September 15, 1873.

effect anticipated by those who opposed the admission of female students to the Zurich University. Regulations have indeed been issued, exacting from all foreigners, whether men or women, who desire to matriculate, satisfactory proofs that they have passed through a school of the higher grade. Failing a certificate to that effect, foreigners are required to pass an examination in German, in addition to so much of mathematics and the natural sciences as will enable them to follow the lectures. They must then satisfy the examiners that they have sufficient knowledge, either of Latin alone, or of French and Italian, or of French and English, to understand easy authors. Some such regulations had, however, long been considered desirable, and, as I gather from various letters kindly communicated to me by Professor Böhmert, had even been suggested by some of the female students themselves. The formal recognition by the Cantonal Government of the right of women to take part in all the studies of the Zurich University on equal terms with men which the new regulations convey, is more likely to add to the number of serious students, than any laxity with respect to the terms of their admission.

It must not be supposed that the great experiment tried at Zurich has not given rise to opposition; but, as a rule, the difficulties it has had to encounter within the University itself have not been of a very serious character. Even outside its precincts there has been but one open opponent of such a position as to render it desirable for the Zurich professors to reply to his attacks. I allude to Dr. Bischoff, a well-known Professor of Physiology at the Munich University. That worthy gentleman, who for thirty-five years has lectured to men alone, is evidently haunted by the fear that in his old age he may be called upon to become a teacher of girls, for which post he has not sought to qualify himself ("Ausserdem, habe ich mich nicht zum Mädchen-lehrer ausgebildet"). He, therefore, hastens to publish many venerable arguments against the higher education of women in a pamphlet of fifty-six closely printed pages,¹ in which he lays great stress upon their special unfitness for the study and practice of medicine. With the omission of mere ridicule and irrelevant expressions of opinion, his arguments may fairly be condensed as follows:

Women are unfitted by nature for the study of medicine as a science: (1) Because the absolute average weight of their brain is 134 grammes (about $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces) less than that of the same organ in men. (2) Because their physical constitution is such as to render them incapable of the continuous application requisite for the study of a branch of learning like medicine, which requires an accurate knowledge of mathematics, chemistry, and other exact sciences.

(1) "Das Studium und die Ausübung der Medicin durch Frauen," von Dr. Theodor L. W. von Bischoff. Munich Literarische-artistische Anstalt. 1872.

(3) Because the sensitive purity and tenderness of their nature are so great as to render it next to impossible for them to bear many things which must constantly recur in medical tuition.

Women should not be allowed to study medical science, at least with men: (1) Because, for the foregoing reasons, they cannot do so without inflicting physical and moral injury upon themselves. (2) Because their presence at the lectures must prove a source of embarrassment to the professors and to the male students when certain branches of the subjects are discussed, and must, therefore, tend to lower the standard of instruction. (3) Because close and constant intercourse with a number of young women cannot fail to divert the attention of the male students from the subjects of their studies, and must lead with "mathematical" certainty either to gross immorality or to much jealousy and dissension.¹

Professor Bischoff rests his case on such arguments as the foregoing, delivered in a magisterial tone, and garnished by such statements as the following: "The capacity of women for the study of science is confined to its æsthetic side; they may be induced, by the beauty of colour and form of the vegetable-world, to acquire some superficial knowledge of botany; some of them may find pleasure in butterflies and beetles, or in the study of the habits of animals; whilst others may delight in glittering stones and crystals: but women want the acuteness of intellect, and the power of continuous application, which are requisite for a sound knowledge even of the branches of natural science connected with those objects."

Both Professor Böhmert and Dr. Hermann, the Professor of Physiology at the Zurich University, have thought it due to the character of the assailant to answer his dicta in detail. The former of those gentlemen is an advocate for the study of science by women on equal terms and conjointly with men, but at the same time he is distinctly opposed to granting them political equality.² Professor Hermann objects on general principles to the joint education of the two sexes, but cannot see how the right of availing themselves of the only existing means of acquiring instruction can be denied to women until separate universities are opened for them.³ I mention these facts to prove that my statements concerning the Zurich experiment are not compiled from evidence too favourable to women.

It would be a work of supererogation to insert here in detail the

(1) As a rare sample of the prophetic argument in its most offensive form, I venture to call attention to pages 39, 40, and 41 of Professor Bischoff's pamphlet.

(2) "Das Studiren der Frauen, mit besonderem Rücksicht auf das Studium der Medizin," von Prof. Dr. Victor Böhmert. Leipsic, Otto Wigand, 1872. "Das Frauenstudium nach den Erfahrungen an der Zürcher Universität." Prof. Böhmert, from the *Arbeiter-Freund*, 1874.

(3) "Das Frauenstudium und die Interessen der Hochschule Zurich," von Professor Dr. Hermann in Zurich. 1872.

replies of the two professors to the arguments of Dr. Bischoff. They both arrive at the conclusion that, although they have combated each of his arguments singly, they might well have refused to discuss, *a priori*, questions which numerous experiments have already settled in the most thorough manner. The report for 1871—72 of the Michigan University, which takes the next place in the United States after those of Harvard and Yale, in treating of the capacity of women for the study of science, states that the ability of both sexes is on the average equal; both are subjected to the same tests; there are no more absences of women than of men on the score of ill-health; the admission of women has led to the enactment of no fresh rules, nor necessitated the slightest change, either in the system of management or in the mode of instruction. There are now about thirty universities and colleges which admit women on the same terms as men, the governing bodies of which agree in asserting that the intellectual capacity of the two sexes is, on the average, equal. To the official statements of the American academic bodies, must now be added the declarations of the various professors who have had to deal with women in the Zurich University. I have before me the opinions of no less than five members of the medical faculty, who all agree that the female students are quite equal to the male in capacity and in power of application; that they have all been able to overcome the embarrassment they may be presumed to have experienced on their first arrival; that the professors have in no case felt themselves called upon to shirk the discussion of necessary subjects in order to spare their feelings; and finally, that their presence, far from exerting a baneful influence upon the male students, has had the beneficial effect of putting a stop to tasteless jokes, and of inciting them to renewed efforts to avoid being surpassed by women.

There can be no better proof of the truth of the foregoing assertions than is afforded by the statement of the following facts: (1) Of eleven women who have gone up for medical degrees at Zurich, four were marked as having passed very well, five well, one moderately, and only one failed. The two latter were Russian students, who, owing to the before-mentioned edict, were obliged to present themselves for examination after attending the lectures for three years only, instead of for the usual term of four and a half. So far, of twelve female candidates for degrees, only one has failed; which, as Professor Böhmert remarks, compared with the performances of the male students, is no discreditable result. Lest it should be thought that the proportion of ladies who have presented themselves for examination is small as compared with the number who have matriculated, I may as well mention that, until 1871, the highest number of female students was twenty-two; that the Russian

edict of 1873 reduced the number of those who joined subsequently to the same limit, before they had time to complete their studies; and finally, that many of them only took advantage of a short residence at Zurich to perfect themselves in some particular branch of science, without entertaining the intention of trying for a degree. Male students frequently enter the University for a similar purpose. Professor Böhmert informs me, in reply to a question I addressed to him on this subject, that out of about two hundred male students, only about ten annually take degrees. Several of the ladies who have graduated at the Zurich University are now practising medicine with credit. Two English ladies are employed in women's hospitals in England; one American is doctor to a hospital for children at Boston; the first Swiss lady who took a degree at Zurich is in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice as a woman's doctor in that town; and several Russian ladies are practising with considerable credit in their own country. (2) The highest medical authorities of Switzerland have agreed to admit women to the "concordat" examinations which, if passed, confer the right of practising medicine and surgery in most of the cantons.¹ (3) The federal authorities have recognised the right of women to enter the Polytechnical School, and the first who applied for admission to the branch of that institution which is devoted to "technical mechanics," passed the difficult entrance-examination with credit, although, out of the 350 men who came forward, 100 were rejected. (4) The University of Berne, which is specially jealous of its medical reputation, encouraged by the success of the experiment tried at Zurich, now admits women on terms of perfect equality with men.

Although ten years are undoubtedly too short a period for the final settlement of the difficult problem of the relative capacity of men and women, the experience of the Zurich University suffices to demonstrate that many of the latter are thoroughly capable of assimilating the most abstruse scientific knowledge. At the same time, as a result of that experience, Professor Böhmert expresses a strong opinion that the majority of women, before frequenting the universities, should receive a higher preparatory education than at present falls to their lot. He does not, therefore, consider that the universities should be closed to them until they have opportunities for acquiring such an education; on the contrary, let all those who, by means of private study or otherwise, have possessed themselves of sufficient knowledge to follow the lectures, be freely admitted. The present system of teaching in schools is thoroughly defective, and much time must elapse before gymnasiums or preparatory colleges,

(1) By an arrangement, now including most of the cantons, it has been agreed that students who have passed an examination according to certain regulations, shall be admitted to practise in all the cantons taking part in this concordat.

capable of imparting to women the preliminary knowledge required for the study of medicine and the natural sciences, can be called into existence. Meanwhile, the mere hope of being able to follow a course of instruction higher than that within the reach of the majority of their sex, works wonders with women. Zurich can adduce examples of ladies who, in six months, have obtained as sound and useful a knowledge of the classics as is acquired by the scholars of male gymnasiums in nearly as many years. More than one examination held at the University, and at the Polytechnical School, demonstrate the fact that some ladies are capable of taking the first rank, not only in languages, but in mathematics and the natural sciences.¹ So marked a superiority cannot, however, be expected of the majority of women as to enable them to compete with men in studies which the latter only approach after many years of preparatory instruction. It is, as I have already said, chiefly because good female gymnasiums exist in Russia, that the women of that country are capable of holding their own with men in the study of science.

The number of female students entered at the Zurich University for the last winter term (1874—75) is 33; of whom 19 are studying medicine, and 14 philosophy—which latter term includes philology, literature, mathematics, and the natural sciences. According to nationalities, 13 are Russians, 5 Germans, 4 Austrians, 3 Serbians, 1 English, and 1 French, besides 4 from the United States, and 2 from Switzerland.

When the Russian ladies studying at Zurich were dispersed by the imperial edict, some thirty of them, encouraged by the reception of four female students by the University of Berne, determined to apply for permission to attend the medical lectures there. Before their arrival, rumours had been spread to the effect that all the Russian students of Zurich were about to present themselves for matriculation. Wild tales had been told of the insubordinate character and socialistic proclivities of those young ladies, which caused much alarm amongst the more credulous; whilst even the soberest could not refrain from looking forward with some apprehension to the arrival of the hundred Russian women who were about to leave the Zurich University.

When it was found, however, that only twenty-one young ladies, all furnished with the best certificates from the Zurich authorities, presented themselves for admission, the question assumed a different aspect. In spite of the resistance of one or two of the least liberal-minded professors, the cantonal authorities determined to give the experiment a fair trial; not so much, perhaps, out of

(1) See "Das Frauenstudium nach den Erfahrungen an der Zürcher Universität," by Prof. Böhmert.

sympathy with the movement, as out of respect for the great principle of the perfect liberty of instruction which forms the basis of the statutes of the University of Berne. Dr. Dor, one of the members of the senate, a professor of medicine, and as such personally interested in the question, was of opinion that female students, to their own ultimate advantage, might, before attending the lectures, be called upon to pass a special entrance examination, of such a nature as to establish the fact that they possessed the same general knowledge as Swiss youths desiring to matriculate. This point was, however, decided against him, on the ground that the circumstances were not such as to justify a sudden departure from the customs of the University, to the possible detriment of the newcomers. It was decided that no female student under age would be admitted, unless she could exhibit a duly legalised document, signed by her parents or guardians, authorising her to follow a course of university study, and that applicants who had attained their majority must furnish legal proof of the fact. Since then, a regulation has been issued to the effect that, female students wishing to obtain a practising diploma under the concordat must, during the period of their residence, pass a special examination intended to test their general acquirements.

As soon as the decision of the University Senate in favour of female students became known, the male students presented a petition to that body praying that women might not be admitted to the lectures of the medical faculty on the grounds, amongst others, that the space at its disposal was already too small, and that their presence would tend to lower the standard of instruction, besides creating embarrassment whenever certain subjects, forming a necessary portion of medical studies, were approached. To the first argument it was replied, that there could be no two opinions as to the smallness of the space at the disposal of the faculty, but that, if twenty men had presented themselves instead of twenty women, no such objection would have had any weight. As to the second ground for excluding women, it rested with the professors themselves to see that the standard of instruction was not lowered, nor interference with the course of studies occasioned by any fancied embarrassment resulting from the presence of ladies, who were beforehand well acquainted with the nature of the subjects which would be discussed. As a matter of fact, no difficulty of any kind has been caused by the admission of female students, and the male students are already perfectly reconciled to their presence.

Shortly after the admission of the Russian ladies, and the official recognition of the principle of the joint study of women and men at the Bernese University, Dr. H. von Scheel, the Professor of Political Economy and Rector for the year, laid the case before the

public in his rectorial address. As it affords a fair specimen of the views of German economists¹ with regard to the necessity of opening fresh fields of employment for women, I insert succinctly its most prominent points.

Professor von Scheel pointed out that in the interests of society at large, every effort should be made to find fresh spheres of action for women. The industrial development of the present day has deprived them of many of the occupations they could once profitably pursue within the limits of their own dwellings. The rise in the retail price of raw material as compared with the retail price of manufactured articles, combined with the restriction in space arising out of advanced rents, has rendered unprofitable, if not impossible, the home-production of many commodities which were formerly supplied by the actual labour, or under the supervision of the women of the family. It is, therefore, no longer in the same degree an advantage for a man to secure the assistance of a helpmate; hence, at all events in the towns, a very great decrease in the number of marriages.² Even of those who have husbands, many must rely upon their own exertions for their personal support, and often for that of their families. To impose artificial restrictions upon their choice of a profession is, in many cases, equivalent to condemning them to want and misery; and to exclude women from any profession for which they prove themselves qualified by the ordinary tests, is to inflict a serious injury upon society. In every competition for employment, the only question that should be considered is that of the fitness of the candidates for the duties they may be called upon to perform, and their sex should not constitute an element in the calculation. By a strict adherence to this principle, the area of choice is at least doubled for all intellectual pursuits, or, in other words, the State has twice as many chances of being efficiently served.³

The number of female students in the Berne University during the winter term 1874-75 is 32, of whom 28 are in the medical, 3 in the philosophical, and 1 in the legal faculty. According to nationalities, there are 24 Russians, 1 Pole, 1 Austrian, 1 native of Bogota (whose father is a Swiss), and 1 Swiss studying medicine;

(1) Professor von Scheel is a Bavarian.

(2) According to Prof. Marquardsen (Supplement to *Allgemeine Zeitung*, September 12, 1873), the number of unmarried women in Prussia between the ages of twenty and forty was, in 1867, 1,483,494. Prof. Schönberg ("Die Frauenfrage" Basel, Benno Schwabe, 1872) arrives at similar results with regard to the Grand Duchy of Baden, and Prof. Böhmert speaking generally, affirms that thirty per cent. of all women must earn their own bread. In England, according to the census of 1871, out of 3,504,351 women between the ages of twenty and forty, 1,319,903 are unmarried: or about two out of every five.

(3) Professor Scheel's Rectorial Speech is published at Jena, under title "Frauenfrage und Frauenstudium."

3 Russians studying "philosophy," and 1 law. Four Russians have already taken medical degrees at Berne with considerable credit. Hitherto, whether at Zurich or at Berne, very few Swiss women (some five or six in all) have entered themselves as students; but of these, two have passed the concordat examinations with honour, and are actually doctors at Zurich, where one of them is in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice. If the number of Swiss women who study in the universities is so small, it is undoubtedly due in some measure to the feeling, even stronger in this country than elsewhere, that home is the proper sphere for women. But the strongest reason is to be found in the deficiency of higher female schools, which is one of the weakest points in the Swiss system of public instruction.

The time that has elapsed since female students were first admitted to the Bernese University is too short to enable the professors to come to any decided conclusion as to the capacity of women in general for the study of science. I am, however, informed on the best authority, that there is nothing in the demeanour, or in the mode of life, of the young ladies who attend the lectures, to give rise to the slightest unfavourable reflection; that they are chiefly remarkable for the regularity of their attendance and for their assiduity and application; that so far as their mental capacity, their readiness of expression, and their manual dexterity, are concerned, there is nothing that specially distinguishes them from the average of male students; that, at first, the smallness of their knowledge of Latin stands somewhat in their way, but that they speedily repair their deficiencies in this respect. It may be said that the majority of the women now studying at Berne had probably got over the preliminary difficulties at Zurich, but the above remarks are equally applicable to those who have recently joined the University.

In order duly to appreciate the value of the conclusions arrived at by the Bernese professors, as a general test of female capacity, it must be borne in mind that, at least in so far as the Russian students are concerned (and they constitute seven-eighths of the whole number), we have neither to do with the picked scholars of the gymnasiums, nor with daughters of wealthy parents who have spared no expense in perfecting their education, but with average young ladies of small means, who are striving to qualify themselves for earning their livelihood in an honourable manner.

On the whole, the experiment may be said to have succeeded at Berne; and in the opinion both of Professor von Scheel, the rector of the University, and of Professor Dor, the present rector, who is a distinguished oculist, there are good grounds for believing that women will continue to frequent the University. Their admission on equal terms with men places them in a remarkably favour-

able position for establishing the capacity of their sex for the study of science. According to the statutes, any person who has taken a degree may claim to be admitted as a "Privat-docent," and as such is entitled to deliver public lectures within the precincts of the University. The friends of the movement would view with favour any attempt of this nature on the part of a female graduate; and, if she succeeded in attracting and instructing a class, it would do much to silence those who assert that women may indeed acquire a smattering of science, but that they can never make it so thoroughly their own as to be able to impart it to others. So far as I can learn, no opposition to such an experiment is to be apprehended on the part of the academical or cantonal authorities.

Although the series of experiments carried on during the last ten years in Switzerland is of the most exhaustive character, and has been conducted in the most impartial manner, it may be said that the space of time is too short to afford convincing evidence of the fallacy of views which have the sanction of a far longer growth. I would venture to ask those who hold this opinion, whether the experience of Switzerland, combined with that of other countries which have taken steps in the same direction, does not at all events furnish sufficient grounds for giving women a fair chance of testing their faculties on equal terms with men. If they be allowed free access to the professions which have hitherto been closed to them, they will soon learn by experience that distinction in any walk of life is only the lot of a few; that even average success can only be achieved at the expense of much preparatory study, and by dint of constant application; and that many must submit to be classed in the long list of failures. But even the hard lessons of disappointment will not have been learnt in vain; habits of application and regularity will have been acquired, and a certain amount of learning assimilated which, however insufficient for an independent career, cannot fail to exercise an elevating influence upon the unsuccessful student, and to fit her in a higher degree for contributing her share to the intellectual advancement of a future generation. We all know the importance of lessons learnt in early life, the impressions from which are perhaps the only ones that are never effaced.

Even those few who are disposed to undervalue the influence of early training, or who hold that women who have acquired personal experience of the hardships of real life, as well as scientific knowledge, are none the better fitted for home duties, will allow that it may be wiser to afford them opportunities of testing their powers, if no other effect should be produced than that of dispelling illusions. It may fairly be said that most women who have thought of comparing their position with that of their male relatives, are apt to entertain the belief that, were all artificial restrictions removed,

their chances of success in any walk of life would be at least equally good. This belief is constantly being strengthened by the weak arguments and 'inconsistent actions of the men who surround them. A woman is told that she is too delicately constituted to hold her own amidst the wear and tear of every-day life; and yet she finds, when the time of trial comes, that those who expressed that opinion are only too ready to shift the heaviest burdens from their shoulders to her own. Hence the feeling that is daily gaining ground amongst women of high intellectual culture, that it is rather latent jealousy than delicate consideration for the feelings of women, that induces men to connive at their exclusion from many pursuits for which they believe themselves to be qualified.

I may be excused if, in concluding this essay, I express a hope that measures of such a character will shortly be taken in England as to restore us to the proud position we have held in the van of every great modern reform. If the senate of the London University could be induced to accede to the desire expressed by a majority of convocation, that women should be admitted to all the degrees conferred by that institution, an important step would have been taken. And finally, if the Act of 1858 were to be so far amended as to render it impossible for the Medical Boards to refuse the title and prerogatives of Doctor in Medicine to duly-qualified women, it would then be nearly as easy for them to become physicians in England as it is now in Switzerland and the United States.

G. JENNER.

DIDEROT.

IV.

The Encyclopædia.

THE history of the encyclopædic conception of human knowledge is a much more interesting and important object of inquiry than a list of the various encyclopædic enterprises to be found in the annals of literature. Yet it is proper here to mention some of the attempts in this direction which preceded our memorable book of the eighteenth century. It is to Aristotle, no doubt, that we must look for the first glimpse of the idea that human knowledge is a totality, whose parts are all closely and organically connected with one another. But the idea which only dawned in that gigantic understanding, was lost for many centuries. The compilations of Pliny are not in a right sense encyclopædic, being presided over by no definite idea of informing order. It was not until the later middle age that any attempt was made to present knowledge as a whole. Albertus Magnus, 'the ape of Aristotle' (1193—1280), left for a space the three great questions of the existence of universals, of the modes of the existence of species and genus, and of their place in or out of the bosom of the individuals, and executed a compilation of such physical facts as had been then discovered.¹ A more distinctly encyclopædic work was the book of Vincent de Beauvais (d. 1264), called *Speculum naturale, morale, doctrinale, et historiale*,—a compilation from Aquinas in some parts, and from Aristotle in others. Hallam mentions three other compilations of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and observes that their laborious authors did not much improve the materials which they had amassed in their studies, though they sometimes arranged them conveniently. In the mediæval period, as he remarks, the want of capacity to discern probable truths was a very great drawback from the value of their compilations.²

Far the most striking production of the thirteenth century in this kind was the *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon (1267), of which it has been said that it is at once the Encyclopædia and the *Novum Organum* of that age;³ at once a summary of knowledge, and the suggestion of a truer method. This however was merely the introductory sketch to a vaster encyclopædic work, the *Compendium*

(1) Jourdain's *Recherches sur les traductions latines d'Aristote*, p. 325.

(2) *Lit. of Europe*, pt. i. ch. ii. § 39.

(3) Whewell's *Hist. Induct. Sci.*, xii. c. 7.

Philosophiæ, which was not perfected. "In common with minds of great and comprehensive grasp, his vivid perception of the intimate relationship of the different parts of philosophy, and his desire to raise himself from the dead level of every individual science induced Bacon to grasp at and embrace the whole."¹ In truth, the encyclopædic spirit was in the air throughout the thirteenth century,—the century of books bearing the significant titles of *Summa* or *Universitas* or *Speculum*.

The same spirit revived towards the middle of the sixteenth century. In 1541 a book was published at Basel by one Ringelberg, which first took the name of *Cyclopædia*, that has since then become so familiar a word in Western Europe. This was followed within sixty years by several other works of the same kind. The movement reached its height in a book which remained the best in its order for a century. A German, one J. H. Alsted (1588—1638), published in 1620 an *Encyclopædia scientiarum omnium*. A hundred years later the illustrious Leibnitz pronounced it a worthy task to perfect and amend Alsted's book. "What was wanting to the excellent man was neither labour nor judgment, but material, and the good fortune of such days as ours." And Leibnitz wrote a paper of suggestions for its extension and improvement.² Alsted's *Encyclopædia* is of course written in Latin, and he prefixes to it by way of motto the celebrated lines in which Lucretius declares that nothing is sweeter than to dwell apart in the serene temples of the wise. Though he informs us in the preface that his object was to trace the outlines of the great "*latifundium regni philosophici*" in a single syntagma, yet he really does no more than arrange a number of separate treatises or manuals, and even dictionaries, within the limits of a couple of folios. As is natural to the spirit of the age in which he wrote, great predominance is given to the verbal sciences of grammar, rhetoric, and formal logic, and a verbal or logical division regulates the distribution of the matter, rather than a scientific regard for its objective relations.

For the true parentage, however, of the *Encyclopædia* of Diderot and D'Alembert it is unnecessary to prolong this list. It was Francis Bacon's idea of the systematic classification of knowledge which inspired Diderot, and guided his hand throughout. "If we emerge from this vast operation," he wrote in the *Prospectus*, "our principal debt will be to the chancellor Bacon, who sketched the plan of a universal dictionary of sciences and arts at a time when there were not, so to say, either arts or sciences." This sense of profound and devoted obligation was shared by D'Alembert, and was expressed a hundred times in the course of the work. No more

(1) Fr. Roger Bacon; J. S. Brewer's Pref., pp. 57, 63.

(2) Leibnitz Opera, v. 184.

striking panegyric has ever been passed upon our great and immortal countryman than is to be found in the Preliminary Discourse.¹ The French Encyclopædia was the direct fruit of Bacon's magnificent conceptions. And if the efficient origin of the Encyclopædia was English, so also did the occasion rise in England.

In 1727 Ephraim Chambers, a Westmoreland Quaker, published in London two folios, entitled a Cyclopædia or Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences. The idea of it was broad and excellent. "Our view," says Chambers, "was to consider the several matters not only in themselves, but relatively, or as they respect each other; both to treat them as so many wholes, and as so many parts of some greater whole." The compiler lacked the grasp necessary to realise this laudable notion. The book has, however, the merit of conciseness, and is a singular monument of literary industry; for it was entirely compiled by Chambers himself. It had a great success, and though its price was high (four guineas), it ran through five editions in eighteen years. On the whole, however, it is meagre, and more like a dictionary than an encyclopædia, such as Alsted's for instance. Some fifteen years after the publication of Chambers's Cyclopædia, an Englishman (Mills) and a German (Sellius) went to Le Breton with a project for its translation into French. The bookseller obtained the requisite privilege from the government, but he obtained it for himself, and not for the projectors. This trick led to a quarrel, and before it was settled the German died and the Englishman returned to his own country. They left the translation behind them duly executed.² Le Breton then carried the undertaking to a certain abbé, Gua de Malves. Gua de Malves (b. 1712) seems to have been a man of a busy and ingenious mind. He was the translator of Berkeley's *Hylas and Philonous*, of Anson's *Voyages*, and of various English tracts on currency and political economy. It is said that he first suggested the idea of a cyclopædia on a fuller plan,³ but we have no evidence of this. In any case, the project made no advance in his hands. The embarrassed bookseller next applied to Diderot, who was then much in need of work that should bring him bread. His fertile and energetic intelligence transformed the scheme. By an admirable intuition, he divined the opportunity which would be given by the encyclopædic form of gathering up into a whole all that new thought and modern knowledge, which existed as yet in unsystematic and uninterpreted fragments. His enthusiasm fired Le Breton. It was resolved to make Chambers's work a mere starting-point for a new enterprise of far wider scope.

(1) *Œuv. de D'Alembert*, i. 63.

(2) *Mém. pour J. P. F. Luncan de Boisjermain*, 4to, Paris, 1771. See also Diderot's *Prospectus*, "La traduction entière de Chambers nous a passé sous les yeux," etc.

(3) *Biog. Universelle*, s. v.

"The old and learned D'Aguesseau," says Michelet, "notwithstanding the pitiable, the wretched sides of his character, had two lofty sides, his reform of the laws, and a personal passion, the taste and urgent need of universality, a certain encyclopædic sense. A young man came to him one day, a man of letters living by his pen, and somewhat under a cloud for one or two hazardous books that lack of bread had driven him to write. Yet this stranger of dubious repute wrought a miracle. With bewilderment the old sage listened to him unrolling the gigantic scheme of a book that should be all books. On his lips, sciences were light and life. It was more than speech, it was creation. One would have said that he had made these sciences, and was still at work, adding, extending, fertilising, ever engendering. The effect was incredible. D'Aguesseau, a moment above himself, forgot the old man, received the infection of genius, and became great with the greatness of the other. He had faith in the young man, and protected the *Encyclopædia*."¹

A fresh privilege was procured (Jan. 21, 1746), and as Le Breton's capital was insufficient for a project of this magnitude, he invited three other booksellers to join him, retaining a half share for himself, and allotting the other moiety to them. As Le Breton was not strong enough to bear the material burdens of producing a work on so gigantic a scale as was now proposed, so Diderot felt himself unequal to the task of arranging and supervising every department of a work that was to include the whole circle of the sciences. He was not skilled enough in mathematics, nor in physics, which were then for the most part mathematically conceived. For that province, he associated with himself as an editorial colleague one of the most conspicuous and active members of the philosophical party. Of this eminent man, whose relations with Diderot were for some years so intimate, it is proper that we should say something.

D'Alembert was the natural son of Madame de Tencin, by whom he had been barbarously exposed immediately after his birth. "The true ancestors of a man of genius," says Condorcet finely upon this circumstance, "are the masters who have gone before him, and his true descendants are disciples that are worthy of him." He was discovered on a November night in the year 1717, by the beadle in a nearly dying condition on the steps of the church of St. John the Round, from which he afterwards took his Christian name. An honest woman of the common people, with that personal devotion

(1) Michelet, *Louis XV.*, 268. D'Aguesseau (1668—1751) has left one piece which ought to be extricated from the thirteen quartos of his works, his memoir of his father (*Œuv.* xiii.) This is one of those records of solid and elevated character, which do more to refresh and invigorate the reader than a whole library of religious or ethical exhortations can do. It has the loftiness, the refined austerity, the touching impressiveness of Tacitus's *Agricola*, or Condorcet's *Turgot*, together with a certain grave sweetness that was almost peculiar to the Jansenist school of the seventeenth century.

which is less rare among the poor than among the rich, took charge of the foundling. The father, who was an officer of artillery and brother of Destouches, the author of some poor comedies, by and by advanced the small sums required to pay for the boy's schooling. D'Alembert proved a brilliant student. Unlike nearly every other member of the encyclopædic party, he was a pupil, not of the Jesuits but of their rivals. The Jansenists recognised the keenness and force of their pupil, and hoped that they had discovered a new Pascal. But he was less docile than his great predecessor in their ranks. When his studies were completed, he devoted himself to geometry, for which he had a passion that nothing could extinguish. For the old monastic vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience, he adopted the manlier substitute of poverty, truth, and liberty—the worthy device of every man of letters. When he awoke in the morning, he thought with delight of the work that had been begun the previous day and would occupy the day before him. In the necessary intervals of his meditations, he recalled the lively pleasure he felt at the play: at the play, between the acts, he thought of the still greater pleasure that was promised to him by the work of the morrow. His mathematical labours led to valuable results in the principles of equilibrium and the movement of fluids, in a new calculus and in a new solution of the problem of the precession of the equinoxes.¹ These contributions to what was then the most popular of the sciences brought him fame, and fame brought him its usual distractions. As soon as a writer has shown himself the possessor of gifts that may be of value to society, then society straightway sets to work to seduce and hinder him from diligently exercising them. D'Alembert resisted these influences steadfastly. His means were very limited, yet he could never be induced to increase them at the cost either of his social independence or of his scientific pursuits. He lived for forty years under the humble roof of the poor woman who had treated him as a son. "You will never be anything better than a philosopher," she used to cry reproachfully, "and what is a philosopher?" 'Tis a madman who torments himself all his life, that people may talk about him when he is dead." D'Alembert zealously adhered to his destination. Frederick the Great vainly tempted him by an offer of the succession to Maupertuis as president of the Academy of Berlin. Although, however, he declined to accept the post, he enjoyed all its authority and prerogative. Frederick always consulted him in filling up vacancies and making appointments. It is a magnanimous trait in D'Alembert's history that he should have procured for Lagrange a position and livelihood at Berlin, warmly commending him as a man of rare

(1) A short estimate of D'Alembert's principal scientific pieces, by M. Bortram, is to be found in the *Rev. des Deux Mondes*, for October 1865.

and superior genius, and this though Lagrange had vigorously opposed some of his own mathematical theories. Ten years after Frederick's offer, the other great potentate of the north, Catherine of Russia, besought him to undertake the education of the young grand duke, her son. But neither urgent flatteries and solicitations under the imperial hand, nor the munificent offer of a hundred thousand francs a year, availed to draw him away from his independence and his friends. The great Frederick used to compare him to one of those oriental monarchs who cherish a strict seclusion, in order to enhance their importance and majesty. He did not refuse a pension of some fifty pounds a year from Berlin, and he eventually received the same amount from the privy purse at Versailles. He received a small annual sum in addition from the Academy. On the whole the income of this energetic writer throughout his life amounted to less than the stipend which many a junior fellow of a poor college at Oxford or Cambridge received in those unreformed days for having "taken the trouble to be born."

Though the mathematical sciences remained the objects of his special study, D'Alembert was as free as the other great men of the encyclopædic school from the narrowness of the pure specialist. He naturally reminds us of the remarkable saying imputed to Leibnitz, that he only attributed importance to science because it enabled him to speak with authority in philosophy and religion. His correspondence with Voltaire, extending over the third quarter of the century, is the most instructive record that we possess of the many-sided doings of that busy time. His series of éloges on the academicians who died between 1700 and 1772 is one of the most interesting works in the department of literary history. He paid the keenest attention to the great and difficult art of writing. Translations from Tacitus, Bacon, and Addison show his industry in a useful practice. A long collection of synonyms bears witness to his fine discrimination in the use of words. And the clearness, precision, and reserved energy of his own prose mark the success of the pains he took with style. He knew the secret. "Have lofty sentiments," he said, "and your manner of writing will be firm and noble."¹ Yet he did not ignore the other side and half of the truth, which is expressed in the saying of another important writer of his day,— "By taking trouble to speak with precision, one gains the habit of thinking rightly" (*Condillac*).

Like so many others to whom literature owes much, D'Alembert was all his life fighting against bad health. Like Voltaire and Rousseau, he was born dying, and he remained delicate and valetudinarian to the end. He had the mental infirmities belonging to his temperament. He was restless, impatient, mobile, susceptible of irrita-

tion. When the young mademoiselle Phlipon, in after years famous as wife of the virtuous Roland, was taken to a sitting of the Academy, she was curious to see the author of the Preliminary Discourse to the *Encyclopædia*, but his small face and sharp thin voice made her reflect with some disappointment that the writings of a philosopher are better to know than his mask.¹ In everything except zeal for light and emancipation, D'Alembert was the opposite of Diderot. Where Diderot was exuberant, prodigal, and disordered, D'Alembert was a precisian. Difference of temperament, however, did not prevent their friendship from being for many years cordial and intimate. When the *Encyclopædia* was planned, it was to D'Alembert that Diderot turned for aid in the department of mathematical science, where his own knowledge was not sufficiently full nor well-grounded. They were in strong and singular agreement in their idea of the proper place and function of the man of letters. One of the most striking facts about their alliance, and one of the most important facts in the history of the *Encyclopædia*, is that henceforth the profession of letters became at once definite and independent. Diderot and D'Alembert both of them remained poor, but they were never hangers-on. They did not look to patrons, nor did they bound their vision by Versailles. They were the first to assert the lawful authority of the new priesthood. They revolted deliberately and in set form against the old system of sutorship and protection. "Happy are men of letters," wrote D'Alembert, "if they recognise at last that the surest way of making themselves respected is to live united and almost shut up among themselves; that by this union they will come without any trouble to give the law to the rest of the nation in all affairs of taste and philosophy; that the true esteem is that which is awarded by men who are themselves worthy of esteem. . . . As if the art of instructing and enlightening men were not, after the too rare art of good government, the noblest portion and gift in human reach."²

This consciousness of the power and exaltation of their calling which men of letters now acquired, is much more than the superficial fact which it may at first seem to be. It marked the rise of a new teaching order and the supersession of the old. The highest moral ideas now belonged no longer to the clergy but to the writers; no longer to official catholicism but to that fertilising medley of new notions about human knowledge and human society which then went

(1) *Œuv. de J. M. Ph. Roland*, i. 230 [edit. 1800].

(2) *Essai sur la Société des Gens de Lettres et des Grands*, etc. *Œuv.* iv. 372. "Write," he says, "as if you loved glory; in conduct, act as if it were indifferent to you." Compare, with reference to the passage in the text, Duclos's remark (*Consid. sur les Mœurs*, ch. xi.):—"The man in power commands, but the intelligent govern, because in time they form public opinion, and that sooner or later subjugates or overthrows every kind of despotism."

by the name of philosophy. What is striking is that the ideas sown by philosophy became eventually the source of higher life in catholicism. If the church of the revolution showed something that we may justly admire, it was because the encyclopædic band had involuntarily and inevitably imparted a measure of their own clear-sightedness, fortitude, moral energy, and spirit of social improvement, to a church which was, when they began their work, a ghastly and abominable burden on the life of the nation. If the catholicism of Chateaubriand, of Lamennais, of Montalembert, was a different thing from the catholicism of a Dubois or a Rohan, from the vile corruptions of the Jesuits and the grovelling superstitions of the later Jansenists, it was the execrated freethinkers whom the church and mankind had to thank for the change. It was no Christian prelate, but Diderot who burst the bonds of a paralysing dogma by the magnificent cry, *Détruisez ces enceintes qui rétrécissent vos idées ! Elargissez Dieu !*¹ The most enlightened Catholic of to-day ought to admit that Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, were the true reformers of his creed. They supplied it with ideas which saved it from becoming finally a curse to civilisation. We see the same phenomenon in our own day. The Christian churches are assimilating as rapidly as their formulae will permit the new light and the more generous moral ideas and the higher spirituality of teachers who have abandoned all churches, and who are systematically denounced as enemies of the souls of men. *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes !* These transformations of religion by leavening elements contributed from a foreign doctrine, are the most interesting process in the history of truth. The Encyclopædia became a powerful engine for aiding such a transformation. Because it was this, and because it rallied all that was then best in France round the standard of light and social hope, we ought hardly to grudge time or pains to its history. For it was not merely in the field of religious ideas that the Encyclopædists led France in a new way. They affected the national life on every side, pressing forward with enlightened principles in all the branches of material and political organisation. Their union in a great philosophical band gave an impressive significance to their work. The collection within a single set of volumes of a body of new truths relating to so many of the main interests of men, invested the book and its writers with an aspect of universality, of collective and organic doctrine, which the writers themselves would without doubt have disowned, and which it is easy to dissolve by tests of logic. But the popular impression that the Encyclopædists constituted a single body with a common doctrine and a common aim was practically sound. Their influence was precisely what it would have been, if popular impressions had been

(1) *Pensées Philos.*, § 26.

literally true. Diderot and D'Alembert did their best to heighten this feeling. They missed no occasion of fixing a sentiment of co-operation and fellowship. They spoke of their dictionary as the transactions of an Academy.¹ Each writer was answerable for his own contribution, but he was in the position of a member of some learned corporation. To every volume, until the great crisis of 1759, was prefixed a list of those who had contributed to it. If a colleague died, the public was informed of the loss which the work had sustained, and his services were worthily commemorated in a formal *éloge*.² Feuds, epigrams, and offences were not absent, but on the whole there was steadfast and generous fraternity.

As Voltaire eloquently said, officers of war by land and by sea, magistrates, physicians who knew nature, men of letters whose taste purified knowledge, geometers, physicists, all united in a work that was as useful as it was laborious, without any view of interest, without even seeking fame, as many of them concealed their names; finally without any common understanding and agreement, and therefore without anything of the spirit of party.³ Turning over the pages on which the list of writers is inscribed, we find in one place or another nearly every name that has helped to make the literature of the time famous. Montesquieu, who died in the beginning of 1755, left behind him the unfinished fragment of an article on Taste, and it may be noticed in passing that our good-natured Diderot was the only man of letters who attended the remains of the illustrious writer to the grave.⁴ The article itself, though no more than a fragment, has all the charms of Montesquieu's delightful style; it is serious without pedantry, graceful without levity, and is rich in observations that are precise and pointed without the vice of emphasis. The great Turgot, diligently solicitous for the success of every enterprise that promised to improve human happiness by adding to knowledge and spreading enlightenment, wrote some of the most valuable articles that the work contained, and his discussion of endowments perhaps still remains the weightiest contribution to that important subject. Oddly enough he was one of the very few writers who refused to sign his name to his contributions.⁵ His assistance only ceased when he perceived that the scheme was being coloured by that spirit of sect which he always counted the worst enemy of the spirit of truth.⁶ Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had just won a singular reputation by his paradoxes on natural equality and the corruptions of civilisation, furnished the articles on music in the first half-dozen volumes. They were not free from mistakes, but his colleagues chivalrously defended him by the plea

(1) See Pref. to vol. iii.

(2) For instance, see Pref. to vol. iv.

(3) *Sicéle de Louis XV.* ch. 43.

(4) Grimm, *Corr. Lit.*, i. 273.

(5) *Avertissement* to vol. vi.; also to vol vii. Turgot's articles were *Etymologie, Existence, Expansibilité, Foires, Fondations*.

(6) Condorcet's *Vie de Turgot*.

of careless printing or indifferent copying.¹ The stately Buffon very early in the history of the Encyclopædia sent them an article upon Nature, and the editors made haste to announce to their subscribers the advent of so superb a colleague.² The articles on natural history, however, were left by Buffon in his usual majestic fashion to his faithful lieutenant and squire at arms, Daubenton. And even his own article seems not to have been printed. Before the eleventh volume appeared, terrible storms had arisen, not a few of the shipmen had parted company, and Buffon may well have been one of them. Certainly the article on Nature, as it stands, can hardly be his.

In the supplementary volumes, which appeared in 1776—ten years after the completion of the original undertaking—two new labourers came into the vineyard, whose names add fresh lustre and give still more serious value to the work. One of these was the prince of the physiologists of the eighteenth century, the great Haller, who contributed an elaborate history of his predecessors in unfolding the intricate mechanism of the human frame, and analysing its marvels of complex function. The other was the austere and generous Condorcet. Ever loyal to good causes, and resolute against despairing of the human commonwealth, he began in the pages of the Encyclopædia a career that was brilliant with good promise and high hopes, and ended in the grim hall of the Convention and a nobly tragic death amid the red storm of the Terror.

Among the lesser stars in the encyclopædic firmament are some whose names ought not to be wholly omitted. Forbonnais, one of the most instructive economic writers of the century, contributed articles to the early volumes, which were afterwards republished in his *Elements of Commerce*.³ The light-hearted Marmontel wrote cheerful articles on Comedy, Eloges, Eclogues, Glory, and other matters of literature and taste. Quesnai, the eminent founder of the economic sect, dealt with two agricultural subjects, and reproduced both his theoretical paradoxes and his admirable practical maxims on the material prosperity of nations. D'Holbach, not yet author of the memorable *System of Nature*, compiled a vast number of the articles on chemistry and mineralogy, chiefly and avowedly from German sources,⁴ he being the only writer of the band with a mastery of a language which was at that moment hardly more essential to culture than Russian is now. The name of Duclos should not be passed over in the list of the foremost men who helped to raise the encyclopædic monument. He was one of the shrewdest and most vigorous intelligences of the time, being in the front rank of men of the second order. His quality was coarse, but this was only

(1) Pref. to vol. iii. (1752), and to vol. vi. (1756).

(2) Pref. to vol. ii.

(3) Grimm, *Corr. Lit.* i. 130. Forbonnais's chief work is his *Recherches et Considérations sur les finances de la France*.

(4) *Mém.* i. 39.

the defect of a thoroughly penetrating and masculine understanding. His articles in the Encyclopædia (*Déclamation des Anciens, Etiquette*, etc.) are not very remarkable, but the reflections on conduct which he styled *Considérations sur les Mœurs de ce Siècle* (1750), though rather hard in tone, abound in an acuteness, a breadth, a soundness of perception, that entitle the book to the rare distinction among the writings of moralists and social observers of still being worth reading. Morellet wrote upon some of the subjects of theology, and his contributions are remarkable as being the chief examples in the record of the encyclopædic body of a distinctively and deliberately historic treatment of religion. "I let people see," he wrote many years after, "that in such a collection as the Encyclopædia we ought to treat the history and experience of the dogmas and discipline of the Christian exactly like those of the religion of Brahma or Mahomet."¹ This sage and philosophic principle enabled him to write the article, *Fils de Dieu* (vol. vi.), without sliding into Arian, Nestorian, Socinian, or other heretical view on that fantastic theme. We need not linger over the names of other writers, who indeed are now no more than the very shadows of names, such as La Condamine, a scientific traveller of fame and merit in his day and generation; of Du Marsais, the poverty-stricken and unlucky scholar who wrote articles on grammar; of the President Des Brosses, who was unfortunate enough to be in the right in a quarrel about money with Voltaire, and who has since been better known to readers through the fury of the provoked patriarch, than through his own meritorious contributions to the early history of civilisation.

The name of one faithful worker in the building of this new Jerusalem ought not to be omitted, though his writings were *multa non multum*. The Chevalier de Jaucourt (1704—1779), as his title shows, was the younger son of a noble house. He studied at Geneva, Cambridge, and Leyden, and published in 1734 a useful account of the life and writings of Leibnitz. When the Encyclopædia was projected, his services were at once secured, and he became its slave from the beginning of A to the end of V. He wrote articles in his own special subjects of natural history and physical science, but he was always ready to lend his help in other departments, in writing, re-writing, reading, correcting, and all the other humbler necessities of editorship of which the inconsiderate reader knows little and thinks less. Jaucourt revelled in this drudgery. God made him for grinding articles, said Diderot. When he was told that the work must positively be brought to an end, his countenance fell, and the prospect of release from such happy bondage filled his heart with desolation.² "If," says Diderot in the preface to the eighth volume (1765), "we have raised a shout

(1) *Avant.* to vol. ii.

(2) See Diderot to Voland, ii. 17.

of joy like the sailor when he espies land after a sombre night that has kept him midway between sky and flood, it is to M. de Jaucourt that we are indebted for it. What has he not done for us, especially in these latter times? With what constancy has he not refused all the solicitations, whether of friendship or of authority, that sought to take him away from us? Never has sacrifice of repose, health, or interest been more absolute and more entire."¹ These modest and unwearying helpers in good works ought not to be wholly forgotten in a commemoration of more far-shining names.

Besides those who were known to the conductors of the *Encyclopædia*, was a host of unsought volunteers. "The further we proceed," the editors announced in the preface to the sixth volume (1756), "the more are we sensible of the increase both in matter and in number of those who are good enough to second our efforts." They received many articles on the same subject, and were constantly embarrassed by an emulation which, however flattering as a testimony to their work, obliged them to make a difficult choice, or to lose a good article, or to sacrifice one of their regular contributors, or to offend some influential newcomer. Everyone who had a new idea in his head, or what he thought a new idea, sent them an article upon it. Men who were priests or pastors by profession and unbelievers by common sense, sent them sheafs of articles in which they permitted themselves the delicious luxury of saying a little of what they thought. Women, too, pressed into the great work. Unknown ladies volunteered sprightly explanations of the technicalities of costume, from the falbala which adorned the bottom of their skirts, up to that little knot of riband in the hair, which had come to replace the old edifice of ten stories high in hierarchic succession of duchess, solitary, musketeer, crescent, firmament, tenth heaven, and mouse.² The oldest contributor was Lenglet du Fresnoy, whose book on the Method of Studying History is still known to those who have examined the development of men's ideas about the relations of the present to the past. Lenglet was born in 1674. The youngest of the band was Condorcet, who was born nearly seventy years later (1743). One veteran, Morellet, who had been the schoolmate of Turgot and Loménie de Brienne, lived to think of many things more urgent than Faith, Fils de Dieu, and Fundamentals. He survived the Revolution, the Terror, the Empire, Waterloo, the Restoration, and died in 1819, within sight of the Holy Alliance and the Peterloo massacre. From the birth of Lenglet to the death of Morellet—what an arc of the circle of western experience!

No one will ask whether the keen eye and stimulating word and

(1) See also Preface to vol. iii.

(2) *Avert.* to vol. vi., and s. v. *Fontange*, Grimm, i. 451.

helpful hand of Voltaire were wanting to an enterprise which was to awaken men to new love of tolerance, enlightenment, charity and justice. Voltaire was playing the refractory courtier at Potsdam when the first two volumes appeared. With characteristic vehemence he instantly pronounced it a work which should be the glory of France, and the shame of its persecutors. Diderot and D'Alembert were raising an immortal edifice, and he would gladly furnish them with a little stone here or there, which they might find convenient to stuff into some corner or crevice in the wall. He was incessant in his industry. Unlike those feeble and more consequential spirits, the *petits maîtres* of thought, by whom the editors of Encyclopædias (and Fortnightly Reviews) are harassed and hindered, this great writer was as willing to undertake small subjects as large ones, and to submit to all the mutilations and modifications which the exigencies of the work and the difficulties of its conductors recommended to them.¹ As the structure progresses, his enthusiasm waxes warmer. Diderot and his colleague are cutting their wings for a flight to posterity. They are Atlas and Hercules bearing a world upon their shoulders. It is the greatest work in the world; it is a superb pyramid; its printing-office is the office for the instruction of the human race; and so forth, in every phrase of stimulating sympathy and energetic interest. Nor does his sympathy blind him to faults of execution. Voltaire's good sense and sound judgment were as much at the service of his friends in warning them of shortcomings as in eulogising what they achieved. And he had good faith enough to complain to his friends, instead of complaining of them. In one place he tells them, what is perfectly true, that their journeymen are far too declamatory, and too much addicted to substitute vague and puerile dissertations for that solid instruction which is what the reader of an Encyclopædia seeks. In another he remonstrates against certain frivolous affectations and some of the coxcombs of literary modishness. Everywhere he recommends them to insist on a firm and distinct method in their contributors—etymologies, definitions, examples, reasons, clearness, brevity. "You are badly seconded," he writes; "there are bad soldiers in the army of a great general."² "I am sorry to see that the writer of the article *Hell* declares that hell was a point in the doctrine of Moses; now by all the devils that is not true. Why lie about it? Hell is an excellent thing, but it is evident that Moses did not know it. 'Tis this world that is hell."³

D'Alembert in reply always admitted the blemishes for which the patriarch and master reproached them, but urged various pleas in extenuation. He explains that Diderot is not always the master,

(1) *Corresp. avec D'Alembert* (*Œuv.* lxxv.), Sept. 1755, Feb. 1757, etc.

(2) Dec. 22, 1757.

(3) May 24, 1757.

either to reject or to prune the articles that are offered him.¹ A writer who happened to be useful for many excellent articles would insist as the price of good work that they should find room for his bad work also; and so forth. "No doubt we have bad articles in theology and metaphysics, but with theologians for censors, and a privilege, I defy you to make them any better. There are other articles that are less exposed to the daylight, and in them all is repaired. Time will enable people to distinguish what we have thought from what we have said."² This last is a bitter and humiliating word, but before any man hastens to cast a stone, let him first make sure that his own life is free from every trace of hypocritical conformity and mendacious compliance. Condorcet seems to make the only remark that is worth making, when he says that the true shame and disgrace of these dissemblings lay not with the writers, whose only alternative was to leave the stagnation of opinion undisturbed, but with the ecclesiastics and ministers whose tyranny made dissimulation necessary. And the veil imposed by authority did not really serve any purpose of concealment. Every reader was let into the secret of the writer's true opinion of the old mysteries by means of a piquant phrase, an adroit parallel, a significant reference, an equivocal word of dubious panegyric. Diderot openly explains this in the pages of the *Encyclopædia* itself. "In all cases," he says, "where a national prejudice would seem to deserve respect, the particular article ought to set it respectfully forth, with its whole procession of attractions and probabilities. But the edifice of mud ought to be overthrown and an unprofitable heap of dust scattered to the wind, by references to articles in which solid principles serve as a base for the opposite truths. This way of undeceiving men operates promptly on minds of the right stamp, and it operates infallibly and without any troublesome consequences, secretly and without disturbance, on minds of every description."³ "Our fanatics feel the blows," cried D'Alembert complacently, "though they cannot tell from which side they come."⁴

It is one of the most deplorable things in the history of literature to see a man endowed with Diderot's generous conceptions and high social aims, forced to stoop to these odious economics. In reading his Prospectus, and still more directly in his article, *Encyclopédie*, we are struck by the beneficence and breadth of the great designs which inspire and support him. The *Encyclopædia*, it has been said, was no peaceful storehouse in which scholars and thinkers of all kinds could survey the riches they had acquired; it was a gigantic siege-engine and armoury of weapons of attack.⁵ This is only true in a limited sense of one part of the work, and that not the most important

(1) Dec. 13, 1756, April, 1757.

(2) July 21, 1757.

(3) Article *Encyclopédie*.

(4) *To Volt*. Feb. 15, 1757.

(5) *Hettner's Literaturgesch. des 18ten Jahrhunderts*, ii. 277.

part. Such a judgment is only possible for one who has not studied the book itself, or else who is ignorant of the social requirements of France at the time. We shall show this presently in detail. Meanwhile it is enough to make two observations. The implements which the circumstances of the time made it necessary to use as weapons of attack, were equally fitted for the acquisition in a happier season of those treasures of thought and knowledge which are the object of disinterested research. And what is still more important, we have to observe that it was the characteristic note and signal glory of the French revolutionary school to subordinate mere knowledge to the practical work of raising society up from the corruption and paralysis to which it had been brought by the double action of civil and ecclesiastical authority. The efforts of the Encyclopædists were not disinterested in the sense of being in the air. Their aim was not theory but practice, not literature but life. The Encyclopædists were no doubt all men of battle, and some of them were hardly more than mere partisans. But Diderot at least had constantly in mind the great work which remained after the battle should be won. He was profoundly conscious that the mere accumulation of knowledge of the directly physical facts of the universe would take men a very short way towards reconstruction. And he struck the key-note in such admirable passages as this:—

“One consideration especially that we ought never to lose from sight is that if we banish man, or the thinking and contemplative being, from above the surface of the earth, this pathetic and sublime spectacle of nature becomes no more than a scene of melancholy and silence. The universe is dumb; the darkness and silence of the night take possession of it. . . . It is the presence of man that gives its interest to the existence of other beings; and what better object can we set before ourselves in the history of these beings than to accept that consideration? Why shall we not introduce man into our work in the same place which he holds in the universe? Why shall we not make him a common centre? Is there in infinite space any other point from which we can with greater advantage draw those immense lines that we propose to extend to all other points? What a vivid and softening reaction must result between man and the beings by whom he is surrounded? . . . Man is the single term from which we ought to set out, and to which we ought to trace all back, if we would please, interest, touch, even in the most arid reflections and the dryest details. If you take away my own existence and the happiness of my fellows, of what concern to me is all the rest of nature?”¹

In this we hear the voice of the new time, as we do in his exclu-

(1) Article *Encyclopædie*.

mation that the perfection of an Encyclopædia is the work of centuries; centuries had to elapse before the foundations could be laid; centuries would have to elapse before its completion: "*mais d la postérité, et à l'être qui ne meurt point!*"¹ These exalted ideas were not a substitute for arduous labour. In all that Diderot writes upon his magnificent undertaking, we are struck by his singular union of common sense with elevation, of simplicity with grasp, of suppleness with strength, of modesty with hopeful confidence. On occasions that would have tempted a man of less sincerity and less seriousness to bombast and inflation, his sense of the unavoidable imperfections of so vast a work always makes itself felt through his pride in its lofty aim and beneficent design. The weight of the burden steadied him, and the anxiety of the honest and laborious craftsman overpowered the impulses of rhetoric.

Before going further into the general contents of the Encyclopædia, we shall briefly describe the extraordinary succession of obstacles and embarrassments against which its intrepid conductor was compelled to fight his way. The project was fully conceived and its details worked out between 1745 and 1748. The Encyclopædia was announced in 1750 in a Prospectus of which Diderot was the author. At length in 1751 the first volume of the work itself was given to the public, followed by the second in January, 1752. The clerical party at once discerned what tremendous fortifications, with how deadly an armament, were rising up in face of their camp. The Jesuits had always been jealous of an enterprise in which they had not been invited to take a part. They had expected at least to have the control of the articles on theology. They now were bent on taking the work into their own hands, and orthodoxy hastily set all the machinery of its ally, authority, in vigorous motion.

The first attack was indirect. An abbé de Prades sustained a certain thesis in an official exercise at the Sorbonne, and Diderot was suspected, without good reason, of being its true author. An examination of its propositions was ordered. It was pronounced pernicious, dangerous, and tending to deism, chiefly on account of some too suggestive comparisons between the miraculous healings in the New Testament and those ascribed in the more ancient legend to Aesculapius. Other grounds of vehement objection were found in the writer's maintenance of the Lockian theory of the origin of our ideas. To deny the innateness of ideas was roundly asserted to be materialism and atheism. The abbé de Prades was condemned, and deprived of his licence (Jan. 27, 1752). As he was known to be a friend of Diderot, and was suspected of being the writer of articles on theology

in the *Encyclopædia*, the design of the Jesuit cabal in ruining De Prades was to discredit the new undertaking, and induce the government to prohibit it. Their next step was to procure a pastoral from the archbishop of Paris. This document not only condemned the heretical propositions of De Prades, but referred in sinister terms to unnamed works teeming with error and impiety. Everyone understood the reference, and among its effects was an extension of the vogue and notoriety of the *Encyclopædia*.¹ The Jesuits were not allowed to retain a monopoly of persecuting zeal, and the Jansenists refused to be left behind in the race of hypocritical intrigue. The bishop of Auxerre, who belonged to this party, followed his brother prelate of Paris in a more direct attack, in which he included not only the *Encyclopædia*, but Montesquieu and Buffon. De Prades took to flight. D'Alembert commended him to Voltaire, then at Berlin. The king was absent, but Voltaire gave royal protection to the fugitive until Frederick's return. De Prades was then at once taken into favour and appointed reader to the king. He proved but a poor martyr, however, for he afterwards retracted his heresies, got a benefice, and was put into prison by Frederick for giving information to his French countrymen during the Seven Years' War.² Unfortunately neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy has any monopoly of rascals.

Meanwhile Diderot wrote on his behalf an energetic and dignified reply to the aggressive pastoral. This apology is not such a masterpiece of eloquence as the magnificent letter addressed by Rousseau ten years later to the archbishop of Paris, after the pastoral against the *Emilius*. But Diderot's vindication of De Prades is firm, moderate, and closely argumentative. The piece is worth turning to in our own day, when great dignitaries of the churches too often show the same ignorance, the same temerity, and the same reckless want of charity, as the bishop of Auxerre showed a hundred and twenty years ago; they resort to the very same fallacies by way of shield against scientific truths or philosophical speculations that happen not to be easily reconcilable with their official opinions. "I know nothing so indecent," says Diderot, "and nothing so injurious to religion as these vague declamations of theologians against reason. One would suppose, to hear them, that men could only enter into the bosom of Christianity as a herd of cattle enter into a stable; and that we must renounce our common sense, either to embrace our religion or to remain in it. . . . Such principles as yours are made to frighten small souls; everything alarms them, because they perceive clearly the consequences of nothing; they set up connections among things which have nothing to do with one

(1) Barbier, v. 151, 153.

(2) Diderot to Voland, i. 86. Carlyle's *Frederick*, Bk. 18, Ch. 11.

another; they spy danger in any method of arguing which is strange to them; they float at hazard between truths and prejudices which they never distinguish, and to which they are equally attached; and all their life is passed in crying out either miracle or impiety." In an eloquent peroration, which is not more eloquent than it is instructive, De Prades is made to turn round on his Jansenist censor, and reproach him with the disturbance with which the intestine rivalries of Jansenist and Jesuit had afflicted the faithful. "It is the abominable testimony of your convulsions," he cries, "that has overthrown the testimony of miracles. It is the fatuous audacity with which your fanatics have confronted persecution that has annihilated the evidence of the martyrs. It is your declamations against sovereign pontiffs, against bishops, against all the orders of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, that have covered priest, altar, and creed with opprobrium. If the pope, the bishops, the priests, the simple faithful, the whole church, if its mysteries, its sacraments, its temples, its ceremonies, have fallen into contempt, yours is the handiwork."¹

Bourdaloze more than half a century before had taunted the free-thinkers of his day with falseness and inconsistency in taking sides with the Jansenists, whose superstitions they notoriously held in open contempt. The motive for the alliance was tolerably obvious. The Jansenists, apart from their theology, were above all else the representatives of opposition to authority. It was for this that Lewis XIV. counted them worse than atheists. The Jesuits, it has been well said, in keeping down their enemies by force, became the partisans of absolute government, and upheld it on every occasion. The Jansenists, crushed by violence, felt to what excesses power might be brought. From being speculative enemies to freedom as a theory, they became, through the education of persecution, the partisans of freedom in practice. The quarrel of Molinists and Jansenists, from a question of theology, grew into a question of human liberty.²

Circumstances had now changed. The free-thinkers were now becoming strong enough to represent opposition to authority on their own principles and in their own persons. Diderot's vigorous remonstrance with the bishop of Auxerre incidentally marks for us the definite rupture of philosophic sympathy for the Jansenist champions. "It is your disputatiousness," he said, "which within the last forty years has made far more unbelievers than all the productions of philosophy." As we cannot too clearly realise, it was the flagrant social incompetence of the church which brought what they called Philosophy, that is to say Liberalism, into vogue and power. Locke's *Essay* had been translated in 1700, but it had made no mark, and as late as 1725 the first edition of the translation remained unsold. It was the weakness and the vileness of the ecclesiastics which opened the way for the thinkers.

(1) *Apologie de l'Abbé de Prades*. *Œuv.* i. 482.

• (2) *Jobez*, i. 353.

The victory however was not yet. Diderot had still a dismal wilderness to traverse. Neither reason nor eloquence availed against the credit at court of the ecclesiastical cabal. The sale of the second volume of the *Encyclopædia* was stopped by orders which Malesherbes was reluctantly compelled to issue. A decree of the king's council (Feb. 7, 1752) suppressed both volumes, as containing maxims hostile to the royal authority and to religion. The publishers were forbidden to reprint them, and the booksellers to deliver to subscribers any copies that might still be in hand. The decree, however, contained no prohibition of the continuance of the work. It was probably not meant to do anything more serious than pacify the Jesuits, and lend an apparent justification to the officious pastorals of the great prelates. Some even thought that the aim of the government was to forestal severer proceedings on the part of the parliament of lawyers,¹ for corporations of lawyers have seldom been less bigoted or obstructive than corporations of churchmen. Nor were lawyers and priests the only foes. Even the base and despicable jealousies of booksellers counted for something in the storm.²

A curious triumph awaited the harassed Diderot. He was compelled, under pain of a second incarceration, to hand over to the authorities all the papers, proof-sheets, and plates in his possession. The Jesuit cabal supposed that if they could obtain the materials for the future volumes, they could easily arrange and manipulate them to suit their own purposes. Their ignorance and presumption were speedily confounded. In taking Diderot's papers, they had forgotten, as Grimm says, to take his head and his genius, and to ask from him a key to articles which, so far from understanding, they with some confusion vainly strove even to decipher. The government was obliged (May, 1752) to appeal to Diderot and D'Alembert to resume a work for which their enemies had thus proved themselves incompetent. Yet the decree of three months before was left suspended over their heads,—such are the meannesses of decaying authority.³

The third volume of the *Encyclopædia* appeared in the autumn of 1753. D'Alembert prefixed an introduction, vindicating himself and his colleague with a manliness, a sincerity, a gravity, a fire, that are admirable and touching. "What," he concluded, "can malignity henceforth devise against two men of letters, trained long since by their meditations to fear neither injustice nor poverty; who having learnt by a long and mournful experience, not to despise, but to mistrust and dread men, have the courage to love, and the prudence to flee them. . . . After having been the stormy and painful

(1) Barbier, v. 160.

(2) Barbier, v. 169.

(3) Grimm, *Corr. Lit.*, i. 81. Barbier, v. 170.

occupation of the most precious years of our life, this work will perhaps be the solace of its close. May it, when both we and our enemies alike have ceased to exist, be a durable monument of the good intention of the one, and the injustice of the other. . . . Let us remember the fable of Bocalini: 'A traveller was disturbed by the importunate chirrupings of the grasshoppers; he would fain have slain them every one, but only got belated and missed his way; he need only have fared peacefully on his road, the grasshoppers would have died of themselves before the end of a week.'"¹

A volume was now produced each year, until the autumn of 1757 and the issue of the seventh volume. This brought the work down to Gyromancy and Gythium. Then there arose storms and divisions which marked a memorable epoch alike in the history of the book, in the life of Diderot and others, and in the thought of the century. The progress of the work in popularity during the five years between 1752 and 1757 had been steady and unbroken. The original subscribers were barely two thousand. When the fourth volume appeared, they were three thousand. The seventh volume found nearly a thousand more.² Such prodigious success wrought the chagrin of the party of superstition to fever heat. As each annual volume came from the press and found a wider circle of readers than its predecessor, their malice and irritation waxed a degree more intense. They scattered malignant rumours abroad; they showered pamphlets; no imputation was too odious or too ridiculous for them. Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, were declared to have organized a league of writers, with the deliberate purpose of attacking the public tranquillity and overthrowing society. They were denounced as heads of a formal conspiracy, a clandestine association, a midnight band, united in a horrible community of pestilent opinion and sombre interest.

In the seventh volume an article appeared which made the ferment angrier than it had ever been. D'Alembert had lately been the guest of Voltaire at Ferney, whence he had made frequent visits to Geneva. In his intercourse with the ministers of that famous city he came to the conclusion that their religious opinions were really Socinian, and when he wrote the article on Geneva he stated that fact. He stated it in such a way as to make their heterodox opinions a credit to the Genevese pastors, by associating disbelief in the divinity of Jesus Christ, in mysteries of faith, and in eternal punishment, with a practical life of admirable simplicity, purity, and tolerance. Each line of this eulogy on the Socinian preachers of Geneva, veiled a burning and contemptuous reproach against the cruel and darkened spirit of the churchmen in France. Jesuit and Jansenist.

(1) *Avert.* to vol. iii. *Œuv. de D'Alembert*, iv. 410.

(2) Barbier, v. 170. Grimm, *Corr. Lit.*, i. 201; *Ib.* ii. 197.

loose abbés and debauched prelates, felt the quivering of the arrow in the quick, as they read that the morals of the Genevese pastors were exemplary; that they did not pass their lives in furious disputes upon unintelligible points; that they brought no indecent and persecuting accusations against one another before the civil magistrate. There was gall and wormwood to the orthodox bigot in the harmless statement that "Hell, which is one of the principal articles of our belief, has ceased to be one with many of the ministers of Geneva; it would be, according to them, a great insult to the divinity, to imagine that this being, so full of justice and goodness, is capable of punishing our faults by an eternity of torment; they explain in as good a sense as they can the formal passages of scripture which are contrary to their opinion, declaring that we ought never in the sacred books to take anything literally that seems to wound humanity and reason." And we may be sure that D'Alembert was thinking less of the consistory and the great council of Geneva, than of the priests and the parliament of Paris, when he praised the protestant pastors, not only for their tolerance, but for confining themselves within their proper functions, and for being the first to set an example of submission to the magistrates and the laws. The intention of this elaborate and reasoned account of the creed and practice of a handful of preachers in a heretical town, could not be mistaken by those at whom it was directed. It produced fully as angry a shock as its writer could have designed, in the black ranks of orthodox bigotry.

The church had not yet borrowed the principles of humanity and tolerance from atheists. It was not the comparatively purified Christian doctrine of our own time with which the *Encyclopædists* did battle, but an organized corporation, with exceptional tribunals, with special material privileges, with dungeons and chains at their disposal. We have to realise that official religion was then a strange union of Byzantine decrepitude with the energetic ferocity of the Holy Office. Within five years of this indirect plea of D'Alembert for tolerance and humanity, Calas was murdered by the orthodoxy of Toulouse. Nearly ten years later (1766), we find Lewis the Fifteenth, with the steam of the *Parc aux Cerfs* about him, rewarded by the loyal acclamations of a Parisian crowd, for descending from his carriage as a priest passed bearing the sacrament, and prostrating himself in the mud before the holy symbol.¹ The same year the youth La Barre was first tortured, then beheaded, then burnt, for some presumed disrespect to the same holy symbol—then become the hateful symbol and ensign of human degradation, of fanatical cruelty, of rancorous superstition. Yet I should be sorry to be unjust. It is to be said that even in these bad days when

(1) Hardy, quoted by Aubertin, 407—8.

religion meant cruelty and cabal, the one or two men who boldly withstood face to face the king and the Pompadour for the vileness of their lives, were priests of the church.

D'Alembert's article hardly goes beyond what to us seem the axioms of all men of sense. We must remember the time. Even members of the philosophic party itself, like Grimm, thought the article misplaced and over-hardy.¹ The Genevese ministers indignantly repudiated the compliment of Socinianism, and the eulogy of being rather less irrational than their neighbours. Voltaire read and read again with delight, and plied the writer with reiterated exhortations in every key, not to allow himself to be driven from the great work by the raging of the heathen and the vain imaginings of the people.²

While the storm seemed to be at its height, an incident occurred which let loose a new flood of violent passion. Helvétius published that memorable book, in which he was thought to have told all the world its own secret. His *De l'Esprit* came out in 1758. It provoked a general insurrection of public opinion. The devout and the heedless agreed in denouncing it as scandalous, licentious, impious, and pregnant with peril. The philosophic party felt that their ally had dealt a sore blow to liberty of thought and the free expression of opinion. "Philosophy," said Grimm, by philosophy, as I have said, meaning liberalism, "will long feel the effect of the rising of opinion, which this author has caused by his work; and for having described too freely a morality that is bad and false in itself, M. Helvétius will have to reproach himself with all the restraints that are now sure to be imposed on the few men of lofty genius who still are left to us, and whose destiny was to enlighten their fellows and spread truth over the earth."³

At the beginning of 1759 the procureur-general laid an information before the court against Helvétius's book, against half a dozen minor publications, and finally against the Encyclopædia. The *De l'Esprit* was alleged to be a mere abridgement of the Encyclopædia, and the Encyclopædia was denounced as being the opprobrium of the nation, by its impious maxims and its hostility to morals and religion. The court appointed nine commissaries to examine the seven volumes, suspending their further sale or delivery in the meanwhile. When the commissaries sent in their report a month later, the parliament was dissatisfied with its tenour, and appointed four new examiners, two of them being theologians, and two juriconsults. Before the new censors had time to do their work, the Council of State interposed with an arbitrary decree (March, 1759) suppressing the privilege which had been conceded in 1746; prohibiting the sale of the seven volumes already printed, and the

(1) *Corr. Lit.*, ii. 271.

(2) To D'Alembert, Déc. 29, 1757, Jan. 1758.

(3) *Corr. Lit.*, ii. 292—2.

printing of any future volumes under pain of exemplary punishment.¹ The motive for this intervention has never been made plain. One view is that the king's government resented the action of the law courts, and that the royal decree was only an episode in the quarrel then raging between the crown and the parliaments. Another opinion is that Malesherbes or Choiseul was anxious to please the dauphin and the jesuitical party at Versailles. The most probable explanation is that the authorities were eager to silence one at least of the three elements of opposition, the Jansenists, the lawyers, and the philosophers, that were then distracting the realm. The two former were beyond their direct reach. They threw themselves on the foe who was most accessible.

The government, however, had no intention of finally exterminating an enemy who might at some future day happen to be a convenient ally. They encouraged or repressed the philosophers according to the political calculations of the moment, sometimes according to the caprices of the king's mistress, or even a minister's mistress. When the clergy braved the royal authority, the hardest productions were received with indulgence. If they found themselves reduced to satisfy the clergy, then even the very commonplaces of the new philosophy became ground for accusation. The Encyclopædia was naturally exposed in a special degree to this alternation of favour and suspicion.² The crisis of 1759 furnishes a curious illustration of this. As we have seen, in the spring of that year the privilege was withdrawn from four associated booksellers, and the continuance of the work strictly prohibited. Yet the printing was not suspended for a week. Fifty compositors were busily setting up a book which the ordinance of the government had decisively forbidden under heavy penalties. The same kind of connivance was practised to the advantage of other branches of the opposition. Thirty years before this, the organ of the Jansenist party was peremptorily suppressed. The police instituted a rigorous search, and seized the presses on which the *Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques* was being printed. But the journal continued to appear and was circulated just as regularly as before.³

The history of the policy of authority towards the Encyclopædia is only one episode in the great lesson of the reign of Lewis the Fifteenth. It is a common mistake to think of this king's system of government as oppressive and tyrannical. In truth, its failure and confusion resulted less from the arbitrariness of its proud procedure, than from the hopeless absence of tenacity, conviction, and consistency in the substance and direction of its objects. And this, again, was the result partly of the complex and intractable nature of

(1) Barbier, vii. 125—42.

(2) Lacretelle's *France pendant le 18me Siècle*, iii. 89.

(3) Jobez, ii. 464 and 538.

the opposition with which successive ministers had to deal, and partly of the overpowering strength of those Asiatic maxims of government which Richelieu and Lewis the Fifteenth had invested with such ruinous prestige. The impatience and charlatanry of emotional or pseudo-scientific admirers of a personal system blinds them to the permanent truth of which the succession of the decrepitude of Lewis the Fifteenth to the strength of his great-grandfather, and of the decrepitude of Napoleon the Third to the strength of his uncle, are only illustrations.

The true interest of these details lies in the immense significance of the movement of political ideas and forces to which they belong. The true interest of all history lies in the spectacle which it furnishes of the growth and dissolution, the shock and the transformation, incessantly at work among the great groups of human conceptions. The decree against the *Encyclopædia* marks the central moment of a collision between two antagonistic conceptions which disputed, and in France still dispute, with another the shaping and control of institutions. One of these ideas is the exclusion of political authority from the sphere and function of directing opinion; it implies the absolute secularisation of government. The rival idea prompted the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the dragonnades, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and all the other acts of the same policy, which not only deprived France of thousands of the most conscientious and most ingenious of her sons, but warped and corrupted the integrity of the national conscience. It is natural that we should feel anger at the arbitrary attempt to arrest Diderot's courageous and enlightened undertaking. Yet in truth it was only the customary inference from an accepted principle, that it is the business or the right of governments to guide thought and regulate its expression. The Jesuits acted on this theory, and resorted to the repressive power and the secular arm whenever they could. The Jansenists repudiated the principle, but eagerly acted upon it whenever the turn of intrigue gave them the chance.

An extraordinary and unforeseen circumstance changed the external bearings of this critical conflict of ideas. The conception of the duties of the temporal authority in the spiritual sphere had been associated hitherto with Catholic doctrine. The decay of that doctrine was rapidly discrediting the conception allied with it. But the movement was interrupted. And it was interrupted by a man who suddenly stepped out from the ranks of the *Encyclopædists* themselves. Rousseau from his solitary cottage at Montmorency (1758) fulminated the celebrated letter to D'Alembert on stage-plays. The article on Geneva in the seventh volume had not only praised the pastors for their unbelief; it also assailed the time-honoured doctrine of the churches that the theatre is an institution from hell and an invention of devils. D'Alembert paid a compliment to his

patriarch and master at Ferney, as well as shot a bolt at his ecclesiastical foes in Paris, by urging the people of Geneva to shake off irrational prejudices and straightway to set up a play-house. Rousseau had long been brooding over certain private grievances of his own against Diderot; the dreary story has been told before in these pages, and happily need not be repeated. He took the occasion of D'Alembert's mischievous suggestion to his native Geneva, not merely to denounce the drama with all the force and eloquence at his command, but formally to declare the breach between himself and Diderot. From this moment he treated the Holbachians, so he contemptuously styled the Encyclopædists, as enemies of the human race, and disseminators of deadly poisons.

This was no mere quarrel of rival authors. It marked a fundamental divergence in thought, and proclaimed the beginning of a disastrous reaction in the very heart of the school of illumination. Among the most conspicuous elements of the reaction were these:—the subordination of reason to emotion; the displacement of industry, science, energetic and many-sided ingenuity, by dreamy indolence; and finally, what brings us back to our starting-point, the suppression of opinions deemed to be anti-social by the secular arm. The old idea was brought back in a new dress; the absolutist conception of the function of authority, associated with a theistic doctrine. Unfortunately for France Rousseau's idea prospered and ended in vanquishing its antagonist. The reason is plain. Rousseau's idea exactly fitted in with the political traditions and institutions of the country. It was more easily and directly compatible than was the contending idea, with that temper and set of men's minds which tradition and institutions had fixed so disastrously deep in the national character. The crisis of 1758–9, then, is a date of the highest importance. It marks a collision between the old principle of Lewis the Fourteenth, of the Bartholomew Massacre, of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the new rationalistic principle of spiritual emancipation. The old principle was decrepit, was no longer able to maintain itself; the hounds were furious, but their fury was toothless. Before the new principle could achieve mastery, Rousseau had made mastery impossible. Two men came into the world at this very moment, whom destiny made incarnations of the discordant principles. Danton and Robespierre were both born in 1759. Diderot seems to have had a biblical presentiment, says Michelet. "We feel that he saw, beyond Rousseau, something sinister, a spectre of the future. Diderot-Danton already looks in the face of Rousseau-Robespierre."¹

A more vexatious incident now befel the all-daring, all-enduring

(1) *Louis XV. et Louis XVI.*, p. 50.

Diderot, than either the decree of the council or the schism of the heresiarch at Montmorency. D'Alembert declared his intention of abandoning the work, and urged his colleague to do the same. His letters to Voltaire show intelligibly enough how he brought himself to this resolution. "I am worn out," he says, "with the affronts and vexations of every kind that this work draws down upon us. The hateful and even infamous satires which they print against us, and which are not only tolerated, but protected, authorised, applauded, nay even commanded by the people with power in their hands; the sermons, or rather the tocsins that are rung against us at Versailles in the presence of the king, *nemine reclamante*; the new intolerable inquisition that they are bent on practising against the Encyclopædia, by giving us new censors who are more absurd and more intractable than could be found at Goa; all these reasons, joined to some others, drive me to give up this accursed work once for all." He cared nothing for libels or stinging pamphlets in themselves, but libels permitted or ordered by those who could instantly have suppressed them were a different thing, especially when they vomited forth the vilest personalities. He admitted that there were other reasons why he was bent on retiring, and it would appear that one of these reasons was dissatisfaction with the financial arrangements of the booksellers.¹

Voltaire for some time remonstrated against this retreat before the hated *Infâmes*. At length his opinion came round to D'Alembert's reiterated assertions of the shame and baseness of men of letters subjecting themselves to the humiliating yoke of ministers, priests, and police. He wrote to Diderot, protesting that before all things it was necessary to present a firm front to the foe; it would be atrocious weakness to continue the work after D'Alembert had quitted it; it was monstrous that such a genius as Diderot should make himself the slave of booksellers and the victim of fanaticism. Must this dictionary, he asked, which is a hundred times more useful than Bayle's, be fettered by the superstition which it should annihilate; must they make terms with scoundrels who keep terms with none; could the enemies of reason, the persecutors of philosophers, the assassins of our kings, still dare to lift up their voices in such a century as that? "Men are on the eve of a great revolution in the human mind, and it is you to whom they are most of all indebted for it."²

More than once Voltaire entreated Diderot to finish his work in a foreign country where his hands would be free. "No," said Diderot in a reply of pathetic energy; "to abandon the work is turning our back on the breach, and to do precisely what the villains who persecute us desire. If you knew with what joy they have learnt D'Alem-

(1) Jan. 11, 1758. Jan. 20, 1758. Diderot to Mdlle. Voland, October 11, 1759.

(2) Voltaire to D'Alembert, Jan. to May, 1758. Voltaire to Diderot, Jan. 1758.

bert's desertion! It is not for us to wait until the government have punished the brigands to whom they have given us up. Is it for us to complain, when they associate with us in their insults men who are so much better than ever we shall be? What ought we to do then? Do what becomes men of courage,—despise our foes, follow them up, and take advantage, as we have done, of the feebleness of our consors. If D'Alembert resumes, and we complete our work, is not that vengeance enough? . . . After all this you will believe that I cling at any price to the *Encyclopædia*, and you will be mistaken. My dear master, I am over forty. I am tired out with tricks and shufflings. I cry from morning till night for rest, rest; and scarcely a day passes when I am not tempted to go and live in obscurity and die in peace in the depths of my old county. There comes a time when all ashes are mingled. Then what will it boot me to have been Voltaire or Diderot, or whether it is your three syllables or my three syllables that survive? One must work, one must be useful, one owes an account of one's gifts, etcetera. Be useful to men! Is it quite clear that one does more than amuse them, and that there is much difference between the philosopher and the flute-player? They listen to one and the other with pleasure or disdain, and remain what they were. The Athenians were never wickeder than in the time of Socrates, and perhaps all that they owe to his existence is a crime the more. That there is more spleen than good sense in all this, I admit—and I go back to the *Encyclopædia*.''¹

Thus for seven years the labour of conducting the vast enterprise fell upon Diderot alone. He had not only to write articles upon the most exhausting and various kinds of subjects: he had also to distribute subjects among his writers, to shape their manuscripts, to correct proof-sheets, to supervise the preparation of the engravings, to write the text explanatory of them, and all this amid constant apprehension and alarm from the government and the police. He would have been free from persecution at Lausanne or Leyden. The two great sovereigns of the north who thought it part of the trade of a king to patronise the new philosophy, offered him shelter at Petersburg or Berlin.² But how could he transport to the banks of the Neva or the Spree his fifty skilled compositors, his crafty engravers on copper-plate, and all the rest of his industrial army? How could he find in those half-barbarous lands the looms and engines and thousand cunning implements and marvellous processes which he had under his eye and ready to his hand in France? And so he held fast to his post on the fifth floor of the house in the rue Saint Benoît, a marvel to the world of letters for all time.

As his toil was drawing to a close, he suddenly received the most

(1) Diderot to Voltaire, Feb. 19, 1758.

(2) *Mém.*, ii. 214.

mortifying of all the blows that were struck at him in the course of his prolonged, hazardous, and tormenting adventure. After the interruption in 1759, it was resolved to bring out the ten volumes which were still wanting, in a single issue. Le Breton was entrusted with the business of printing them. The manuscript was set in type, Diderot corrected the proof-sheets, saw the revises, and returned each sheet duly marked for press with his signature. At this point the nefarious operation of Le Breton began. He and his foreman took possession of the sheets, and proceeded to retrench, cut out, and suppress every passage, line, or phrase, that appeared likely to provoke clamour or the anger of the government. They thus, of their own brute authority, reduced most of the best articles to the condition of fragments mutilated and despoiled of all that had been most valuable in them. The miscreants did not even trouble themselves to secure any appearance of order or continuity in these mangled skeletons of articles. Their murderous work done, they sent the pages to the press, and to make the mischief beyond remedy, they committed all the original manuscripts and proof-sheets to the flames. One day, when the printing was nearly completed (1764), Diderot having occasion to consult an article under the letter S, found it entirely spoiled. He stood confounded. An instant's thought revealed the printer's atrocity. He eagerly turned to the articles on which he and his subordinates had taken most pains, and found everywhere the same ravage and disorder. "The discovery," says Grimm, "threw him into a state of frenzy and despair which I shall never forget."¹ He wept tears of rage and torment in the presence of the criminal himself, and before wife and children and sympathising domestics. For weeks he could neither eat nor sleep. "For years," he cried to Le Breton, "you have been basely cheating me. You have massacred, or got a brute beast to massacre, the work of twenty good men who have devoted their time, their talents, their vigils, to you, from love of right and truth, from the simple hope of seeing their ideas given to the public, and reaping from them a little consideration richly earned, and which your injustice and thanklessness have stolen from them. . . . You and your book will be trampled through the mud, and you will henceforth be cited as a man who has been guilty of an act of treachery, an act of vile hardihood, to which nothing can be compared. Then you will be able to judge your panic terror, and the cowardly counsels of the barbarous Ostrogoths and stupid Vandals who helped you in the ravages you have made."²

Yet he remained undaunted to the very last. His first movement to throw up the work, and denounce Le Breton's outrage to the subscribers and the world, was controlled. His labour had lost its charm. The monument was disfigured and defaced. He never

(1) *Corr. Lit.*, vii. 146.

(2) *Corr. Lit.*, vii. 146.

forgot the horrible chagrin, and he never forgave the ignoble author of it. But the last stone was at length laid. In 1765 the subscribers received the concluding ten volumes of letter-press. The eleven volumes of plates were not completed until 1772. The copies bore Neufchatel on the title-page, and were distributed privately. The clergy in their assembly at once levelled a decree at the new book. The parliament quashed this, not from love of the book, but from hatred of the clergy. The government, however, ordered all who possessed the *Encyclopædia* to deliver it over forthwith to the police. Eventually the copies were returned to their owners with some petty curtailments.

Voltaire has left us a vivacious picture of authority in grave consultation over the great engine of destruction. With that we may conclude our account of its strange eventful history.

A servant of Lewis XV. told me that one day the king his master supping at Trianon with a small party, the talk happened to turn first upon the chase, and next on gunpowder. Some one said that the best powder was made of equal parts of saltpetre, of sulphur, and of charcoal. The duke de la Vallière, better informed, maintained that to make good gunpowder, you required one part of sulphur and one of charcoal to five parts of saltpetre.

It is curious, said the duke de Nivernois, that we should amuse ourselves every day in killing partridges at Versailles, and sometimes in killing men or getting ourselves killed on the frontier, without knowing exactly how the killing is done.

Alas, said madame de Pompadour, we are all reduced to that about everything in the world: I don't know how they compound the rouge that I put on my cheeks, and I should be vastly puzzled if they were to ask me how they make my silk stockings.

'Tis a pity, then said the duke de la Vallière, that his majesty should have confiscated our *Encyclopædias*, which cost us a hundred pistoles apiece: we should soon find there an answer to all our difficulties.

The king justified the confiscation: he had been warned that the one and twenty folios, that were to be found on the dressing-tables of all the ladies, were the most dangerous thing in all the world for the kingdom of France; and he meant to find out for himself whether this were true or not, before letting people read the book. When supper was over, he sent three lackeys for the book, and they returned each with a good deal of difficulty carrying seven volumes.

It was then seen from the article *Powder* that the duke de la Vallière was right; and then madame de Pompadour learnt the difference between the old rouge of Spain, with which the ladies of Madrid coloured their faces, and the rouge of the ladies of Paris. She knew that the Greek and Roman ladies were painted with the purple that came from the *murex*, and that therefore our scarlet is the purple of the ancients; that there was more saffron in the rouge of Spain, and more cochineal in that of France.

She saw how they made her stockings by loom; and the machine transported her with amazement. . .

Everyone threw himself on the volumes like the daughters of Lycomedes on

the ornaments of Ulysses; everyone immediately found all he sought. Those who were at law were surprised to see their affair decided. The king read all about the rights of his crown. But upon my word, he said, I can't tell why they spoke so ill of this book. Do you not see, sire," said the duke de Nivernois, "it is because the book is so good; people never cry out against what is mediocre or common in anything. If women seek to throw ridicule on a new arrival, she is sure to be prettier than they are.

All this time they kept on turning over the leaves; and the count de C—— said aloud—Sire, how happy you are, that under your reign men should be found capable of understanding all the arts and transmitting them to posterity. Everything is here, from the way to make a pin down to the art of casting and pointing your guns; from the infinitely little up to the infinitely great. Thank God for having brought into the world in your kingdom the men who have done such good work for the whole universe. Other nations must either buy the Encyclopædia, or else they must pirate it. Take all my property if you will, but give me back my Encyclopædia.

Yet they say, replied the king, that there are many faults in this work, necessary and admirable as it is.

Sire, said the count de C——, there were at your supper two ragouts which were failures; we left them uneaten, and yet we had excellent fare. Would you have had them throw all the supper out of the window because of those two ragouts? . . .

Envy and Ignorance did not count themselves beaten; the two immortal sisters continued their cries, their cabals, their persecutions. What happened? Foreigners brought out four editions of this French book which in France was proscribed, and they gained about 1,800,000 crowns.¹

In a monotonous world it is a pity to spoil a striking effect, yet one must be vigilant. It has escaped the attention of writers who have reproduced this lively scene, that madame de Pompadour was dead before the volumes containing Powder and Rouge were born. The twenty-one volumes were not published until 1765, and she died in the spring of the previous year. But the substance of the story is probably true, though Voltaire has apparently made a slip in a name.

As to the reference with which Voltaire impatiently concludes, we have to remember that the work was being printed at Geneva as it came out in Paris. It was afterwards reprinted as a whole both at Geneva (1777) and at Lausanne (1778). An edition appeared at Leghorn in 1770, and another at Lucca in 1771. Immediately after the completion of the Encyclopædia there began to appear volumes of selections from it. The compilers of these anthologies (for instance of an *Esprit de l'Encyclopédie* published at Geneva in 1768) were free from all intention of proselytising. They meant only to turn a more or less honest penny by serving up in neat duodecimos the liveliest, most curious, and most amusing pieces to be found in the immense mass of the folios of the original.

(1) *Œuv. de Voltaire*. Published sometimes among *Fadettes*, sometimes among *Milanges*.

The Encyclopædia of Diderot though not itself the most prodigious achievement on which French booksellers may pride themselves, yet inspired that achievement. In 1782 Panckoucke—a familiar name in the correspondence of Voltaire and the Voltairean family—conceived the plan of a Methodical Encyclopædia. This colossal work, which really consists of a collection of special cyclopædias for each of the special sciences was not completed until 1832, and comprises one hundred and sixty-six volumes of text, with a score more volumes of plates. It has no unity of doctrine, no equal application of any one set of philosophic principles, and no definite social aim. The only encyclopædia since 1772 with which I am acquainted, that is planned with a view to the presentation of a general body of doctrine, is the unfinished *Encyclopédie Nouvelle* of Pierre Leroux and Jean Reynaud. This work was intended to apply the socialistic and spiritualistic ideas of its authors over the whole field of knowledge and speculation. The result is that it furnishes only a series of dissertations, and is not an encyclopædia in the ordinary sense.¹

The booksellers at first spoke of the Encyclopædia as an affair of two million livres. It appeared, however, that its cost did not go much beyond one million, one hundred and forty thousand livres. The gross return was calculated to be nearly twice as much. The price to the subscriber of the seven volumes up to 1757, of the ten volumes issued in 1765, and of the eleven volumes of plates completed in 1772, amounted to nine hundred and eighty livres,² or about forty pounds sterling of that date, equivalent in value to more than three times the sum in money of to-day.

The payment received by Diderot is a little doubtful, and the terms were evidently changed from time to time. His average salary after D'Alembert had quitted him, seems to have amounted to about three thousand livres, or one hundred and twenty pounds sterling, per annum. This coincides with Grimm's statement that the total sum received by Diderot was sixty thousand livres, or about two thousand four hundred pounds sterling.³ And to think, cried Voltaire, when he heard of Diderot's humble wage, that an army contractor makes twenty thousand livres a day! Voltaire himself had made a profit of more than half a million livres by a share in an army contract in the war of 1734, and his yearly income derived from such gains and their prudent investment was as high as seventy thousand livres, representing in value a sum not far short of ten thousand pounds a year of our present money.

(1) See *Œur. Choieses de Jean Reynaud*, reprinted in 1866. The article on *Encyclopédie* (vol. i.) is an interesting attempt to vindicate Cartesian principles of classification.

(2) See fly-leaf of vol. xxviii.

(3) *Mém.* ii. 115. (Grimm, vii. 145.)

All writers on the movement of illumination in France in the eighteenth century, call our attention to the quick transformation, which took place after the middle of the century, of a speculative or philosophical agitation into a political or social one. Readers often find some difficulty in understanding plainly how or why this metamorphosis was brought about. After due meditation, however, we see that the philosophic tendencies all pointed in the direction of social renovation, even where they seemed most abstract and least susceptible of a political application. The metaphysical question which men were then so fond of discussing, whether matter can think, appears very far removed indeed from the sphere of political conceptions. The psychological question whether our ideas are innate or are solely given to us by experience through the sensations, may strike the publicist as having the least possible to do with the type of a government or the aims of a community. And so with the other objects of the abstract philosophical controversy of the time. It is really the conclusions to which men come in this region, that determine the quality of the civil sentiment and the significance of political organization. The theological doctors who persecuted De Prades for suggestions of Locke's psychology and for high treason against Cartesianism were guided by a right instinct of self-preservation. De Maistre, by far the most acute and penetrating of the Catholic school, was never more clear-sighted than when he made a vigorous and deliberate onslaught upon Bacon the centre of his movement against revolutionary principles.

As we have said before, the immediate force of speculative literature hangs on practical opportuneness, and it was not merely because Bacon and Hobbes and Locke had written certain books, that the Encyclopædists, who took up their philosophic succession, inevitably became a powerful political party and multiplied their adherents in an increasing proportion as the years went on. "It would be a mistake," wrote that sagacious and well-informed observer, D'Argenson, so early as 1753, "to attribute the loss of religion in France to the English philosophy, which has not gained more than a hundred philosophers or so in Paris, instead of setting it down to the hatred against the priests, which goes to the very last extreme. All minds are turning to discontent and disobedience, and everything is on the high road to a great revolution both in religion and in government. And it will be a very different thing to that rude reform, a medley of superstition and freedom, which came to us from Germany in the sixteenth century! As our nation and our century are enlightened in a very different fashion, they will go whither they ought to go; they will banish every priest, all priesthood, all revelation, all mystery." This, however, only represents the destructive side of the vast change which D'Argenson thus foresaw six-and-thirty years before its con-

summation. That change had also a constructive side. If one of its elements was hate, another and more important element was hope. This constructive and reforming spirit which made its way in the intelligence of the leading men in France from 1750 to 1789, was represented in the encyclopædic confederation and embodied in their forty folios. And, to return to our first point, it was directly and inseparably associated with the philosophy of Bacon and Locke. What is the connection between their speculations and a vehement and energetic spirit of social reform? We have no space here to do more than barely hint the line of answer.

The broad features of the speculative revolution of which the Encyclopædia was the outcome, lie on the surface of its pages and cannot be mistaken. The transition from Descartes to Newton meant the substitution of observation for hypothesis. The exaltation of Bacon meant the advance from supernatural explanations to explanations from experience. The acceptance and development of the Lockian psychology meant the reference of our ideas to bodily sensations, and led men by what they thought a tolerably direct path to the identification of mind with functions of matter. We need not here discuss the philosophical truth or adequateness of these ways of considering the origin and nature of knowledge, or the composition of human character. All that now concerns us is to mark their tendency. That tendency clearly is to expel Magic as the decisive influence among us, in favour of ordered relations of cause and effect, which are to be discovered by intelligent search. The universe began to be more directly conceived as a group of phenomena that are capable of rational and connected explanation. Then, the wider the area of law, the greater is man's consciousness of his power of controlling forces, and securing the results he desires. Objective interests and their conditions acquire an increasing preponderance in his mind. On the other hand, as the limits of science expand, so do the limits of nescience become more definite. The more we know of the universal order, the more are we persuaded, however gradually and insensibly, that certain matters which men believed themselves to know outside of this phenomenal order, are in truth inaccessible by those instruments of experience and observation to which we are indebted for other knowledge. Hence, a natural inclination to devote our faculty to the forces within our control, and to withdraw it from vain industry about forces, if they be forces, which are beyond our control and beyond our apprehension. Thus man becomes the centre of the world to himself, nature his servant and minister, human society the field of his interests and his exertions. The sensational psychology, again, whether scientifically defensible or not, clearly tends to heighten our idea of the power of education and institutions upon character. The more vividly we realise the

share of external impressions in making men what they are, the more ready we shall be to concern ourselves with external conditions and their improvement. The introduction of the positive spirit into the observation of the facts of society was not to be expected until the Cartesian philosophy, with its reliance on inexplicable intuitions and its exaggeration of the method of hypothesis, had been finally laid aside.

It is very easy to show that the Encyclopædists had not established an impregnable scientific basis for their philosophy. Anybody can now see that their metaphysic and psychology were imperfectly thought out. The important thing is that their metaphysic and psychology were calculated, notwithstanding all their superficialities, to inspire an energetic social spirit, because they were pregnant with humanistic sentiment. To represent the Encyclopædia as the gospel of negation and denial is to omit four-fifths of its contents. Men may certainly, if they please, describe it as merely negative work, for example, to denounce such institutions as examination and punishment by Torture (see *Question, Peine*), but if so, what gospel of affirmation can bring better blessings? If the metaphysic of these writers had been a thousandfold more superficial than it was, what mattered that, so long as they had vision for every one of the great social improvements on which the progress, and even the very life of the nation depended? It would be obviously unfair to say that reasoned interest in social improvement is incompatible with a spiritualistic doctrine, but we are justified in saying that energetic faith in possibilities of social progress is first reached through the philosophy of sensation and experience.

In describing the encyclopædic movement as being, among other things, the development of political interest under the presiding influence of a humanistic philosophy, we are using the name of politics in its widest sense. The economic conditions of a country, and the administration of its laws, are far more vitally related to its well-being than the form of its government. The form of government is indeed a question of the first importance, but then this is owing in a paramount degree to the influence which it may have upon the other two sets of elements in the national life.

(1) It is well to remember that torture was not abolished in France until the Revolution. A Catholic writer makes the following judicious remark: "We cannot study the eighteenth century, without being struck by the immoral consequences that inevitably followed for the population of Paris from the frequency and the hideous details of criminal executions. In reading the journals of the time, we are amazed at the place taken in popular life by the scenes of the Grève. It was the theatre of the day. The gibbet and the wheel did their work almost periodically, and people looked on while poor wretches writhed in slow agony all day long. Sometimes the programme was varied by decapitation and even by the stake. Torture had its legends and its heroes—the every-day talk of the generation which, having begun by seeing Damiens torn by red-hot pincers, was to end by rending Foulon limb from limb."—(Carné, *Monarchie française au 18ième Siècle*, p. 493.)

Form of government is like the fashion of a man's clothes, which may fret or may comfort him, may be imposing or mean, may react upon his spirits to elate or depress them. In either case it is less intimately related to his welfare than the state of his blood and his tissues. In saying, then, that the Encyclopædists began a political work, what is meant is that they drew into the light of new ideas, groups of institutions, usages, and arrangements which affected the real wellbeing and happiness of France, as closely as nutrition affected the health and strength of an individual Frenchman.

We are not to suppose that the *Encyclopædia* was the originating organ of either new methods or new social ideas. The exalted and peculiarly modern views about peace, for instance, were plainly inspired from the writings of the Abbé Saint Pierre (1658-1743), one of the most original spirits of the century, who deserves to be remembered among other good services as the inventor of the word *bienfaisance*. Again, in the mass of the political articles we feel the immense impulse that was given to sociological discussion by the *Esprit des Lois*. Few questions are debated here, which Montesquieu had not raised, and none are debated without reference to Montesquieu's line of argument. The change of which we are conscious in turning from the *Esprit des Lois* to the *Encyclopædia* is that political ideas have been grasped as instruments. Philosophy has become patriotism. The Encyclopædists advanced with grave solicitude to the consideration of evils to which the red-heeled parasites of Versailles were insolently and incorrigibly blind.

The articles on Agriculture, for example, are admirable alike for the fulness and precision with which they expose the actual state of France; for the clearness with which they trace its deplorable inadequateness back to the true sources; and for the strong interest and sympathy in the subject, which they both exhibit and inspire. If now and again the touch is too idyllic, it was still a prodigious gain to let the country know in a definite way that of the fifty million arpents of cultivable land in the realm, more than one quarter lay either unbroken or abandoned. And it was a prodigious gain to arouse the attention of the general public to the causes of the forced deterioration of French agriculture, namely, the restrictions on trade in grain, the arbitrariness of the imposts, and the flight of the population to the large towns. Then the demonstration, corroborated by the too patriotic vaunts of contemporary English writers, of the stimulus given to agriculture by our system of free exports, contained one of the most useful lessons that the French had to learn. •

Again, there are some abuses which cannot be more effectively attacked than by a mere statement of the facts in the plainest and least argumentative terms. The history of such an impost as the tax upon salt (*Gabelle*), and a bold outline of the random and incongruous fashions in which it was levied, were equivalent to a formal

indictment. It needed no rhetoric nor discussion to heighten the harsh injustice of the rule that "persons who have changed domicile are still taxed for a certain time in the seat of their former abode, namely farmers and labourers for one year, and all other tax-payers for two years, provided the parish to which they have removed is within the same district; and if otherwise, then farmers to pay for two years, and other persons for three years" (*Taille*). Thus a man under the given circumstances would have to pay double taxes for three years, as a penalty for changing his dwelling. We already hear the murmur of the *cahiers* of five-and-twenty years later in the account of the transports of joy with which the citizens of Lisieux saw the *taille proportionnelle* established (1718), and how numerous other cities sent up prayers that the same blessing might be sent up to them. "Reasons that it is not for us to divine, caused the rejection of these demands; so hard is it to do a good act, which everybody talks about much more in order to seem to desire it, than from any intention of really doing it. . . To illustrate the advantages of this plan, the impost of 1718 with all arrears for five years was discharged in twelve months without needless cost or discussion. By an extravagance more proper than any other to degrade humanity, the common happiness made malcontents of all that class whose prosperity depends on the misery of others,"—that is the privileged class.

It is no innate factionousness, as flighty critics of French affairs sometimes imply, that has made civil equality the passion of modern France. The root of this passion is an undying memory of the curse that was inflicted on its citizens, morally and materially, by the fiscal inequalities of the old régime. The article, *Privilege*, urges the desirableness of inquiring into the grounds of the vast multitude of fiscal exemptions, and of abolishing all that were no longer associated with the performance of real and useful service. "A bourgeois," says the writer, anticipating a cry that was so soon to ring through the land, "a bourgeois in comfortable circumstances, and who could himself pay half of the *taille* of a whole parish, if it were imposed in its due proportion,—on payment of the amount of his taxes for one or for two years, and often for less; without birth, education, or talents,—buys a place in a local salt office, or some useless charge at court, or in the household of some prince. . . . This man proceeds to enjoy in the public eye all the exemptions possessed by the nobility and the high magistracy. . . From such an abuse of privileges spring two very considerable evils; the poorer part of the citizens are always burdened beyond their strength, though they are the most useful to the state, since the class is composed of those who cultivate the land, and procure a subsistence for the upper classes; the other evil is that privileges disgust persons of education and talent with the idea of entering the magistracy or

other professions demanding labour and application, and lead them to prefer small posts and paltry offices." And so forth, with a gravity and moderation, that was then common in political discussion in France, but that gradually disappeared in 1789, when it was found that the privileged orders even at that time in their *cahiers* steadily demanded the maintenance of every one of their most odious and iniquitous rights.¹ When it is said, then, that the Encyclopædists deliberately prepared the way for a political revolution, let us remember that what they really did was to shed the light of rational discussion on practical grievances which the most fatuous conservative who now shrieks at Versailles, does not dream of bringing back.

Let us turn to two other of the most oppressive institutions that then scourged France. First the *Corrée*, or feudal rule which forced every unprivileged farmer and peasant in France to furnish so many days' labour for the maintenance of the highways. Arthur Young tells us, and the statement is confirmed by the memoranda of Turgot, that this wasteful, cruel, and inefficient system was annually the ruin of many hundreds of persons, and he mentions that no less than three hundred farmers were reduced to beggary in filling up a single vale in Lorraine.² Under this all-important head, the Encyclopædia has an article that does not merely add to the knowledge of its readers by a history of the *corrées*, but proceeds to discuss, as in a pamphlet or review article, the inconveniences of the prevailing system, and presses schemes for avoiding them. Turgot had not yet shown in practice the only right substitute. The article was printed in 1754, and it was not until ten years later that this great administrator, then become intendant of the Limousin, did away in his district with compulsory personal service on the roads, and required in its place a money payment assessed on the parishes. The writer of the article in the Encyclopædia does not anticipate this obviously rational plan, but he paints a striking picture of the thousand abuses and miserable inefficiencies of the practice of *corrées*, and his piece illustrates that vigorous discussion of social subjects which the Encyclopædia stimulated. It is worth remarking that this writer was a sub-engineer of roads and bridges in the generality of Tours. The case is an example of the importance of the Encyclopædia as a centre to which active-minded men of all kinds might bring the fruits of their thought and observation.

Next to the *corrées*, the monster grievance of the third estate was

(1) Such as that their feudal rights should be confirmed; that none but nobles should carry arms, or be eligible for the army; that *lettres-de-cachet* should continue; that the press should not be free; that the wine trade should not be free internally or for export; that breaking up wastes and enclosing commons should be prohibited; that the old arrangement of the militia should remain.—Arthur Young's *France*, ch. xxi. p. 607.

(2) *Travels in France*, ch. xxi.

the system of enrolments for the militia. The article, *Milice*, is very short, but it goes to the root of the matter. The only son of a cultivator of moderate means, forced to quit the paternal roof at the moment when his labour might recompense his straitened parents for the expense of having brought him up, is justly described as an irreparable loss. The writer, after hinting that it would be well, if such an institution were wholly dispensed with, urges that at least its object might be more effectively and more humanely reached by allowing each parish to provide its due contingent of men in its own way. This change was indeed already (1765) being carried out by Turgot in the Limousin, and with excellent results. The writer concludes with the highly civilised remark, that we ought to weigh whether the good of the rural districts, the culture of the land, and population, are not preferable objects to the glory of setting enormous hosts of armed men on foot after the example of Xerxes. Alas, it is one of the discouragements of the student of history, that he often finds highly civilised remarks made one or two or twenty centuries ago, which are just as useful and just as little heeded now as they were when they were made.

The same reflection occurs to one in reading the article on Foundations. As I have already said, this carefully written and sagacious piece still remains the most masterly discussion we possess of the advantages and disadvantages of endowments. Even now, and in our own country, the most fertile and beneficent work to which a statesman of energy and courage could devote himself would be an application of the wise principles which were established in the *Encyclopædia*. Passing from *Fondation* to *Foire* in the same volume, also from the pen of Turgot, we see an almost equally striking example of the economic wisdom of the encyclopadic school. The provincial fairs, with their privileges, exemptions, exclusions, were a conspicuous case of the mischief done by that "mania for regulating and guiding everything," which then infected commercial administration, and interrupted the natural course of trade by imbecile vexations of police. Another vicious example of the same principle is exposed in the article on *Maitrises*. This must have convinced every reader capable of rising above 'the holy laws of prejudice,' how bad faith, idleness, disorder, and all the other evils of monopoly were fomented by a system of jealous trade-guilds, carrying compulsory subdivision and restriction of all kinds of skilled labour down to a degree, which would have been laughable enough if it had only been less destructive.

One of the loudest cries in 1789 was for the destruction of game and the great manorial chases or capitaineries. "By game," says Arthur Young, "must be understood whole droves of wild boars, and herds of deer not confined by any wall or pale, but wandering at pleasure over the whole country to the destruction of crops, and

to the peopling of the galleys by the wretched peasants who presumed to kill them, in order to save that food which was to support their helpless children." ¹ In the same place he enumerates the outrageous and incredible rules which ruined agriculture over hundreds of leagues of country, in order that the seigneurs might have sport. In most matters the seven volumes of the *Encyclopædia* which were printed before 1757, are more reserved than the ten volumes which were conducted by Diderot alone after the great schism of 1759. On the subject of sport, however, the writer of the article *Chasse* enumerates all the considerations which a patriotic minister could desire to see impressed on public opinion. Some of the paragraphs startle us by their directness and freedom of complaint, and even a very cool reader would still be likely to feel some of the wrath that was stirred in the breast of our shrewd and sober Arthur Young a generation later (1787). "Go to the residence of these great nobles," he says, "wherever it may be, and you would probably find them in the midst of a forest, very well peopled with deer, wild boar, and wolves. Oh! if I were the legislator of France for a day, I would make such great lords skip!" ²

This brings us to what is perhaps the most striking of all the guiding sentiments of the book. Virgil's *Georgics* have been described as a glorification of labour. The *Encyclopædia* seems inspired by the same motive, the same earnest enthusiasm for all the purposes, interests, and details of productive industry. Diderot, as has been justly said, himself the son of a cutler, might well bring hand-work into honour; assuredly he had inherited from his good father's workshop sympathy and regard for skill and labour. ³ The illustrative plates to which Diderot gave the most laborious attention for a period of almost thirty years, are not only remarkable for their copiousness, their clearness, their finish, and in all these respects they are truly admirable; but they strike us even more by the semi-poetic feeling that transforms the mere representation of a process into an animated scene of human life, stirring the sympathy and touching the imagination of the onlooker as by something dramatic. The bustle, the dexterity, the alert force of the iron foundry, the glass furnace, the gunpowder mill, the silk calendry, are as skilfully reproduced as the more tranquil toil of the dairywoman, the embroiderer, the confectioner, the seller of types, the compounder of drugs, the chaser of metals. The drawings recall that eager and personal interest in his work, that nimble complacency, which is so charming a trait in the best French craftsman. The animation of these great folios of plates is prodigious. They affect one like looking down on the world of Paris from the heights of Montmartre. To turn over volume after volume is like watching a splendid panorama of all the busy life of the time. Minute care is as striking in them

(1) *Travels in France*, p. 600.(2) *France*, i. 63.(3) *Rosenkranz*, i. 219.

as their comprehensiveness. The smallest tool, the knot in a thread, the ply in a cord, the curve of wrist or finger, each has special and proper delineation. The reader smiles at a complete and elaborate set of tailor's patterns. He shudders as he comes upon the knives, the probes, the bandages, the posture, of the wretch about to undergo the most dangerous operation in surgery. In all the chief departments of industry there are plates good enough to serve for practical specifications and working drawings. It has often been told how Diderot himself used to visit the workshops, to watch the men at work, to put a thousand questions, to sit down at the loom, to have the machine pulled to pieces and set together again before his eyes, to slave like any apprentice, and to do bad work, in order, as he says, to be able to instruct others how to do good work. That was no movement of empty rhetoric which made him cry out for the *Encyclopædia* to become a sanctuary in which human knowledge might find shelter against time and revolutions. He actually took the pains to make it a complete storehouse of the arts, so perfect in detail that they could be at once reconstructed after a deluge in which everything had perished save a single copy of the *Encyclopædia*. Such details, said D'Alembert, will perhaps seem extremely out of place to certain scholars, for whom a long dissertation on the cookery or the hairdressing of the ancients, or on the site of a ruined hamlet, or on the baptismal name of some obscure writer of the tenth century, would be vastly interesting and precious. He suggests that details of economy and of arts and trades have as good a right to a place as the scholastic philosophy, or some system of rhetoric still in use, or the mysteries of heraldry;—yet none of these had been passed over.¹

The importance given to physical science and the practical arts in the *Encyclopædia* is the sign and exemplification of two elements of the great modern transition. It marks both a social and an intellectual revolution. We see in it first, the distinct association with pacific labour of honour and a kind of glory, such as had hitherto been reserved for knights or friars, for war and asceticism, for fighting and praying. It is the definite recognition of the basis of a new society. If the nobles and the churchmen could only have understood, as clearly as Diderot and D'Alembert understood, the irresistible forces that were making against the maintenance of the worn-out system, all the worst of the evils attending the great political changes of the last decade of the century would have been avoided. That the nobles and churchmen would not see this, was the fatality of the Revolution. We have a glimpse of the profound transformation of social ideas which was at work in the five or six lines of the article, *Journa lier*. "Journeyman—a workman who labours with his hands, and is paid day-wages. This description of

(1) *Avert.* to vol. iii.

men forms the great part of a nation; it is their lot which a good government ought to keep principally in sight. If the journeyman is miserable, the nation is miserable."

The second element in the modern transition is only the intellectual side of the first. It is the substitution of interest in things for interest in words, of positive knowledge for verbal disputation. Few now dispute the services of the schoolmen to the intellectual development of Europe. But conditions had fully ripened, and it was time to complete the movement of Bacon and Descartes by finally placing verbal analysis, verbal definition, verbal inferences, in their right position. Form was no longer to take precedence of matter. The Encyclopædists are never weary of contrasting their own age of practical rationalism with "the pusillanimous ages of taste." A great collection of books is described in one article (*Bibliomanie*) as a collection of material for the history of the blindness and infatuation of mankind. The gatherer of books is compared to one who should place five or six gems under a pile of common pebbles. If a man of sense buys a work in a dozen volumes, and finds that only half a dozen pages are worth reading, he does well to cut out the half dozen pages and fling the rest into the fire. Finally, it would be no unbecoming device for every great library to have inscribed over its portal, "The Bedlam of the Human Mind." At this point one might perhaps suggest to D'Alembert that study of the pathology of the mind is no bad means of surprising the secrets of humanity and life. For the hour, however, the need was not knowledge of the thoughts, dreams, and mental methods of the past, but better mastery of the aids and instruments of active life. In every case Diderot was right when he expressed his preference for the essay over the treatise: "an essay where the writer throws me one or two ideas of genius, almost isolated, rather than a treatise where the precious gems are stifled beneath a mass of iteration . . . A man had only one idea; the idea demanded no more than a phrase; this phrase, full of marrow and meaning, would have been seized with relish; washed out in a deluge of words, it wearies and disgusts."¹ Rousseau himself does not surpass Diderot or D'Alembert in contempt for mere bookishness, and we wholly misjudge the Encyclopædia if we treat it as literature or philosophy.

The attitude of the Encyclopædia to religion is almost universally misrepresented in the common accounts. We are always told that the aim of its conductors was to preach dogmatic atheism. Such a statement could not be made by any one who had read the theological articles, whether the more or the less important among them. Whether Diderot had himself advanced definitely to the dogma of atheism at this time or not, it is certain that the Encyclo-

(1) Diderot's *Œuvres*, iv. 24. [Ed. Assézat.]

pædia represents only the phase of rationalistic scepticism. That the criticism was destructive of much of the fabric of popular belief, and was designed to destroy it, is undeniable, as it was inevitable. But when the excesses of '93 and '94—and all the revolutionary excesses put together are but a drop compared with the oceans of bloodshed with which catholicism and absolutism have made history crimson—when the crimes and confusion of the end of the century are traced by historians to the materialism and atheism of the Encyclopædia, we can only say that such an account is a misrepresentation. The materialism and atheism are not there. The religious attack was prompted and guided by the same social feeling that inspired the economic articles. The priest was the enemy of society, the patron of indolence, the hater of knowledge, the mutineer against the civil laws, the unprofitable devourer of the national substance, the persecutor. Sacerdotalism is the object of encyclopædic attack. To undermine this, it was necessary first to establish the principle of toleration, because the priest claims to be recognised as the exclusive possessor of saving doctrine. Second, it was necessary to destroy the principle of miracle, because the priest professes himself in his daily rites the consecrated instrument of thaumaturgy. "Let a man," says Rosenkranz very truly, "turn over hundreds of histories of church, of state, of literature, and in every one of them he will read that the Encyclopædia spread abroad an irreligious spirit. The accusation has only a relative truth, to the extent that the Encyclopædia assailed the belief in miracles, and the oppression of conscience supported by a priestly aristocracy."¹

It must be admitted that no consistent and definite language is adhered to from beginning to end. D'Alembert's prophecy that time would disclose to people what the writers really thought behind what fear of the censorship compelled them to say, is only partially fulfilled. Diderot's article on Jesus Christ is obviously a mere piece of common form, and more than one passage in his article on *Christianisme* are undoubtedly insincere. When we come to his more careful article, *Providence*, we find it impossible to extract from it a body of coherent propositions of which we could confidently say that they represented his own creed or the creed that he desired his readers to bear away in their minds.

The idea of miracle is sapped not by direct arguments, but by the indirect influences of science, and the exposition of the successes of scientific method. It was here that the Encyclopædia exerted really destructive power, and it did so in the only way in which power of that kind can be exerted either wisely or effectually. The miracle of a divine revelation, of grace, of the mass, began to wear a different look in men's eyes, as they learned more of the physical processes of the universe. We should describe the work of the Encyclopædia as

(1) *Diderot's Leben.*, i. 157.

being to make its readers lose their interest, rather than their belief, in mysteries. This is the normal process of theological dissolution. It unfolded a vast number of scientific conceptions in all branches of human activity, a surprising series of acquisitions, a vivid panorama of victories won by the ingenuity and travail of man. A contemplation of the wonders that man had wrought for himself replaced meditation on the wonders that were alleged to have been wrought by the gods. The latter were not so much denied by the plain reader, as they were gradually left out of sight and forgotten. Diderot constantly insists on the propriety, the importance, the indispensableness, of keeping the provinces of science and philosophy apart from the province of theology. This separation is much sought in our own day as a means of saving theology. Diderot designed it to save philosophy. He felt that the distinct recognition of positive thought as supreme within the widest limits then covered by it, would ultimately lead to the banishment of theological thought to a region of its own, too distant and too infertile for men to weary themselves in pursuit of it. His conception was to supplant the old ways of thinking and the old objects of intellectual interest by new ones. He trusted to the intrinsic fitness and value of the new knowledge and new views of human life, to displace the old. This marks him for a constructive thinker. He replaced barren theological interests that had outlived their time, by all those great groups of living and fruitful interests which glow and sparkle in the volumes of the *Encyclopædia*. Here was the effective damage that the *Encyclopædia* inflicted on the church as the organ of a stationary superstition. Some of the articles remind us on what a strange borderland France stood in those days, between debasing superstition and wholesome light. Such questions, however, as whether it is proper to baptize abortions (see *Arorton*), ceased to interest a public that had begun to educate itself by scientific discussions as to the virtue of Inoculation.

The union of all these secular acquisitions in a single colossal work invested them with something imposing. Secular knowledge was made to present a massive and sumptuous front. It was figured before the curious eyes of that generation as a great city of glittering palaces and stately mansions; or else as an immense landscape, with mountains, plains, rocks, waters, forests, animals, and a thousand objects, glorious and beautiful in the sunlight. Theology became visibly a shrivelled thing. Men became conscious of the vastness of the universe. At the same time and by the same process, the *Encyclopædia* gave them a key to the plan, a guiding thread in the immense labyrinth. The genealogical tree, or classification of arts and sciences, which with a few modifications was borrowed from Bacon and appeared at the end of the *Prospectus*, is seen to be faulty and inadequate. It distributes the various branches of knowledge with reference to faculties of the human understanding, instead of grouping

them according to their objective relations to one another. This led to many awkward results, as when the art of printing figures by the side of orthography as a subdivision of logic, to which also is given the art of heraldry or emblazonment. There is awkwardness too in dividing architecture into three heads, and then placing civil architecture under national jurisprudence, and naval architecture under social jurisprudence, while under fine arts no kind of architecture has any place. But when we have multiplied these objections to the uttermost, the effect of the magnificence and scope of the scheme remains what it was.

Even more important than the exposition of human knowledge, was the exposition of the degrees by which it has been slowly reared. The Preliminary Discourse to the Encyclopædia, of which far the greater and more valuable portion was written by D'Alembert, contains a fine survey of the progress of science, thought, and letters since the revival of learning. It is a generous canonisation of the great heroes of secular knowledge. It is rapid, but the contributions of Bacon, Descartes, Newton, Locke, Leibnitz, are thrown into a series that penetrates the reader's mind with the idea of ordered growth and measured progress. This excited a vivid hopefulness of interest which insensibly but most effectually pressed the sterile propositions of dogmatic theology into a dim and squalorous background. Nor was this all. The Preliminary Discourse and the host of articles marshalled behind it, showed that the triumphs of knowledge and true opinion had all been gained on two conditions. The first of these conditions was a firm disregard of authority; the second was an abstention from the premature concoction of system. The reign of ignorance and prejudice was made inveterate by deference to tradition; the reign of truth was hindered by the artificial boundary marks set mischievously deep by the authors of systems. As the whole spirit of theology is both essentially authoritative and essentially systematic, this disparagement was full of tolerably direct significance. It told in another way. The Sorbonne, the universities, the doctors, had identified orthodoxy with Cartesianism. "It is hard to believe," says D'Alembert in 1750, "that it is only within the last thirty years that people have even begun to renounce Cartesianism." He might have added that one of the most powerful of his contemporaries, Montesquieu himself, remained a rigid Cartesian to the end of his days. "Our nation," he says, "singularly eager as it is for novelties in all matters of taste, is in matters of science extremely attached to old opinions." This remark remains true of France to the present hour, and it would be an interesting digression to consider its significance, did time allow. France can at all events count one master innovator, and this the founder of Cartesianism himself. D'Alembert points out that the disciples violate the first maxims of their chief. He describes the hypothesis

of vortices and the doctrine of innate ideas as no longer tenable, and even as ridiculous; but do not let us forget, he says with a fine movement of candour, that it was Descartes who opened the way; he who set an example to men of intelligence, of shaking off the yoke of scholasticism, of opinion, of authority,—in a word, of prejudices and barbarism. Those who remain faithful to his hypothetical system, while they abandon his method, may be the last of his partisans, but they would assuredly never have been the first of his disciples.

By system the Encyclopædists meant more or less coherent bodies of frivolous conjecture. The true merit of the philosopher or the physicist is described as being to have the spirit of system, yet never to construct a system. The notion expressed in this sentence promises a union of the advantages of an organic synthesis with the advantages of an open mind and unfettered inquiry. It would be ridiculous to think, says D'Alembert, that there is nothing more to discover in anatomy, because anatomists devote themselves to researches that seem to be of no use, and yet often prove to be full of use in their consequences; nor would it be less absurd to set a ban on erudition, on the pretext that our learned men often give themselves up to matters of trivial import. It is among the things that one finds to deplore in a great thinker like Comte that he should not have been penetrated with this, as he was with so many of the other maxims of his predecessors of the Encyclopædia.

We are constantly struck by the presence of a genuine desire to reach the best opinion on a subject by the only right way, the way of abundant, many-sided, and liberal discussion. The article, for instance, on *Formes Générales* contains an examination of the question whether it is more expedient that the taxes of a nation should be gathered by farmers of the revenue, or directly by the agents of the government acting on its behalf and under its supervision. Montesquieu had argued strongly in favour of a Régie, the second of these methods. The writer of the article sets out the nine considerations by which Montesquieu had endeavoured to establish his position, and then he offers on each of them the strongest observations that occur to him in support of the opposite conclusion. At the conclusion of the article, the editors of the Encyclopædia append the following note:—"Our professed impartiality and our desire to promote the discussion and clearing up of an important question, have induced us to insert this article. As the Encyclopædia has for its principal aim the public advantage and instruction, we will insert in the article, *Régie*, without taking any side, all the reasons for and against, that people may be willing to submit to us, provided they are stated with due sense and moderation." Alas, when we turn to the article on Régie, the promise is unfulfilled, and a dozen meagre lines disappoint the seeker. But eight years of storm had passed,

and many a beneficent intention had been wrecked. The announcement at least shows us the aim and spirit of the original scheme.

Of the line of argument taken in the *Encyclopædia* as to Toleration we need say nothing. The article *Tolérance* was greatly admired in its day, and it is an eloquent and earnest reproduction of Locke's pleas. One rather curious feature in it is the reproduction of the passage from the *Social Contract*, in which Rousseau explains the right of the magistrate to banish any citizen who has not got religion enough to make him do his duties, and who will not make a profession of civil faith. The writer of the article interprets this as implying that "atheists in particular, who remove from the powerful the only rein, and from the weak their only hope," and so on, have no right to claim toleration. This is an unexpected stroke in a work that is vulgarly supposed to be a violent manifesto on behalf of atheism.¹

Diderot himself in an earlier article (*Intolérance*) had treated the subject with more trenchant energy. He does not argue his points systematically, but launches a series of maxims, as if with set teeth, clenched hands, and a brow like a thundercloud. He hails the oppressors of his life, the priests and the parliaments, with a pungency that is exhilarating, and winds up with a description of the intolerant as one who forgets that a man is his fellow, and treats him like a ravening brute for holding a different opinion; as one who sacrifices the spirit and precepts of his religion to his pride; as the rash fool who thinks that the arch can only be upheld by his hands; as a man who is generally without religion, and to whom it comes easier to have zeal than morals. Every page of the *Encyclopædia* was in fact a plea for toleration. This embittered the hostility of the churchmen to the work more than its attack upon dogma. For most ecclesiastics valued power more dearly than truth. And in power they valued most dearly the atrocious right of silencing, by whatever means, all opinions that were not official.

As I replace in my shelves this mountain of volumes, 'dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,' I have a presentiment that their pages will perhaps but seldom again be disturbed by me or by any. They served a great purpose a hundred years ago. They are now a monumental ruin, clothed with all the profuse associations of history. It is no Ozymandias of Egypt, king of kings, whose wrecked shape of stone and sterile memories we contemplate. We think rather of the grey walls of some ancient stronghold, reared by the endeavour of stout hands and faithful, whence a little band went forth to strike a saving blow for humanity and truth against barbarous hordes.

EDITOR.

(1) The writer was one Romilly, who had been elected a minister of one of the French Protestant churches in London. See *Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly*, i. 85.

THE WORKMEN'S VICTORY.

WE have for many years advocated in this Review a definite policy with reference to the Labour Laws. That policy has at length prevailed. The Government Labour Bills have become law, and we take the present opportunity to sum up the results achieved, to indicate what remains to be done, and to point the moral suggested by the recent debates. We are not disposed to criticise too closely the details of the measures. We hope that they will be interpreted in the same liberal and generous spirit that marked their introduction. We believe that Mr. Cross may himself, by future legislation, and even by his official direction, contribute largely to this result. The Trades' Union Congress which meets in October may congratulate itself upon the great and decisive victory that has been won. When the year began, the prospect was dark and gloomy. Defeat seemed imminent, and that a disastrous and crushing defeat, against which it would have been difficult to contend. When least expected, we find that the Conservative Government have thoroughly mastered the subject, have admitted the injustice complained of upon every point, have accepted the principles we fought for, and, let the defects be what they may, have carried those principles into substantially just laws. In every clause that may be considered as still too vague, the option of trial by jury has been conceded to the accused. It is not true that Mr. Cross has been forced to legislate. He might have easily shelved the matter for a time, or at all events might have ridden off upon the Report of the Royal Commission. Mr. Disraeli's words at the Mansion House, that "for the first time in the history of this country, the employer and employed sit under equal laws," were not an exaggeration. He might have added that, in several particulars, more had been conceded by the Government than had been asked for by the workmen.

The most important change effected by the Government scheme is in the law of conspiracy, though it attracted least attention and was not the object of debate. The recent judicial decisions had brought matters to a climax. The celebrated red and blue omnibus decision was a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. That which had been serious became ridiculous. The Royal Commission was literally forced to defend the law of conspiracy. For the first time the judicial bench, instead of developing and manipulating the law of conspiracy, had to justify its existence. It was quite certain that if Mr. Russell Gurney, noted for clearness and power of lucid exposition, supported by the highest judicial assistance, could not defend the position,

nobody could. Yet the result of the Report was to increase our uncertainty and confusion; and in the very effort to reconcile the law of conspiracy with common sense, he fell into the old judicial vice, and actually extended the law in a new direction. The report was in fact, by its failure, a most emphatic though unintentional condemnation of the law of conspiracy. As exhibited in those pages, the law was obscure, vague, and incomprehensible, and quite irreconcilable with the conditions of modern industry. The application of the law of conspiracy to industrial struggles in the last few years, has grievously damaged the popularity of our criminal justice, and was rapidly becoming an actual danger. The service done by the Royal Commission, consisted in their showing that any amendment was hopeless and useless; that there could be no rational modification of the law, which, however it may be denied, has always looked on the combination of workmen as wrong and criminal. This in no way diminishes the credit due to Mr. Cross for accepting this conclusion, and for acting upon it so firmly and simply, that his great reform passed without opposition. The common law of conspiracy, as far as the relations and disputes between employers and employed are concerned, is totally abolished. The legislative power which that law conferred on the judges is now taken from them. The working-classes are actually placed in a better position than the rest of our countrymen. Mr. Cross preferred actual justice to a logical consistency which caused injustice. It is an absolute certainty that the rest of the law of conspiracy must go as well. The time must come when the other relations of life shall be freed from an ancient law, which is either useless or oppressive. Since there is now no difficulty in providing by special enactment for those cases in which the law of conspiracy is still a useful though clumsy and dangerous instrument, its chief use is in cases of fraud, which may be dealt with in a simpler and more rational way. If the Government bill had effected nothing more than this one change, it would have been a distinct triumph on the side of liberty and justice. The victory on the subject of contract is perhaps still more remarkable. Until the gas-stokers' case forced the discussion upon the public, it was hardly possible to obtain a hearing. Only two years ago, Mr. Bruce described the fourteenth section of the Master and Servants Act, now universally condemned and repealed, as "a just and necessary law, and he would maintain it." Sir George Jessel, speaking on behalf of Mr. Gladstone's Government, spoke thus of the same section:—

"Some of the roughs of London were much addicted to larceny; and they might as well say you make a law against larceny, but you do not send members of parliament to prison under it. How unjust and exceptional therefore your legislature is! You certainly prohibit them from committing the offence,

but it is only a sham law, because you know they are not going to commit larceny. But we like the offence; we find it useful, and we demand in justice that you should repeal the law against larceny."—(Cheers and laughter.)

Opinion was then so adverse, that this ignorant, unjust, and reckless language could be used by Mr. Gladstone's Government as the official answer to a great popular demand for justice, which two years later was conceded by Parliament. Nothing has brought our system of Parliamentary Government into popular discredit so much as Mr. Gladstone's conduct on the Labour Laws. The result of the debate two years ago was not merely to excite passion by those jibes and jests, but to force the conviction upon many that justice could not be obtained from Parliament, except by the threat of force. Happily Mr. Cross's conduct, conservative in the true sense, will have done much to dispel this idea, and to make the working classes feel that questions affecting their existence will be settled upon the basis of justice and truth. The following principles have been completely recognised. That breach of contract is not criminal: that imprisonment shall not be used to enforce contracts, except as part of the usual process of civil courts: that whenever breach of contract is accompanied by circumstances of a criminal character, such breach of contract shall only be made criminal by special enactment, and not by sweeping clauses like the 14th section of the Master and Servants Act. The chief fault in the new bills lies in their not sufficiently carrying out this last principle. I cannot but think that if the opposition had grasped this view as well as Mr. Cross did, they might have pushed him on to certain valuable limitations and definitions. Unfortunately they took the other line—trying to make these clauses more general. They seemed to think, that because generality is right in the definition of offences against the person, which everybody can commit, therefore, it must be so in legislating for all other crimes. It cannot be so. As our civilisation progresses, new social relations spring up, and these tend to become more complex and more differentiated. Whenever the breach of such a relation is made criminal, it must be by definition of the relation, of those very circumstances on which the character and criminality of the breach of contract depends. The 4th and 5th clauses of the Conspiracy Act are in my opinion faulty, because they are not sufficiently special. The opposition tried to make them more general. At the same time Mr. Lowe's amendment contained words which would in effect have put a valuable practical limitation on these clauses. In summing up the gains of this new legislation, we must not forget the important rejection by Mr. Cross of the dangerous proposal, made by the Royal Commission, that joint breach of contract should be a criminal offence for workmen. Had that recommendation been adopted, it must have been the signal to the workmen for renewed

war. It follows, as a consequence, that Baron Amphlett's ruling in reference to conspiracy to break a contract, has been reversed by the Conspiracy Act. Perhaps nothing in the new laws is more creditable to Mr. Cross than his solution of the difficulties connected with the specific performance of contracts. Here, again, more was conceded to the workmen than could have been asked for. He refused to give the power to compel specific performance, on two grounds, firstly, on the slender ground that workmen's contracts could not be practically enforced, secondly, on the substantial ground that the power was too liable to be abused. It was most difficult and almost impossible for the men to insist upon what we must call a most favourable exemption. It was most generous and wise of Mr. Cross to grant it of his own accord, and to substitute a different process, which we trust may prove as effective.

Lastly we come to the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act upon the grounds rejected by the Royal Commission, that the word "coerce" was unintelligible and gave rise to endless subtleties and hairsplittings, and that any law for offences against the person, which may be committed by any one, ought therefore to be general in form. This as a result is most satisfactory. No doubt a very wide and stringent law is put in its place, which, though it was not urgently wanted, must be admitted to afford to the weak a most powerful protection.

Such a law deals precisely with those events which lie upon the borderland of criminality, and as such it is peculiarly liable to be abused. Its administration ought therefore to be watched carefully and jealously. On the other hand, what occurred in the House of Commons on this subject and in respect of "picketing" was neither clear nor satisfactory. There was no expression of opinion as to the cabinet-makers' conviction. Mr. Burt's vindication of their reception on being released from prison was allowed to pass without comment. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Forster, who are believed to have disapproved of the conviction, were silent upon it. Mr. Cross would not touch it. All he said was that he agreed with Mr. Russell Gurney's charge to the grand jury, and that Baron Cleasby's summing up was not inconsistent. This left matters in the most unsatisfactory state; because Mr. Mundella declared, and was not contradicted, that Mr. Russell Gurney had charged the grand jury to throw out the bill, whereas it was clear, from Baron Cleasby's summing up and sentence, that he charged the petty jury to convict. The facts were not disputed, and therefore the two charges were in effect and result inconsistent. Baron Cleasby's was the binding decision. Now the Criminal Law Amendment Act has been repealed, the question we are asking ourselves is, how will the new clause be interpreted by the light of Baron Cleasby's decision? We cannot but regret that the Govern-

ment should have refused expressly to exempt peaceful persuasion ; but the admission by the Government that the clause did legalise peaceful persuasion is in fact all that the workmen have ever claimed. If Mr. Cross can use his influence to insure the interpretation of the law in this sense, and so put a stop to convictions like that of the cabinet-makers, then this dispute will have been finally settled.

The Glasgow Trades Congress would do well to accept these laws on the faith of Mr. Cross's statements, and to give full powers to their parliamentary committee to watch the interpretation of these laws, and test every decision by comparison with Mr. Cross's speeches and Mr. Russell Gurney's charge. The Congress would do well at the same time to urge Mr. Cross to deal in the like spirit with that part of their programme which relates to the administration of justice. The Government promises a Public Prosecutor's Bill. But this, important as it is, is not so pressing as the question of the magistracy and of summary jurisdiction, which Mr. Cross is peculiarly fitted to undertake and solve. His recent success gives him an opportunity, which ought not to be lost, of instituting a great reform and constructive development of our system of criminal justice. Politically, the question is ripe. Popular feeling is very strong upon it. This is due to the fact that the serious evils and abuses existing are acutely felt. No remedy is suggested except the bald and unpractical idea of substituting paid for unpaid magistrates. The time has no doubt come for a reconstruction of the magisterial system. The evils result from many causes." "The unpaid" is used as a term of reproach, when it ought to be a title of honour. Certainly the evils of improper appointments ought to be remedied, and some new system of appointment adopted. The object to be secured is efficient administration. Probably a large infusion of professional magistrates would be desirable. All chairmen of Quarter Sessions should be trained lawyers. A reform ought to try to bring back the system to that of the old constitutional lines. The words of the statute are, "That in every county there should be assigned for the keeping of the peace one lord, and with him three or four of the most worthy in the county, with some learned in the law." The Radical proposal to flood the country with a number of third and fourth rate lawyers would seem to be a change for the worse. Apart from the immense expense, there is nothing to guarantee efficient administration in such a plan. The only available class of men are not more liberal-minded than the present magistrates, they have no practical experience, and they have had no judicial training. If we are to have a set of official magistrates, we must train them, and approximate to the foreign plan. A careful examination of the way in which crimes of violence have been summarily dealt with would, I believe, show a greater laxity and want of judgment in the London stipen-

diaries than in the country justices, though the former are highly paid and carefully selected.

The following reforms are most urgent : a wise alteration of our laws relating to summary jurisdiction, laying down a constitutional limit, declaring how far summary jurisdiction shall deprive a citizen of the right of trial by jury ; a reversion, as in the case of the new labour laws, wherever possible, to the real line, of giving the option of trial by jury when imprisonment can be directly inflicted as punishment ; a law limiting the exercise of summary jurisdiction over certain offences to fewer places, and requiring the attendance of one professional magistrate, coupled with a better system of appointment and the infusion of good professional blood into the magistracy ; an extension of the Home Office powers over magistrates : these and suchlike reforms may now be made. We who believe that reforms like these, conducted with wisdom and practical ability, would be a development of our whole system of criminal justice, may well look to Mr. Cross and urge him not to lose the present golden opportunity of dealing with a question in which we are threatened, more and more, with a hot and intemperate solution. On the one hand, the case against the magistrates and the present system has never been stated sufficiently strongly. On the other hand, such a statement would be unfair and untrue, if it did not do full justice to many of the most admirable and efficient magistrates, and to the real administrative work they perform which is quite distinct from their judicial duties and which is on the whole well performed, though it unquestionably admits of great improvement.

It is sometimes said by judges to grand juries that it is well that the administration of justice should not be confined to officials, but that the gentlemen of the country should come forward and take their share in this responsible and important work. But this is not only applicable to grand juries and to magistrates, it is still more applicable to the whole people. Every respectable citizen, however humble, ought to join in the discharge of the duties of criminal justice ; and it may not be inopportune once again to suggest a reversal of the policy which has hitherto prevailed of raising the qualification of jurymen, by lowering it, and by introducing a working-class element into the jury system. Hitherto an unwise exclusion has been maintained, through fear or suspicion of the labouring class. We ought, on the contrary, to aim at resting our criminal justice on the largest amount of popular co-operation. Too large a change might have a prejudicial effect on our system ; but it might be well to begin by degrees, and invite workmen to enrol themselves upon the jury-list, and subject, of course, to certain limitations, to take their share in the discharge of that civic duty.

The passing of the new laws suggests several reflections. They

constitute a complete vindication of the agitation which has been carried on against the labour laws. They constitute an admission, and Mr. Disraeli expressly allows, that the working classes have been hitherto unjustly treated. The appeal was deliberately made to the House of Commons by the working classes against the bench of judges, against their opinions and their law, in respect of conspiracy and the labour laws. The decision has been given in favour of the workmen. All the laws complained of have been materially altered. What was demanded has been justly conceded, and the power which the law of conspiracy gave has been taken away from the judges. It is to be hoped that the lesson this teaches will not be neglected, for it depends on them whether these new laws are to be interpreted in the spirit with which they have been brought in, or whether they are to be in the future, as the labour laws have been in the past, a source of agitation and discord, bringing the administration of the law into disrepute. We believe that although their powers are shorn, it now depends less upon the law, and chiefly upon the judges, whether we are to start on a more peaceful industrial era, or whether the struggle between capital and labour is to be pushed to still greater lengths. Their responsibility is very great. No doubt it is difficult on such burning questions to hold the scales impartially. It requires great calmness, wisdom, and prudence to do so. The judges have failed in the past; but now that the law is altered, and that the current of opinion in reference to these questions has set in a different direction, we trust that the result of these events will be the just and impartial discharge of the great and important duty with which the judges are directly entrusted.

The trades unionists have been looked upon with undeserved suspicion. The trades unions have been regarded as a formidable power menacing our social order and our national existence. Those who have not thought thus—who have, on the contrary, regarded trades unions as the one real safeguard against the one formidable danger—may point with satisfaction to the vast change in opinion and legislation which has been effected in a short time by the most peaceful use of the trades union organisation. The danger lies in unorganised masses outside and foreign to the social and political fabric of the nation. The problem, ever since slavery or serfdom ceased to be the foundation of society, has been how to incorporate all the citizens into the body politic and into the national life. Hitherto an erroneous policy was pursued. Trades unions, which had naturally grown up to meet the definite wants of the labouring people, should have been protected, enlightened, and moralised. Instead of that, every attempt, by legislation and otherwise, was made to crush them. War was made by governing capital upon the still subject workmen. We hope that we have seen the last of this. Mr. Cross's Bills have

done a work which cannot be undone, and from which there can be no retreat. They necessitate and are the first steps towards a reversal of the policy of jealousy towards the working classes. Henceforth the only safe statesmanship is to aim more and more at making workmen citizens, and getting them to take their share in all the duties of civil life.

The present writer cannot conclude without offering a few words in reference to the trade union leaders, who have conducted this great struggle for the emancipation of labour in a way that deserves the highest commendation and gratitude. They have earnestly striven to understand these difficult and intricate questions. Without exception, their constant desire has been only to claim that which was right and just. Their demands have been firm for what they believed to be right, their conduct has been always moderate, and they have been ever ready to accept any compromise that did not sacrifice their principles, and did not stultify their future action. Never has a great agitation been more admirably conducted, in peace and without disturbance, to a successful issue. Politically it is an example of infinite value, showing how a true cause may prevail, in the face of overwhelming opposition, by legitimate and lawful means. Nothing that has happened for many years has tended so much to insure the peaceful development of our civilisation and progress.

HENRY CROMPTON.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

CHAPTER XLJ.

A LAME VICTORY.

THE intruder was not a person that had power to divide them; yet she came between their hearts with a touch of steel.

"I am here in obedience to your commands in your telegram of this evening," Rosamund replied to Beauchamp's hard stare at her; she courteously spoke French, and acquitted herself demurely of a bow to the lady present.

Renée withdrew her serious eyes from Beauchamp. She rose and acknowledged the bow.

"It is my first visit to England, madame."

"I could have desired, Madame la marquise, more agreeable weather for you."

"My friends in England will dispel the bad weather for me, madame;" Renée smiled softly: "I have been studying my French-English phrase-book, that I may learn how dialogues are conducted in your country to lead to certain ceremonies when old friends meet, and without my book I am at fault. I am longing to be embraced by you . . . if it will not be offending your rules?"

Rosamund succumbed to the seductive woman, whose gentle tooth bit through her tutored simplicity of manner and natural graciousness, administering its reproof, and eluding a retort or an excuse.

She gave the embrace. In doing so she fell upon her conscious awkwardness for an expression of reserve that should be as good as irony for irony, though where Madame de Rouaillout's irony lay, or whether it was irony at all, our excellent English dame could not have stated, after the feeling of indignant prudery responding to it so guiltily had subsided.

Beauchamp asked her if she had brought servants with her; and it gratified her to see that he was no actor fitted to carry a scene through in virtue's name and vice's mask with this actress.

She replied, "I have brought a man and a maid-servant. The establishment will be in town the day after to-morrow, in time for my lord's return from the castle."

"You can have them up to-morrow morning."

"I could," Rosamund admitted the possibility. Her idolatry of him was tried on hearing him press the hospitality of the house upon Madame de Rouaillout, and observing the lady's transparent

feint of a reluctant yielding. For the voluble Frenchwoman scarcely found a word to utter : she protested languidly that she preferred the independence of her hotel, and fluttered a singular look at him, as if overcome by his vehement determination to have her in the house. Undoubtedly she had a taking face and style. His infatuation, nevertheless, appeared to Rosamund utter dementedness, considering this woman's position, and Cecilia Halkett's beauty and wealth, and that the house was no longer at his disposal. He was really distracted, to judge by his forehead, or else he was over-acting his part.

The absence of a cook in the house, Rosamund remarked, must prevent her from seconding Captain Beauchamp's invitation.

He turned on her witheringly. "The telegraph will do that. You're in London ; cooks can be had by dozens. Madame de Rouaillout is alone here ; she has come to see a little of England, and you will do the honours of the house."

"M. le marquis is not in London?" said Rosamund, disregarding the dumb imprecation she saw on Beauchamp's features.

"No, madame, my husband is not in London," Renée rejoined collectedly.

"See to the necessary comforts of the house instantly," said Beauchamp, and telling Renée, without listening to her, that he had to issue orders, he led Rosamund, who was out of breath at the effrontery of the pair, toward the door. "Are you blind, ma'am? Have you gone foolish? What should I have sent for you for, but to protect her? I see your mind ; and off with the prude, pray ! Madame will have my room ; clear away every sign of me there. I sleep out ; I can find a bed anywhere. And bolt and chain the house-door to-night against Cecil Baskett ; he informs me that he has taken possession."

Rosamund's countenance had become less austere.

"Captain Baskett!" she exclaimed, leaning to Beauchamp's views on the side of her animosity to Cecil ; "he has been promised by his uncle the use of a set of rooms during the year, when the mistress of the house is not in occupation. I stipulated expressly that he was to see you and suit himself to your convenience, and to let me hear that you and he had agreed to an arrangement, before he entered the house. He has no right to be here, and I shall have no hesitation in locking him out."

Beauchamp bade her go, and not be away more than five minutes ; and then he would drive to the hotel for the luggage.

She scanned him for a look of ingenuousness that might be trusted, and laughed in her heart at her credulity for expecting it of a man in such a case. She saw Renée sitting stonily, too proudly self-respecting to put on a mask of flippant ease. These lovers might be accomplices in deceiving her ; they were not happy ones,

and that appeared to her to be some assurance that she did well in obeying him.

Beauchamp closed the door on her. He walked back to Renée with a thoughtful air that was consciously acted; his only thought being—now she knows me!

Renée looked up at him once. Her eyes were unaccusing, unquestioning.

With the violation of the secrecy of her flight she had lost her initiative and her intrepidity. The world of human eyes glared on her through the windows of the two she had been exposed to, paralyzing her brain and caging her spirit of revolt. That keen wakefulness of her self-defensive social instinct helped her to an understanding of her lover's plan to preserve her reputation, or rather to give her a corner of retreat in shielding the worthless thing—twice detested as her cloak of slavery coming from him! She comprehended no more. She was a house of nerves crowding in against her soul like fiery thorns, and had no space within her torture for a sensation of gratitude or suspicion; but feeling herself hurried along at lightning speed to some dreadful shock, her witless imagination apprehended it in his voice: not what he might say, only the sound. She feared to hear him speak, as the shrinking ear fears a thunder at the cavity; yet suspense was worse than the downward-driving silence.

The pang struck her when he uttered some words about Mrs. Culling, and protection, and Roland.

She thanked him.

So have common executioners been thanked by queenly ladies baring their necks to the axe.

He called up the pain he suffered to vindicate him: and it was really an agony of a man torn to pieces.

"I have done the best."

This dogged and stupid piece of speech was pitiable to hear from Nevil Beauchamp.

"You think so?" said she; and her glass-like voice rang a tremor in its mildness that swelled through him on the plain submissive note, which was more assent than question.

"I am sure of it. I believe it. I see it. At least I hope so."

"We are chiefly led by hope," said Renée.

"At least, if not!" Beauchamp cried. "And it's not too late. I have no right—. I do what I can. I am at your mercy. Judge me later. If I am ever to know what happiness is, it will be with you. It's not too late either way. There is Roland—my brother as much as if you were my wife!"

He begged her to let him have Roland's exact address.

She named the regiment, the corps d'armée, the postal town, and the department.

"Roland will come at a signal," he pursued; "we are not bound to consult others."

Renée formed the French word of 'we' on her tongue.

He talked of Roland and Roland, his affection for him as a brother and as a friend, and Roland's love of them both.

"It is true," said Renée.

"We owe him this; he represents your father."

"All that you say is true, my friend."

"Thus, you have come on a visit to madame, your old friend here—oh! your hand. What have I done?"

Renée motioned her hand as if it were free to be taken, and smiled faintly to make light of it, but did not give it.

"If you had been widowed!" he broke down to the lover again.

"That man is attached to the remnant of his life: I could not wish him dispossessed of it," said Renée.

"Parted! who parts us? It's for a night. To-morrow!"

She breathed: "To-morrow."

To his hearing it craved an answer. He had none. To talk like a lover, or like a man of honour, was to lie. Falsehood hemmed him in to the narrowest ring that ever statue stood on, if he meant to be stone.

"That woman will be returning," he muttered, frowning at the vacant door. "I could lay out my whole life before your eyes, and show you I am unchanged in my love of you since the night when Roland and I walked on the Piazzetta...."

"Do not remind me; let those days lie black!" A sympathetic vision of her maiden's tears on the night of wonderful moonlight when, as it seemed to her now, San Giorgio stood like a dark prophet of her present abasement and chastisement, sprang tears of a different character, and weak as she was with her soul's fever and for want of food, she was piteously shaken. She said with some calmness: "It is useless to look back. I have no reproaches but for myself. Explain nothing to me. Things that are not comprehended by one like me are riddles I must put aside. I know where I am: I scarcely know more. Here is madame."

The door had not opened, and it did not open immediately.

Beauchamp had time to say: "Believe in me." Even that was false to his own hearing, and in a struggle with the painful impression of insincerity which was denied and scorned by his impulse to fling his arms round her and have her his for ever, he found himself deferentially accepting her brief directions concerning her boxes at the hotel, with Rosamund Culling to witness.

She gave him her hand.

He bowed over the fingers. "Until to-morrow, madame."

"Adieu!" said Renée.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TWO PASSIONS.

THE foggy February night refreshed his head, and the business of fetching the luggage from the hotel—a commission that necessitated the delivery of his card and some very commanding language—kept his mind in order. Subsequently he drove to his cousin Baskett's club, where he left a short note to say the house was engaged for the night and perhaps a week further. Concise, but sufficient: and he stated a hope to his cousin that he would not be inconvenienced. This was courteous.

He had taken a bed at Renée's hotel, after wresting her boxes from the vanquished hotel proprietor, and lay there, hearing the clear sound of every little sentence of hers during the absence of Rosamund: her "*Adieu*," and the strange "*Do you think so?*" and "*I know where I am; I scarcely know more.*" Her eyes and their darker lashes, and the fitful little sensitive dimples of a smile without joy, came with her voice, but hardened to an aspect unlike her. Not a word could he recover of what she had spoken before Rosamund's intervention. He fancied she must have related details of her journey. Especially there must have been mention, he thought, of her drive to the station from Tourdestelle; and this flashed on him the scene of his ride to the château, and the meeting her on the road, and the white light on the branching river, and all that was Renée in the spirit of the place she had abandoned for him, believing in him. She had proved that she believed in him. What in the name of sanity had been the meaning of his language? and what was it between them that arrested him and caused him to mumble absurdly of 'doing best,' when in fact he was her bondsman, rejoiced to be so, by his pledged word? and when she, for some reason that he was sure she had stated, though he could recollect no more than the formless hideousness of it, was debarred from returning to Tourdestelle?

He tossed in his bed as over a furnace, in the extremity of perplexity of one accustomed to think himself ever demonstrably in the right, and now with his whole nature in insurrection against that legitimate claim. It led him to accuse her of a want of passionate warmth, in her not having supplicated and upbraided him—not behaving theatrically, in fine, as the ranting pen has made us expect of emergent ladies that they will naturally do. Concerning himself, he thought commendingly, a tear would have overcome him. She had not wept. The kaleidoscope was shaken in his fragmentary mind, and she appeared thrice adorable for this noble composure, he brutish.

Conscience and reason had resolved to a dead weight in him, like an inanimate force, governing his acts despite the man, while he was with Renée. Now his wishes and waverings conjured up a semblance of a conscience and much reason to assure him that he had done foolishly as well as unkindly, most unkindly : that he was even the ghastly spectacle of a creature attempting to be more than he can be. Are we never to embrace our inclinations ? Are the laws regulating an old dry man like his teacher and guide to be the same for the young and vigorous ? Is a good gift to be refused ? And this was his first love ! The brilliant Renée, many-hued as a tropic bird ! his lady of shining grace, with her sole fault of want of courage devotedly amended ! his pupil, he might say, of whom he had foretold that she must come to such a pass, at the same time prefixing his fidelity. And he was handing her over knowingly to one kind of wretchedness—" *son amour, mon ami*," shot through him, lighting up the gulfs of a mind in wreck ; and one kind of happiness could certainly be promised her !

All these and innumerable other handsome pleadings of the simulacra of the powers he had set up to rule, were crushed at day-break by the realities in a sense of weight that pushed him mechanically on. He telegraphed to Roland, and mentally gave chase to the message to recall it.—The slumberer roused in darkness by the relentless insane-seeming bell which hales him to duty, melts at the charms of sleep, and feels that logic is with him in his preference of his pillow ; but the tireless revolving world outside, nature's pitiless antagonist, has hung one of its balances about him, and his actions are directed by the state of the scales, wherein duty weighs deep and desirability swings like a pendant doll : so he throws on his harness, astounded, till his blood quickens with work, at the round of sacrifices demanded of nature : which is indeed curious considering what we are taught here and there as to the infallibility of our august mother. Well, the world of humanity had done this for Beauchamp. His afflicted historian is compelled to fling his net among prosaic similitudes for an illustration of one thus degradedly in its grip. If he had been off with his love like the rover !—why, then the Muse would have loosened her lap like May showering flower-buds, and we might have knocked great nature up from her sleep to embellish his desperate proceedings with hurricanes to be danced over, to say nothing of imitative spheres dashing out into hurly-burly after his example.

Conscious rectitude, too, after the pattern of the well-behaved Æneas quitting the fair bosom of Carthage in obedience to the gods, for an example to his Roman progeny, might have stiffened his backbone and put a crown upon his brows. It happened with him that his original training rather imposed the idea that he was a figure to be derided. The approval of him by the prudent was a

disgust, and by the pious tasteless. He had not any consolation in reverting to Dr. Shrapnel's heavy puritanism. On the contrary, such a general proposition as that of the sage of Bevisham could not for a moment stand against the pathetic special case of Renée: and as far as Beauchamp's active mind went, he was for demanding that Society should take a new position in morality, considerably broader, and adapted to very special cases.

Nevertheless he was hardly grieved in missing Renée at Rosamund's breakfast-table. Rosamund informed him that Madame de Rouaillout's door was locked. Her particular news for him was of a disgraceful alarm raised by Captain Baskellett in the night, to obtain admission; and of an interview she had with him in the early morning, when he subjected her to great insolence. Beauchamp's attention was drawn to her repetition of the phrase 'mistress of the house.' However, she did him justice in regard to Renée, and thoroughly entered into the fiction of Renée's visit to her as her guest: he passes over everything else.

To stop the mouth of a scandal-monger, he drove full speed to Cecil's club, where he heard that the captain had breakfasted and had just departed for Romfrey Castle. He followed to the station. The train had started. So mischief was rolling in that direction.

Late at night Rosamund was allowed to enter the chill unlighted chamber, where the unhappy lady had been lying for hours in the gloom of a London winter's daylight and gaslight. •

"Madame de Rouaillout is indisposed with headache," was her report to Beauchamp.

The conventional phraseology appeased him, though he saw his grief behind it.

Presently he asked if Renée had taken food.

"No; you know what a headache is," Rosamund replied.

It is true that we do not care to eat when we are in pain.

He asked if she looked ill.

"She will not have lights in the room," said Rosamund.

Piecemeal he gained the picture of Renée in an image of the death within which welcomed a death without terrors.

Rosamund was impatient with him for speaking of medical aid. These men! She remarked very honestly: "Oh, no; doctors are not needed."

"Has she mentioned me?"

"Not once."

"Why do you swing your watch-chain, ma'am?" cried Beauchamp, bounding off his chair.

He reproached her with either pretending to indifference or feeling it; and then insisted on his privilege of going up-stairs—accompanied by her, of course; and then it was to be only to the door; then an answer to a message was to satisfy him.

"Any message would trouble her: what message would you send?" Rosamund asked him.

The weighty and the trivial contended; no fitting message could be thought of.

"You are unused to real suffering—that is for women!—and want to be doing instead of enduring," said Rosamund.

She was beginning to put faith in the innocence of these two mortally sick lovers. Beauchamp's outcries against himself gave her the shadows of their story. He stood in tears—a thing to see to believe of Nevil Beauchamp; and plainly he did not know it, or else he would have taken her advice to him to leave the house at an hour that was long past midnight. Her method for inducing him to go was based on her intimate knowledge of him: she made as if to soothe and kiss him compassionately.

In the morning there was a flying word from Roland, on his way to England. Rosamund tempered her report of Renée by saying of her, that she was very quiet. He turned to the window.

"Look, what a climate ours is!" Beauchamp abused the persistent fog. "Dull, cold, no sky, a horrible air to breathe! This is what she has come to! Has she spoken of me yet?"

"No."

"Is she dead silent?"

"She answers, if I speak to her."

"I believe, ma'am," said Beauchamp, "that we are the coldest-hearted people in Europe."

Rosamund did not defend us, or the fog. Consequently nothing was left for him to abuse but himself. In that she tried to moderate him, and drew forth a torrent of self-vituperation, after which he sank into the speechless misery he had been evading; until sophistical fancy, another evolution of his nature, persuaded him that Roland, seeing Renée, would for love's sake be friendly to them.

"I should have told you, Nevil, by the way, that the earl is dead," said Rosamund.

"Her brother will be here to-day; he can't be later than the evening," said Beauchamp. "Get her to eat, ma'am; you must. Command her to eat. This terrible starvation!"

"You ate nothing yourself, Nevil, all day yesterday."

He surveyed the table. "You have your cook in town, I see. Here's a breakfast to feed twenty hungry families in Spitalfields. Where does the mass of meat go? One excess feeds another. You're overdone with servants. Gluttony, laziness, and pilfering come of your host of unmanageable footmen and maids; you stuff them, and wonder they're idle and immoral. If—I suppose I must call him the earl now, or Colonel Halkett, or any one of the army of rich men, hear of an increase of the Income-tax, or some poor wretch hints at a sliding scale of taxation, they yell as if they were

thumb-screwed : but five shillings in the pound goes to the kitchen as a matter of course—to puff those pompous idiots ! and the parsons who should be preaching against this sheer waste of food and perversion of the strength of the nation, as a public sin, are maundering about schism. There's another idle army ! Then we have artists, authors, lawyers, doctors—the honourable professions ! all hanging upon wealth, all aping the rich, and all bearing upon labour ; it's incubus on incubus. In point of fact, the rider's too heavy for the horse in England.”

He began to nibble at bread.

Rosamund pushed over to him a plate of the celebrated Steynham pie, of her own invention, such as no house in the county of Sussex could produce or imitate.

“What would you have the parsons do ?” she said.

“Take the rich by the throat and show them in the kitchen-mirror that they're swine running down to the sea with a devil in them.” She had set him off again, but she had enticed him to eating. “Pooh, it has all been said before. Stones are easier to move than your English. May I be forgiven for saying it ! an invasion is what they want to bring them to their senses. I'm sick of the work. Why should I be denied—am I to kill the woman I love that I may go on hammering at them ? Their idea of liberty is, an evasion of public duty. Dr. Shrapnel's right—it's a money-logged Island ! Men like the Earl of Romfrey, who have never done work in their days except to kill bears and birds, I say they're stifled by wealth : and he at least would have made an admiral of mark, or a general : not of much value, but useful in case of need. But he, like a pretty woman, was under no obligation to contribute more than an ornamental person to the common good. As to that, we count him by tens of thousands now, and his footmen and maids by hundreds of thousands. The rich love the nation through their possessions ; otherwise they have no country. If they loved the country they would care for the people. Their hearts are eaten up by property. I am bidden to hold my tongue because I have no knowledge. When men who have this ‘knowledge’ will go down to the people, speak to them, consult and argue with them, and come into suitable relations with them—I don't say of lords and retainers, but of knowers and doers, leaders and followers—out of consideration for public safety, if not for the common good, I shall hang back gladly ; though I won't hear misstatements. My fault is, that I am too moderate. I should respect myself more if I deserved their hatred. This flood of luxury which is, as Dr. Shrapnel says, the body's drunkenness and the soul's death, cries for execration. I'm too moderate. But I shall quit the country : I've no place here.”

Rosamund ahemed. “France, Nevil ? I should hardly think that France would please you, in the present state of things over there.”

Half cynically, with great satisfaction, she had watched him fretting at the savoury morsels of her pie with a fork like a sparrow-beak during the monologue that would have been so dreary to her but for her appreciation of the wholesome effect of the letting off of steam, and her admiration of the fire of his eyes. After finishing his plate he had less the look of a ship driving on to reefs—one of his images of the country. He called for claret and water, sighing as he munched bread in vast portions, evidently conceiving that to eat unbuttered bread was to abstain from luxury. He praised passingly the quality of the bread. It came from Steynham, and so did the milk and cream, the butter, chicken and eggs. He was good enough not to object to the expenditure upon the transmission of the accustomed dainties. Altogether the gradual act of nibbling had conduced to his eating remarkably well—royally. Rosamund's more than half-cynical ideas of men, and custom of wringing unanimous verdicts from a jury of temporary impressions, inclined her to imagine him a lover that had not to be so very much condoled with, and a politician less alarming in practice than in theory:—somewhat a gentleman of domestic tirades on politics; as it is observed of your generous young Radical of birth and fortune, that he will become on the old high road to a round conservatism.

He pitched one of the morning papers to the floor in disorderly sheets, muttering: "So they're at me!"

"Is Dr. Shrapnel better?" she asked. "I hold to a good appetite as a sign of a man's recovery."

Beauchamp was confronting the fog at the window. He swung round: "Dr. Shrapnel is better. He has a particularly clever young female cook."

"Ah! then. . . ."

"Yes, then, naturally! He would naturally hasten to recover to partake of the viands, ma'am."

Rosamund murmured of her gladness that he should be able to enjoy them.

"Oddly enough, he is not an eater of meat," said Beauchamp.

"A vegetarian!"

"I beg you not to mention the fact to my lord. You see, you yourself can scarcely pardon it. He does not exclude flesh from his table. Blackburn Tuckham dined there once. 'You are a thorough revolutionist, Dr. Shrapnel,' he observed. The doctor does not exclude wine, but he does not drink it. Poor Tuckham went away entirely opposed to a Radical he could not even meet as a boonfellow. I begged him not to mention the circumstances, as I have begged you. He pledged me his word to that effect solemnly; he correctly felt that if the truth were known, there would be further cause for the reprobation of the man who had been his host."

“And that poor girl, Nevil?”

“Miss Donham? She contracted the habit of eating meat at school, and drinking wine in Paris, and continues it, occasionally. Now run up-stairs. Insist on food. Inform Madame de Rouaillout that her brother, M. le comte de Croisnel, will soon be here, and should not find her ill. Talk to her as you women can talk. Keep the blinds down in her room; light a dozen wax-candles. Tell her I have no thought but of her. It’s a lie: of no woman but of her: that you may say. But that you can’t say. You can say I am devoted—ha, what stuff! I’ve only to open my mouth!—say nothing of me: let her think the worst—unless it comes to a question of her life: then be a merciful good woman. . . He squeezed her fingers, communicating his muscular tremble to her sensitive woman’s frame, and electrically convincing her that he was a lover.

She went up-stairs. In ten minutes she descended, and found him pacing up and down the hall. “Madame de Rouaillout is much the same,” she said. He nodded, looked up the stairs, and about for his hat and gloves, drew on the gloves, fixed the buttons, blinked at his watch, and settled his hat as he was accustomed to wear it, all very methodically, and talking rapidly, but except for certain precise directions, which were not needed by so careful a housekeeper and nurse as Rosamund was known to be, she could not catch a word of meaning. He had some appointment, it seemed; perhaps he was off for a doctor—a fresh instance of his masculine incapacity for patient endurance. After opening the house-door, and returning to the foot of the stairs, listening and sighing, he disappeared.

It struck her that he was trying to be two men at once.

The litter of newspaper sheets in the morning-room brought his exclamation to her mind: “They’re at me!” Her eyes ran down the columns, and were seized by the print of his name in large type. A leading article was devoted to Commander Beauchamp’s recent speech delivered in the great manufacturing town of Gunningham, at a meeting under the presidency of the mayor, and his replies to particular questions addressed to him; one being, what right did he conceive himself to have to wear the Sovereign’s uniform in professing Republican opinions? Rosamund winced for her darling during her first perusal of the article. It was of the sarcastically-caressing kind, masterly in ease of style, as the flourish of the executioner well may be with poor Bare-back hung up to a leisurely administration of the scourge. An allusion to ‘Jack on shore’ almost persuaded her that his uncle Everard had inspired the writer of the article. Beauchamp’s reply to the question of his loyalty was not quoted: he was, however, complimented on his frankness. At the same time he was assured that his error lay in a too great proneness to make distinctions, and that there was no dis-

inction between sovereign and country in a loyal and contented land, which could thank him for gallant services in war, while taking him for the solitary example to be cited at the present period of the evils of a comparatively long peace. 'Doubtless the tedium of such a state to a man of the temperament of the gallant commander, &c.,'—the termination of the article was indulgent. Rosamund recurred to the final paragraph for comfort, and though she loved Beauchamp, the test of her representative feminine sentiment regarding his political career, when personal feeling on his behalf had subsided, was, that the writer of the article must have received an intimation to deal both smartly and forbearingly with the offender: and from whom but her lord? Her notions of the conduct of the press were primitive. In a summary of the article, Beauchamp was treated as naughty boy, formerly brave boy, and likely by-and-by to be good boy. Her secret heart would have spoken similarly, with more emphasis on the flattering terms.

A telegram arrived from her lord. She was bidden to have the house clear for him by noon of the next day.

How could that be done?

But to write blankly to inform the Earl of Romfrey that he was excluded from his own house was another impossibility.

"Hateful man!" she apostrophized Captain Baskellett, and sat down, supporting her chin in a prolonged meditation.

The card of a French lady, bearing the name of Madame d'Auffray, was handed to her.

Beauchamp had gone off to his friend Lydiard, to fortify himself in his resolve to reply to that newspaper article by eliciting counsel to the contrary. Phrase by phrase he fought through the first half of his composition of the reply against Lydiard, yielding to him on a point or two of literary judgment, only the more vehemently to maintain his ideas of discretion, which were, that he would not take shelter behind a single subterfuge; that he would try this question nakedly, though he should stand alone; that he would stake his position on it, and establish his right to speak his opinions: and as for unseasonable times, he protested it was the cry of a gorged middle-class, frightened of further action, and making snug with compromise. Would it be a seasonable time when there was uproar? Then it would be a time to be silent on such themes: they could be discussed calmly now, and without danger; and whether he was hunted or not, he cared nothing. He declined to consider the peculiar nature of Englishmen: they must hear truth or perish. They have to learn that in these days their minds must move them, if they would not be out of the race; the fireside-shovel will do it no longer. They have one glory—their political advancement, and it allows no standing still.

Knowing the difficulty once afflicting Beauchamp in the art of speaking on politics tersely, Lydiard was rather astonished at his well-delivered cannonade; and he fancied that his modesty had been displaced by the new acquirement; not knowing the nervous fever of his friend's condition, for which the rattle of speech was balm, and contention a native element, and the assumption of truth a necessity. Beauchamp hugged his politics like some who show their love of the pleasures of life by taking to them angrily. It was all he had: he had given up all for it. He forced Lydiard to lay down his pen and walk back to the square with him, and went on arguing, interjecting, sneering, thumping the old country, raising and over-setting her, treating her alternately like a disrespected grandmother, and like a woman anciently beloved; as a dead lump, and as a garden of seeds; reviewing prominent political men, laughing at the dwarf-giants; finally casting anchor on a Mechanics' Institute that he had recently heard of, where working men met weekly for the purpose of reading the British poets.

"That's the best thing I've heard of late," he said, shaking Lydiard's hand on the door-steps.

"Ah! you're Commander Beauchamp; I think I know you. I've seen you on a platform," cried a fresh-faced man in decent clothes, halting on his way along the pavement; "and if you were in your uniform, you damned Republican dog! I'd strip you with my own hands, for the disloyal scoundrel you are, with your pimping Republicanism and capsizing everything in a country like Old England. It's the cat-o'-nine-tails you want, and the bosen to lay on; and I'd do it myself. And mind me, when next I catch sight of you in blue and gold lace, I'll compel you to show cause why you wear it, and prove your case, or else I'll make a Cupid of you, and no joke about it. I don't pay money for a nincompoop to outrage my feelings of respect and loyalty, when he's in my pay, d'ye hear? You're in my pay: and you do your duty, or I'll kick ye out of it. It's no empty threat. You look out for your next public speech, if it's anywhere within forty mile of London. Get along."

With a scowl, and a very ugly "yah!" worthy of cannibal jaws, the man passed off.

Beauchamp kept eye on him. "What class does a fellow like that come of?"

"He's a harmless enthusiast," said Lydiard. "He has been reading the article, and has got excited over it."

"I wish I had the fellow's address." Beauchamp looked wistfully at Lydiard, but did not stimulate the generous offer to obtain it for him. Perhaps it was as well to forget the fellow.

"You see the effect of those articles," he said.

"You see what I mean by unseasonable times," Lydiard retorted.

"He didn't talk like a tradesman," Beauchamp mused.

"He may be one, for all that. It's better to class him as an enthusiast."

"An enthusiast!" Beauchamp stamped: "for what?"

"For the existing order of things; for his beef and ale; for the titles he is accustomed to read in the papers. You don't study your countrymen."

"I'd study that fellow, if I had the chance."

"You would probably find him one of the emptiest, with a rather worse temper than most of them."

Beauchamp shook Lydiard's hand, saying, "The widow?"

"There's no woman like her!"

"Well, now you're free—why not? I think I put one man out of the field."

"Too early! Besides——"

"Repeat that, and you may have to say too late."

"When shall you go down to Bevisham?"

"When? I can't tell: when I've gone through fire. There never was a home for me like the cottage, and the old man, and the dear good girl—the best of girls! if you hadn't a little spoilt her with your philosophy of the two sides of a case."

"I've not given her the brains."

"She's always doubtful of doing, doubtful of action: she has no will. So she is fatalistic, and an argument between us ends in her submitting, as if she must submit to me, because I'm overbearing, instead of accepting the fact."

"She feels your influence."

"She's against the publication of *THE DAWN*—for the present. It's an 'unseasonable time.' I argue with her: I don't get hold of her mind a bit; but at last she says, 'very well.' She has your head."

And you have her heart, Lydiard could have rejoined.

They said good bye, neither of them aware of the other's task of endurance.

As they were parting, Beauchamp perceived his old comrade Jack Wilmore walking past.

"Jack!" he called.

Wilmore glanced round. "How do you do, Beauchamp?"

"Where are you off to, Jack?"

"Down to the Admiralty. I'm rather in a hurry; I have an appointment."

"Can't you stop just a minute?"

"I'm afraid I can't. Good morning."

It was incredible; but this old friend, the simplest heart alive, retreated without a touch of his hand, and with a sorely wounded air.

"That newspaper article appears to have been generally read," Beauchamp said to Lydiard, who answered:—

"The article did not put the idea of you into men's minds, but gave tongue to it: you may take it for an instance of the sagacity of the Press."

"You wouldn't take that man and me to have been messmates for years! Old Jack Wilmore! Don't go, Lydiard."

Lydiard declared that he was bound to go: he was engaged to read Italian for an hour with Mrs. Wardour-Devereux.

"Then go, by all means," Beauchamp dismissed him.

He felt as if he had held a review of his friends and enemies on the door-step, and found them of one colour. If it was an accident befalling him in a London square during a space of a quarter of an hour, what of the sentiments of universal England? Lady Barbara's elopement with Lord Alfred last year did not rouse much execration; hardly worse than gossip and compassion. Beauchamp drank a great deal of bitterness from his reflections. They who provoke huge battles, and gain but lame victories over themselves, insensibly harden to the habit of distilling sour thoughts from their mischances, and from most occurrences. So does the world they combat win on them.

'For,' says Dr. Shrapnel, 'the world and nature, which are opposed in relation to our vital interests, each agrees to demand of us a perfect victory, on pain otherwise of proving it a stage performance; and the victory over the world, as over nature, is over self: and this victory lies in yielding perpetual service to the world, and none to nature: for the world has to be wrought out, nature to be subdued.'

The interior of the house was like a change of elements to Beauchamp. He had never before said to himself, "I have done my best, and I am beaten!" Outside of it, his native pugnacity had been stimulated; but here, within the walls where Renée lay silently breathing, barely breathing, it might be dying, he was overcome, and left it to circumstance to carry him to a conclusion. He went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where he beheld Madame D'Auffray in conversation with Rosamund.

"I was assured by Madame la comtesse that I should see you to-day," the French lady said as she swam to meet him; "it is a real pleasure:" and pressing his hand she continued, "but I fear you will be disappointed of seeing my sister. She would rashly try your climate at its worst period. Believe me, I do not join in decrying it, except on her account: I could have forewarned her of an English winter and early spring. You know her impetuosity; suddenly she decided on accepting the invitation of Madame la comtesse; and though I have no fears of her health, she is at present a victim of the inclement weather."

"You have seen her, madame?" said Beauchamp. So well had the clever lady played the dupe that he forgot there was a part for

him to play. Even the acquiescence of Rosamund in the title of countess bewildered him.

"Madame D'Auffray has been sitting for an hour with Madame de Rouaillout," said Rosamund.

He spoke of Roland's coming.

"Ah?" said Madame D'Auffray, and turned to Rosamund: "you have determined to surprise us: then you will have a gathering of the whole family in your hospitable house, Madame la comtesse."

"If M. le marquis will do it that honour, madame."

"My brother is in London," Madame D'Auffray said to Beauchamp.

The shattering blow was merited by one who could not rejoice that he had acted rightly.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EARL OF ROMFREY AND THE COUNTESS.

AN extraordinary telegraphic message, followed by a still more extraordinary letter the next morning, from Rosamund Culling, all but interdicted the immediate occupation of his house in town to Everard, now Earl of Romfrey. She begged him briefly not to come until after the funeral, and proposed to give him good reasons for her request at their meeting. "I repeat, I pledge myself to satisfy you on this point," she wrote. Her tone was that of one of your heroic women of history refusing to surrender a fortress.

Everard's wrath was ever of a complexion that could suffer postponements without his having to fear an abatement of it. He had no business to transact in London, and he had much at the castle, so he yielded himself up to his new sensations, which are not commonly the portion of gentlemen of his years. He anticipated that Nevil would at least come down to the funeral, but there was no appearance of him, nor a word to excuse his absence. Cecil was his only supporter. They walked together between the double ranks of bare polls of the tenantry and peasantry, resembling in a fashion old Froissart engravings the earl used to dote on in his boyhood, representing bodies of manacled citizens, whose humbled heads looked like nuts to be cracked, outside the gates of captured French towns, awaiting the disposition of their conqueror, with his banner above him and prancing knights around. That was a glory of the past. He had no successor. The thought was chilling; the solitariness of childlessness to an aged man, chief of a most ancient and martial House, and proud of his blood, gave him the statue's outlook on a desert, and made him feel that he was no more than a whirl of the dust, settling to the dust. He listened to the

parson curiously and consentingly. We are ashes. Ten centuries had come to an end in him to prove the formula correct. The chronicle of the House would state that the last Earl of Romfrey left no heir.

Cecil was a fine figure walking beside him. Measured by feet, he might be a worthy holder of great lands. But so heartily did the earl despise this nephew that he never thought of trying strength with the fellow, and hardly cared to know what his value was, beyond his immediate uses as an instrument to strike with. Beauchamp of Romfrey had been his dream, not Baskellett: and it increased his disgust of Beauchamp that Baskellett should step forward as the man. No doubt Cecil would hunt the county famously: he would preserve game with the sleepless eye of a general of the Jesuits. These things were to be considered.

Two days after the funeral Lord Romfrey proceeded to London. He was met at the station by Rosamund, and informed that his house was not yet vacated by the French family.

"And where have you arranged for me to go, ma'am?" he asked her complacently.

She named an hotel where she had taken rooms for him.

He nodded, and was driven to the hotel, saying little on the road.

As she expected, he was heavily armed against her and Nevil.

"You're the slave of the fellow, ma'am. You are so infatuated that you second his amours, in my house. I must wait for a clearance, it seems."

He cast a comical glance of disapprobation on the fittings of the hotel apartment, abhorring gilt.

"They leave us the day after to-morrow," said Rosamund, out of breath with nervousness at the commencement of the fray, and skipping over the opening ground of a bold statement of facts. "Madame de Rouaillout has been unwell. She is not yet recovered; she has just risen. Her sister-in-law has nursed her. Her husband seems much broken in health; he is perfect on the points of courtesy."

"That is lucky, ma'am."

"Her brother, Nevil's comrade in the war, is there also."

"Who came first?"

"My lord, you have only heard Captain Baskellett's version of the story. She has been my guest since the first day of her landing in England. There cannot possibly be an imputation on her."

"Ma'am, if her husband manages to be satisfied, what on earth have I to do with it?"

"I am thinking of Nevil, my lord."

"You're never thinking of any one else, ma'am."

"He sleeps here, at this hotel. He left the house to Madame de Rouaillout. I bear witness to that."

"You two seem to have made your preparations to stand a criminal trial."

"It is pure truth, my lord."

"Do you take me to be anxious about the fellow's virtue?"

"She is a lady who would please you."

"A scandal in my house does not please me."

"The only approach to a scandal was made by Captain Baskett."

"A poor devil locked out of his bed on a winter's night hullabaloo with pretty good reason. I suppose he felt the contrast."

"My lord, this lady, did me the honour to come to me on a visit. I have not previously presumed to entertain a friend. She probably formed no estimate of my exact position."

The earl with a gesture implied Rosamund's privilege to act the hostess to friends.

"You invited her?" he said.

"That is, I had told her I hoped she would come to England."

"She expected you to be at the house in town on her arrival?"

"It was her impulse to come."

"She came alone?"

"She may have desired to be away from her own people for a time: there may have been domestic differences. These cases are delicate."

"This case appears to have been so delicate that you had to lock out a fourth party."

"It is indelicate and base of Captain Baskett to complain and to hint. Nevil had to submit to the same; and Captain Baskett took his revenge on the house-door and the bells. The house was visited by the police next morning."

"Do you suspect him to have known you were inside the house that night?"

She could not say so: but hatred of Cecil urged her past the bounds of habitual reticence to put it to her lord whether he, imagining the worst, would have behaved like Cecil.

To this he did not reply, but remarked: "I am sorry he annoyed you, ma'am."

"It is not the annoyance to me; it is the shocking, the unmanly insolence to a lady, and a foreign lady."

"That's a matter between him and Nevil. I uphold him."

"Then, my lord, I am silent."

Silent she remained; but Lord Romfrey was also silent; and silence being a weapon of offence only when it is practised by one out of two, she had to reflect whether in speaking no further she had finished her business.

"Captain Baskett stays at the castle?" she asked.

"He likes his quarters there."

"Nevil could not go down to Romfrey, my lord. He was obliged

to wait, and see, and help me to entertain, her brother and her husband."

"Why, ma'am? But I have no objection to his making the marquis a happy husband."

"He has done what few men would have done, that she may be a self-respecting wife."

"The parson's in that fellow!" Lord Romfrey exclaimed. "Now I have the story. She came to him, he declined the gift, and you were turned into the curtain for them. If he had only been off with her, he would have done the country good service. Here he's a failure and a nuisance; he's a common cock-shy for the journals. I'm tired of hearing of him; he's a stench in our nostrils. He's tired of the woman."

"He loves her."

"Ma'am, you're hoodwinked. If he refused to have her, there's a something he loves better. I don't believe we've bred a downright luckadaisical donkey in our family: I know him. He's not a fellow for abstract morality: I know him. It's bargain against bargain with him; I'll do him that justice. I hear he has ordered the removal of the Jersey bull from Holdesbury, and the beast is mine," Lord Romfrey concluded in a lower key.

"Nevil has taken him."

"Ha! pull and pull, then!"

"He contends that he is bound by a promise to give an American gentleman the refusal of the bull, and you must sign an engagement to keep the animal no longer than two years."

"I sign no engagement. I stick to the bull."

"Consent to see Nevil to-night, my lord."

"When he has apologised to you, I may, ma'am."

"Surely he did more, in requesting me to render him a service?"

"There's not a creature living that fellow wouldn't get to serve him, if he knew the trick. We should all of us be marching on London at Shrapnel's heels. The political mania is just as incurable as hydrophobia, and he's bitten. That's clear."

"Bitten perhaps: but not mad. As you have always contended, the true case is incurable, but it is very rare: and is this one?"

"It's uncommonly like a true case, though I haven't seen him foam at the mouth, and shun water—as his mob does."

Rosamund restrained some tears, betraying the effort to hide the moisture. "I am no match for you, my lord. I try to plead on his behalf; I do worse than if I were dumb. This I most earnestly say: he is the Nevil Beauchamp who fought for his country, and did not abandon her cause, though he stood there—we had it from Colonel Halkett—a skeleton: and he is the Nevil who—I am poorly paying my debt to him!—defended me from the aspersions of his cousin."

"Boys!" Lord Romfrey ejaculated.

"It is the same dispute between them as men."

"Have you forgotten my proposal to shield you from liars and scandalmongers?"

"Could I ever forget it?" Rosamund appeared to come shining out of a cloud. "Princeliest and truest gentleman, I thought you then, and I know you to be, my dear lord. I fancied I had lived the scandal down. I was under the delusion that I had grown to be past backbiting; and that no man could stand before me to insult and vilify me. But for a woman in any so-called doubtful position, it seems that the coward will not be wanting to strike her. In quitting your service, I am able to affirm that only once during the whole term of it have I consciously overstepped the line of my duties: it was for Nevil: and Captain Baskellett undertook to defend your reputation, in consequence."

"Has the rascal been questioning your conduct?" The earl frowned.

"Oh, no! not questioning: he does not question, he accuses: he never doubted: and what he went shouting as a boy, is plain matter of fact to him now. He is devoted to you. It was for your sake that he desired me to keep my name from being mixed up in a scandal he foresaw the occurrence of in your house."

"He permitted himself to sneer at you?"

"He has the art of sneering. On this occasion he wished to be direct and personal."

"What sort of hints were they?"

Lord Romfrey strode away from her chair that the answer might be easy to her, for she was red, and evidently suffering from shame as well as indignation.

"The hints we call distinct," said Rosamund.

"In words?"

"In hard words."

"Then you won't meet Cecil?"

Such a question, and the tone of indifference in which it came, surprised and revolted her so, that the unreflecting reply leapt out:

"I would rather meet a devil."

Of how tremblingly, vehemently, and hastily she had said it, she was unaware. To her lord it was an outcry of nature, astutely touched by him to put her to proof.

He continued his long leisurely strides, nodding over his feet.

Rosamund stood up. She looked a very noble figure in her broad, black-furred robe. "I have one serious confession to make, sir."

"What's that?" said he.

"I would avoid it, for it cannot lead to particular harm; but I have an enemy who may poison your ear in my absence. And first I resign my position. I have forfeited it."

"Time goes forward, ma'am, and you go round. Speak to the point. Do you mean that you toss up the reins of my household?"

"I do. You trace it to Nevil immediately?"

"I do. The fellow wants to upset the country, and he begins with me."

"You are wrong, my lord. What I have done places me at Captain Baskellett's mercy. It is too loathsome to think of: worse than the whip; worse than your displeasure. It might never be known; but the thought that it might gives me courage. You have said that to protect a woman everything is permissible. It is your creed, my lord, and because the world, I have heard you say, is unjust and implacable to woman. In some cases, I think so too. In reality I followed your instructions, I mean your example. Cheap chivalry on my part! But it pained me not a little. I beg to urge that in my defence."

"Well, ma'am, you have tied the knot tight enough; perhaps now you'll cut it," said the earl.

Rosamund gasped softly. "M. le marquis is a gentleman who, after a life of dissipation, has been reminded by bad health that he has a young and beautiful wife."

"He dug his pit to fall into it:—he's jealous?"

She shook her head to indicate the immeasurable.

"Senile jealousy is anxious to be deceived. He could hardly be deceived so far as to imagine that Madame la marquise would visit me, such as I am, as my guest. Knowingly or not, his very clever sister, a good woman, and a friend to husband and wife—a Frenchwoman of the purest type—gave me the title." She insisted on it, and I presumed to guess that she deemed it necessary for the sake of peace in that home."

Lord Romfrey appeared merely inquisitive; his eyebrows were lifted in permanence; his eyes were mild.

She continued: "They leave England in a few hours. They are not likely to return. I permitted him to address me with the title of countess.

"Of Romfrey?" said the earl.

Rosamund bowed.

His mouth contracted. She did not expect thunder to issue from it, but she did fear to hear a sarcasm, or that she would have to endure a deadly silence: and she was gathering her own lips in imitation of his, to nerve herself for some stroke to come, when he laughed in his peculiar close-mouthed manner.

"I'm afraid you've dished yourself."

"You cannot forgive me, my lord?"

He indulged in more of his laughter, and abruptly summoning gravity, bade her talk to him of affairs. He himself talked of the condition of the castle, and with a certain off-hand contempt of the ladies of the family and Cecil's father, Sir John. "What are they

to me?" said he, and he complained of having been called Last Earl of Romfrey.

"The line ends undegenerate," said Rosamund fervidly, though she knew not where she stood.

"Ends!" quoth the earl.

"I must see Stukely," he added briskly, and stooped to her: "I beg you to drive me to my club, countess."

"Oh! sir."

"Once a countess, always a countess!"

"But once an impostor, my lord?"

"Not always, we'll hope."

He enjoyed this little variation in the language of comedy; letting it drop, to say: "Be here to-morrow early. Don't chase that family away from the house. Do as you will, but not a word of Nevil to me: he's a bad mess in any man's porringer; it's time for me to claim exemption of him from mine."

She dared not let her thoughts flow, for to think was to triumph, and possibly to be deluded. They came in copious volumes when Lord Romfrey, alighting at his club, called to the coachman: "Drive the countess home."

They were not thoughts of triumph absolutely. In her cooler mind she felt that it was a bad finish of a gallant battle. Few women had risen against a tattling and pelting world so steadfastly; and would it not have been better to keep her own ground, which she had won with tears and some natural strength, and therewith her liberty, which she prized? The hateful Cecil, a reminder of whom set her cheeks burning and turned her heart to serpent, had forced her to it. So she honestly conceived, owing to the circumstance of her honestly disliking the pomps of life and not desiring to occupy any position of brilliancy. She thought assuredly of her hoard of animosity toward the scandalmongers, and of the quiet glances she would cast behind on them, and below. That thought came as a fruit, not as a reflection.

But if ever two offending young gentlemen, nephews of a long-suffering uncle, were circumvented, undermined, and struck to earth, with one blow, here was the instance. This was accomplished by Lord Romfrey's resolution to make the lady he had learnt to esteem his countess: and more, it fixed to him for life one whom he could not bear to think of losing: and still more, it might be; but what more was unwritten on his tablets.

Rosamund failed to recollect that Everard Romfrey never took a step without seeing a combination of objects to be gained by it.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

Sonnets and Songs. By PROTEUS. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1875.

Is the writer of these songs and sonnets a new poet? One writer of verse cannot publicly say of another writer of verse either that he is or is not a poet, without danger of offending good taste by praise which is too much like patronage, or blame which is too much like disparagement. My apparent presumption, however, would be greater if, with any truth, it could still be said as of old, that—

“ Each year do consuls and proconsuls spring, :
But not each year a poet, or a king.”¹

If we may trust the periodical assurances of the critical press, new poets are nowadays the least uncommon “novelties of the season;” and between the appearance and disappearance of these shooting stars the public has scarce time to draw breath. In the present case a note of interrogation should at any rate suffice to protect me from the imputation of arrogance. A new poet? I wish to raise the question, not so much for the sake of expressing my own opinion, as in the hope of eliciting more competent opinions from those to whose notice a few words in these pages may help to commend this little book.

I presume that Proteus is a young man, because, although his verses are free from the defects most common to youthful composition, the sentiment of them is essentially characteristic of youth. I presume also that this is his first appeal to notice as a poet, because I cannot associate with any other pseudonym the individuality which I recognise in these verses, and the pseudonym itself is new to me. It is therefore under the impression that it is the first work of a young writer that I invite notice to this book; a book which has at least one unquestionable merit, rare merit now in books of poetry; the merit of being “a very little one.”

Diderot declared that, in reviewing any book written by a woman, one should dip one's pen in the tints of the rainbow, and powder one's paper with the dust of butterflies' wings. The advice is gallant and prettily given, though not easy to follow. These songs and sonnets are certainly not the work of any female hand; though in some respects, perhaps, they are dainty enough to be so. And yet so deceptive are appearances, that to record one's first impressions of the slim trim little cowslip-coloured volume in which they are so delicately printed and so prettily bound, one would almost wish for some finer instrument than a coarse and common goose-quill. The book itself, however, would seem to have been written with the fist rather than the finger. There is something fierce in the sadness of its sentiment, something resolute in the reticence of its expression. If poetry be the universal history of man's heart, lyric poetry should be its daily chronicle; and Anacreon's lyre was doubtless well inspired when its strings refused response to any theme but love; that eternal, inexhaustible, infinitely variable, ever fresh, and most universally

(1) Consules fiunt, &c.—Gallus.

interesting subject of lyric song. Yet how much of even our best modern love-poetry fails to convey to us any lively sense of a genuine emotion, or a personal experience, deeply felt by the poet. We recognise in it evidence of skill rather than of feeling. It may be quaint in its imagery, melodious in its metre, opulent in its vocabulary, all that critics tell us to admire. But the mechanism of art is inappropriately apparent. Men who are neither critics or poets, men who have lived and suffered without versifying life and suffering, miss in it the omnipotent note of sincerity; and if, when reading such poetry, they sometimes murmur "How clever!" they never exclaim "How true!" The worst of all such thoroughly artificial amatory song is, that in the composition of it, sensuality naturally replaces passion. For the man who tries to *think* love without *feeling* it, is very likely to think lust.

A certain M. d'Emery fell in love with a yellow pin; gilt it, and paid to it all the respect due to a mistress. Tallemant, who tells the story, *naïvely* says, "I believe it to be true, for nobody could invent it." In fact, however, this pin-passion was at one time by no means a solitary affectation in France. There was a M. d'Esche who, when asked by the priest who married him, whether he had ever given his faith to another, solemnly replied, "Yes, to a yellow pin" (*à une épingle jaune*). The artificial amours of many of our modern lyristes seem to us as unreal and unmanly as those of Messrs. d'Emery and d'Esche. Poetical pin-passions!

Now, to me at least, it is beyond a doubt that the author of these Sonnets and Songs must have lived and felt what he sings with so much life and feeling. And for this reason, perhaps, though his work is apparently that of a young writer (for 'tis only young writers who write of youth as if life were worthless without it), yet his writing reflects no influence received from the popular poets of the day. It owes nothing to Mr. Tennyson, or Mr. Browning, or Mr. Swinburne, or Mr. Morris, or Mr. Rossetti. Proteus may truly say,—

"Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre."

His poetry has also, I think, another quality, not common to the poetry of the young: reserve of power. He makes no use of what Shaftesbury calls "The hobby-horse and rattle of the Muse." From tricky adornment and spasmodic effort, from senseless sounds and ostentatious ingenuities, in short, from all that extravagance which young writers so often mistake for effect, he is entirely free. His verse is unaffected without being slovenly. His vocabulary, though rich, is never redundant; and if his mind were as disciplined as his manner, I could not have supposed him to be a young writer. But let the poems speak for themselves. I take from them without selection the following sonnet upon YOUTH.

"Youth, ageless youth, the old gods' attribute:
—To inherit cheeks a-tingle with such blood
As wood nymphs blushed, who to the first-blown flute
Went out in endless dancing through the wood.
To live, and taste of that immortal food
After the wild day's waste prepared for us
By deathless hands, and straightway be renewed,
Like the god's entrails upon Caucasus.
To rise at dawn with eye and brain and sense
Clear as the pale green edge where dawn began,

While each bold thought full shapen should arise,
Cutting the horizon of experience,
Sharp as an obelisk.—Ah, wretched man,
"Tis little wonder that the gods are wise."

This is perhaps the most imperfect, though not the least beautiful of the sonnets. Its tail is weaker than its head. But it affects me with that undefinable charm, which, belonging not exactly to form, and not at all to vocabulary, is the special attribute of *style*.

A passionate love of happiness is seldom a happy love, for life is incomplete. Chateaubriand has finely likened the Past and Present to two imperfect statues—the one taken mutilated from the ruins of ages, the other yet unfinished by the Future. What Proteus sings to his mistress,

"For I love thee as no other man can love thee,"

seems sung by him in various tones to life itself; which, loverlike, he praises and scolds by turns, passionately scolds and passionately praises. What a wail in the following sonnet:

"I long have had a quarrel set with Time,
Because he robbed me. Every day of life
Was wrested from me after bitter strife.
I never yet could see the sun go down
But I was angry in my heart, nor hear
The leaves fall in the wind without a tear
Over the dying summer. I have known
No truce with Time nor, Time's accomplice, Death.
The fair world is the witness of a crime
Repeated every hour. For life and breath
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly
The voices of these robbers of the heath
Sound in each ear and chill the passers-by.
—What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?
What have we done to Death that we must die?"

The wail deepens in this last of three sonnets bitterly reproaching life for all manifold failures and futilities.

"And who shall tell what ignominy death
Has yet in store for us; what abject fears
Even for the best of us; what fights for breath;
What sobs, what supplications, what wild tears;
What impotence of soul against despairs
Which blot out reason?—the last trembling thought
Of each poor brain, as dissolution nears,
Is not of fair life lost, of heaven bought
And glory won. 'Tis not the thought of grief;
Of friends deserted; loving hearts which bleed;
Wives, sisters, children who around us weep.
But only a mad clutching for relief
From physical pain, importunate Nature's need.
The search as for a womb where we may creep
Back from the world, to hide,—perhaps to sleep."

I have said that there is a fierce melancholy in the Muse of Proteus. Judge from this grim "Epilogue:"

"God in His wrath spake, "Let there be an end."
What once was beautiful has felt the curse;

The flowers were soft as twilight in the morning,
 And dew lay like a glory on the grass.
 Then rose the sun. They seemed to drink in life,
 And half-blown buds laid open their fresh faces,
 Instinct with life and light, for light is life.
 At noon the straining petals were bent back
 Against the calix, nor had more to give
 Of their full beauty to the eyes of the sun;
 Nor was he sated with the sacrifice,
 But burnt the fiercer. Then the blossoms died :
 A withered shred was left at eventide,
 Where grew the flower that morning. And God's heart
 Was moved to anger at the desolation
 Of passion's working ; and He made an end.
 And first He crushed the daisy with His foot,
 And trod its faded life from out the stem,
 In scornful pity. Then He bade the sun
 Sink into ocean—nor on that last day
 Saw good in His work."

Assuredly all this melancholy is morbid. It lacks health, it lacks wisdom ; but it does not lack either passion or poetry. If one said to the poet, "*Il vaut mieux, mon cher René, ressembler un peu plus au commun des hommes, et avoir un peu moins de malheur,*" perhaps he would reply, "Yes, but suffering is the badge of all our tribe." He seems to feel as keenly as Grillparzer's Sappho that,

"Leben ist jedoch des Lebens höchstes Ziel,"

and that

"ewig ist die arme Kunst gezwungen
 Zu betteln von des Lebens Ueberfluss."

But the melancholy is not always fierce ; it is oftener pensive, and sometimes singularly sweet and tender, as in the following sonnet :

"Spring, of a sudden, came to life one day.
 Ere this, the winter had been cold and chill.
 That morning first the summer air did fill
 The world, making bleak March seem almost May.
 The daffodils were blooming golden gay,
 The birch trees budded purple on the hill ;
 The rose, that clambered up the window-sill,
 Put forth a crimson shoot. All yesterday
 The winds about the casement chilly blew,
 But now the breeze that played about the door,
 So caught the dead leaves that I thought there flew
 Brown butterflies up from the grassy floor.
 —But someone said you came not. Ah, too true!
 And I,—I thought that winter reigned once more."

In its healthiest instincts and epochs art has represented man as an essentially active being ; a being whose behaviour manifests will as well as sensation, and in whose nature sentiment is only the motive power of action, not the be-all and the end-all of life. To represent him as an exclusively sentient or suffering being, a sort of human æolian harp, hung helplessly among the hurricanes of destiny, and incessantly quivering with unselected sensations ; sensations that come and go by chance, changing his character and confusing his conduct by their caprice ; this was reserved for modern English poetry.

The listener to Mr. Tennyson's *Two Voices*, solves to his own satisfaction the hideous riddle of Hamlet's monologue, by ecstatic contemplation of the decent and demure beatitude of a British bourgeois with his wife and children, decorously pacing to church on a Sunday morning. Or rather the riddle is solved for him without the trouble of any intellectual effort by a pleasurable sensation, owed to a fortunate accident. "Le ciel est bleu," said Voltaire, "le soleil brille, les oiseaux chantent, ma petite pilule a fort bien réussi; tout considéré, je ne me suiciderai pas." Proteus protests against his age. But, in this practical philosophy of sensation, he shows himself unmistakeably its child. "Why," he exclaims—

"Why was I born in this degenerate age?
Or rather why, a thousand times, with soul
Of such degenerate stuff that a mute page
Is all its reason, tears the only toll
It takes on life, and impotence its goal?
Why was I born to this sad heritage
Of fierce desires which cannot fate control.
Of idle hopes life never can assuage?
Why was I born thus weak?—Oh to have been
A merry fool, at jest with destiny,
A free hand ready and a heart as free.
A ruffler in the camps of Mazarin.
Oh for the honest soul of d'Artagnan,
Twice happy knave, a Gascon and a man!"

Yet a moment's personal happiness suffices to restore to harmony the whole order of the universe in his conception of it. And under the happy influence of such a moment in a poem which is, I think, of all his poems the most beautiful, he bursts into fine notes of joy; notes merry as the morning music of the lark: sweet, and clear as a chime of silver bells:

"There is a God most surely in the heavens,
Who smileth always, though His face be hid.
And young Joy cometh as His messenger
Upon the earth, like to a rushing wind,
Scattering the dead leaves of our discontent
Ere yet we see him. * * *

There is something changed
About these woods since yesterday; a look
Of shame on Nature's face; a consciousness
In the bent flowers; a troubled tell-tale gleam
On the lake's brim. This morning, as I passed
Over the lawn, there was an instant's hush
Among the trees, and then a whispering
Which woke the birds; and of a sudden, lo!
A thousand voices breathed conspiracy:
And now a silence. There are listening ears
In all these bushes waiting till I speak.
—And the alp-roses blushed."

From the specimens already given, it will have been seen that the verse of Proteus is not always as carefully polished as it deserves and perhaps requires to be. Though free from all too high poetic pretension, it is never prosaic, and nowhere does its unforced, fluent rhythm degenerate into slipslop. But in some of its

finest passages we occasionally feel that there is place for verbal improvement. And for this reason I am inclined to think that the writer's genius would be more readily and widely recognised were it employed on the treatment of some subject better fitted than any in this small volume, for the free flow and full swing of that easy, natural poetic style which is, to my thinking at least, its chief charm. Some subject, I mean, of robust fibre and broader interest. The extreme delicacy and refinement of the *general* quality of these poems, is, I fear, most likely to be best appreciated by that select few who will nevertheless be their most fastidious and exacting critics. For my own part there is, I must confess, a certain degree of carelessness in poetic expression, which (if in spite of it, the expression still remains poetic), is congenial to my taste; and which I am inclined to regard, perhaps wrongly, as a merit rather than a defect. Of one thing at least I am sure, if it be a defect, it is a less defect than the affectation which so often comes of overstudying expression. If I may paraphrase on behalf of such an opinion the lines of a poet who did very carefully study expression, I will say that

"Lines loosely flowing, thoughts as free,
Such sweet neglect more pleaseth me
Than all the adulteries of art
Which take the ear but miss the heart."

The song of Proteus has, I conceive, that best and most enduring music which is made by perfect harmony between thought and utterance. This lingers in the mind rather than the ear. I have spoken of these poems as being chiefly love-poems, and so they are; yet not because they are all written about love, but because they are all, directly or indirectly, the expressions of those emotions which love inspires or colours. You feel that they are truthful utterances of feelings actually felt by the writer of them. The truth, for instance, of the following sonnet (to a woman), must strike even those, I think (and they are probably few), who have never experienced the sentiment it so forcibly expresses:

"What is this prate of friendship? *Kings disowned*
Go forth, not citizens but outlawed men.
If love has ceased to give a loyal sound,
Let there at least be silence. Once again
I go, proscribed, exiled, dominionless
Out of your coasts, yet scorning to complain.
I grudge not your allegiance nor my bliss,
I yield the pleasure as I keep the pain.
Rebellion's rights are limited though strong.
The right to take gives not the right to give.
Mine were the sole right and prerogative
To give a title or forgive a wrong.
This gift of friendship was not yours to bring.
As I have lived in love I still will live
Or die, if needs must, and without reprieve,
Your lover yet, and *kingdomless a king.*"

The growing horror of a child's first chilling recognition of the presence of death in the background of life, is a fine subject. I do not know that it has ever before been treated by any poet; and I think it is finely treated in the following "Recollections of Childhood," which must close my list of quotations:

" A little child, he gazed with fearless eyes
 On each new wonder of the wonderful earth.
 The little things he chiefly counted prize,
 The flowers and creeping beasts upon the ground
 He called his own, his hoards of mighty worth ;
 And each new treasure that his eyes had found
 Must have a name which he would stop to hear,
 And, when they told it he would catch the sound
 And fashion it to suit his childish ear.

" And when he played, 'twas with the hollow shells,
 Which lay in myriads strewn by summer seas ;
 And, when he slept at noon, the yellow bell
 Of cowslip buds still nodded in his hand.
 He never woke, although the humming bees
 Were busy as young elves in fairy-land
 Among the flowers. But once upon her knee
 His mother set him, and she spoke strange words
 Of many things he could not understand,
 And how the world was rounded by the sea.
 He sat and listened to the chirping birds ;
 And yet he felt a nameless mystery.

" The sad winds moaned through the long autumn night
 And creaked among the timbers of the house.
 The smouldering fire shot sudden sparks of light.
 ' The ghosts are all abroad,' the servants said,
 ' 'Tis they who send down coffins for the dead,'
 And at the word a little hungry mouse
 Pattered behind the wainscot. All his breath
 He held in terror, and a curious dread
 Pictured wild faces looking down at him,
 When the lamp flickered and the fire burnt dim,
 And some one breathed to him the name of death.

" And now the flowers and insects, which before
 He loved alike, had grown mysterious :
 And when he saw a spider on the floor,
 He shrank away as from a thing of fear.
 There were dark corners, too, within the house,
 Where little woodlice lay curled up asleep.
 A month ago and he had held them dear,
 And now he scarcely dared at them to peep.
 And, when he stood again beside the sea,
 The waves rose up as if to drag him in ;
 And once a crab he seized unwittingly
 Turned round and bit him with its ragged fin.
 He saw the blood, and he was like to die.

" Then in the night he found himself alone,
 Watching the rushlight flicker on the wall,
 Until the curtains seemed to bend and shake
 With formless things which in the darkness went,

And underneath the counterpane would crawl
 To strangle him. He dared not shriek nor cry,
 Though wild fear held him for his punishment;
 And, though his heart was stifled with his tears,
 They could not ease his pain, and he must lie
 Alone with horror, till the dawn should break;
 And, when the light was come, they only mocked his fears."

What I have now quoted from these poems, is surely enough to justify the question with which I end as I began. Is the writer of them a poet? Of course I should not care, thus publicly, to raise that question if my personal impressions of his poetry had not answered it in the affirmative, or if I did not wish, *pro bono publico*, that this solitary affirmation should be confirmed by the verdict of more competent judges. I think that Proteus, by these poems, has proved himself to be a poet. Not a *rules sacer*, certainly not a teacher of men, nor yet a creator, except in so far as all good and true imaginative writing is more or less creative, but a poet, as unmistakably distinguishable from poetasters and verse-making machines.

"Il y a des degrés à tout," as the magistrate of Rouen said to the elder Dumas, who, when asked to declare his profession, replied, "If I were not in the birthplace of Corneille, I should call myself a dramatic poet." One star differeth from another in magnitude. There is a glory of the sun, a glory of the moon, and a glory of the stars. I am no astronomer, and I cannot classify the stars; but I think I can tell a star, when I see it, from a piece of tinsel. There is such a difference between light and glitter. I cannot doubt that the writer of these "Sonnets and Songs" sees things instinctively from a poetical point of view, and expresses them instinctively in a poetical form. That is the distinguishing mark of the true poet. The great poet is no doubt distinguishably marked by the possession of many other qualities; qualities which his intellect or character as a man superadds to his faculty as a poet. For his poetic faculty is the smallest part of a great poet. But although "Poeta nascitur, non fit," yet neither men nor poets are *born* great. "Call no man secure from fortune till you know his end," said the Greek sage: and the wise critic will certainly not presume to call any poet "little," till the poet's last word has been uttered. The marks of greatness are long latent in the growth of genius. Nothing is so fatal to the growth of genius as its possessor's satisfaction with the public praise bestowed on an early perfected faculty. The motto of every poet should be till his last hour of life "*presens imperfectum; perfectum futurum*."

LATTON.



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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

It is tolerably clear that university reform cannot be much longer deferred. The Commission which was appointed by Mr. Gladstone's government to examine into the revenues and expenditure of the universities and colleges made its report at the beginning of the year. Liberals in and out of the universities have been long anxious for further measures of reform. By an equivocal expression the present Prime Minister has been understood as engaging the Government to take the matter in hand; and though engagements have but little power to bind that master of words and wiles, there is a general belief that something will before long be done.

What sort of measure may be looked for from the present Ministry it is not very difficult to tell. They are not indeed likely to use in this case their favourite expedient for making changes that will leave things as they were. They will not give the colleges a permissive bill, and allow them fully to reform themselves. This might in some cases have the desired effect of producing no reform at all; but in others the reforms would be too real and radical to please the Conservative party. Some colleges would reform themselves better than they are likely to be reformed from outside, and therefore they will not be allowed to do it. The Government measure, if it ever comes, is likely to have one of two characters. It may be one of their "bogus" bills, intended partly to keep up their character for doing something, partly to avert more extensive reform by some small and inconsiderable changes. When a subject has once been dealt with, however feebly and partially, it is much more difficult to get it reopened. Other things claim attention, and there is always the plausible plea that you must give a new system time. If the measure is not null, there is too much reason to fear that it may be mischievous. The Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill showed what Mr. Disraeli could be coerced by his colleagues into attempting, and there are few ways in which so much quiet mischief and dexterity

injury can be done to the best interests of the country as by tampering with the universities. Against these two possibilities it behoves Liberals to be on their guard. A mischievous and reactionary measure they may be trusted to resist; but it is not so certain that they may not be cajoled into accepting some imperfect reform that will shelve the question for many years, while it leaves some of the greatest abuses almost or quite untouched. It is much wiser to wait a year or two for radical reform than to get some shadow of it at once, and go without the substance for another generation.

It is not by any means my wish in this paper to discuss the whole question of university reform. I desire only to call attention to that part of it which is at once most urgent and most likely to be evaded by a Tory government—I mean the religious inequalities which still exist at Oxford and Cambridge, and the very unfair advantages which are enjoyed not only by the Established Church over other religious bodies, but by the clergy of the Church over its lay members. After the passing of the University Tests Act some persons may be surprised to hear that all religious creeds are not on an equal footing in the universities. It will be seen in the course of this article that they are far from being so, and that besides this denominational inequality there remains to this day an equally flagrant system, by which laymen are prevented from competing fairly with those who are, or intend to be, clergymen. I wish to be understood as writing primarily about Oxford, of which alone I have personal knowledge; but what is true of Oxford in this matter I believe to be equally true of Cambridge.

Those who know anything about the universities do not require to be told that the greatest religious abuse in them is the existence of clerical fellowships. There are fellowships, that is to say, posts that carry with them an income of £200 to £300 a year, and a voice in the government of the college, to which sometimes no one is eligible who has not taken, or does not at least profess an intention to take, orders in the English Church. In other cases no such declaration is exacted, but the fellowship is vacated after a year or two if orders are not taken. These fellowships cannot therefore be held by any one who is not a member of the Church of England, and most members of that Church are incapable of holding them. All laymen of the Church, and all members, lay or clerical, of other denominations, are absolutely excluded from them. They are monopolized by a privileged few, and it may be worth while to point out how the monopoly works. It is impossible to state their precise number at the present time. Though far fewer than they once were, they are still scandalously many. In some cases, too, when the colleges have procured a reduction in the number, they have been obliged to buy the reform from the bishops at a price, by making the conditions of the remaining clerical fellowships more stringent. When the fellow

elected was not required to take orders for a considerable time, and no declaration was required before election, men who had no intention of taking them could obtain the fellowship, and vacate it after some years' tenure; and by this means the natural evil of the system was in some small degree counteracted. But in some cases, I believe, the bishops as visitors have only consented to the secularisation of one clerical fellowship on condition of another being made worse than before by a shortening of the term within which the holder was required to take orders. As things stand at present, therefore, the majority of fellowships are thrown open to free competition, but a very considerable minority are competed for only by intending clergymen of the English Church, and by a few others who think it better to have a fellowship for a couple of years than not to have one at all. One college in Oxford, and I believe only one, has no clerical fellowships, but there none have ever existed from its foundation.

It would be very unjust not to allow at once that some of the men who get clerical fellowships are men of distinction in the university—men who have obtained high honours, and who could probably hold their own in any competition they might have to face. Every one knows instances in which men have taken clerical fellowships who might have got almost any open fellowship for which they chose to stand. Clerical fellows are not therefore necessarily worse than others, just as under any system of patronage good men will sometimes, however rarely, have the luck to find a patron and be put in their proper places. A system of patronage, however, does not in the long-run tend to bring merit and ability to the front; neither does the system of clerical fellowships. Moreover, it is pretty clear that their supporters are in this dilemma. If they were thrown open to all comers, either those who now obtain them would obtain the open ones, or they would not. If they would, there can be no reason for protecting them by the present system; if they would not, then better men are to be had, and they have no business with the fellowships they hold. I cannot see that there is any escape from this conclusion. The contrivance is unnecessary, or it is unfair.

In considering a case like this, we are too apt to think only of those who get the prize, and to forget those who lose it. We think the successful man very lucky when he gets what he hardly deserves, but as he may be a friend of ours, and as at any rate there is probably nothing against him, we are not inclined greatly to grudge him his good luck. But this is a very contracted view to take. One man cannot get a thing without another losing it. For every man who obtains a college fellowship, and thereby secures an income of £200 or £300 a year, there must be another who quits the university without a fellowship, and has to make his way unassisted. If the first man is the better of the two, the second has no reason to complain; but what if it be the other way? And what university man is there

who has not known one man try in vain for fellowship after fellowship, and because he would not take orders leave at last without one; while another, by no means his equal in ability or industry, or any of the qualities a fellowship should reward, was elected at once because he declared himself ready to become a clergyman? Too many can tell the still more shameful story of men who never had any thought of entering the Church until they were tempted to sell their souls for a clerical fellowship, and thus get an advantage over all who were too honest to make the bargain. Whether, however, this happens or not, no one can deny that the system tends to give fellowships to men who would be worsted in fair and open competition. If this is not so, what good can any one see in it? For what reason or for whose good is it maintained?

If then the system is to be defended, it can be defended only by showing that the best distribution of fellowships is not that which gives them to the best possible candidates. Not that the clerical system would be vindicated, even if this were done, but at any rate this must be established first. But is such a contention possible? If indeed it were argued that we should take a man's means into account as well as his ability, and give fellowships first to those able men who stood in most need of help, there are few probably who would not approve such an arrangement, if it were only practicable. But it is plain that this consideration does not touch clerical fellowships. Men are elected to them not because they stand in particular need, but because they are going to take orders in a particular Church. There is, however, another line of argument possible, which is sometimes successful in deceiving people, and which is perhaps not unlikely to be used before long in defending not exactly the present system, but a system which would perpetuate clerical fellowships as a part of itself. The utility of a fellowship to any one who does not remain as a teacher in the university is the assistance it gives him in the early years of professional life, when he is studying or waiting for work. The utility of fellowships to the country at large is the high general culture thus secured by a number of professional men (not, it must be observed, by those only who get fellowships, but by all who try for them, and who would very probably have never gone to a university at all if such prizes did not exist), and the liberty which holders of fellowships enjoy to study their profession thoroughly and well, without being obliged to make money out of it at once. This is the function of fellowships—a function of the highest value, and in a country like England much more important than the encouragement of erudition. It may be argued, then, that this is just the function which clerical fellowships perform, and that they really perform it better than the others, whose holders may or may not enter a profession. It may be argued that clerical fellowships should not be abolished, but other fellow-

ships assimilated to them by dividing the whole number into legal, medical, and other fellowships, and assigning a certain number to each profession. If this were done, and at the same time the utmost liberty were given to students at a university to choose their own subjects, so that they could begin their professional studies earlier than they do now, we should have a system which for more than one reason would, I suspect, be very agreeable to some of those who will shortly have to bring forward a scheme.

I pass over the very undesirable character of any scheme which attached a definite number of fellowships to each particular profession, instead of leaving this to settle itself. It is more to the point here to remind any one to whom the above proposal may seem fair, that clerical fellowships, though they are undoubtedly professional fellowships, are not professional as a legal or medical fellowship would be professional. They are not open to every member of the profession. If they are to be made properly professional, let the clergy of all religious denominations be made capable of holding them. You must give the Roman Catholic priest an equal chance with the minister of the Church of England. You must admit the Jew and the Protestant Dissenter. You must, in fact, adopt concurrent endowment, and pay all manner of men for contradicting one another on religious subjects: a system which has found favour with some distinguished men, but to which the good sense of the English people and its sense of humour have always been opposed. No one would propose to limit legal fellowships to barristers on the Western Circuit, or medical fellowships to the surgeons at St. George's Hospital, yet these would be a strict parallel to clerical fellowships as they are now given. Or rather, they would fall short of them in absurdity and injustice, because with these lawyers and doctors other lawyers and doctors have no particular quarrel, whereas, however the priests and ministers of other religious sects may differ among themselves, they are all agreed that the clergy of the Church of England are in the habit of doing what is not right and saying what is not true.

There is another vice in clerical fellowships which good churchmen may not be so ready to admit. It is surely nothing short of a scandal that the Church of England should tempt young men with them: a really high-minded church would turn from such a transaction with disgust. What is the natural effect of telling them that, if they will enter the Church, they shall get a valuable fellowship on easier terms? On the men themselves the effect is that they cast about in their minds, not to determine what is right for them to do, but for reasons why they should take orders; that they stifle more or less consciously any scruples they may feel, and begin to persuade themselves that they are indeed "called," as the phrase goes, to the service of God and the Church of England. The func-

tion which is ostensibly considered by the clergy who assume it, by the bishops who confer it, as well as by the religious laity, to be the highest and most solemn that a man can possibly undertake, or rather, to differ in kind from all other functions, and be invested with a certain sanctity, this function there is a terrible temptation to assume lightly and dishonestly, only because it will give a man money. Men are tempted to enter a profession which, look at it as we will, no man should enter except from the purest motives of religious zeal, the most entire belief in the doctrines he is going to teach, and a real conviction that it is before all others the profession proper for him, by the earthly and immediate reward of £300 a year. Instead of examining their hearts and understandings honestly, grappling fairly with the religious controversies of the day, and coming in the end, if it so happens, to an upright and rational belief in the doctrines of the Church—the course which a conscientious man would take—they are only too likely to shut their eyes to all difficulties, turn away from all arguments that might unsettle their minds, banish by an effort of the will all doubts and suspicions, and go straight where a comfortable competence is assured them. Whether these are the men whom the Church of England desires for her ministers, it is for her to judge. But it is not in men who have been subject to this temptation that we should look for the warmest zeal, for the greatest elevation of character, for the most entire want of worldliness, for honest thought, or candid speech.

No doubt there are many whose motives are above suspicion, and who would devote themselves to the Church, whether they had fellowships or not. But it is equally notorious and undeniable that some enter the Church merely as a means of getting a fellowship. Men talk as if the Church were just like medicine or the bar, and as if any one were right in taking orders who felt no conscientious objections to her creed. But this is not enough. A barrister makes no solemn declaration that heaven itself has instigated him to the study and practice of law. A doctor does not give out that he has chosen that particular method of earning his bread at the immediate instance of the Holy Ghost. But the candidate for ordination does make this profession. He really is, or declares himself confident that he is, under the influence of some supernatural power. Again, the general principles of law and medicine are not the subjects of as much dispute as those of a religious creed. No man who valued his own independence and freedom of thought would bind himself to hold and teach certain opinions for the rest of his life until he had given them careful and conscientious study, tested and tried them in every possible way, courted argument and invited debate, listened to everything that could be said against them, and satisfied himself finally, not that they were as plausible as any other set of opinions, not that the balance of probability seemed to be on their side, but

that they were certainly true. Nothing is more melancholy and more shocking than to see the levity with which men, instead of doing this, will rush recklessly into orders, only because they entertain no religious doubts. As in most cases they have never studied the controversies, or ever exerted their own understandings on the subject, it is not surprising if they never felt a difficulty. But belief of this sort is quite worthless; and, if really religious people are repelled by the impious levity with which sacred functions are undertaken, others are equally offended by the indifference to truth which men show when they earnestly inculcate what they have never earnestly examined.

One reason, no doubt, for clinging to the system I have described is the wish which many persons entertain to have their sons looked after by clergymen. Of the wisdom of the wish we will say nothing; but surely they must see that a wish of this sort ought not to interfere with the general principles of justice and expediency. Let them remember that their wish can be attained only at the price of depriving other and abler men of the fellowships which they would certainly win. Let them remember that it can be attained only at the price of putting a terrible strain on young consciences, and perhaps corrupting a man's character and habits of thought for life. Let them ask themselves also why this wish is to be gratified in their case alone, and whether they must not set aside fellowships for other religious denominations, that the Baptist and the Unitarian also may have the comfort of committing their sons to men whom they can trust. But after all, the means do not secure the end. As fellowships are now, or as they are likely to be, there is nothing to keep a clerical fellow in residence at his college, and if he remains there, it is by no means certain that he will be a tutor. On the other hand, it follows just as little that, because there are no clerical fellowships, there will be no fellows or no tutors in orders. It is an assumption which the friends of the Church will surely not be the first to make, that fellows of colleges will never take orders unless their income depends upon it; this would be indeed admitting the force of my previous argument. But such an assumption would be very far from true. The Church of England has not yet so completely lost her hold on the educated classes, and is not at present likely to lose it in such a degree. Take one practical proof. I mentioned before, that there is one college in Oxford which has never had any clerical fellowships. I believe it has always had a good proportion of clerical fellows notwithstanding, and at the present moment it has four.

The truth is that no reason can be found for the maintenance of a single clerical fellowship, except the desire to favour the Church of England, and to protect her by artificial means. These fellowships are part and parcel of the great iniquitous system of religious intolerance and exclusion which Liberals have been engaged in attacking for

the last two hundred years. It is for Liberals now, and above all for Dissenters, to demand their abolition.

Along with the system of clerical fellowships must fall that of college livings, which even in themselves are quite indefensible. Every college has a certain number, in many cases a considerable number, of livings in its gift. To these, the fellows, that is to say, the fellows who are in orders, have a right according to their standing. If none of them will take a living when it falls vacant, it is offered usually to ex-fellows, former scholars, and generally to any one connected with the college. Many of these livings are of small value, and no fellow thinks it worth his while to take one of them when he has a better in prospect; so that they constantly fall into other hands. These advowsons should, of course, be sold, and the proceeds used for educational and other purposes. It is no part of the business of a college to find rectors and vicars for country parishes. It is true that a college living sometimes serves as a pension to one of the fellows, but as a system of pensions it is certainly the most unjust and blundering that was ever devised. In the first place, only clerical fellows can enjoy these pensions, though laymen may sometimes deserve them equally; and in the second, there is no security that the pension has been deserved at all. A fellow in orders has a right to the living, though he may not have held his fellowship more than a year or two, and even during that short space of time may have done no work for his college. The result, therefore, is that one man may give all his life to college work and never have any chance of the pension, while another gets a good living only because he has already for a few years enjoyed a good fellowship. And even this miserable excuse will not apply to the livings which are too small for a fellow to take, and which, therefore, no ingenuity can treat as pensions for college work. It is indeed desirable, as the universities are beginning to see, that some system of pensions should be established, but we cannot be much longer mocked with this wretched pretence of one. The important fact for reformers to bear in mind is that resources which might be and should be used for education, are at present employed in finding snug homes for clergymen of the Church of England. The market value of livings is no doubt low, but the sum realised by their sale would be an appreciable addition to the educational means of the universities.

I need hardly point out how these livings come in to swell the unworthy inducements a man has to take orders. A good fellowship, and then a good living:—how many of us would be proof against such a temptation?

From clerical fellowships and college livings we may pass on to the headships of colleges. With the exception of the divinity professorships, and one or two others, these are the only well-paid posts in Oxford. Five or six hundred a year is enough for an

ordinary professor: the head of a college gets on an average from thirteen to fifteen hundred. Some get less, some a good deal more, as any one may read in the report of the late Commission: this, I think, is about the average. Need it be said that with one or two exceptions the headships are confined to clergymen of the Church of England? It is unnecessary here to go into details about the position and powers of the heads. The opinion is fast growing in Oxford, at any rate, that they must be very extensively reformed indeed, if not wholly abolished. But this is part of a larger subject. It need only be remarked here that, if clerical fellowships are undesirable, clerical headships are undesirable also. There are, indeed, special reasons why they should be so. The least powerful head has more power than any fellow, and these powers ought not to be monopolized by the clergy of any single sect. If any restrictions were justifiable, that would be the best which prevented such a post from being held by any minister of religion at all. We cannot, at any rate, maintain a system which admits none but the ministers of one particular church, and excludes even its laymen. Here, again, the injustice may be and is committed, that clergymen are elected to these posts when laymen have much stronger claims, and would fill the post better. Whether we are to maintain the Heads as the first officers of a college and chief managers of its business, or are to regard the posts, in part at least, as rewards for eminent men, it is impossible that laymen should continue to be excluded from these offices or rewards. The case is the same with most of the head-masterships of our public schools.

But no internal reform will ever be thoroughly effectual until the colleges are emancipated from the control of their present visitors. The relation of these to the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge is so little understood by strangers that I may be allowed a few words of explanation. Generally speaking, every college is governed by laws of two kinds, which are as binding upon it as the laws of the land are upon Englishmen at large; its original statutes, and regulations made by the Commission which reformed the Universities about twenty years ago. When both deal with the same subject, the ordinance of the Commission overrides the original statutes just so far as its express regulation goes; but, wherever it lays down no rules, the college is still bound by the wording of its original statutes; and, as these are much the most copious and minute, it is by them that the college is chiefly governed. If the college wishes for any change in the ordinance, it applies to the Privy Council, which has power to grant or refuse permission. If it wishes for any change in its statutes, it has to apply to its visitor, a person to whom this authority is committed by the statutes themselves, along with other powers of interfering in college matters. It will appear, then, that we are checked and controlled by the Privy Council and by the visitors, but

these authorities are independent, and there is no appeal from one to the other.

It will naturally be asked who these visitors are. It might be supposed that such extensive authority over the English universities would be carefully committed to eminent and competent men, who would put the interests of education above all others, and before all things would be unlikely to take a sectarian view of the questions that came before them. In most cases they are bishops of the Established Church, and visitors in virtue of their bishoprics. Some bishops are visitors of several colleges at once. The Bishop of Lincoln, for instance, is visitor of two colleges at Oxford and one at Cambridge. The Bishop of Winchester has five Oxford colleges under his control; the Archbishop of Canterbury has two. The Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Exeter, of Worcester, of Bath and Wells, &c., will also be found among the Oxford visitors.

An arrangement which may have been very proper in the days when it was first made, has now become grossly injudicious and unfair. When the clergy were better educated than other people, a bishop might be a fit person to control a college, and when religious differences were comparatively unknown he could not exercise his powers for the advantage of one communion to the detriment of many. But all this has long been changed. No one will pretend that the clergy are intellectually fitter to control places of education than laymen are, while the temptation under which they lie to make their authority subserve the interests of their religious sect is obvious and undeniable. We ought not, perhaps, to make it a matter of reproach to the bishops if they give way to this temptation. A bishop is before all things a ruler of the Established Church, and he naturally regards her interests as paramount. Colléges and universities are in his eyes places for educating men to serve God in Church and State; and the Church comes first. He would hardly be true to his calling and office, if he saw in them anything but seminaries of the Church, or willingly consented to anything that might lessen her influence over them. At any rate, none but a very elevated and hardly ecclesiastical mind could take any other view of the position. But though this may not be a fault in the bishops, it is a serious evil to education. Most Englishmen have resolved that our means of education are not to be employed, or our places of education administered, for the purposes of any one religious body. We have made up our minds that one boy is not to have an advantage over another because their fathers inherited from their grandfathers different opinions upon some speculative subject. We ask only how we may give the best education to the largest number of Englishmen, not how we may train orthodox members of the Established Church. This is a policy we cannot expect bishops to understand or accept, but the fault is our own if we leave them power to withstand it.

Leave sectarian prepossessions out of the question, and it is still most unwise to intrust these powers at random to unknown bishops. How can it be thought likely that they will all have the requisite qualifications? One part of a visitor's work is semi-legal, the interpretation and application of statutes; and it is not on the episcopal bench that we look for legal minds. At another time their consent is asked to changes in the statutes, which will adapt the college system to the wants of the time. But they know very little of these wants, of the present working of the universities, of the change in studies, methods, organization; and they are too much burdened with the cares of an unwieldy diocese to give these subjects any consideration. They are not in any way fit judges of what is good for a college. We want men of more secular avocations and of more practical sagacity than the bishops. Even if by chance one of them is duly qualified, it is as likely as not that he is among those who happen to have no visitorial duties. Of what college was Thirlwall visitor?

No suggestion is needed here as to the persons to whom the powers of the present visitors might be transferred. The Privy Council, who have already so much of the authority, might, perhaps, be trusted with the rest. But I am only concerned here to point out the unfitness of the bishops. Most colleges could produce a number of instances in which this unfitness has been signally shown; some of them are almost matters of notoriety; but I prefer to rest my case on the general ground, which common sense and common equity alike supply, that the visitorship of a college ought not to attach *ex officio* to a dignitary of the English Church. A partiality to that Church, and a natural propensity to serve it first, also attach to him *ex officio*, and these qualities render him a most unsuitable visitor.

The university needs reform as well as the colleges; but I will not go into that question now. Hitherto, however, it has been so entirely composed of the colleges, and so dependent upon them, that a thorough reform of them will go a long way towards reforming it, or will, at any rate, lead immediately to such a reform. I have touched in this paper on a few only of the questions which must soon be settled, and there are some, no doubt, who think these particular questions less important than others. Questions about the maintenance of fellowships generally, of the length of time during which they are to be tenable, of the celibacy of fellows and of tutors, of the endowment of research, of the increase of the professoriate, of the extension of the teaching and examining system of the universities to other parts of England; these and others may be deemed more pressing than the mere removal of religious restrictions. I believe, however, that no one who has observed or studied the effect of such restrictions will be of this opinion. For my own part, when I hear Oxford and Cam-

bridge ill spoken of by the side of the great universities of Germany, and when it is said that we do but little for learning, or even for the higher education, in comparison with what is effected there, it seems to me that an answer, or, if you like, an excuse, is not difficult to find. In the first place, we are practical in our views, and we believe that to educate those who will soon have in their hands the greatest country in the world and its professions; to give them sound understandings, liberal and honourable dispositions, cultivated tastes, and a large capacity for intellectual enjoyment, is a higher and more useful undertaking than the protection and endowment of many learned men, however desirable that also may be. In the second place, there is a very good reason why the comparison is as yet unfair. German universities are not governed by the clergy, as our own have been, and in great measure still are. The English universities will never be what they ought, and never take their proper place in England and in Europe, until they have seen the back of the Church. It is the Church that has kept them down. But for her they would have stood at all times in the very van and front of all our national movements, in our political struggles, and in our intellectual advance. As it is, they have been always on the side that lost and deserved to lose; always preferring darkness to light, and restraint to liberty. If they have originated anything, it has been some superstitious schism in the Church; if they have adopted anything, it has been some reactionary tendency in politics. Not that they have ever been wanting in men who knew better, who have stood up boldly for liberty and enlightenment, and who could not be either cowed or corrupted. But the few were helpless against the many, and under the rule of the clergy there has been no independence, no energy, almost no life.

Happily this state of things is fast passing away. The executive commission, some twenty years ago, did something, though by no means all that was recommended by the commission of inquiry which preceded it. If these recommendations had been carried out, clerical fellowships would have ceased from that time forward. It is time now to do what was recommended twenty years ago. The reformers within the universities, of whom there are many, have not very much power, bound as the colleges are hand and foot by their statutes and ordinances, and dependent on the good pleasure of so many bishops. The country must help them if they are to prevail. If we are to have universities in which all creeds are equal, all thought free, every study encouraged; which aim at truth, and not at orthodoxy; which are governed in the interests of knowledge and education, and not for the good of the English Church, the changes which I have indicated must be made by the Liberals in Parliament.

HERBERT RICHARDS.

THE PROSE WORKS OF WORDSWORTH.¹

THE Prose Works of Wordsworth, now for the first time collected, and some of which are now first published, form a gift for which all who have ever truly listened to Wordsworth, and learned from him, will be grateful with no common gratitude. To some men now in middle life, the poetry of Wordsworth in its influence upon their early years has been somewhat like a lofty mountain,

“An eminence, of these our hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun,”

which rose as chief presence and power near the home of their boyhood, which was the resort of their solitary walks, which kindled their most ardent thoughts, which consecrated their highest resolves, which created moods of limitless aspiration, which strengthened and subdued, from which came forth clear yet mysterious echoes, against whose front the glories of dawns that were sacred had been manifested, and on whose edges stars, like kindling watchfires, had paused at night for a moment in their course. Not less than this Wordsworth's poetry was to them, as they can remember now. But for such men the *Wanderjahre*, the years of travel, needful and inevitable, came; they went hither and thither, they took gifts from this one and from that; they saw strange ways and strange faces of men; they parted, it may be, too cheaply with old things that had been dear; they looked, or seemed to look, at truth askance and strangely. And now, if they are drawn back once more into the haunts of early years, they return not without dread and foreboding and tender remorse; to pass the barriers and re-enter the solitude seems as though it needed preparatory discipline and penance and absolution; having entered it, however, the consciousness of one's own personality and its altering states ceases; the fact which fills the mind is the permanence of that lofty, untroubled presence; “there it is,” we say, “the same as ever,” the same, though to us, who have ranged, it cannot continue quite the same, but seems now a little more abrupt and rigid in its outlines, and, it may be, seems a narrow tract of elevation in contrast with the broad bosom of common earth, the world of pasture-land and city and sea which we have traversed, and which we shall not henceforth forsake.

That three substantial volumes could be collected of Wordsworth's prose writings will be to some readers a surprise. The contents of

(1) “The Prose Works of William Wordsworth.” Edited, with Preface, &c., by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. 3 vols. London: Edward Moxon, Son, & Co., 1875.

the volumes are miscellaneous, but upon almost every page we find impressed the unity of a common origin; all that is here, or nearly all, essentially belongs to Wordsworth's mind. Now, a quarter of a century after the writer's death, these pieces have been brought together, under the authority of the Wordsworth family, by the indefatigable zeal and care of Mr. Grosart. Students of our older English poetry owe a large debt to the erudite enthusiasm of the editor of the Fuller Worthies' Library. This service now rendered to a great poet of our own century deserves a word of earnest gratitude. The Editor has done his work accurately, judiciously, and without obtruding himself between the reader and the author. Some of these intended "alms for oblivion," which he has recovered from the wallet on Time's back, make richer in spiritual possessions the life of each of us, and of our century.

The contents, miscellaneous as they are, fall into certain principal groups: first, the political writings, which represent three periods in the growth of Wordsworth's mind, that of his ardent, youthful republicanism (represented by the *Apology for the French Revolution*), that of the patriotic enthusiasm of his manhood (represented by his pamphlet on the *Convention of Cintra*), and lastly, that of his uncourageous elder years.¹ Certain essays and letters upon education, together with a deep-thoughted letter of Advice to the Young, reprinted from the *Friend*, lie nearest to the political writings, having indirect bearings upon politics, but being immediately, and in the first instance, ethical. The group entitled by the Editor *Æsthetical and Literary* comprises the Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns, notable for its fine charity, and at the same time strength of moral judgment, the Essays upon Epitaphs, admirable pieces of philosophical criticism (printed in part from hitherto unpublished manuscripts), and the several essays and prefaces which accompanied the editions of Wordsworth's poems. Hard by these is rightly placed Wordsworth's *Guide through the Districts of the Lakes*; this, beside being a singularly perfect piece of topographical description, is of unique interest as exhibiting Wordsworth's mind, in reference to external nature, at work not in the imaginative, but in the analytic manner. The Letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway belong to the same group of writings. In the third volume the Editor has placed the notes to the poems, collected from many editions, and the whole of the precious and delightful memoranda, having reference chiefly to the occasions on which Wordsworth's poems were conceived or written, dictated by the poet to Miss Fenwick, and known to Wordsworth

(1) "Years have deprived me of *courage*, in the sense the word bears when applied by Chaucer to the animation of birds in spring time."—*Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 317.

students as the I. F. MSS. Letters and extracts of letters follow, and the volume closes with various personal reminiscences of Wordsworth, among which must be distinguished for its deep sympathy with the character and genius of the poet, and the interest of its details, the notice contributed by a living poet, kindred in spirit to Wordsworth, Mr. Aubrey de Vere. In the present article it will be possible only to gather up the suggestions which arise from one division of these various writings, the political division.

When a poet on great occasions, and with a powerful motive, expresses himself in prose, it may be anticipated that his work will possess certain precious and peculiar qualities. While working in the foreign material, he does not divest himself of his fineness of nerve, of his emotional ardour and susceptibility, nor can he disregard the sustenance through beauty of his imagination; but the play of his faculties takes place under new conditions. The imagination, used as an instrument for the discovery of truth, will pierce through the accidental circumstances of the hour and the place in its effort to deliver from the incidents of time the divine reality which they conceal; occasional and local events will be looked on as of chief significance in reference to what is abiding and universal; and the poet's loyalty to certain ideals will probably take the form of a strenuous confidence in the future of nations or of mankind. Thus, if he essays to write a political pamphlet, it is probable that the pamphlet will come forth a prophecy. No prose writer knows better than the poet (writing, in Milton's expressive words, "with his left hand"), the limits to which he has subjected himself; yet he cannot quite subdue the desire to push back the limits, and assert the full privileges of his nature. No poet, indeed, as far as I am aware, has written in that hybrid species, which is the form of ostentation dear to the vulgarly ambitious, unimaginative mind, and which calls itself prose-poetry. The poet who writes in prose has made a surrender, and is conscious of self-denial and a loss of power; but, to compensate this, some of the force and intensity which comes through sacrifice for a sufficient cause may add itself to his mood and to its outcome. There will be in such writing a quiver as of wings that have often winnowed the air; and mastering this, there will be a poise, a steadfast advance, and in the high places of contemplation or of joy a strong yet tranquil flight, a continued equilibration of passion and of thought.

Mr. Mill in a celebrated essay, with the object of illustrating by typical examples the true nature of poetry, contrasted the poetry of Wordsworth with that of Shelley. The latter was described as the offspring of a nature essentially poetical, vivid emotion uttering itself directly in song, while the former, Wordsworth's poetry, was

set down as the resultant of culture, and of a deliberate effort of the will, its primary factor being a thought, around which, at the command of the writer, or according to a habit which he had acquired, were grouped appropriate feelings and images. Any one who has been deeply penetrated by Wordsworth's poetry must perceive, in a way which leaves no room for vague statement, that while Mr. Mill received its influences up to a certain point, he yet remained outside the sphere of Wordsworth's essential power; and perhaps no piece of criticism, seeming to outsiders to possess so considerable a portion of truth, could be more entirely alien to the consciousness of those who have adequately felt the power of Wordsworth's poetry than that of Mr. Mill. Each writer of high and peculiar genius, whose genius notwithstanding fails to be world-wide, or universal as the sun, may be said to exercise over his readers an election of grace—one is taken and another left; and that a person who has been thus elected should speak with decision about the Master, implies no arrogance. As a man asserts confidently what has been clearly shown by the report of the senses, so one who has been admitted to the presence of a writer of such high and peculiar genius as Wordsworth, knows and declares that the fact is so, and not otherwise. There will be no dissent among those who have approached nearest to Wordsworth, when it is said that a most essential characteristic of Wordsworth's writing, when he wrote in his most characteristic manner, is precisely the reverse of what Mr. Mill has stated it to be. In the poems of Wordsworth, which are the most distinctively Wordsworthian, there is an entire consentaneity of thought and feeling; no critical analysis can separate or distinguish the two, nor can we say with accuracy that either has preceded and initiated the movement of the other; thought lives in feeling, feeling lives in thought; in their dual unity neither "is afore or after other," neither "is greater or less than another." If ever, indeed, there appears a tendency to severance of these two elements of Wordsworth's poetry (it being assumed that Wordsworth is writing at his best), this occurs in those occasional trances of thought and mountings of the mind, when all intellection and all operancy of will seem to be suspended, and the whole being of the man to be transformed and transfused into silent rapture:—

"In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God
Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired."

And yet in such an hour thought rather lay hidden in "the light of thought" than had ceased to be. The forces of Wordsworth's nature, like the forces of the physical universe, were correlated by a marvellous law, according to which one could pass and be transformed into another, what was at this moment a sensuous affection becoming

forthwith a spiritual presence, what was now contemplation appearing presently as passion, or what was now a state of passive, brooding receptivity transforming itself into the rapturous advance, and controlling mastery of the imagination. "The excellence of writing, whether in prose or verse," Wordsworth has said, "consists in the conjunction of Reason and Passion." And as this may be noted as the excellence of Wordsworth's own poetry, the conjunction being no result of an act of the will, or of mere habit, but vital, primitive, immediate, and necessary—so it must be set down as the first distinguishing quality of whatever is highest and noblest in these his writings in prose.

The earliest in date of the more important pieces in the present collection is an Apology for the French Revolution. It is now printed for the first time, having been preserved in manuscript by the writer during nearly half a century. Bishop Watson, who had been a conspicuous English sympathizer with the great movement in France during its earlier stages, deserted of a sudden the cause which to Wordsworth at that time appeared the cause of freedom and of the human race. An appendix to a sermon of the Bishop—a sermon that bore an odious title—had signalised his change of faith by an attack upon the principles and the conduct of the Revolution. Wordsworth's pamphlet is a reply to this appendix. In dexterous use of his weapons the Bishop is the more practised combatant; Wordsworth's style suffers in some degree from a sense of the conventional dignity of the political pamphlet as employed in the eighteenth century. A young writer can hardly afford to be quite direct and free in his movements, lest he should be violent and awkward. "Alluding to our natural existence, Addison, in a sublime allegory well known to your Lordship, has represented us as crossing an immense bridge, from whose surface from a variety of causes we disappear one after another, and are seen no more." This simile of the opening paragraph, formed from the Vision of Mirza, with its appalling image of the Bishop of Llandaff falling "through one of the numerous trap-doors, into the tide of contempt, to be swept away into the ocean of oblivion," belongs to the manner of majestic scorn or indignation of the political letter-writer of the period. It is more important to observe that in all higher and stronger qualities of mind the advantage lies with Wordsworth. And very remarkable from a biographical point of view it is to ascertain, as we do from this pamphlet, that not only was Wordsworth's whole emotional nature aroused and quickened by the beauty of promise which the world in that hour of universal dawn seemed to wear, but that his intellect had so clearly comprehended and adopted with conviction so decided the principles of Republican government.

Wordsworth had reached the age of twenty-three. His character,

naturally simple, stern, and ardent, had received at first no shock of either fear or joy from the events in France; they seemed only natural and right. But when he entered into actual contact with the soil and people, he could not but become aware of the marvellous change in progress. On the eve of the day on which the king pledged his faith to the new constitution, Wordsworth saw with his own eyes the joy upon the faces of all men. "A homeless sound of joy was in the sky;" and to such primitive, unshaped sounds, whether from trees and mountain torrents, or the waves of the sea, or the tumultuous movement of the people, Wordsworth's imagination responded with peculiar energy. France was standing "on the top of golden hours;" in Paris the English wanderer had gathered from among the rubbish of the Bastille a fragment to be cherished as a relic; upon the banks of the Loire he had discussed with Beaupuis the end and wisest forms of civil government; he had listened to the speeches of the Girondins in the National Assembly. And now that his republican faith might seem to be tried and tested, perhaps somewhat strained, by the September massacres and the execution of Louis XVI., he still retains unshaken faith in France and in the Republic. Until his twenty-second year external nature had possessed all his deeper sympathies, and been the inspirer of his most intimate hopes, and joys, and fears. This, therefore, was the season of the first love-making of Wordsworth's soul with human society. The easy-going sociability of his laxer hours at Cambridge had been felt to be a carelessness towards that higher self within him, which when he was alone asserted its authority and condemned his casual pleasures. But now for Wordsworth to unite himself with mankind was to widen the life and reinforce the energies of that higher self. He could not quickly or without a struggle renounce the new existence which had opened for him. Acts of violence had been perpetrated; but "a time of revolution," Wordsworth pleaded, "is not the season of true Liberty." "Alas," he goes on, "the obstinacy and perversion of man is such that Liberty is too often obliged to borrow the very arms of despotism to overthrow him, and in order to reign in peace must establish herself by violence. She deplores such stern necessity, but the safety of the people, her supreme law, is her consolation." A certain sternness and hardness in Wordsworth's temperament, his youthful happiness, and his freedom from tender, personal bonds, enabled him to look, without shrinking, upon some severe measures enforced by the leaders of the Revolution. Such tenderness as shed tears over the fallen body of a king seemed to Wordsworth a specious sensibility. His sorrow was yielded to the violated majesty of public order; he lamented "that any combination of circumstances should have rendered it necessary or advisable to veil for a moment the statues of the laws, and that by such emergency the cause of twenty-

five millions of people, I may say of the whole human race, should have been so materially injured. Any other sorrow for the death of Louis is irrational and weak." This is a young man's somewhat haughty devotion to a cause, untempered and uninformed as yet by concrete human sympathies, or the "humble cares and delicate fears" which come with adult life.

In this pamphlet Wordsworth's republican faith is distinctly formulated. A republic is the least oppressive form of government, because, as far as is possible, the governors and the governed become one. The property qualification of voters must be set aside; the mechanic and the peasant may claim their right to a share in the national legislation; the suffrage must be universal. It is indeed necessary to delegate power to representatives of the people; but by shortening the duration of the trust, and disqualifying the legislator for continuous re-election during a series of years, safeguards against the abuse of this delegated authority may be provided. Arbitrary distinctions between man and man are to be abolished; hereditary nobility must cease, and with it those titles which are a standing insult to the dignity of plain manhood. Laws should be enacted rather in favour of the poor man than of the rich. The privileges of primogeniture must be abolished. And then upon the grounds of expediency, and of justice, and through force of arguments drawn from the nature of man, Wordsworth pleads against monarchy, and the aristocratical institutions which form its support. The Bishop of Llandaff had found it hard to understand what is meant by the equality of man in a state of civil society; Wordsworth directs his lordship for an explanation to one of the articles of the Rights of Man. "Equality, without which liberty cannot exist, is to be met with in perfection in that State in which no distinctions are to be admitted but such as have evidently for their object the general good."

There is a young man's bold and virtuous energy in the arguments of Wordsworth, if there be less of deep moral pregnancy to be found than in his later writings. The chief interest of the pamphlet lies in its relation to the history of Wordsworth's mind. And it must be noted as assigning its true place to this piece of political reasoning, that the fact that Wordsworth was able to put forward his faith as a series of credenda, and was ready to give an argumentative reason for the hope that was in him, is evidence that at this time the most joyous period of Wordsworth's revolutionary fervour was already past. So long as the facts of the French Revolution were their own justification, so long as the movement manifested its sacred origin by a self-evidencing light, Wordsworth's faith was a joyous confusion of thought and emotion, a confluence of the mere gladness of living, the hope of youth, instincts and feelings which had existed since his childhood, and the readily accepted theories of the day. But when

the facts of the Revolution no longer corresponded with his wishes or his hopes, Wordsworth threw himself, for temporary defence against the threatening danger of disbelief and profound disappointment, upon theory. As the real cause became increasingly desperate—which in 1793 it was far from having become—Wordsworth put upon his theory an increasing stress and strain, until at length opinions clung round his mind as if they were his life, “nay, more, the very being of the immortal soul.” In the process of attempting to sustain his faith in the Revolution by means which, to one of his constitution of mind, were against nature, his inmost being underwent a disruption and disintegration. The powers of his nature ceased to act with a healthy co-operation; until, finally turning upon the opinions which tyrannized over him to test their validity by the intellect alone, “dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds, like culprits to the bar,” Wordsworth escaped from them mournfully, through a period of perplexity and intellectual despair. In place of truth he found only a conflict of indecisive reasonings.

The declaration by England of war against France severed Wordsworth in feeling from the country of his birth and of the traditions of his heart. The aggressive action of the French Republic against Switzerland gave definite form to his latently growing alienation from the adopted country of his hopes, his theories, and his imaginings. The political part of him became thus a twofold exile; his sympathies, which had been so strong and glad, were thrown back upon himself, and turned into bitterness and perplexity. With Wordsworth political faith and ardour could not flourish apart from a soil in which to take root, and shoot upward and strike downward; his passion was not for ideas in themselves, but for ideas as part of the finer breath and expression of a nation's life. Though abundant in power of wing, and free in aerial singleness, like the skylark of his own poem, Wordsworth's faith needed a habitation upon the green, substantial earth; it could not live in perpetual flight, as Shelley's faith lived, a bird of paradise that feeds upon the colours of the sunset and sunrise, and if it sleeps at all, sleeps upon the smooth night-wind. It is easy for us at the present day, to whom the events of that passionate period come calmed and quelled, bounded in space and controlled by adjacent events, it is easy for us to declare that Wordsworth's loyalty to the ideas of his youth should have survived the test; it is easy for us to see that at no moment in the history of the French Revolution had the vast spiritual agents which brought it into being spent their force, or converted that force into a desperate rage of destruction; it is easy for us to discover that before the principles of the Revolution lay a long career. But precisely because the moral nature of Wordsworth, and of others along with him, was completely roused, and was sensitive in proportion to its vital energy, the shock of events was felt severely, and the

pain of frustration and disappointment became a blinding pain. The failure of the Revolution was felt like the defection and dishonour of a friend, and when all was quieted by iron bonds of military rule, it struck with cold finality upon young hearts as though it were a death.

From the first there was a point at which Wordsworth's adhesion to the French historical movement failed or was imperfect, though of this fact and its significance Wordsworth himself was at first probably not aware; sooner or later the flaw must have become a rift and gaped. Wordsworth's sympathy with the national passion of joy and hope in France was spontaneous and involuntary; but with the long intellectual movement which preceded the upheaval of society, and with the methods of thought pursued with enthusiasm in the eighteenth century, the mind of Wordsworth could at no period have been in harmony. During upwards of eighty years which have elapsed since 1789 the principles of the Revolution have approximated, touched, or united themselves to many various schools of thought, from that of a Christian democracy to that of Atheistic communism. But originally to have entered into a very close and complete relation to the movement, it would have been necessary to have come up with it out of the centre of the eighteenth-century illumination or *Aufklärung*. Looked at from a comprehensive point of vision, the Convention appears but an incident in that great progressive movement, that flinging-forward, wavelike, of the human mind, of which the Encyclopædia is another incident. But how much of the Encyclopædia ever came home to the genius of the great transcendental poet of England, or was assimilated by it? Neither a dry, mechanical deism, nor a tender, sentimental deism was the theological conception towards which Wordsworth's religious feeling could naturally incline him; and Reason, even if Wordsworth had lost all faith in a "wisdom and spirit of the universe," would never have been the abstraction from the nature of man, to which he would have chosen to yield his homage. With Rousseau it might be supposed that the mind of the English poet would find something in common; but the sentimental return to nature of Rousseau, his self-conscious simplicity, and his singular combination of brooding sensuality with a recoil from the enervating effects of luxury, differed as much as possible from the temper and genius of Wordsworth, on one side simple, hard-grained, veracious as that of a Westmoreland dalesman, on the other capable of entrance into a plane of idealizing thought and imagination, where for Rousseau to breathe would have been death. From the æsthetic point of view, the alleged return to nature of the revolutionary epoch did not show well; of what mingled elements it really consisted will appear from the paintings of David, and from the affectation of Roman manners in public life upon conspicuous occasions. The eighteenth century, speaking broadly, had pursued

truth by methods of the intellect alone, apart from the suggestions of man's instincts, emotions, and imagination. By-and-by these last had leaped into life aggressively, and caught up as weapons of their warfare the conclusions which the intellect had forged. With the passionate, instinctive side of the great movement Wordsworth was sufficiently at one; but when the revolutionary passions and instincts, as yet untrained, and therefore violent and crude, were seduced from their true objects, when an apostolic mission to the nations announcing enfranchisement was exchanged for a war of vulgar conquest, then those who would retain their faith in the Revolution were driven back, and among them Wordsworth was driven back, to the abstractions of the revolutionary creed. Wordsworth, with the logical faculty alone, and pursuing the eighteenth-century method of truth-discovery—that of the pure intellect—endeavoured to verify his republican theories. The result with Wordsworth was that all truth for a time disappeared; certitude with respect to any and every class of beliefs became for a time unattainable.¹

Two chief streams of intellectual and moral tendency are distinguishable in the period subsequent to the Revolution,—the period during which Wordsworth attained the full possession of his powers, and thence onward to our own days. One of these has endeavoured to sustain and develop the most beneficent influences of the eighteenth century; to it belong at the present hour modern science—including the science of political economy—and modern democracy. The other should have aimed at supplementing and enriching the best gifts of the preceding epoch with new methods, feelings, and ideas in accord with the changed condition of the human mind. Unfortunately for the cause of tranquil and enlarged human culture, the two movements, which ought to have been auxiliaries, and the men representing each, who ought to have been allies, appeared as rival and conflicting forces, each claiming supremacy over the individual mind and over the progress of human society. Hence have arisen on either side excesses and extravagances: on the one side Catholic reactions, a profound suspicion of modern science, systems of spurious metaphysics resorted to as an escape from the pressure of facts, in art an emasculated mediævalism; on the other, a materialistic temper hard and pushing, an unimaginative and unsympathetic school in politics, the dreary science drearily pursued, a profound suspicion of religion, and intolerance of religious ideas. It would

(1) The following reference, in the *Apology for the French Revolution*, to Priestley deserves to be quoted:—"At this time have we not daily the strongest proofs of the success with which, in what you call the best of all monarchical governments, the popular mind may be debauched? Left to the quiet exercise of their own judgment, do you think that the people would have thought it necessary to set fire to the house of the philosophic Priestley?" It may be added that the statements made above are not opinions of the writer of this article, but statements each of which may be verified by reference to the "*Prelude*," or some other of Wordsworth's writings in verse or prose.

have needed a greater mind than that of either Bentham or of Coleridge to effect a reconciliation, which should not be a compromise, between the two movements of the age. As things were, it was needful to choose a side. The appropriate work of Wordsworth, and of his companion who worked more in the sphere of pure thought, was rather to supplement the deficiencies and correct the errors of the eighteenth century than to carry on and develop its most precious influences. But, in assuming their appropriate places as teachers, Coleridge and Wordsworth were at the same time condemned to an attitude of hostility with reference to one entire side of the culture and the progressive thought of their time. Receiving as we do from Wordsworth such a gift of high poetry, such an overflow of impassioned contemplation of the universe from a fixed point of view, we know not how we should regret that he entered so absolutely and so serenely into his own vision of truth. Had his certitude in beliefs transcendental been disturbed by doubts and questionings, he could not have displayed a skill of fence and thrust, nor have enjoyed the militant exercise, as in our own day Mr. Browning does, who, if he would build the walls of our spiritual city, builds ever with one hand working in the work, and the other hand holding a weapon. Could we conceive the mind of Wordsworth producing poetry at all in a state of divided intellect and feeling,—for as a fact that rift would have made Wordsworth's music mute,—we are compelled to imagine the outcome of his mind as resembling the poetry of Clough, though possessing an ampler body of thought and feeling than Clough's,—a kind of self-revelation, not without curious interest or even peculiar uses in a distracted period, when the head and heart pay separate allegiance to rival authorities, but incapable of becoming in a high degree a power with individual minds, or the prophecy to a nation. We cannot, therefore, regret, for the sake of Wordsworth himself and of his poetry, that his trust in his own faculties and their mode of operation was complete; for us, too, it is perhaps well that such high, serene, and yet impassioned faith as Wordsworth's should have found its adequate record in song; there are times when we are moved to place reliance in it upon the credit of our past selves, as in an intuition, which was once our own during a season of clear and solemn vision, and which cannot be ours again. But it is also true that Wordsworth's "imaginative faith" (such a name he himself bestows upon it) fails to come into *direct* contact with the intellect of the present time, and moves us by its prophet-like enunciation of truth transcendental less than such emotional controversy as Mr. Browning's moves us. Unless we could carry on the conduct of our mental powers upon Wordsworth's method, we could not hold in living and immediate possession Wordsworth's conclusions; and the weight and pressure of scientific methods of thought at the present time render the conduct of the intellect in Wordsworth's manner

possible only by miracle of grace, or by peculiar conformation of mind, or through a virginal seclusion of soul.

In the literature of England, and in the darkest hour of reaction, the Revolution found a banner-bearer, an embodied genius half formed from the spirit of swift, wild, and beautiful things in nature, and half from the keenest joys and anguish of humanity; one made to be a saint and a martyr of revolution, the delicate victim thrown to the lions of authorised opinion; a poet framed for intensities of faith, of charity, and of hope; for illuminated heights of rapture and of song. But Shelley, who, by virtue of his swift-weaving imagination, his artistic impulses, and the incantation of his verse, belongs to the nineteenth century, was by virtue of the intellectual background and basis of his poetry a child of the eighteenth century, a true volunteer against old tyrannies in the wars of enfranchisement of the Republic. In order that he should be a revolter it was not needful to Shelley that the Revolution should promise an immediate success. The abstractions created by the intellect and the passions of that age were to him the only realities, and he believed that their history would be long. Living as he did in the idea, concrete facts appeared to him but as shadows, ever varying and shifting, thrown from accidental objects which intervened between the world of men and the high, white light of the eternal world. For such poetry, which nourished itself upon abstractions, and existed independently of the accidents of the time, a career, even in a season of reaction, was open. Laon and Cythna may stand bound amid the flames; but in due time the martyrs will reach that radiant isle sanctified by the Temple of the Spirit. For countless ages Prometheus may hang nailed to the mountain-wall; but the day will dawn of his deliverance, when the whole sphere of earth must break into blossom and into song. For Shelley, whether France were enslaved or free, liberty remained. But such political passion as Wordsworth's united itself with an actual cause. It was roused by the presence of the elements of noble national life, not somewhere apart in the air, not in some remote political *primum mobile*, but in the veritable life of a nation. For such poetry of revolution after the régime of the Directory and the 18th Brumaire the career was closed.

Yet some fruits of his early republican faith remained with Wordsworth; and—what is more important—that in his own nature which at first made him a sympathizer with the Revolution, remained. When, after the time of trial, of intellectual perplexity, and moral confusion, there came by degrees light and calm, spiritual restoration and strength, it was not an altogether new self that Wordsworth found, but his former self changed from youth to manhood, as men have been changed by a bed of sickness from which they have arisen. At this period, as we find recorded in the "Prelude," the influence of his sister was peculiarly precious and sanative; but this

influence of Wordsworth's sister was less like that of one active human spirit upon another than that of the tender, tranquillising, and yet ardent breathing of the life of external nature :—

“Thy breath,
Dear sister! was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my footsteps.”

She did not so much compel him to new lines of thought or habits of feeling, as restore him by an atmosphere of loving wisdom to his wiser and more gracious self. It is a remarkable and characteristic fact that Wordsworth, in the poetical autobiography which he has left with us, attributes no influence of primary importance upon the growth of his mind to any soul, whether kindred or antagonist, of man or woman. The sympathy and the intellectual action of Coleridge helped to foster and advance Wordsworth's instinctive tendencies of thought; but Coleridge did not contribute any dominant idea to Wordsworth's mind, nor move him apart or sideways from the track along which he was progressing. Wordsworth was never driven out of any position by force of argument, nor attracted into a new position by compelling sympathy with another mind. For Mary Hutchinson his love was a deep, tender, and enduring feeling; but it was not that kind of passion which lifts a man into a new and strange world of winged light, and swift winds of joy, and rapturous self-abandonment. She was to him like a calm recess among the woods, sheltered from tempest and from extremities of heat, with its refreshment of living water, and its little solitude of greenest herbage. Obstacles were removed from Wordsworth's way by other hands, flowers were planted in its rugged and bare spots; but he was not diverted from his path, or guided to points of vision which lay to the left or right. His sister led Wordsworth back to nature, and softened down the over-sternness of his earlier temper. In her sensitiveness he seemed to discern a finer kind of justice to which he had been blind, and thus he came to distrust, perhaps overmuch, the bold judgments which he had but lately passed upon events. Few things are more difficult than to receive an accession, even a slight accession, to a man's powers of moral discernment, without at the same time acquiring a suspicion of his past self either in kind or in degree not wholly warranted by fact. With Wordsworth's aspiring force now co-existed a certain loving humbleness, meekness, or docility of senses, affections, and intellect. He was less sanguine than formerly; he cared less for theories of human progress, and less for the abstraction “man.” Growing into a habit of estimating things somewhat like that of Burke, it seemed to Wordsworth now that there was a certain effeminacy in levelling down the truth to general notions, and so avoiding the difficulties and rough edges of truth, which are felt when we deal, not with abstractions, but with concrete details. But, while these modifications of moral and intellectual temper had

taken place, Wordsworth's veneration for the stuff of common human nature, his democratic sense of the dignity of manhood, was not lost. What is most precious in our common human nature seemed to him to be whatever is most simple, primitive, and permanent. This he found among the hardy peasantry of his own North-Country district. And if "man" was less to Wordsworth than formerly, individual men and women became infinitely more. With his democratic feeling for what is best in human nature, corresponded his feeling for language considered as the instrument of his art. What is best in language, it seemed to Wordsworth, were those simple, strong, and living forms of speech, in which the permanent and primitive feelings of men utter themselves. Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction was perhaps not enounced with perfect clearness, and has certainly been gravely misunderstood. It was not the language of the peasant, as such, any more than the language of the courtier or the philosopher, as such, which seemed admirable to him; it was the permanent and passionate speech of *man*, wherever to be found, which he sought after; and in the speech of simple men Wordsworth believed that there was more of such stuff to retain, and less matter to be rejected as belonging to merely local or occasional uses, than in the speech of over-cultivated, artificial refinement. However Wordsworth may have failed to convey his precise meaning in his celebrated prose prefaces, it cannot truly be asserted that his practice and his theory were not in agreement. To us of the present day there are few characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry more refreshing, when we turn to it from contemporary writings, which represent, in dramatic fashion, characters and incidents of humble life, than its entire freedom from condescension. It neither studies the persons nor repeats the phrases of shepherd, of cottage matron, of peasant-patriarch, of village schoolmaster with an air of sentimental or of humorous superiority. Michael and Matthew, Ruth and Margaret, the Lecch-gatherer and the Pedlar, are figures as great or graceful as those of Dion or Laodamia. Around the body of the Highland girl is effused a light which makes her, while so real and human, radiant as a spiritual vision; into the voice of the solitary Reaper gathers all the thrilling power, which penetrates and persists, of nature in her furthest and clearest solitudes, with all the stored-up tradition of human sorrow that is deep and dim, and of human strife that is unavailing.¹

"I should think," Wordsworth wrote to a friend in the year 1821, "that I had lived to little purpose, if my notions on the subject of government had undergone no modification: my youth must, in that case, have been without enthusiasm, and my manhood endued with

(1) It is worth noting that the personages of many of Wordsworth's poems are not literal portraits, but ideal studies formed from several individuals. Wordsworth says of Matthew, "Like the wanderer in the 'Excursion,' this schoolmaster was made up of several, both of his class, and men of other occupations."

small capability of profiting by reflection. If I were addressing those who have dealt so liberally with the words renegade, apostate, &c., I should retort the charge upon them, and say, *You* have been deluded by *places* and *persons*, while I have stuck to *principles*. I abandoned France and her rulers when *they* abandoned the struggle for liberty, gave themselves up to tyranny, and endeavoured to enslave the world."¹ This is not a mere piece of logical fence, but in large measure a faithful statement of what actually occurred. Wordsworth's sympathies attached themselves, not to words or abstract notions, but to an actual cause. When once again his gaze was passionately turned upon public events, England stood alone, defending from mortal assault the very life of virtue in mankind. The war, which at its commencement had made Wordsworth an alien in heart from the country of his birth, now bound him to that country which seemed to be the one land in which a passionate sense of justice still survived. Wordsworth poured his adult strength, in comparison with which his youthful enthusiasm seems a shallow excitement, into this channel. Indignation and pity, a lofty sense of right, deep sympathy with the spiritual life of suffering nations, a consciousness of his own maturity, and larger force of intellect and of feeling—all these conjoined to lift the whole being of the poet into a nobler mood than it had yet attained. From 1802 to 1815 the shocks of great events followed one another rapidly, and kept aglow Wordsworth's heart and imagination. In the summer of 1802, upon a July morning, before London was awake, Wordsworth left the great city, and from the roof of the Dover coach looked at the gliding river and the sleeping houses as he passed on his way to the Continent. During the brief peace he had an opportunity of contrasting the condition of France under the Consulate, when Calais looked sombre upon Buonaparte's birthday, with her state in the prouder season of his youth, when the very "senselessness of joy" was sublime. The calm which followed the Peace of Amiens was the thunderous calm that goes before a storm. In the autumn months the strength of Wordsworth's soul lay couchant and brooding; his spirit was gathering up its forces; when his eye turned outward, he saw little at that moment in which to rejoice; the pettiness of life, alike though not equally in England and in France, the absence of high aims, heroic manners, and far-searching ideas, oppressed him. Yet he did not really despond; within him lay a forefeeling of the great destiny which was due to his nation. He sank inwards from thought to thought, with no sadness in the nerves, no disposition to tears, no unconquerable sighs, yet with a melancholy in the soul, a steady remonstrance, and a high resolve.²

(1) Prose Works, vol. iii. pp. 268, 269.

(2) I apply to Wordsworth at this time words which he used in another connection. *Advice to the Young*, Prose Works, vol. i. pp. 319, 320.

The declaration of war, and the threatened invasion of 1803, roused him to a spirit of more active patriotism :—

“No parleying now! in Britain is one breath.”

Three years later the conquest of North Germany, that deadly blow which left England to maintain the struggle almost or altogether single-handed, only exalted Wordsworth's spirit of resolution :—

“’Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought.”

In 1808 the treacherous policy of Napoleon consummated itself when Ferdinand was forced to resign the crown of Spain, and the French troops entered Madrid to proclaim Joseph Buonaparte a king. Until this moment the dominant motive that sustained the war was a stern sense of duty; the highest and best state of moral feeling to which the most noble-minded among Englishmen could attain—except in rare moments of exaltation—was “a deliberate and preparatory fortitude, a sedate and stern melancholy, which had no sunshine, and was exhilarated only by the lightnings of indignation.” But the rising of the Spaniards as a nation seemed of a sudden to change the entire face of things. Out of the depth of disappointment and the sense of frustration which followed, Wordsworth thus, in memorable words, describes the change which was effected :—

“But from the moment of the rising of the people of the Pyrenean peninsula, there was a mighty change; we were instantaneously animated; and, from that moment, the contest assumed the dignity, which it is not in the power of anything but hope to bestow; and, if I may dare to transfer language, prompted by a revelation of the state of being that admits not of decay or change, to the concerns and interests of our transitory planet, from that moment ‘this corruptible put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality.’ This sudden elevation was on no account more welcome, was by nothing more endeared than by the returning sense which accompanied it of inward liberty and choice, which gratified our moral yearnings, inasmuch as it would give henceforward to our actions as a people, an origination and direction unquestionably moral—as it was free—as it was manifestly in sympathy with the species—as it admitted therefore of fluctuations of generous feeling—of approbation and of complacency. We were intellectualized also in proportion; we looked backward upon the records of the human race with pride, and instead of being afraid, we delighted to look forward into futurity. It was imagined that this new-born spirit of resistance, rising from the most sacred feelings of the human heart, would diffuse itself through many countries; and not merely for the distant future, but for the present, hopes were entertained as bold as they were disinterested and generous.”

The pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra is Wordsworth's loftiest, most passionate, most prophet-like utterance as a prose-writer. Although an occasional piece, its interest and importance are of an enduring kind. It may be classed in the small group of writings dealing with occasional incidents and events in their relation to what is everlasting and universal, at the head of which stands Milton's prophetic pamphlet, the sublime “Arcopagitica.” Words-

worth's "Convention of Cintra" takes a place in this group not far below the speech of Milton; and Wordsworth's pamphlet is depressed to that position chiefly because, in its discussion of the details of the French surrender, is retained a larger quantity of the perishable matter of history. Considering the event from a military point of view, we can hardly be warranted in doubting that the decision of Sir Arthur Wellesley, confirmed and justified as it is by the great military historian of the Peninsular War, was a sound and prudent decision. Wordsworth, however, wrote neither as a soldier nor as a mere politician, but with "the antipathies and sympathies, the loves and hatreds of a citizen—of a human being." "The military profession cultivates an almost exclusive attention to the external, the material and mechanical side of public events, and a disregard of moral interests, a faintness of sympathy with the best feelings, a dimness of apprehension of the chief truths relating to the happiness and dignity of man in society. The practical statesman, skilled in seeing into the motives and managing the selfish passions of his followers, acquires "a promptness in looking through the most superficial part of the characters of those men, and this he mistakes for a knowledge of human kind." Of the wisdom which includes a recognition of the deeper emotions, the instincts and ardours of a people, the energy to dare and to achieve—at times almost miraculously brought into being—the delicacy of moral honour—in a word, of all that is, as it were, the higher function of the living body of society—men of routine, who manage the machine of the State, are either unaware or contemptuously sceptical. Wordsworth's school of political wisdom did not lie amid a host of petty and conflicting self-interests, nor among factions which force men astray against their will:—

"Not there; but in dark wood, and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never will be still."

Among such enduring, free, and passionate presences of nature there were seclusion and a refuge from motives of petty expediency, and arguments of formal, professional pedantry. Here Wordsworth could look into the life of things; here he could submit himself to the vast impalpable motives of justice, and of the deep fraternity of nations; he could pursue those trains of reasoning which originate from, and are addressed to, the universal spirit of man. His purpose was not merely, with the energy of a widely-ranging intellect, to use truth as a powerful tool in the hand, but "to infuse truth as a vital fluid in the heart." It was not knowledge merely which he wished to convey; but knowledge animated by the breath and life of appropriate feeling; it was not wisdom alone as a possession, but wisdom as a power. Whether men would listen to him or not, did not in the

first instance concern Wordsworth. When the singing-robe or the prophetic mantle is on, a man does not peer about anxiously for auditors. The writer felt that he had a work to do, and he was straitened until that work should be accomplished; he uttered his prophecy as the night-wind sings to men who sleep, or revel, or toil at the ledger, and do not hear; only one and another wakeful and apprehensive may attend to the dirge or the promise as it passes by; he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Wordsworth's style in this pamphlet is singularly living and organic. With the mechanism of sentence-constructing he did not ever trouble himself to make acquaintance, although he had a full sense of the importance of right workmanship in verse. Each sentence here lives and grows before the reader; its development is like a vital process of nature, and the force from which it originates is not speedily expended. "Language," Wordsworth has said elsewhere, "if it do not uphold, and feed, and leave in quiet, like the power of gravitation, or the air we breathe, is a counter-spirit unremittingly and noiselessly at work, to subvert, to lay waste, to vitiate, and to dissolve." Here the thought and feeling are not crystal-like with sharp, clear edges; rather they saturate the language which sustains them as a solvent, and which conveys them to us in such a way that they at once enter into the vital action of the mind. Passages of close inquiry into facts occur, but these are the least permanently interesting portions of the pamphlet. At times the progress of ideas seems to be slow, and the passion studiously deliberate; but the sweep of mind is wide and comprehensive, and the motion seems slow partly because it is high up, and uninterrupted by the recurring incidents which mark and measure the advance of thought or feeling upon a lower level: justice and indignation, sorrow and hope, bear the thought which soars through large spaces of the sky; the motion, when it seems least rapid, is like that of a broad-winged bird which sails far aloft, and only at long intervals utters a cry.

It is not necessary to retrace the arguments by which Wordsworth attempts to justify the popular indignation against the Convention and its authors. Whether a defeated French army should have been permitted to depart to France with its arms, its baggage, and its plunder, or not, is a question which we can be content to leave unanswered. What loses nothing of its importance and power is the noble conception of national well-being which this pamphlet displays, its comprehension of the spiritual life of a people, its recognition of the superior might of moral over material forces, its lofty and masculine devotion to justice, its sympathy, deep, tender, and impassioned, with the varying moods of hope, resolution, fortitude, rage, despair, of an afflicted land. One or two passages may be selected from the pamphlet, but the whole has an organic unity,

and any passage severed from the rest, and thrust forward as a specimen, seems in a measure denaturalised, and deprived of its vital function.

Riddance of the French not the object of the war.—"From those impulses, then, our brethren of the Peninsula had risen; they could have risen from no other. By these energies, and by such others as (under judicious encouragement) would naturally grow out of and unite with these, the multitudes, who have risen, stand; and if they desert them, must fall. Riddance, mere riddance—safety, mere safety, are objects far too defined, too inert and passive in their own nature to have ability either to rouse or to sustain. They win not the mind by any attraction of grandeur or sublime delight, either in effort or in endurance; for the mind gains consciousness of its strength to undergo only by exercise among materials which admit the impression of its power; which grow under it, which bend under it, which resist, which change under its influence, which alter either through its might or in its presence, by it or before it. These, during times of tranquillity, are the objects with which, in the studious walks of sequestered life, genius most loves to hold intercourse; by which it is reared and supported; these are the qualities in action and in object, in image, in thought, and in feeling, from communion with which proceeds originally all that is creative in art or science, and all that is magnanimous in virtue. Despair thinks of *safety*, and hath no purpose; fear thinks of safety, despondency looks the same way; but these passions are far too selfish, and therefore too blind, to reach the thing at which they aim, even when there is in them sufficient dignity to have an aim. All courage is a projection from ourselves; however shortlived, it is a motion of hope. But these thoughts bind too closely to the present and to the past, that is, to the self which is or has been. Whereas the vigour of the human soul is from without and from futurity, in breaking down limit, and losing and forgetting herself in the sensation and image of Country and of the human race: and when she returns and is most restricted and confined, her dignity consists in the contemplation of a better and more exalted being, which, though proceeding from herself, she loves and is devoted to as to another."

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For Populi.—"For, when the people speaks loudly, it is from being strongly possessed either by the Godhead or the Demon; and he, who cannot discover the true spirit from the false, hath no ear for profitable communion. But in all that regarded the destinies of Spain, and her own as connected with them, the voice of Britain had the unquestionable sound of inspiration. If the gentle passions of pity, love, and gratitude be porches of the temple; if the sentiments of admiration and rivalry be pillars upon which the structure is sustained; if, lastly, hatred and anger and vengeance, be steps, which, by a mystery of nature, lead to the House of Sanctity; then it was manifest to what power the edifice was consecrated; and that the voice within was of holiness and truth."

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Arts of Peace under a Despotism.—"Now commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and all the peaceful arts, are of the nature of virtues or intellectual powers: they cannot be given; they cannot be stuck in here and there; they must spring up; they must grow of themselves; they may be encouraged; they thrive better with encouragement and delight in it; but the obligation must have bounds nicely defined; for they are delicate, proud, and independent. But a tyrant has no joy in anything which is endued with such excellence; he sickens at the sight of it; he turns away from it as an insult to his own attributes."

Wordsworth's political writings, subsequent to the year 1815, are of inferior interest. A part of their effect is that of enabling us to stand away from Wordsworth, clear of his shadow, that we may

receive his influence at an independent point of vision of our own. After the peace and the restoration of Louis XVIII., came the dreary age of politics, the time of the Holy Alliance and the Regency. Wordsworth's nature, which had been kept fervent by the impression of great events during the war with France, now inevitably in a certain measure cooled, and hardened as it cooled. It has been shown that his position as teacher of new spiritual truths condemned him to hostility towards the ideas inherited from the eighteenth century, among which may be found the chief factors of modern politics, as far as modern politics are other than stationary or retrogressive. Wordsworth's patriotic enthusiasm on behalf of England, and the English nation and polity, as soon as the ardour kindled and kept alive by the struggle with France had died out, left behind it in his nature a certain deposit of the grey ash of English conservatism. And a plea in favour of Wordsworth's conservatism, as that of a maintainer of things spiritual against the grosser interests of life, may be urged if we consider some of the hard and coarse aspects of the Whiggism of his time, if we reflect upon the exaggerated estimates formed of salvation by "useful knowledge," the pushing upward by strength and shift of the middle class for ascendancy, the apparent substitution in politics of interests in place of ideas, the general devotion to material comfort, the pride in mechanic arts, the hard and shallow criticism of literature uttered by the chief organ of Whiggism. We have conspicuous instances in our own day of chivalrous and ardent natures, which, being bewildered by the yet unorganized civilisation of a democratic period, for want of the patience of faith and hope, the enduringness of nerve needed for sane and continuous action, fling themselves into a worship of the Past, a worship blind to its vaster selfishness and materialisms, or waste their chivalry in schemes for the sudden attainment of a miniature Utopia. Such was not Wordsworth's case. It needs less of insight and imaginative ardour to discover the elements of noble spiritual life in the democracy than in the *bourgeoisie*. Henry Crabb Robinson has recorded that he once heard Wordsworth say, half in joke, half in earnest, "I have no respect whatever for Whigs, but I have a great deal of the Chartist in me." This is literally true. Wordsworth could at no time have become a Whig politician, whose creed must be written in useful prose, not in harmonious song; but had the period of Wordsworth's youth, when a spring-like courage and animation flooded his being, fallen in with the days of the Chartist movement, one can hardly doubt that he would have conceived it to be his special mission to organize the aspirations of the working classes around great ideas, and thus to spiritualise the democracy.

The descent from the pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, to the Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland (1818), is

steep and sudden. The addresses were written to oppose the candidature of Brougham, and aid in securing the return to Parliament of a member of the House of Lowther. The long years of hostility to France and loyalty to England have manifestly told upon Wordsworth, and it would require a recession into very broad and abstract doctrines indeed to discover that his principles are now the same with those which he held in 1793. His sympathy with the earlier stages of the French Revolution, which survived until at least the date of the "Cintra" pamphlet, has now ceased to exist; his condemnation of the war of England against the Republic, also distinctly declared in 1808, has now changed into approval. The constitution which Bishop Watson had been reproved for admiring overmuch is now "the happy and glorious Constitution, in Church and State, which we have inherited from our Ancestors." The ideal to which his imagination renders tribute is not now the fierce and fair Republic, but "our inestimable Church Establishment." In 1793 Wordsworth wrote, "If you should lament the sad reverse by which the hero of the Necklace has been divested of about 1,300,000 livres of annual revenue, you may find some consolation, that a part of this prodigious mass of riches is gone to preserve from famine some thousands of curés, who were pining in villages unobserved by Courts." In 1818 he wrote, "Places, Pensions, and formidable things, if you like! but far better these, with our King and Constitution, with our quiet firesides and flourishing fields, than proscription and confiscation without them!" Wordsworth had indeed lost courage, as he confesses, when, in the prospect of each possible change, visions of proscription and confiscation rose before him.

The axioms of faith, of hope, of sacred daring, had been recurred to in his earlier writings, and formed the points of departure in his trains of impassioned reasoning; now their place is taken by axioms of prudence, of caution, of distrust. In Wordsworth's new creed there was much that was noble, for, like Burke, he was always an extraordinary, not an ordinary Conservative in politics; but one thing that creed necessarily wanted—the power of impulsion, the power of initiating and supporting a steadfast and generous advance. And, as might be anticipated, from this period onward a decline is observable also in the poetry of Wordsworth. He did not now ever enter into novel states of feeling; he was not precisely exhausting an earlier accumulation of power, but he was with feeblener energy and insight repeating processes which had at one time been so admirably productive. According to the Wordsworthian method in poetry, a certain emanation, partly given by the object, partly by the poet's mind, a *tertium quid* which is neither mind nor object, but an aspect or an influence partaking of both, becomes the subject of song. Wordsworth had now acquired a power of applying this method at

will to any topic, and the application of this contemplative method had grown into a habit, only at irregular times inspired by new and vivid emotion, or fed by a fresh, quick outwelling of thought. Thus one is compelled to state the main fact. But it is also true that in Wordsworth's poetry his earlier self, though encumbered by the growth of his later personality, was not extinct. To one who does not wholly fail in sympathy with Wordsworth's genius, while the fading of spiritual light from his poetry is manifest, a mild and equable splendour remains as in the western sky at sunset; places still alive and instinct with intense glory may be discerned, and there are 'mysterious flushings and brightenings at times; therefore we are unable to withdraw our eyes, though momentarily we may note how quiescence comes, and the repose which will be long.

With those who hold Wordsworth's influence to be a beneficent influence, it is a manifest duty to diminish in no degree the impression which he is capable of making upon the mind of the present time. We are grateful for this gift of his complete Prose Works. We cannot but express surprise that the English people does not yet possess a complete collection of his Poems. We take the present publication as a pledge that now at length we shall be put in possession of that portion of Wordsworth's poetry—of importance in connection with the "Prelude" and the "Excursion"—which is known to exist in manuscript. And to this should be added, in compliance with a wish long entertained, and formally expressed by the poet, the Continental journals of his wife and sister. The warm welcome accorded to Dorothy Wordsworth's journal in Scotland is evidence that the present moment is a ripe and suitable one for such a publication.¹

EDWARD DOWDEN.

(1) The present publication includes one short poem by Wordsworth hitherto unprinted,—some verses inscribed in a copy of his poems presented to the Queen in 1846. It breathes the spirit of old age, and, without any distinctive power as poetry, possesses a certain pathetic interest. In connection with the subject of this article, and the charges of renegade and apostate brought against Wordsworth, the reader may be directed to a letter from Mr. Robert Browning to the editor with reference to Mr. Browning's poem "The Lost Leader." (Preface, p. xxxvii.) The private impression of the Prose Works gives a portrait of Wordsworth from a crayon drawing by Nash, made for Southey. I suppose it to be a faithful record of the prosaic aspect of Wordsworth's face, and, as such, of decided value. It were well if this portrait superseded, in editions of Wordsworth's poems, the maudlin Pickersgill likeness, the original of which is at St. John's College, Cambridge. The portrait by Haydon—Wordsworth standing on Helvellyn—from which the head was engraved by Lupton, is stated by a competent authority, the Rev. R. P. Graves, to be the true portrait of Wordsworth in his mood of inspiration. "Nothing," he writes, "can be truer to the original than the droop of the head weighed down by the thoughts and feelings over which the active imagination is pleasurably brooding." The portraits by Haydon and by Nash appear to me to be not opposed, but complementary. On the subject of portraits see the lecture on Wordsworth by Mr. Graves in "Afternoon Lectures" (1869).

A RAMBLE IN SYRACUSE.

It was hard to realise that we were actually on the spot which witnessed the overthrow of the Athenian Empire. My companion and myself were aroused from the slumber that had crept over us during the last hour of our railway journey from Catania by a light being flashed upon the carriage, and the announcement that we had reached Syracuse, and had better look out for another resting-place for the night. The guard, who had already shown a tender solicitude for our betaking ourselves to *un buon albergo*, saw us into the solitary omnibus of which the town could boast; and away we started, under his guidance, to the Victoria Hotel, over the drawbridge and beneath the huge cavernous gates of the citadel, with the waters of the Great Harbour plashing below us in the darkness. Modern Syracuse has returned to the limits of the original settlement of Arkhias on Ortygia, the "Quail's" island; and its maze of narrow, squalid streets, or rather lanes, made the houses look as though they were about every moment to close upon our jolting and rickety conveyance. At last we reached our destination; and escorted by an English-speaking guide who had scented his prey almost before we had entered the house, were ushered into a vast, dismal room, with two small beds, and that peculiar musty smell that reminds one of church-vaults and dead beetles. Dreary enough it looked at our first entrance, with its four gaunt windows half hidden by dingy strips of faded brocade, out of which the ghosts of Nikias and Gylippus might be expected to emerge; but we became reconciled to our quarters in the space of two or three days, and had it not been for certain sanitary deficiencies should have found them comfortable enough. Our escort could not be induced to leave us, and occupied his time partly in arranging the details of the next day's excursion, partly in explaining that the scantiness of our supper was not due to either cook or landlord, but to the unexpected lateness of our arrival. His name, we found, was Felice Valerio, and he afterwards proved an excellent guide and a cheerful companion. He had once tried a settler's life in Florida, he told us, but had found his way back to his native home, and a wife as well, upon whose shoulders he laid the blame of his remaining in a place where no "dollars" were to be made. Perhaps, however, his disparaging comparisons of Syracusan and American existence were not quite sincere.

Our first drive led us along the southern side of the Epipolæ (so named, according to Thucydides, from its being "above" the city), which forms the western angle of the large trilateral plateau, to

which the primitive settlement on the island afterwards extended itself. It was here that the Athenians established themselves when, in B.C. 414, they seriously set about the siege of Syracuse; and across its level surface was built their double wall of circumvallation, from the Bay of Trogilus on the north to the Great Harbour on the south, which proved so nearly fatal to the city and its defenders. It was here, too, that Nikias and Demosthenes made their night attack in that last desperate effort to subdue the great Republic of Sicily; and it was easy to fancy the Athenian soldiers clambering up the weather-beaten limestone cliffs, losing themselves in the innumerable narrow gullies that wind and rain had scooped out in the side of the rock, and vainly seeking some shrub or tuft of grass on the bare crag to which to cling. The height of the cliff is not great; but a body of men stationed on the top would have little difficulty in repelling an assault up the steep and jagged sides of the plateau, especially when aided by a dark night. Facing the southern front of the Epipolæ, on the left of our road, the small stream of the Anapo wound along through low, rich, pestiferous ground, the ancient marsh of Lysimeleia, now called *li Pantanelli*, so destructive to the Athenian army, and to the Carthaginians of Himilco a few years later. Lysimeleia was also known to the ancients as Syrakò, from which the city derived its name; but the word was probably of native Sikeliot origin.

Close to the marsh was the tomb of Archimedes, which Cicero discovered (*Tusc. Disp.* v. 23) and restored. The Roman orator's pious labours, however, were not very permanent. The inhabitants do not seem to have had much appreciation of mathematical merit, and the very site of the monument is now unknown. The tombs which the *ciceroni* at present dignify with the names of Archimedes and Timoleon, not far from the old church of S. Giovanni, are neat erections with late Doric façades, which probably contain the ashes of Roman citizens. The tomb which Cicero found lay outside the Porta Acragiana, on the road to Agrigentum, where the south-western wall of the city approached the shore of the Great Harbour. This wall, which owed its construction to Gelon, ran across the promontory that formed the mainland portion of the city at the time of the Athenian invasion. It was called Achradina, from the *ἀχράδες*, or wild pear-trees, which still grow plentifully on its high rocky ground, and which are celebrated in the Verrine Orations of Cicero. Traces of the old walls are still to be seen along the base of the triangle of Epipolæ, and above the line of the sea. On the latter side they would be visible from the railway, which skirts them, were it not that the trains run for the most part through a cleanly-cut trench some twenty feet deep. Westward of Achradina stretches the triangular table-land, the whole of which is sometimes roughly called

Epipolæ. This, at least, is its designation in Thucydides; but more strictly speaking, only the western corner bore the title, the north-eastern angle being Tykhe, and the south-eastern angle Neapolis. Neapolis was named Temenitis at the period of the Athenian siege, and it was there that Gylippus had his camp, midway between the walls of the town and the lines of the Athenians. On Temenitis and the slope below it were congregated the most famous public buildings of Syracuse, whose shattered remains have still such a charm for the visitor of to-day. On the top of the hill stood a colossal statue of Apollo, the guardian of the city, and patron of the Dorian race, from whose Temenos, or consecrated demesne, the whole locality acquired its name. The image of the god was erected just outside the city, like the statues of Apollo Arkhagetes at Naxos and Gela, to symbolize that the protection of the deity extended over the fields as well as the dwelling-houses of the state, and that the invader would have to pass his protecting arm before he could approach the gates of the city. Again and again had that arm availed to defend its worshippers, and even Verres, the Roman harpy, had failed to carry off the god. It was reserved for Tiberius, "the friend of the provincials," like a classical Lord Elgin, to remove the image to Rome. The Temenitis was still open when Himilco besieged Syracuse in B.C. 396. Dionysius I., whose reign lasted from 406 to 367, had already enclosed the northern part of Epipolæ, together with Tykhe, so called from a temple of Fortune which existed there. The tyrant, to whom Syracuse owed its safety during the terrible period of Carthaginian invasion, worked at the fortifications in a truly regal manner. Within twenty days, three and a half miles of wall were constructed with the help of sixty thousand workmen and six thousand yoke of oxen; and the ruins of it that are left attest the massive magnificence of the work. It was not completely finished, however, until 385, when all the four cities of Syracuse—Ortygia, Achradina, Tykhe, and Neapolis—first became encircled by one belt of wall. When Hamilcar attacked Epipolæ from the west in 309, at the very time that Agathokles, the Syracusan despot, was engaged in besieging Carthage, he found Neapolis so strongly fortified as to defy all assaults. It was not until after his unsuccessful attempt, that Agathokles undertook the fortification of the southern cliff of the Epipolæ, but the circumvallation of the whole plateau does not seem to have been completed until the reign of Hiero II., about forty years later.

Immediately below the rocky level, now overgrown with grass and weeds, on which the figure of Apollo once towered to the sky, the theatre is cut out of the sloping hollow of the cliff. Tier after tier of seats is hewn in the grey battered limestone, where the comedies of Epicharmus might have been acted in the time of Hiero I., and

where Æschylus, we may conclude almost with certainty, arranged his choruses and dictated his plays. It was the largest theatre, next after those of Miletus and Megalopolis, which existed in the Greek world, and its situation is indescribably beautiful. With the inborn love of the sea that distinguished the Greek race, the theatre was made to look out over the Great Harbour, and away to the Bay of Daskon and the foam-beaten headlands of Plemmyrium. In the foreground would have risen the stately temple of Zeus Olympius, on the further side of the Anapo; and there, in the days of the Athenian invasion, the citizens might have looked down upon the tents of their enemies, or watched that terrible struggle in the harbour when the ships and the empire of Athens went down together. The semi-circle of the structure must once have contained no less than sixty rows of seats, though only forty-six are now visible, the upper tiers having been worn away, and partly appropriated to the uses of a water-mill. As many as twenty-four thousand spectators could have been accommodated at the same time in its nine *cunei*, or longitudinal blocks of seats, which are intersected by a broad and a narrow *præcinctio*, or rock-wall with a passage underneath. The former of these still bears the deeply-incised names of the gods and royal personages after whom the several *cunei* were named. Beginning from the western side, I traced on the wall of the second *cuneus* the words ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ ΝΗΡΗΙΔΟΣ, "of Queen Nereis," the wife of Gelon. On the next *cuneus* was written ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ ΦΙΛΙΣΤΙΔΟΣ, "of Queen Philistis," supposed to have been the second wife of Hiero I., from whom was derived the name of a Syracusan coin called *φιλιστιδῖος*. Only two or three of the letters on the fourth *cuneus* were legible: Colonel Leach believes that we must read "of King Gelon." However this may be, the words on the wall of the two following compartments are clearly "of Zeus Olympius," ΔΙ[Ο]Σ ΟΛΥΜ[ΠΙΟΥ], and "of Herakles the favourable," [Η]ΡΑΚΛ[ΕΟΣ ΕΥ]ΦΡΟΝ[ΟΣ]. The eleven lower tiers alone were cased in marble; elsewhere the rock was left in its native integrity, as in the theatre at Argos; and the narrowness of the successive grades impresses one with the belief that the spectator contrived to roll himself and his cushion into a very small compass. It was here that in B.C. 406 Dionysius was greeted by the people as he was returning from Gela to get himself appointed general against the Carthaginian forces. It is the first mention that we have of the edifice, and we are told that as he entered the Agri-
gentine Gate, he met the citizens pouring out of their favourite
place of resort.

Very different indeed, both in character and in object, was the building where the later Romanised population amused itself. The tasteless masses of brickwork which surround the arena of the

Roman amphitheatre, a little below the theatre, fittingly correspond with the brutality to the satisfaction of which they were devoted. The architecture of the Greeks does not embody intellect more strikingly than the architecture of the Romans mere animal force. It is only when viewed in the gigantic proportions of a Coliseum that Roman art, if art it can be called, produces an effect; and even then the effect is simply that of the monstrous and overpowering, and appeals rather to the lower and uneducated side of our nature. While we were looking up at the broken arches, and mentally comparing them with the perfect symmetry and delicate proportions of the Greek theatre which we had just left, our guide told us a local story which seemed a mixture of the old tale of Androkles and the lion, and of the monk Telemachus in the gladiatorial shows of Honorius at Rome. Once upon a time, so ran the story, a cruel tyrant governed Syracuse, and, in order to satiate his lust for blood, built the amphitheatre we were visiting, and stocked it with wild beasts. These were fed with the bodies of orthodox Christians who refused to deny their faith. Among others, a certain man, whose name Valerio could not recollect, was condemned to be exposed. Now it so happened that he had already been a fugitive from the tyrant's displeasure, and had concealed himself in the woods, where the wild beasts had shown themselves more kindly and merciful than men, and a lion had adopted him as foster-brother. But the lion was caught by the king's servants just about the same time as his human foster-brother. The latter was dressed in an animal's skin, as was generally the case with the victims of the tyrant, and thrown into the arena. The doors of the cage in which the lion was confined were then opened, and the imprisoned beast burst forth upon the unfortunate victim, whom it did not recognise at first on account of his disguise; but the man spoke to it, and at once the animal knew its old companion, and, instead of injuring him, became as gentle and delighted as a dog that has recovered its master. The people, struck with the lion's conduct, rose *en masse*, and, with the nameless hero of the tale at their head, killed the tyrant, professed themselves Christians, and destroyed the amphitheatre; and ever since that time the latter has remained in its present ruinous condition. Such was the legend—a curious example of the way in which a nursery story may entwine itself about a local site, the true history of which has been forgotten.

On a broad level space above the amphitheatre, between this and the Greek theatre, is a large, smooth square cut in the rock, and now used for tillage. This must be the Great Altar of Hiero II., six hundred and forty feet long and sixty broad, on which the hecatombs of four hundred and fifty oxen were annually offered in commemoration of the expulsion of the tyrant Thrasybulus, the

younger brother of Galon and Hiero I. The sacrificing people would have gazed across the harbour and over Ortygia, while above them would have towered the protecting image of Apollo. The edges of the rock which line the altar now serve to limit the dimensions of a field. Close to the altar, on the eastern side, are two ancient quarries, one of them, the *Latomia del Paradiso*, containing the famous Ear of Dionysius. The quarries are scooped out of the side of the cliff, and consist of an extensive kind of forecourt open to the sky, which leads into a large, winding gallery. The roof, which is of great height, is hewn into a channel in the shape of an ear, the rounded bed of rock which descends to the ground at the entrance increasing still further the similarity. At the innermost extremity of the excavation a small hole is pierced in the roof, communicating with the upper surface of the ground; and it was here that, according to the local tradition, Dionysius used to sit and listen to the conversation of his prisoners in the quarry below. The tyrant could certainly have done this without difficulty, since, owing to the form of the grotto, the slightest whisper echoes audibly along the gallery, gaining force and distinctness as it is struck back from side to side. But we may doubt whether he ever troubled himself about the language of those whom he had safe within his power, and who were condemned to wear out a miserable existence in chains and underground darkness. At all events, the serpentine form of the quarries suits the structure of the stone, which can best be worked in this way; and in another quarry, the *Latomia dei Capuccini*, one of the galleries shows traces of having been excavated in the same manner, though the softer nature of the stone here prevented the success of the attempt. The Ear of Dionysius, however, is the great "sight" of Syracuse, and we were much pestered by beggars of an Italian description in the forecourt of the quarry, where we found a rope-walk had been set up.

The seven thousand Athenian captives probably languished in the *Latomia dei Capuccini* just mentioned, which is situated close to the sea at the southern end of Achradina, not far from St. Giovanni, perhaps the oldest church in Sicily, where the tomb of St. Marcan and the pulpit of St. Paul are pointed out for the benefit of believers. The *Latomia* stands in what was until lately the garden of a monastery; but the monastery has now been turned into an inn, and a very good sort of one it makes. We enjoyed a bottle of native wine in the refectory, the walls of which were lined with worm-eaten tables, still bearing traces of red and blue paint, whereat the brothers used to eat their silent meals. Since the refectory has become a dining-room, additional tables have been arranged along the centre of the room, and these seemed to be more favoured by the guests than those which were haunted by the memories of the former

occupants. A large kitchen-range occupied the lower end of the room, whose long whitewashed walls were decorated by a few simple lines of faded red; and while discussing our bread and wine, we had the benefit of observing the details of a Sicilian laundry. It was satisfactory to be convinced that the art of washing clothes was known in the country; but we found it pleasanter to turn our attention to a conversation on the results of the sudden suppression of the monasteries throughout Italy. Opinion at Syracuse seemed decidedly adverse to the measure, and that too even in a place where the speakers were profiting by the change. There was much sense and reason in what we were told. The monasteries had long prevented starvation among the poorest classes in a land where there are neither unions nor poor-laws, and their abolition therefore had set before an indigent population the alternatives of absolute destitution or a life of brigandage. The monks themselves, moreover, were thrown upon the world, for which their previous training had little fitted them; and though we heard that many of the younger and more energetic among them had entered readily into pursuits like that of the soldier, the older and weaker ones were left unprovided for.¹


Luncheon ended, and the discussion of social grievances along with it, we descended a steep path to the entrance of the quarry, which is securely shut in by a ponderous gate. The great size of the Latomia is extremely striking; one wanders through a maze of foot-tracks, among the rich green leaves and golden fruit of orange and lemon trees, and the branching stalks of huge hemlocks, while an unceasing range of one rock-wall after another closes in the view. Here and there a lofty gallery has been driven through the cliff, and gigantic masses of rock, tumbled over by earthquake and weather, lie in the way. Some of the excavations, which we may picture being painfully hollowed out under the lash of the taskmaster by the contemporaries and friends of Thucydides, have been turned into cow-stalls; and in one place a marble slab, covered with the pencil scrawls of Italian peasants, marks the tomb of an Englishman. Elsewhere is a grotto which was formerly devoted to the *super-terrean* burial of the dead brethren; the corpse of the monk was exposed to the sight of his surviving companions, under a glass cover, until the flesh had crumbled into dust; and the sarcophagus in which this ever-present

(1) M. Waddington once told me that the state of things at Gubbio, where he holds landed property, is even worse than it is in Sicily. The monastery there had so fattened upon the decay and demoralisation of the town, that out of a population of six thousand, between two and three thousand were entirely supported by that institution, whose weekly doles saved them from the trouble of working for their bread. The overgrown resources of the monastery were the monopoly of twenty monks, each of whom kept a family in the town. When the monastery was dissolved, the monks and their families, amounting in all to some two hundred persons, were added to the standing army of beggars, and the landed proprietors in the place find themselves compelled, by the fear of an *émeute*, to support as best they can this idle and degraded population.

memento of death and decay was exhibited, like the skeleton at Egyptian dinner-parties, or Trimalchio's banquet in Petronius, is still preserved. Amid the balmy stillness of the garden vegetation around, perhaps no fitter burial-place could be found than the spot in which the unhappy prisoners of the ancient Doric city rotted away. Indeed, the number of workmen employed in the various stone-quarries must have been very great, and gives a good idea of the multitude of slaves, and the consequent disregard of suffering, in the old Greek world. Close to the Quarry of the Capuchins is another, the Latomia Novantieri, while toward the western extremity of the Epipolæ are the Latomie del Filosofo, where Dionysius is said to have confined the poet-philosopher Philoxenus for the verses in which he had satirized the tyrant. It was out of these *Latomie* that the walls of Syracuse were made; and the name by which they are still known is a curious testimony to the ancient Doric colonisation of the island. From the Doric form of *λατομία*, "a quarry," the Romans derived their *laurumæ*, like so many other words (such as *damnum*, the public sacrifice to the Good Goddess) which bear witness to early commercial intercourse between Rome and Sicily; and *laurumia*, modified by the accent, has descended to the modern dialects.

One of the largest and most important buildings ever erected out of the materials of these quarries is the so-called Fort of Euryalus, at the western corner of Epipolæ, where the south and north walls of Dionysius meet in one point. The place took its name from the Greek *εὐρύς ἦλος*, "broad knob," which exactly characterizes the nature of the ground. It is now generally called Mongibéllisi, like Mongibello, the native name of Etna, a combination of the Italian *Monte* and the Arabic *jebel*, which have each the same signification of "mountain." The ruins are certainly among the most remarkable in the neighbourhood of Syracuse. Four massive towers protected the fort, which was entered by a double gate with the access on the right, so as to expose the unshielded side of the attacking enemy. Around the towers ran a double enclosure, the outer forming a long quadrangle, which projected two hundred yards beyond the approach to the entrance. Their west front, where the cliff is less precipitous than elsewhere, was connected by walls for the employment of catapults, a fact which serves to fix the date of the work in the reign of Hiero II., when catapults first came to be extensively used. Underneath, twelve subterranean passages led to a ditch cut twenty-five feet deep in the rock, and entered by a large circular hole within the fort, which allowed infantry, and even cavalry, to be transferred from one part to another without danger or loss of time. Another passage on the right communicated with a second trench parallel with the access to the gate, along the course of which many places

of exit were hewn out of the rock in the form of steps. Opposite the outlets of the first fosse are a series of rectangular excavations, employed, according to local tradition, as magazines. Those on the right, four in all, have their right-hand walls carefully covered with large, square, well-fitted blocks of stone, while the bare rock on the left of each bears an incised inscription close to the entrance, and at about five feet from the ground. The inscriptions of the three chambers nearest to our starting-place from the fosse are as follows:—

(1) , (2) , (3) 

I was unable to copy the last epigraph accurately, owing to the decay of the stone, but it seemed almost identical with No. 3. Now the characters, it will be noticed, are unlike those of any known alphabet, certainly of any with which the Syracusans of Hiero II. would have been acquainted. Some similarity, however, may be detected between the forms of the letters and those of the so-called Keltiberian alphabet found on old Spanish coins, and on a plate of lead from the Pyrenees which Phillipps has published; and the final characters (supposing the words are to be read from left to right) appear to be numerals, so that the inscriptions may mark the numerical order of the chambers in which they are engraved. I believe that they must be referred to a far earlier origin than the foundation of the fort, or indeed of any Greek buildings in Syracuse at all. The artificial walls which line one side of the “magazines” look comparatively modern when contrasted with the rock which they cover; and the caverns themselves are not unlike the prehistoric structures and sepulchral chambers which are met with in Sardinia, in the Balearic Islands, and in the south-east corner of Sicily itself. The catacombs, which extend for miles under Achradina, ramifying in every direction, though afterwards used, as at Rome and Naples, for Christian burial, seem to go back to days that preceded the settlement of Ortygia; and the limestone cliffs of the Val d'Ispica, some thirty or forty miles from Syracuse, are completely honeycombed by “Sikanian” *didieri*, or niches for the dead, and rock-hewn habitations. Is it not probable, therefore, that these caverns in the Fort of Euryalus, with their undeciphered inscriptions, belong to the same unchronicled period and people? Phœnician, Greek, Roman, and Arab, will have come and gone; but the memorials of a race, about whom history and legend are alike silent, will have outlasted them all.

A climb over straggling wild flowers and broken fragments of stone brought us to the highest point of the ruins, where we sat and enjoyed the view. Under us was the entrance to a subterranean gallery, now blocked up with rubbish; further on came the court, with its magazines, and the vast rock-cut piers of a bridge which

once led across it; then beyond, the eye wandered over a far-reaching tract of inland scenery. Just in front lay the hamlet of Belvedere, on the peak of a ridge that stretched away to the mountains of Hybla, and the village of Mellili, whence still comes the honey, in my opinion by no means equal to its fame. Behind rose the stately mass of Etna, with a broad white cape of dazzling snow, and a black peak from which a cloud of light smoke floated lazily upon the blue sky. To the right were the picturesque Bay of Agosta and the peacefully beautiful sea-coast of Catania, with the hills of Calabria on the verge of the horizon. At our back the northern walls of Epipolæ sloped away to the shallow inlet of Trogilus and the Scala Greca, the rugged step-like terraces of rock up which the Romans of Marcellus made their way into the defences of Tykhe and the strong fortress of Hexapylum, with its six gates, that guarded the city on the north. The latter probably occupied the site of Iabdalon, the outpost of the Athenians, which maintained their position on the Epipolæ. For an attacking army, however, it was pitched in the wrong place; and the fact that Euryalus was not fixed upon for this purpose decisively determines the incapacity of Nikias as a general, which all the partial colouring of Thucydides is unable to gloss over. The apex of the triangular plateau was left unfortified by the Athenian commander (*Thuc.* vi. 97), and we cannot therefore wonder that, when energy and union were once introduced into the counsels of the Syracusans, the fate of the Athenian expedition was sealed.

We pass from the mainland into the modern town by a neck of level ground which divides the Small from the Great Harbour. The former is now shallow and choked with débris through repeated earthquakes; and the seaweed that drips from the shelving rocks is only disturbed by washerwomen and anglers. On this tongue of land, overgrown with grass and diversified by a few stunted trees or a group of dirty children, stood the banks, the senate-house, and the agora, or market-place, with its stately colonnades, of which all that is left is a solitary pillar that stands up in the midst of the desolation like a sign-post by the roadside. Opposite to the island once existed the Prytaneium, where the sacred fire burned unextinguished; and hard by the Timoleonteium, with a race-course for chariots and horses, built in honour of Timoleon, who delivered the citizens from the tyranny of Dionysius II. in 343, and refounded the tottering state by the introduction of forty thousand new colonists and the establishment of a republican constitution. The modern fortifications, in all their repulsive unsightliness, are the work of the Emperor Charles V., who plundered the theatre and the temples in order to erect them. Little that is ancient remains within their enclosure: the spirit of feudal Europe was not compatible with the relics of Greek thought. On the highest point of Ortygia once

rose the Temple of Pallas, one of the oldest monuments of Ortygia, built by the Gamori, the oligarchic descendants of the first settlers in the sixth century B.C., in the simple Doric fashion of the still-impressive temples of Paestum and Selinus. Agathokles, it is said, was the architect; and according to Polemo, as quoted by Athenæus, the citizen-sailors when quitting the harbour carried with them a goblet from the altar of Here Olympia, which they threw into the sea as an offering to Poseidon, as soon as the shield on the top of the Temple of Pallas was vanishing out of sight. Cicero, in the Verrines, describes its sumptuousness and the precious treasures which it contained. The cathedral has been erected on the site, and a modern Italian façade, of Methodist meeting-house appearance, hides the old building, though thirteen bent columns are still visible on the north side, and nine on the south, all embedded in the masonry of the church. The campanile of the latter was thrown down by an earthquake on Easter-day, 1169, and has never been restored. The museum faces the cathedral. We found little in it to interest us beyond the Landolina Venus and a few inscriptions, but as the custodian, Signor Politi, told us, until a better room is provided, it is useless to expect that private individuals will surrender their antiquities to the public. One of the squalid lanes near the museum contains the broken shafts of a few columns which are ascribed, without much reason, to a temple of Artemis. The house which was built over them has been pulled down, and the place railed in; but the inhabitants insist upon regarding it as a rubbish-heap, and the most zealous antiquary would hardly care to linger long upon the spot. Between the cathedral and the Castle of Maniáki at the eastern extremity of the island, where the Temple of Here once overhung the sea, is the sacred spring of myth and song, the Fountain of Arethusa. Shelley can have known but little of modern Syracuse, when he made the nymph of "the Acroceraunian Mountains" and her pursuer Alpheus, "the brackish Dorian stream," play peacefully together in a Sicilian glade. The fountain is overlooked by wretched houses, and surrounded by a circular wall at the end of an esplanade, where we enjoyed the sea-breezes and the burning crimson of the sunset. A flight of steps leads to the iron gate of the spring, through the bars of which we gazed devoutly, and saw the waters pouring into their basin among tufts of delicate branching papyri and a brood of waterfowl. We flung some biscuits to the ducks, who, from the way in which they fought with one another over every morsel, seemed to find mythological associations not very satisfying food. Hardly had one secured a piece before it was snatched out of his bill by another, to the intense excitement of some ragged urchins who clambered up against the rails of the gate, under the idea apparently of thus getting nearer to

the greedy birds. The fountain is now salt, being really fed by one of the numerous conduits which formerly supplied the city and passed under the small harbour, where the channel was ruptured by the earthquake of 1169. One can see the spring water there bubbling up beneath the green waves. The ancient city must have been well supplied with water. Epipolæ is quite undermined with conduits, many of which were destroyed by the Athenians. The most important of these is the aqueduct, which is brought from the Anapo, some ten miles from its mouth, along the foot of Hybla and over Epipolæ. It is probably older than the Peloponnesian War; at all events it is not due to the Romans, since their aqueducts were straight, and carried on arches across the valleys. Above the theatre, in the so-called Nymphæan grotto, two conduits issue. Niches on the rock-walls tell us of the inscriptions once inserted in them, and form a fitting introduction to the "Street of Tombs" which curves from this point up to the summit of the Temenitis. As in other Greek towns, the sepulchres were just outside the city; and Epipolæ, therefore, had not yet been included within its circuit when the chambers were hewn out of the rock, sometimes one inside the other, with their numberless hollows for marble epitaphs, and lining the street on both sides. It is interesting to trace the ruts made by the chariot-wheels in the stone bottom of the road—the fashionable drive of ancient Syracuse. *Tempora mutantur!* the tombs are used as ass-stalls, and the conduits of the Nymphæum turn a mill.

Perhaps the pleasantest part of our visit to Syracuse was the last morning, which we spent in an excursion to the papyrus beds of the Anapo.¹ The *Cyperus papyrus*, the true old Egyptian paper plant, grows luxuriantly in the "blue" waters of Kyane, the fountain out of which the Anapo flows. How it was planted there no one knows; but it is strange that Europe should thus preserve what has perished wholly in Egypt, whence it must originally have come. We were rowed across the calm depths of the Great Harbour, one of the best in the world, at once large, sheltered, and deep, as Lord Nelson proved against tradition by sailing his fleet into it. At the corner of the bluff that faced us floated a square, white cloud, the sign of a north-west wind and fair weather, our boatmen informed us, while behind lay the Greek theatre and the snowy head of Etna, at which the soldiers of Nikias must so often have gazed. The Anapo has raised a bar of sand at its mouth, over which ourselves and our boat had to be carried on the shoulders

(1) The quantity of the second syllable is now short, in accordance with modern Greek pronunciation, which regards only the accent. It is curious that the same principle which gives us *Ægina* in Greece should have been at work in Sicily also, where we have Catania from *Karάvη*, as well as Anāpo from Anāpos.

of the boatmen; and then, leaving the shell-whitened shore, we were punted up the narrow ditch which forms the channel of the river. The steep banks were rich with bamboo-reeds and castor-oil plants; while two palms overhung our passage at the point where the Anapo and a branch stream meet, and the ruins of a stone bridge, across which Nikias and Demosthenes may have walked, still cling to the thick clay. The punting-pole had to be given up here, as the stream became too shallow for its use; so, tying one of the oars against a rowing-bench, the boatmen fastened a rope to it, and, stepping out upon the bank, towed us along. On we went among innumerable water-birds and wicker baskets set for fish, until at last the tall stalks of the papyrus came into view. The light-green reeds grow to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, bursting out at the top into a fan of threadlike fibres, each with a small, feathery, yellow flower at the tip. When paper is to be made, the rind of the papyrus is stripped off, and the moist pith sliced. The slices are then laid over one another in network fashion, and a little pressure produces in half an hour a sheet of yellowish paper. We decapitated some of the papyri, and, having armed ourselves with two or three of the tallest among them, left the boat. With a last look at the fountain into which the nymph was changed for daring to attempt the rescue of Persephone from the grasp of Hades, in the old days when the daughter of the Dawn gathered her flowers on the plains of Enna, where, too, in after times, the Syracusans held their yearly festival, we picked our way over ploughed land and grass drenched with dew to the remains of the Olympeium. On a slight ridge rose the Temple of Zeus Olympius Urius, the god of fair weather, thus distinguished from the other Zeus Olympius who had his shrine in Achradina. The statue of the god was adorned by Gelon with a robe of gold from the Carthaginian spoil of Himera, and during the Athenian war the Syracusans fortified the sacred enclosure, and surrounded it with forts. In 1600, seven columns were still standing, according to Cluverius (*Sicil. Ant.* p. 179); but all that now remain are two massive pillars, each with sixteen flutings, and a well. We seated ourselves on the basement of one of these giants of old time, and filled our eyes with the tranquillity of the morning sunshine. On our left, beyond the river-plants of Kyane, lay the site of the magnificent monument that once marked the burial-place of Gelon and his wife. On the right, the long broken line of Ortygia shut in the Great Harbour, and we dreamed of the day when the shout of the Corinthian sailor first roused the quail from its nest, and the Dorian race found its second home in the fabulous regions of the west. Poor Syracuse, only frequented now by sight-seers and duellists!

POOR RELIEF IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

AMONG the works of unobtrusive usefulness that must be reckoned to the account of the late Liberal Ministry are the reports upon the social institutions of foreign countries, procured by it through our consuls and diplomatic agents. The reports on foreign systems of Land Tenure called for by Mr. Gladstone to aid him in redressing the grievances of Irish tenants, go far beyond the occasion, and form a storehouse of information for the study of the difficult question of Land Tenure at home. Mr. Stansfeld, when at the head of the Local Government Board, following the example of his chief, addressed a series of questions through the Foreign Office to our consuls and diplomatic agents, touching on all the chief topics connected with the administration of Charity and the Poor Law. It is the fate of politicians, as of other men, to sow when they do not reap, and the answers to Mr. Stansfeld's questions were returned to Mr. Selater-Booth, and published by the present Government.¹

If any one is sanguine enough to suppose that a knowledge of the Poor Laws of Europe would furnish us with "an easy method of dealing with pauperism," or an infallible specific for putting an end to mendicancy and imposition, he will be disappointed; but if his expectations have been more moderate, they will be amply satisfied. It is impossible for any one to rise from a perusal of the valuable reports now published without having obtained a clearer insight into the nature of pauperism, and a knowledge of the most successful methods of dealing with it. Perhaps not the least important advantage to be derived from a comparative study of pauperism in the different countries of Europe, is the light that it throws upon the connection between pauperism and the other social institutions of which it is an invariable accompaniment. The report upon Russia, for example, brings vividly before us a fact that is too often lost sight of, but which must nevertheless be the basis of all intelligent treatment of the subject. Pauperism is the special weakness of societies based on the principles of individual liberty and responsibility. When every man has the right to earn his living in his own way, and to shape his life according to his own ideas, it follows that he must be answerable for his own subsistence. It would be impossible for any State to promise maintenance to its members, without possessing complete control over their actions; and the converse is

(1) "Poor Laws in Foreign Countries: Reports communicated to the Local Government Board by her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with Introductory Remarks by Andrew Doyle, Esq., Local Government Inspector, 1875."

equally true, that with individual independence must go individual responsibility. The risk of failure and starvation that a man thus thrown upon himself incurs, is the price he must pay for his freedom of action. The conditions of life are, for the great mass of human beings, hard; the struggle for existence taxes the strength and the virtue of most people; it is therefore not surprising that many fail; and the problem that confronts the statesman and the philanthropist is, what to do with the failures? On the one hand, no civilised country pushes the principle of individualism to its stern logical issue, and leaves Nature to settle the question with the failures. On the other hand, an error of over-indulgence, of letting the poor fall too softly, may lead to evils hardly less terrible to contemplate. It may destroy the energy of large numbers just able to keep their heads above pauperism, but certain, with the least remission of their exertions, to sink into the slough. Pauperism is thus in a sense the eternal difficulty of individualistic societies: of these the saying is true, that the pauper is always with us.

Societies based on communism are in some measure compensated for the sacrifice of their freedom, by the absence of pauperism. All the members of the community enjoy a share of its property, and thus the extreme limit of destitution is seldom reached. We are apt to forget that the colossal empire of Russia (her subjects in Europe exceed seventy-two millions) is to a large extent an aggregation of small communistic societies. In the large towns, the conditions of life resemble those of other European States; but in rural Russia it may be said, that while there may be occasional distress, there is no chronic pauperism. The following facts, which form Russia's contribution to the question of Poor Relief, will be read with interest:—

“Absolute pauperism amongst the rural population of Russia is, to a certain extent, obviated by the following reasons:

1. The ease with which work can be obtained in a country where the population is so small, as compared with the extent of its area, being only at the rate of 10 to the square mile. (In England it is 347 to the square mile.)

2. The large quantity of uncultivated Crown lands available for colonization.

It is argued by a certain political party in Russia that the communal system prevailing in the country, under which forty-two millions of the population have, to a great extent, been made compulsory leaseholders under communes, is likewise calculated to prevent the existence of a proletariat class, but since it is now an almost recognised fact that the fiscal burdens on land are, in a large part of Russia, more than equivalent to the money value of its produce, it is difficult to conceive how such a system of land tenure can be calculated to raise the peasantry from a state of need.

It is admitted that the peasantry, under communes, are only enabled to keep body and soul together by means of extraneous work found in towns after the termination of their agricultural labours, or in working for large landed proprietors.

Nevertheless, the Russian peasant requires so little, that cases of absolute pauperism are seldom met with in the country districts.

In all those places where the land is portioned out into communal lots each member of the commune has an equal right to his share in it.

Each individual belongs to a family, or more properly speaking to a house, which constitutes the communistic unit, possessing in common not only the real property, but likewise the cattle and movable property.

Even if the individual be only a distant relative of the family or be adopted as a member of it, he brings with him his individual share of the parcel of land for the benefit of the family, and in return enjoys the right of being supported by it.

Thus absolute pauperism (taken in a western sense of the word), or want of food, is rarely met with.

The actual state of prosperity, however, of the Russian peasantry, is still very low. The majority of them save nothing; they live from day to day supplying the wants of their families, and endeavouring to pay the heavy taxes imposed upon them by the produce of their allotments of land, which, in the majority of cases, as already stated, are insufficient for the purpose.

They generally manage to eke out a bare subsistence when the harvest is good, but when that fails, they are thrown into a state of distress, which is still further aggravated by want of work for the able-bodied men.

Under such circumstances, the younger men of the villages are sent off to distances in order to find work, and a few become beggars on the high road, and appeal to the charity of the more fortunate inhabitants of villages, where the crops may not have suffered.

The Russian peasant is kind-hearted, and ready to give with an open hand to his distressed brethren, nor is he unmindful of the fact that the charity he bestows on such occasions, it may some day be his lot to solicit for himself.

Such are the main features of the state of poverty generally met with amongst the rural population in Russia, and which is usually caused by some unforeseen calamity, such as a bad harvest, fire, or other disastrous causes.

It must be recorded, however, that the inhabitants of some villages are sometimes thrown into a state of considerable destitution, owing to their becoming over-populated. In such cases, the Government steps forward, and by offering uncultivated Crown lands for colonization, relieves the plethora, and restores the village to a normal condition."

Russia exhibits the results of a communistic organization. There is an equal distribution of the necessaries and comforts of life. The rich are not so rich as they are in individualistic societies, nor are the poor so poor. If the progress of the more nimble spirits is retarded by their having to carry their slow-witted brethren along with them, it is some compensation that all move together, and that none are left behind. It is a society in which the strength of the strong and the wisdom of the wise are enlisted compulsorily on behalf of the weak and the foolish. Such an idea has ever possessed an almost irresistible fascination for social reformers: from Plato to Robert Owen scarcely a single Utopia has been depicted for the encouragement of mankind that has not been based on communism. It is the same in the teaching of Christ. If there is one lesson that he impressed with greater energy than another, it is that superior talent is not a boon given to the individual for his own aggrandisement, in order that he may have more of the good things of this life than his neighbour, but a trust committed to him for the benefit of others. This is the principle upon which a communistic society is

organized. Doubtless in all Christian countries, the obligation of the strong to help the weak is theoretically admitted; but the vital difference between a communistic and an individualistic society is this, that in the former the obligation is made legally binding, while in the latter it is left entirely to the goodwill of the individual. How such an obligation when deprived of legal sanction is interpreted and fulfilled, the history of most European countries bears melancholy testimony. The first object of ambition in a healthy Englishman is to amass means to raise himself above the necessity of working; that accomplished, the next is to accumulate wealth to be spent in personal luxury, and the more he spends on himself, the greater does he deem his virtue; but the summit of his hopes is to found a family, in other words, to insure like means of luxury and idleness to an endless succession of persons bearing his name. With all this, how does he interpret his duty to his neighbour? Throwing out of account exceptional individuals, experience shows that the mass of men will leave their 'neighbour' to shift for himself as best he may, and that they will be moved by his sufferings only when he makes himself troublesome and dangerous. In all times the poor have owed much to the fears, but little to the generosity, of the rich. Upon this subject, Mr. Doyle in his introductory notes, makes the following pertinent remarks:—

“To the inordinate growth of this body of idle and worthless persons, and to apprehension of the dangers with which society was menaced by their lawless conduct, may be ascribed those repressive enactments against mendicancy which are often referred to as the foundation of poor laws wherever they exist.

There is a revolting monotony in the earlier history of this 'policy of repression' in all civilised countries. It reads indeed more like the record of reprisals of savage tribes upon captured enemies than the efforts of Christian communities to correct evils for the existence of which they were themselves responsible. Without referring to the barbarous legislation of earlier reigns, we find that only a few years before the passing of the famous 43rd of Elizabeth, the 14th of the same sovereign, after reciting that 'all parts of this realm of England and Wales be presently with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars exceedingly pestered, by means whereof daily happeneth in the same realm horrible murders, thefts, and other great outrage,' it is enacted that all persons defined in the Act as rogues and vagabonds or sturdy beggars are for the first offence to be grievously whipped and burned to the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about; for the second they are to be deemed felons; for the third to suffer death as felons, without benefit of clergy. Strype tells us that in every county of England there were from 300 to 400 able-bodied vagrants who lived by theft and rapine. According to the statement of Harrison 'three score and twelve thousand great thieves, petty thieves, and rogues' were hanged in the reign of Henry VIII. During the earlier years of the reign of Elizabeth the annual executions were about 400. In Harrison's phrase 'rogues were trussed up apace; there was not one year commonly wherein 300 or 400 of them were not devoured and eaten up by the gallows in one place and other.' The laws enacted in various European countries for the repression of mendicancy bear the impress of the same merciless spirit. In Spain as early as 1351 a beggar was liable, by a general ordinance of Don Pedro, to 40 lashes for a first offence of seeking alms, to 60 for

the second, and for any subsequent offence could be punished at the discretion of the magistrates. Still more severe were the municipal laws of several cities. In Breviasca any private individual might seize any mendicant who solicited alms, and was entitled to the questionable privilege of employing him for a month without wages. By an edict of the municipality of Toledo a beggar caught *flagrante delicto* received 50 lashes and was banished from the city; if he returned his ears were cropped and he was again banished, while for the second return this ordinance prescribes the punishment of death. In 1350 begging was prohibited in France under pain of flogging and the pillory for the first offence, burning with a hot iron on the forehead and banishment for the second. In 1532, by an edict of the parliament of Paris, beggars might be chained in couples and employed in cleansing the sewers. In 1536 confirmed mendicants were transported. In 1547 Henry II. rendered male beggars liable to the galleys and women to flogging and banishment. In later times, by a decree of Louis XIV. female beggars were banished, males were flogged and if the offence were repeated sent to the galleys; while as late as 1777 the same punishment was awarded for the crime of not having worked for a period of six months, being without ostensible means of subsistence. An ordinance of 1773 rendered a beggar in Dresden liable to be flogged, imprisoned, and have a block attached to his leg. A law of April 15, 1790, punishes mendicancy with imprisonment and flogging. Similar severity marked the earlier legislation against mendicancy in Hamburg, Gustrów, and most of the Swiss Cantons, while solitary confinement in a penitentiary was the lot of the convicted beggar in Copenhagen. The machinery for giving effect to these laws was not less harsh. The activity of police was stimulated by head money for captured beggars; the giver of alms in countries in which no provision was made for the relief of destitution, was punished as was the recipient. In most European countries laws of settlement more strict than even the strictest of our English laws bore evidence to the extent and aggravated character of the pauperism against which they were directed."

In view of these facts, it is interesting to inquire what theory of the relation of the State to the poor is accepted in the several countries of Europe. In only three countries, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, is a right of the destitute to relief explicitly admitted. According to the law of Prussia, "Every German has in case of distress the right to demand of his commune a roof, the absolute necessities of life, medical attendance in case of illness, and in case of death a suitable burial. Poor relief institutions are not obliged to pay for any spiritual attendance upon paupers." Mr. Doyle objects to rank England among the countries that admit a right to relief. "The English law," he observes, "imposes upon certain authorities the duty of relieving destitution, and will, under certain circumstances, punish the neglect of that duty. But the applicant for relief can under no circumstances claim it as a 'right,' cannot enforce it by any process of law or recover for the withholding of it, as he could if a legal 'right' existed." The distinction here drawn may be left to exercise the wits of students of jurisprudence, but, as Mr. Doyle himself admits, it is of no practical importance. For "We know in fact under our system a right is assumed to exist, is peremptorily asserted by the applicant, and is tacitly recognised by the administrator." It is therefore correct enough to say that in

England the State recognises the obligation of providing, at least, the bare necessities of life for the destitute, whether the destitution arises from inability to work, or from inability to find work.

It is in France that we find the anti-communistic theory carried out most consistently to its rigorous logical consequences. While admitting that the relief of the poor is a meritorious work and a moral duty, the State, in its corporate capacity sternly refuses to admit any liability, and looks upon such an admission as the first and no inconsiderable step towards communism. It is interesting to remark the tenacity with which, except in the midst of revolution, French governments have clung to this theory of the duty of the State to the poor. After the Revolution of 1789 a committee of the Constituent Assembly proclaimed the right of every person in want to be supported at the expense of the State, and in 1793 a sum was actually placed in the Budget in discharge of this duty. In May, 1794, it was ordered that a book of National Charity should be prepared in which should be inscribed the names of all indigent artisans and agriculturists, aged or infirm; that the former should receive 120 and the latter 160 francs a year, while separate provision was to be made for their wives and mothers. The Assembly, as might be expected, found itself without the means of dispensing alms on this royal scale, and in the fifth year of the Republic it was obliged to retrace its steps, and abolish the system of legal charity. Since that time French writers have never ceased to warr^r their countrymen against the imposition of a poor rate, on the ground that it would involve an admission of a legal right to relief, and open a door to communism. Thus, except for lunatics and deserted children, there is no compulsory relief in France. That the denial of State relief is the logical outcome of the principle of individualism, on which all European society (except Russia) is based, cannot easily be disputed; and it is possible that the explicit recognition of any duty by the State to the poor might with logical Frenchmen lead to serious complications. We have seen, in this country, the poor-law resorted to as an auxiliary in a struggle between workmen and employers, and it may be doubted whether even in England that is not too severe a strain on our social relations to be repeated often. But practically, the mere letter of the law, as it is found in the statute book, does little harm, for paupers, as a rule, are not readers of Acts of Parliament. It is from the manner in which relief is actually administered that paupers learn how far to depend upon others, and how far they must rely on themselves. It is quite possible, as the experience of Italy shows, to create a mass of pauperism by injudicious charity; and a poor law, while acknowledging a right to relief, may be so administered as to make the right a terror rather than a joy to the poor. But in France, it must

be acknowledged, the theory of the relation of the State to the poor is not left as a barren proposition; it is the basis of the entire administration of charitable relief. The State, in France, organizes, directs, and superintends private charity, but does not take the place of it.

Poor Relief in France thus, both in theory and practice, forms a complete contrast to the English system; and for that reason, a comparison between the two is instructive. This contrast appears most distinctly in the fundamental question that divides the administrators of the English Poor Law, whether relief should be in-door or out-door. This controversy does not exist in France, for a very good reason. "No workhouses exist in France;" the nearest equivalent to them, "the dépôts de mendicité, which at first sight might be mistaken for workhouses, are rather places for the punishment of the offence of begging than houses for the relief of pauperism." There are almshouses and hospitals, but the almshouses are chiefly for lunatics, incurables, and deserted children. "In the case of children, however, by far the greater number are now either entrusted to peasant families in the country, or pecuniarily relieved at their own homes." Thus is the great question of in-door *versus* out-door relief in France settled in a sentence: there is *no in-door relief*.

Out-door relief is administered by bureaux de bienfaisance. An account of those in Paris may be taken as fairly representing the rest of France.

"The direction of the whole public organization for the relief of the Parisian poor is confided to a general administration of public assistance, under a responsible director, who administers not only the hospitals and almshouses, but also the lunatic asylums, infant homes, lying-in houses, and other analogous institutions, and, through twenty bureaux de bienfaisance, the whole of the out-door relief service.

This director, whose acts are controlled by a board, is subordinate both to the Prefect of the Seine and to the Minister of the Interior.

The administration, which employs 6,338 officials (1,989 of whom are medical), has at its disposal eight general and seven special hospitals as well as three hospitals established in the provinces for the use of scrofulous children; 10 almshouses; three houses of refuge; 20 bureaux de bienfaisance, and, in connection with these last, 57 houses of succour. It acts, besides, as guardian of all supported children and lunatics."

Paris being divided into 20 municipal districts (arrondissements), each district possesses, for the out-door relief of the poor, a bureau de bienfaisance, which is established at the mairie.

Each bureau is managed by a council, consisting of the mayor as president, his adjuncts, twelve administrators, a number of stewards and ladies of charity, proportioned to the number of the poor, and a treasurer-secretary, who is the responsible representative of the central administration.

The district is divided into 12 zones, each of which is entrusted to one of the twelve administrators, who decides on the amount and kind of relief adapted to each case. The physicians and midwives of the bureau are appointed by the Prefect of the Seine. In order to be relieved the indigent person must be inscribed in the general register. The applicant is visited by the adminis-

trator, the physician, or one of the ladies of charity. A detailed report on his case is drawn up and acted upon at one of the fortnightly meetings of the council; and the applicant, if relieved, receives a yellow or a green card, according as the relief granted is temporary or annual. Old men and women in distress are allowed five francs (4s. 2d.) a month if between the ages of 70 and 79 years, eight francs from 79 to 82 years, ten francs from 82 to 84, and twelve francs a month when over 84 years of age. Persons afflicted with blindness, paralysis, epilepsy, or cancer, receive a monthly allowance which varies between five and ten francs. An annual pension of 253 francs (£10 2s. 3d.) for men and 195 francs (£7 16s. 8d.) for women is granted through the bureau de bienfaisance to persons whom the almshouses cannot receive for want of room, but who would otherwise be admitted. In 1869, 427 men and 710 women enjoyed such a pension.

Every bureau de bienfaisance has one or more houses of succour attached to it, where the relief which it has granted is distributed. These houses, which are served by sisters of charity, are established according to local requirements, the number now existing in Paris being 57. Here the poor obtain, besides bread, soup, &c., the loan of sheets, linen, and other necessities, and the gift of old clothes, shoes, and bath tickets. They also receive gratuitous medical advice and medicine.

The central administration receives and examines applications for relief, which may be made to it directly. In 1869, no less than 61,080 such applications were examined, only 17,855 of which were rejected. The administration employs 60 visitors, who in 1869 paid 185,400 visits.

Strictly speaking, a domicile of five years is required before an applicant can obtain relief; but this rule is very loosely adhered to, and the exigencies of the case are alone regarded.

The assistance they afford consists chiefly in bread, soup, clothes, fuel, and medicines. It may also consist in the obtaining of work, in the establishment of charitable workshops, and in the payment of wet nurses.

The receipts of the bureaux de bienfaisance are derived from various sources; lands, houses, woods, mortgages, State and communal bonds. Considerable sums are also obtained from gifts and legacies, from a tax of 10 per cent. on all tickets sold at theatres and other places of public entertainment, from certain fines and confiscations, from numerous collections made in churches and from house to house, from poor-boxes, from a share of one-third on the price paid for graves, and, finally, from the customary municipal subsidy, which in the department of the Seine (Paris) amounts to more than half of the whole receipts, whilst in the provinces it scarcely exceeds one-sixth."

Only about 13,000 communes out of 37,000 have bureaux de bienfaisance, which in fact extend to only one-half the population; but where there is no such bureau, a bureau de charité is often established. A bureau de charité is distinguished from a bureau de bienfaisance by possessing no invested property, and depending entirely upon collections and voluntary offerings.

Mr. Doyle makes the following comparison between the French and English systems of giving relief:—

"There are many points of resemblance between the mode of administration of a bureau de bienfaisance and that of an English union. The applications for relief are heard and determined by the commission of the bureau as in an English union by the board of guardians. The cases are inquired into and reported upon the same principle, though in a very different manner. In England, a relieving officer, who may have several hundred cases on his books, receives the application and ascertains with more or less accuracy the facts upon which the guardians are expected to decide upon the application. A great

deal more importance appears to be attached in France than in this country to this investigation of cases. It is conducted generally by sisters of charity. In an English town of the size of Boulogne-sur-Mer there would probably be one relieving officer, or at the most two; in Boulogne there are eleven sisters of charity, who have board and lodging, and are paid 500 francs a year each. Each of them has charge of a special quarter of the town, under the direction of a member of the commission, their duty as visitors being strictly prescribed. They are to visit applicants at their houses, to give their counsel and sympathy to the sick, to see that all young children are vaccinated, that all those of school age attend school regularly, to report sanitary defects in the dwellings, to distribute the relief ordered by the bureau, to prepare soup and bouillon, to make up the simpler prescriptions, and distribute and to take charge of all the stores of relief in kind, and to present to each meeting of the bureau a report rather more minute but essentially of the same character as that presented, or supposed to be presented, by a relieving officer to a board of guardians. Opportunities were afforded to me of ascertaining by personal examination and inquiry at Tours and at Boulogne-sur-Mer how these duties were discharged. Of their devotion to the service in which they are engaged, and of the general intelligence of the *sœurs de charité*, it is impossible to speak too highly. The system of inquiry is very full, very minute, and conducted in a way that is said, and no doubt truly, to be acceptable to the poorer classes of the French people, though it would certainly be considered inquisitorial by applicants for relief in this country. Some of the reports which I examined, made by the 'sisters' for the information of their bureaux, appear to me to be models of what such reports ought to be. No particular appeared to be omitted which could assist the bureau in deciding upon the merits of the application.

While the English poor law is and ever has been essentially a law for the repression of pauperism, French legislation shares with that of many other European countries the credit of aiming at its prevention. It will be observed, for example, how, under the French system, the object constantly kept in view is to afford the humbler classes such indirect aid as may not only enable them but induce them to shift for themselves."

Mr. Lee Hamilton, by whom is given the instructive report on the French system, thus sums up its results:—

"Those who enjoy public relief in France are rarely able-bodied. The sick in mind or body, the infant, and the aged, form the great mass of the recipients of relief. The *dépôts de mendicité*, which include both infirm and able-bodied inmates, are, as I have shown, rather houses of correction than institutions for the relief of pauperism.

The French system is a happy combination of private benevolence with official guarantees. The sympathy of the public is enlisted for the poor by authority; both the public and the Government working together in the great cause of charity. The composition of the unpaid commissions for in-door and out-door relief secures for the indigent the active co-operation of charitable persons, while their connection with the municipalities and their control by the Government are guarantees against abuse. The legislature has wisely separated the management of the funds destined for the poor from that of the municipal finances; and the interests of the poor are confided to other hands than those which undertake the general interests of the commune. The public, moreover, being conscious that the poor have no legal right to support, feel bound in honour to afford it, and acquiesce cheerfully in the expenditure of the communes and department, even when they do not contribute more directly by gifts and legacies. It is from the communal customs duties (*octroi*) that the subsidies which the municipal councils are in the habit of voting are principally derived; and this tax, which is applied to many other objects besides the one in question, never comes to be regarded as a poor-rate. Indeed, it may be doubted whether many of the persons who pay it remember that the money they are losing con-

tributes to the support of the poor. It would be difficult, therefore, to imagine a system under which the taxpayer would feel the burden of supporting the poor more lightly, or one creating less hostility between supporter and supported.”*

The reports from Russia and France, although extremely valuable in directing our attention to the principles that lie at the basis of all legal relief for the poor, are less useful for immediate practical reforms. We cannot get rid of our pauperism by adopting the social organization of Russia. The past history of the English poor-law prevents us renouncing at once State help to the poor, and accepting the French system, however intrinsically superior that may be. The example of these countries shows us rather what we might have been, than what it is now possible for us to be. Mr. Doyle remarks,—

“The series of statutes that are sometimes referred to as the foundation of our system of poor laws, so far from being grounded upon interest for the welfare of the poor, were of a character to justify the opinion attributed to the late Mr. Senior, that ‘they originated in ignorance, selfishness, and pride,’ ‘their origin was an attempt substantially to restore the expiring system of slavery.’ They created, or where they did not create they aggravated, pauperism, and having done so, instead of making provision for its maintenance sought to extirpate it by means that, as Dr. Burn observes, ‘makes this part of English history look like the history of the savages in America. Almost all severities have been inflicted, except scalping.’ In every country of the system of which we have any record poor laws appear to have the same origin.”

At a much later period than that referred to by Mr. Doyle, the English poor law was used as an instrument for securing the supply of “cheap labour.” The law of settlement was a weapon most ingeniously fashioned to destroy the labourer’s one hope of improvement—migration from his native place. A poor law worked with such a sinister object, so far from helping to raise the poor, naturally tended to pauperise the whole labouring class. After keeping up a system of this kind for generations, we cannot at once, if we would, resort to a “hardy” policy, and deal with the poor on the assumption that they possess an inherited capacity for self-help. But there are countries in Europe whose mode of relieving the poor more nearly resembles our own, and whose experience may prove exceedingly useful to practical reformers.

In the actual administration of any system of poor-relief, the vital question is how to determine the proper recipients of aid. The question who is a pauper, or who ought to get public relief, appears to give as much trouble to the administrators of poor-relief as the question of Pilate—what is truth?—has given to philosophers. It perplexes and baffles relieving officers; it is the despair of Boards of Guardians. But however difficult, it is the most important of all questions connected with charity. To find out the right persons to relieve is more than half the battle. In England it is the duty of the relieving officer, a paid servant of the Guardians, to inquire into

the circumstances of all applicants for relief, and to obtain all information necessary to guide the board in giving or withholding relief. In practice, however, it is found that relieving officers have too many cases to attend to; they cannot really make efficient inquiries so as to distinguish between impostors and the necessitous poor. Practically, therefore, only two courses are open to a Board of Guardians,—either a general laxity that means “no plausible applicant to be refused,” or a merciless application of the in-door test. Now if we regard the workhouse as a kind of penitentiary, where its inmates are to be punished for being social failures, their existence being prolonged out of deference to the illogical but humane feeling of the public, then it is quite right to offer to all applicants the workhouse or nothing. But if we accept it as a public duty to provide for those who are unable to provide for themselves, it must be admitted that a relegation to the workhouse is not always a kind or economical way of discharging our duty. The only possible justification of the workhouse test is that there is no other test. Is that so? Have we no alternative to the workhouse test but an indiscriminate employment of public money in pauperising the masses?

England stands alone in Europe in relying upon this workhouse test. In France, as we have seen, there are no workhouses. In Prussia paupers are not admitted into the workhouses except in cases of necessity. There “the object of the authorities,” we are told, “is to avoid, as far as possible, severing families, or doing anything which tends to diminish the feeling of independence and self-reliance.” Mr. Plunkett adds, “I learn from all those with whom I have spoken on the subject that the out-door system works well; it encourages industry and independence, and prevents the demoralising influences inseparable from confinement in workhouses as conducted in this country” [*i.e.* Prussia.] In Belgium “there is never a question of compelling paupers to enter the dépôts [*de Mendicité*], or hospices, as a condition of granting them relief.” In Baden, unions have the power of offering the workhouse test, subject to an appeal to the Government. It may be said, however, that those countries are to a great extent countries of peasant-proprietors; that in them a large proportion of the soil is held by persons corresponding in position very much to our agricultural labourers, and that accordingly pauperism should not be so desperate and intractable, as it must be in a country, like England, where the mass of the population live on wages from hand to mouth. But, as it happens, an experiment of the highest interest has been tried in several towns abroad, the object of which is nothing less than to substitute, for the brutal and mechanical workhouse test, intelligent, conscientious, and searching personal investigation. In Hamburg, about the beginning of the present century, pauperism had assumed such extensive and dangerous proportions, that the respectable

inhabitants got alarmed, and introduced a new system, which, after several modifications and improvements, has been made almost perfect. The essential feature of the system is its enlisting the voluntary efforts of individuals to do the work of the relieving officer; it has won its greatest triumph in the town of Elberfeld. In 1852, the year before the system was first tried, 4,000 persons, out of a population of 50,364, were relieved at a cost of £8,932; in 1857, only 1,528 were relieved, out of an increased population of 52,590, at a cost of £2,623. This result was sufficiently startling to justify our Government in incurring the cost of sending over their inspector (Mr. Doyle) to make a special examination and report. From his report we take the following account of the system:—

“The administration of the poor law devolves primarily upon the Armenverwaltung or town administration of the poor. This body consists of a president, four members of the municipal council, and four citizens, usually selected from the wealthy and more distinguished inhabitants. They are appointed by the municipal council for a period of three years, and retire by rotation. Two members, one being of the number appointed from the municipal council and one of the number appointed from amongst the general ratepayers, retire every first and second year, and two of each class every third year. This arrangement, while it secures the renewal of the whole body within each period of three years, secures permanently the services of a certain number who have had some considerable previous experience. The retiring members are eligible for re-election, and are in fact generally re-elected. The only other point in the arrangement of this rotation is that the retirement of the first year is by lot, of every subsequent year ‘according to age.’

Subordinate to the Armenverwaltung are—

1. The visitors or Armenpfleger.
2. The overseers or Armenvorsteher.

The offices of Armenpfleger and Armenvorsteher—visitor and overseer—are unpaid and compulsory. The citizens of each district ascertain by inquiry amongst themselves who of their body are likely to make the most efficient visitors or overseers, and having ascertained, as a matter of courtesy, that they are not unwilling to serve, nominate them for appointment to the municipal council. These nominations are usually accepted as a matter of course by the council, and in the same way sanctioned by the Ober Bürgermeister. These formalities of selection and appointment are found to have the effect of conferring considerable dignity upon the office, which is not lessened by the fact that the selections and appointments are made in the most liberal spirit, without reference to politics or religion, or to any consideration save fitness for the office. The ‘oath of office’ is simply a *handschlag* or grasp of the hand, which is possibly found to be not less binding than the more solemn form of obligation so often exacted from English officials.

The administration of out-door relief is entrusted to eighteen overseers (Bezirksvorsteher), or, in case of unavoidable absence, substitutes elected from amongst the visitors or Armenpfleger, and to two hundred and fifty-two (252) visitors (Armenpfleger). The overseers and visitors are elected for three years, substitutes for one. One-third of the overseers and visitors retire every year, and are eligible for re-election. Each visitor or Armenpfleger has under his charge a certain section of the town, and fourteen of these sections are under the general superintendence of one overseer or Bezirksvorsteher.

The visitors of each district meet at least once a fortnight, the meeting being presided over by the overseer of the section.

Every application for relief is made to the visitor of the section.

Upon receiving the application the visitor is bound to make minute per-

sonal inquiry into the circumstances of the case. It will be seen in a subsequent part of this report that the inquiry is of the most searching character. If he be satisfied that a claim to relief, under conditions to be noticed hereafter, is established, and the case be one of urgent necessity, he is authorised to give relief at once. The form and amount of this relief is so prescribed as to obviate, as far as possible, the chance of abuse or imposture.

In-door relief, as understood in English poor-law administration, that is, as a test of destitution, forms no part of the Elberfeld system. The Armen-haus or poor-house has more the characteristics of an almshouse than of an English workhouse. The Kranken-haus or hospital does not correspond to our union hospital; nor does the Orphanage (or Waisen-haus) to our district school.

The Armen-haus, a large building on the outskirts of the town, contains on an average about 180 inmates. These are old and infirm people who are without homes or families. Although the arrangements and general management of the Armen-haus contrast not very favourably with those of an average English workhouse, yet the inmates appear to be comfortable and contented. They live very much as people of their class live in their own homes—but little attention being paid to floor space or cubic space, and still less to ventilation; they are sufficiently well clad; the dietary is good; they enjoy more freedom in every sense than would be consistent with the discipline of a union workhouse. In short, an old Elberfeld pauper smoking his eternal pipe in the Aufenthalts-zimmer or 'day-room' of the Armen-haus, may well feel that he has got a comfortable asylum for the close of his days. It does not always happen, however, that he does close his days within its walls. Those who are capable of doing any work go out and earn what they can. The wages are paid to the manager of the Armen-haus, and when the amount exceeds the cost of their maintenance they are allowed to retain the difference. Through this practice these poor people not unfrequently find permanent work sufficient to maintain them out of the house, while, owing to the great demand for labour in Elberfeld and the very limited supply as well as the character of this sort of labour, wages can in no way be affected by it.

It was assumed by the framers of the English poor law, and is still assumed by those who continue to take any interest in administering it upon the principle upon which it was founded, that no real test of destitution can be devised except the test of the workhouse. As the application of that test is as yet no part of the Elberfeld system, it will be asked—what is the substitute for it?

In the first place the applicant for relief is subjected to an examination so close and searching, so absolutely inquisitorial, that no man who could possibly escape from it would submit to it. He is not one of several hundreds who can tell his own story to an overworked relieving officer, but one of a very few, never exceeding four,—frequently the single applicant,—who is bound by law to answer every one of that long string of questions that his interrogator is bound by law to put to him. One of the peculiar merits claimed, and I believe rightly claimed, for this system is that before a man can obtain relief it must be shown that he cannot exist without it. When an application is made for relief the applicant is in the first instance bound to state whether he has a settlement in Elberfeld, that is, whether he has resided in it without receiving relief for a period of twelve months, how long he has resided in it, where he resided before, whether he reported himself to the police and obtained permission to reside, or whether he has resided without permission; he is bound to give, with his own name, the name of every member of his family, the day, month, and year of the birth of each, his religious profession, his birth-place, and how long his family resided there, the street or district in which he lives, the number of his house and the name of his landlord, the description of his dwelling and the yearly rent, the state of health of each member of his family, his occupation, the name of his employer, his average weekly earnings, proved,

if possible by a voucher ; he must declare whether the family leads a moral and honest life, specify which of the members does not, whether or not the children are sent to school, and where ; the name, dwelling, business, and circumstances of surviving parents, parents-in-law, and grand-parents, as well as of the children not living with the head of the family. In addition to this information, which the applicant is bound to give, the visitor is to ascertain, as far as he can, and report 'the causes of the pauperism of the applicant.' Be it observed that this is not a merely nominal or superficial inquiry in which the applicant has no difficulty in palming off some plausible story of distress and the cause of it, but is, what it professes to be, a strict investigation into the circumstances of the man's life and present position. When the case is satisfactorily proved to be one in which the applicant is entitled to relief he gets it to such an amount only as will furnish the bare necessities of existence for himself and his family ; it is given to him from week to week in money or in kind, as may be thought most advisable ; if articles of furniture or clothing are given, the visitor must satisfy himself from time to time that they are not pawned or sold. If a member of the family is buried at the public cost, and any of the family follow the hearse 'in a coach,' the fact is assumed as evidence of ability to repay, and one thaler (3s.) is exacted for the use of the hearse : 'No carriage or carriages are to follow the poor-house hearse, as this would prove that the relations of the deceased were able to spend money, and prove that they had obtained the use of the hearse under false pretences.' The applicant having established his claim and being allowed weekly relief, is constantly 'looked up' by the visitor ; every change, however minute, in his own condition or in that of his family is noted and reported,—the pauper is, in fact, kept under constant surveillance ; he is urged to find work, and if he cannot find it, labour is provided for him. It rarely happens, however, that the town is compelled to find work for individual cases ; the conditions of relief are found to be sufficiently stringent to induce a man, if he can work and if work is to be found, to find it for himself, if not in Elberfeld, elsewhere, for the circulation of labour is now sufficiently free, and the law of settlement sufficiently liberal. If, however, when this system was first introduced, the administration had to deal with, what in other countries is a too common case, one whose pauperism is the result of idle, drunken, or dissolute habits, no scruple or hesitation was felt in bringing to bear upon such a case the direct influence of a remarkably strict police regulation. It was declared by article 51 that 'where a pauper wastes the money granted to him, or sells the clothing, bedding, or furniture granted to him, the relief may be entirely withdrawn or reduced to a minimum.'

The result of administration upon these principles is that there is no able-bodied pauperism in Elberfeld, and, as will appear presently, very little of any kind.

If it be thought that the conditions of obtaining relief are harsh and oppressively rigorous, it is but just to bear in mind not only the instructions that are given to the visitors, but how these instructions are practically observed. Repeatedly throughout the regulations are found injunctions to deal with the poor mercifully, and, if the provisions of the law be unavoidably hard, to administer it at least in a spirit of kindness and Christian forbearance. The visitor is enjoined to 'hear the prayers of the poor with love and heart,' to impress upon the father the duty that he owes to his child, and upon the child the reverence that is due to the parent ; he is to be, in short, the friend and adviser of the poor who apply to him for legal relief. Although in the same breath, so to speak, in which good advice is tendered bread may be refused, nothing would be further from the truth than to regard this as any indication of a merely sentimental, still less of a pharisaical, interest in the welfare of the poor. It would be easy to illustrate by many cases that were mentioned to us the beneficial effect upon individual families of firmness in refusing to allow them to become paupers while they were helped over temporary difficulties by

some slight aid and judicious friendly counsel. Indeed, I have heard men, who appear to have given much thought to the subject, observe that the influence of this sort of intimate intercourse between the poor and those in a much higher social position reaches far beyond the temporary result that is immediately aimed at."

L. F. Seyffardt, President of the Municipal Poor Law Board of Crefeld, thus states his opinion of the results of introducing the Elberfeld system into that town :—

"The writer has the honour of being chairman of such an administration in Crefeld, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and can appeal to his eleven years' experience in support of his judgment of the effect of the reformed management. He is certainly not disposed to view the results in too favourable a light, and only sees an encouragement to further effort in what has already been accomplished; but whenever he has had occasion to discuss the question of pauperism in parliamentary, political, economical, or official circles, he has always had his impression strengthened that the Elberfeld system presents the most perfect form of pauper relief which is known to us. It unites that economy of the funds drawn from the ratepayers which, as has been stated, the compulsory system always endeavoured to secure, with the theoretical watchfulness and preventive activity of voluntary organizations. It renders economy possible, not by repellent harshness, but by a rigid distinction between the undeserving and those who are really in want, and thus makes it possible to care sufficiently for the destitute, and to lend a helping hand to those who are trembling on the verge of pauperism."

There is a subsidiary question connected with poor relief of some difficulty and considerable interest. Is the general effect of endowed charities good or bad? Italy is the classic land of charitable endowments, and accordingly we ought to look to it for instruction upon this subject. Sir Augustus Paget, in his very interesting report on poor relief in Italy, quotes from a work by Mr. Fano, whom he describes as one of the highest authorities on all questions connected with the poor in Italy, passages that condemn the system of charitable endowments in the most sweeping terms.

"In Italy there are 1,365,341 indigent persons, but no system of legal charity exists. But the multitude of charitable institutions, their mode of administration, their great wealth, and the improvident manner in which their funds are frequently applied, are vices which have for us the same effects as those of legal charity, if not worse. A careful investigation of the elements which compose the property of the charities of Italy, their true and their hidden aims, their incomes, and the manner in which they are employed, the proportion of receipts to expenditure, the condition of those who really derive benefit from charitable distributions, and the material and moral results which are finally obtained from the application of such funds, would bring out some very curious and sad revelations. But, so far as we can see, the manner in which charities are administered in different parts of Italy is not very consoling, and everywhere the want of radical reform is more or less felt. Nor does the last law on charitable endowments satisfy our necessities, and a complete revolution is required rather than partial reforms.

One of the cities in which there is the greatest abundance of wretches who live upon charity, is our future capital, Rome." (This was written in 1868.)
 "Rome is second to none, perhaps stands first, in profusion of relief; but the number of patients admitted into its magnificent hospitals is small in comparison with that which might be received. This is the consequence of mal-administration. And relief is given in such

a manner that many poor persons receive assistance from several institutions, the directors of which, either from want of communication between one institution and another, or from confusion in their management, are ignorant of the fact; so that while many of the indigent get double portions, others cannot obtain any relief. Favour is more often the guide than justice, and the greatest hypocrite often receives the largest bounty. Hence it is that charitable assistance has almost always a corrupting effect; for, in order to make show of want, the pauper has recourse incessantly to lies, romances, tears, and sores; and there is no degree of baseness and adulation of which he is not capable to propitiate a benefactor."

On the other hand Sir A. Paget, while admitting that these observations have great force in the case of Rome, the city *par excellence* of endowed charity, denies that they are true generally of other parts of Italy. The statistics, according to him, show—

"That in 1861 (and the proportion is, no doubt, the same now) the means provided for the relief of want and suffering of all kinds were smallest in those parts of Italy where the misery of the population has always in modern times been greatest; while conversely the most prosperous regions possessed the largest endowments, not only absolutely, but relatively to the number of inhabitants."

The opinion of Sir A. Paget is that no general conclusion can be drawn from the concomitance of pauperism and endowments in certain cases; and that the inquiry, to be productive of any good, must be carried on district by district, and commune by commune. This conclusion is just, for the effect of endowments must depend entirely upon the manner in which they are administered. In France, every bureau de bienfaisance possesses accumulated property, but the fact that it is not excessive in amount, and that it is used with the greatest discrimination, prevents any injurious results.

From the collection of these reports on Foreign Poor Laws much information may be gathered with respect to many incidental questions connected with the relief of the poor, but probably the most useful part will be found to be that which introduces to our notice the Elberfeld system. That the Elberfeld system is a practical way of dealing with pauperism cannot be disputed: that it might be adopted in this country with no less advantage to the rich than to the poor cannot be disbelieved, since there is surely as much charity and public spirit in England as in Elberfeld. At all events, the information obtained by Mr. Doyle will enlighten our practical philanthropists, even if it fails to make them induce ordinary Englishmen to incur the sacrifices and labour involved in a personal investigation into the condition of every applicant for poor relief. But there seems no reason why the Elberfeld system should not be tried in some town of moderate size; and it would then be seen how far well-to-do Englishmen are prepared to do their duty to their neighbours. Possibly the information now published may stir up some active friends of the poor to try the plan, and thus teach English poor law administrators how to get rid of the workhouse test, the opprobrium of our system of poor relief.

W. A. HUNTER.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

"Ce Baudelaire est un pierre de touche ; il déplaît invariablement à tous les imbéciles."

It is now some quarter of a century since the above remark is said to have been made, probably with reference rather to the future poet's manner and conversation than to his published works, which were then neither many nor important. But the truth of the saying is probably as great as ever, even though it be illegitimate to infer from it that everybody who does not like Baudelaire is a fool. It is the purpose of the present article to discuss, somewhat more in detail than has yet been done before an English audience, the claims and peculiarities of one whom the writer, in very sober seriousness, regards as the most original, and within his limits the most remarkable, of modern French poets.

There can be no doubt (the remark is not offered as a new one) that no greater misfortune can happen to a writer than that he should be ticketed as the exponent of eccentric or unpopular views. When once a name passes into the category of symbols, it is useless to expect careful and candid appreciation of its owner's works, except in the case of a very few persons of exceptionally critical habits or powers. It becomes a matter of course that people of one turn of thinking should use the unlucky type as a sort of spiritual Aunt Sally to be pelted, and if possible hit, according to the measure of their temper and skill. And it becomes generally a matter of course that people, especially young people, of another turn of thinking, should regard the said type with ready-made and indiscriminate admiration, which is perhaps more really harmful to their own critical faculty, and to the reputation of their idol, than the equally ready-made and indiscriminate abuse of others.

However obvious these remarks may be, their appropriateness to the subject of the present article will hardly be denied. Scarcely any author can be mentioned who has suffered more from this sort of random abuse than Charles Baudelaire. Ten years ago probably not one educated Englishman in twenty had even heard of him ; but his name was dragged in pretty freely in the controversy which arose about Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, and from that day to this the unfortunate author of *Fleurs du Mal* has served to point any number of cheap morals, forged by people who most likely never opened a page of his writings. Misapprehension, not to say misrepresentation, is particularly easy in such a case. Modern French literature, excepting certain novels, is, it may be suspected, not particularly familiar to the average Englishman, and of all departments

of French literature, modern French poetry is probably least known to him. It is the rarest thing in the world to find an Englishman who is not convinced in his heart of hearts that French poetry is something very like a contradiction in terms; and it would, I should say, be easy to find not a few men of letters who, willing as they may be to pay a certain glib compliment to the names of even Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset, would be sorely puzzled to hit a quotation from *Les Chants du Crépuscule* or *Namouna*. If this be the case with well-known names, how much more with the lesser stars? And yet there is perhaps no French poet more deserving of appreciation in England, certainly there is none whose poetical qualities are so germane to those which we should chiefly affect and reverence on this side of the channel, as Charles Baudelaire. Of the poet's life it cannot be necessary to say very much. In the notices of Baudelaire by Théophile Gautier, by Charles Asselineau, and others, tolerably full details may be found by any one who cares to investigate a life which was not characterized by any remarkable events, except perhaps the melancholy end to which it came. Born in 1821, Baudelaire came in for the second phase of the romantic movement, of which he was to be one of the most original ornaments. His whole life was, so to say, spent in Paris, the only breaks of importance being an early voyage to India, which was not without effects in colour on part of his works, and the final residence in Belgium, which lasted from the beginning of 1864, until he was brought back to Paris to die of paralysis.

In general temperament the "farouche Baudelaire" (as his friend Théodore de Banville calls him in the *Odes Finambulesques*) appears to have been singularly typical of a certain class of men of letters, a class which perhaps does not produce the most widely known and appreciated work, and which suffers from excessive and possibly too conscious singularity, but which offers a peculiar attraction to the student and the critic, because it is itself as a rule studious and critical. Fastidiousness is in one word the note of this class, and its fastidiousness accounts at once for its comparative sterility, for the perfection of its work, and for its unpopularity. Generally speaking, extreme fastidiousness in a writer is felt as a kind of rebuke by the reader, who is probably conscious of no such great niceness in himself; and the world at large, if it is not altogether careless of quality, has a certain predilection for quantity. The latest edition of the *Fleurs du Mal* contains but 270 pages of not very closely printed verse, and this (if we add the condemned pieces which amount to some 300 lines, and the poet's prose works, many of which it is true are written with as much care and elaboration as his verse, and which occupy three volumes more of about the same size) represents the result of nearly thirty years of constant work. The prose works

consist almost entirely of critical writings, with the exception of the fourth and last volume, which contains a rather remarkable novelette, *La Fanfarlo*, of which we may have occasion to speak again, *Petits Poèmes en Prose*, which fall naturally under the head of the poetical writings, and *Les Paradis Artificiels*, which is partly original and partly translated or adapted from De Quincey. The genius of the latter writer appears to have had an attraction for Baudelaire nearly equal to that exercised by Edgar Poe, with whom indeed De Quincey, on one of the many sides of his mind, had not a little sympathy. Many of the *Suspiria* are extremely Poësque, indeed, "Our Ladies of Sorrows," which Baudelaire has translated as only he could translate, completely beats Poe on his own ground. Both authors fall far short of Baudelaire himself as regards depth and fulness of passion, as well as in the point of literary style and culture, but both have a certain superficial likeness to him in eccentricity of temperament, and in affection for a certain peculiar mixture of grotesque and horror. But *Les Paradis Artificiels* is chiefly valuable as illustrating well the reason of Baudelaire's affection for this mixture, which has been entirely misconstrued. Wine, haschisch, opium, are interesting to him just as the passion of Delphiné is interesting, not at all from a diseased craving for stimulus, still less from the perverse desire which a writer who should have known him better has attributed to him, of "finding beauty in recondite wickedness," but simply as some of the different means to which men and women have been driven in the endeavour to reach the infinite, and avoid the monster which dogs them—Ennui. Any one who has ever taken the trouble to read the "Au Lecteur" of the *Fleurs du Mal* must see at once this very note, which is there struck with no uncertain sound. The four volumes of Baudelaire's works might be fairly entitled *De l'Ennui*, for all that they contain is really but an anatomy of this ergotism of the modern spirit under its various forms, with the evasions and prophylactics which its victims have sought or obtained. Perhaps the clearest understanding of Baudelaire's general views may be obtained by comparing the above-mentioned "Au Lecteur" with the two following pieces, the first of which is from the later *Fleurs du Mal*, the last one of the *Poèmes en Prose*.

LA RANÇON.

"L'homme a pour payer sa rançon,
Deux champs au tuf profond et riche,
Qu'il faut qu'il remue et défriche
Avec le fer de la raison ;

Pour obtenir la moindre rose,
Pour extorquer quelques épis,
Des pleurs salis de son front gris
Sans cesse il faut qu'il les arrose.

L'un est l'Art et l'autre l'Amour.
 — Pour rendre le juge propice,
 Lorsque de la stricte justice
 Paraîtra le terrible jour,

Il faudra lui montrer des granges
 Pleines de moissons, et des fleurs
 Dont les formes et les couleurs
 Gagnent le suffrage des Anges."

ENIVREZ-VOUS.

" Il faut être toujours ivre. Tout est là : c'est l'unique question. Pour ne pas sentir l'horrible fardeau du Temps qui brise vos épaules et vous penche vers la terre il faut vous enivrer sans trêve.

Mais de quoi ? De vin, de poésie, ou de vertu, à votre guise. Mais enivrez-vous.

Et si quelquefois, sur les marches d'un palais, sur l'herbe verte d'un fossé, dans la solitude morne de votre chambre, vous vous réveillez, l'ivresse déjà diminuée ou disparue, demandez au vent, à la vague, à l'étoile, à l'oiseau, à l'horloge, à tout ce qui fuit, à tout ce qui gémit, à tout ce qui roule, à tout ce qui chante, à tout ce qui parle, demandez quelle heure il est ; et le vent, la vague, l'étoile, l'oiseau, l'horloge vous répondront, ' Il est l'heure de s'enivrer ! Pour n'être pas les esclaves martyrisés du Temps, enivrez-vous : enivrez-vous sans cesse ! De vin, de poésie, ou de vertu, à votre guise.' "

With illustrations of the intoxication of virtue, our poet, I must confess, has not greatly troubled himself ; perhaps he felt no call to such a work, perhaps he regarded it, not altogether without reason, as an unnecessary branch of archæology ; but I must again repeat that if he has illustrated virtue as virtue but little, he has still less illustrated vice as vice. His Lesbian studies, like his studies on opium and haschisch, are illustrations of the " ivresse du vin," of the tendency to resort to any stimulant if only it be strong or strange. Such studies are moreover legitimate as forming part of his own " ivresse de poésie," of his labours in tilling the field of art which he has chosen as the means of paying his ransom to Time. In the same way also, we see the reason and justification, according to this general plan of work and life, of the critical studies which form so large a part of his written productions. It is not possible for any one in the highest branch of art, literature, to maintain a continuous production of created or independent matter of the highest kind. Criticism therefore becomes as much a necessity as it is a pleasure, not to mention for the moment the natural bent of that phase of culture which Baudelaire represents towards critical and reflective action. Of the two volumes of criticism which have been published under Baudelaire's name, the first, *Curiosités Esthétiques* (a title which is his own, though not actually used by him), is exclusively occupied with the arts of design. The other, *L'Art Romantique*, is more catholic in its comprehension. It includes not merely pictorial and literary but also musical subjects, and of it, the

somewhat famous pamphlet on Wagner's *Tannhäuser* forms part. The characteristics of Baudelaire's picture-criticism are not difficult to discover and describe. It is singularly fluent and pleasant to read, possessing like all his works excellent literary qualities. But on this point it does not stand so very far removed from most French criticism. It has been understood in France ever since the time of Diderot's matchless *Salons*, that art-criticism must be the work not of a jargonist but of a humanist; and while such criticism has with us generally taken the form either of random comment, usually directed chiefly to the subject of the picture, or else of odious technicalities, the French have raised it to a not inconsiderable position among literary styles. Baudelaire not unfrequently reminds us of Diderot, and this is of itself high praise. But it is undeniable that his peculiar style of criticism shows its faults (and I cannot agree with Mr. Swinburne that it is faultless), more particularly when it is applied to painting. Baudelaire's criticism is not only intensely, but also narrowly and fragmentarily, subjective. With its subjectivity there is no fault to find. There can be nothing better for us, there can be nothing more true to the truth, than that a critic should simply tell us, in the best manner he can, the effect produced on his own mind by a given work of art. But he should at the same time take care to let his mind contemplate the object fully, so that the copy may fairly represent with due difference the phenomenon presented to it. Now Baudelaire is not quite free from the charge of occasionally, indeed not seldom, letting himself go off at a tangent, after very slight contact with a very small portion of the work he has before him. He observes too little and imagines too much, so that his criticism, though it is perhaps in itself more interesting than it would be easy to make it compatibly with faithful representation, is very often far from representing the complete effect of the subject on his own or any mind. In other words, to read a criticism of Baudelaire's without the title affixed, is by no means a sure method of recognising the picture afterwards.

Now as far as painting is concerned, this is without doubt a serious defect. Painting, with its combined attack of colour and form, produces, or ought to produce, a distinct, definite, and uniform effect on the beholder. It is not content with suggestions, it leaves little to the imagination. And it is surely an immutable rule that criticism should in such matters adjust itself to the peculiarities of the thing criticized. Hence it is that Baudelaire is far more successful, as a critic when he is dealing with literature and music; arts which aiming at less minuteness of delineation leave more to the recipient, and are therefore capable of vaguer and more manifold interpretation. It is natural that Baudelaire, who is nothing if not literary, should incline to this style of criticism, and a curious

evidence of his unconscious thoroughness therein is his preference, a preference far more singular a dozen years ago than it is now, for etching. For it is just in this point that etching differs from kindred arts of design, that it is far more literary and less pictorial; it aims, just as poetry does, rather at calling up in the mind of the beholder an effect similar to something in the mind of the artist, than at the elaborate representation of the artist's own idea. In the recognition of an aim of this sort, Baudelaire is unrivalled among critics; but he does not always escape the imminent danger of this sort of criticism, the danger of seeing in the picture or the poem all sorts of things which are not there, and are not even directly suggested by anything there, but come by a complicated process of association. A critic who should escape this danger while perfecting the style we speak of, who should develop fully but not add to the natural suggestiveness of his subject, and who should not be too hasty or too proud to observe and report as well as interpret, would perhaps be the blue dahlia of his class. It is sufficient praise to say of Baudelaire that his fault, if it be a fault, is only the result of excessive critical sensibility, and so is not far from being a virtue.

He has, moreover, the one merit which is, perhaps more than any other, the mark of the true critic. He judges much more by the form than by the matter of the work submitted to his notice. It is not necessary to indulge in any elaborate reasoning as to the intrinsic excellence of this mode of proceeding. I may content myself with taking a simple and matter-of-fact criterion as to the goodness of the two styles, namely the question "Which is likely to give us the best criticism?" Now it is hardly disputable that, in the case of criticism, the one thing needful (given a sufficient faculty and education) is the absence of prejudice. And it is still less disputable, that it is far more difficult for a duly educated critic to err from prejudice, if he be accustomed to approach his subject from the side of form, than if he be wont to consider its matter first. There is a loyalty to art in the mind of every man of competent culture, which makes it impossible for him to call good work, as work, bad; or bad work, as work, good. While on the other hand attractiveness of matter depends almost entirely on innumerable subtle influences of mood, circumstance, temperament, and habit, against which it is next to impossible to guard. Matter-criticism is particularly untrustworthy where trustworthiness is most to be desired, in the case of new or exceptional work or workers. Half the critical remarks which have been made for instance on Walt Whitman are vitiated by this defect. The critic has made up his mind that ultra-democratic views are admirable or damnable as the case may be, and all his criticism is tinged by this prepossession. Nor even in the case of less perilous stuff is there any surer way of

going wrong than the direction of one's attention to the matter primarily. And against another great danger, the danger of indifference, the study of form is as good a safeguard as it is against the more obvious but not more real danger of prepossession. Many minds when their possessors are neither very young nor very enthusiastic, come to the conclusion that one thing is as well worth saying or as well worth leaving unsaid as another thing. But no mind of any power or culture can ever come to the conclusion that one manner of saying a thing is as good as another manner.

But it must not be supposed that Baudelaire, because he has to the uttermost this artistic feeling, and as a rule conducts his works, both critical and original, in accordance with it, is unaware of the danger attending it, or of the ridicule which it is apt to bring upon him who allows it to attain exorbitant dimensions. He is in fact remarkable among French authors (against whom it has become almost a commonplace to urge their insensibility to the ludicrous aspects of their particular hobbies and raptures) for the perfect sanity with which he looks at both sides of his own peculiarities, and ridicules himself unsparingly whenever he appears to deserve it, or to be lapsing into the theatrical. So rare is this sanity among the greater French writers, that M. Taine speaks of it quite innocently as a characteristic of the Teutonic race, and if anything rather a blemish. "Il se moque de ses émotions au moment même où il s'y livre," he says of Heine, and appears to regard this as a somewhat barbarous proceeding, excusable only in a savage who likes bitter ale and "humour." It is quite clear, however, that it is the only safeguard against extravagance and unreality, and that to its presence is owing the unusual pathos which distinguishes (for instance) Heine from, let us say, Victor Hugo. This quality Baudelaire possesses in an eminent degree. Almost his first published work, the novelette *La Fanfarlo*, is a satire, elaborate as far as it goes, upon a personage who is none other than the future poet himself, partly as he actually was, and still more as not very acute readers choose to believe that he represented himself. It is curious to compare Samuel Cramer, the *dernier romantique*, who writes poems under the cheerful title of *Les Orfraies*, and at two o'clock in the morning insists on his mistress exchanging the usual dress or undress of that period for the rouge, tinsel, and spangles of the theatre, with the amusing but conventional heroes of Théophile Gautier's *Les Jeune-France*; and the comparison is instructive. It would show, if this were not superfluous, that the author of *Albertus*, with all his marvellous talents, was only a skin-deep romantic, whereas the author of *La Fanfarlo* is perhaps the most typical figure in the whole romantic cycle. But this is not the only indication of Baudelaire's spirit of compensation. A very remarkable essay, "L'École Païenne," published in 1852, follows

suit, and indeed contains better arguments against the author's supposed tendencies than a score of Societies for the Suppression of Vice would be likely to elaborate. In it, without any trace of irony, the pseudo-Renaissance worship of paganism, the immoderate love of form and art, the disdain of science and philosophy, are all lashed in a manner which is no doubt not unanswerable, but which is far more effective than most of the assaults made on the poet himself, and on those who are in general of the same temper. Any virtuous person who hates "form" had better study this essay in ten pages; it may possibly furnish him with something like argument. Meanwhile it is interesting, written as it was when many, if not most, of the *Fleurs du Mal* were actually composed, and when the poet was intending to publish them, as a proof of his rare power of looking on the other side. It shows what his sentiments were when he took the purely dramatic view of his favourite subjects and feelings, as in fact he appears very generally to have done; and a passage from it forms an appropriate pendant to the two already cited, as explanatory both of these subjects and feelings, and also of his attitude towards them:—

"Le goût immodéré de la forme pousse à des desordres monstrueux et inconnus. Absorbées par la passion féroce du beau, du drôle, du joli, du pittoresque, car il y a des degrés, les notions du juste et du vrai disparaissent. La passion frénétique de l'art est un chancre qui dévore le reste: et comme l'absence nette du juste et du vrai dans l'art équivaut à l'absence d'art, l'homme entier s'évanouit; la spécialisation excessive d'une faculté aboutit au néant."

It would be impossible to produce an instance of a mind conceiving and expressing more clearly the dangers of an exaggeration of its own tendencies; it would be impossible also to find any possessing in a fuller degree the rare capacity of seeing all sides of a question. In the critical dicta of such a mind, and in the artistic creations wherein it expresses its ideas, there is always a truth and a security which are quite absent from the more apparently moderate utterances of less catholic thinkers.

It is necessary, therefore, for the reader who is to understand and appreciate fully and fairly the *Fleurs du Mal* and the *Petits Poèmes en Prose*, to bear in mind the idiosyncrasies of the author as to taste and temperament, and to comprehend fully the aim and object of the work. This latter is, in few words, to give poetical expression and currency to the vague joys and sorrows, the faint and fleeting impressions and beliefs, that occupy with more or less obstinacy and continuity the modern cultivated mind. Possessing himself a typical mind of this sort, open to all influences, able to detect all motives, and to analyse whatever strange fancy or feeling may present itself, Baudelaire possesses at the same time a singular faculty of projecting himself out of the circle of his individual tastes and sentiments, and

of depicting these at once with the impassive accuracy of an impartial observer, and with the sympathetic accuracy of a fellow-sufferer. He is further qualified for the task by the possession of a quite extraordinary spirit of precision and concentration. The curious particulars which M. Asselineau and others give us of his scrupulous attention to the correction of the press, are characteristic of his accuracy in other and less mechanical matters. Dealing as he does with a class of subjects in which vague treatment is particularly tempting, and precise treatment peculiarly difficult, he is as accurate in the choice and conduct of his expressions as in the choice and conduct of his verse. The *Fleurs du Mal* consisted, in the original and suppressed edition, of one hundred poems; in the second, of one hundred and twenty-six; and the *édition définitive* of 1869, of one hundred and fifty-one, to which must be added a score or so of pieces which the French publishers have been unable or unwilling to insert, but which are easily obtainable in Belgian editions. No one of these poems exceeds a few pages in length, and the great majority are quatorzains or quartettes of four-line stanzas. The general title, *Fleurs du Mal*, which is said to have been of M. Hippolyte Babou's invention, has several sub-titles, under which the various pieces are grouped. The first of these divisions, which contains by far the greater number of the poems, is entitled *Spleen et Idéal*. The pieces included under it go far to present a complete picture of the mind and its wanderings in what may be called the second romantic stage. The first, of which Byron is the natural representative and spokesman, contented itself, as was indeed natural in a child of the eighteenth century, with simple discontent at the limited capacity of its own stomach. A universe not materially differing from the present save in two points, greater attainability of sweet victuals and a total absence of headache and indigestion, would have exactly met the views of this school. But as La Mettrie produced Diderot, so does Byron produce Baudelaire. The inadequacy of the complaints and desires of the first school was so glaring, that matters could not fail to take the turn which actually followed. The Byronic and Wertherian youth became a highly respectable solicitor or coal-merchant, whose dark imaginings soon limited themselves to a possible crisis in the money market. Gradually and unequally the second stage in the disorder made its appearance, the great Romantic movement of 1830 being rather a sign of it than its actual embodiment. The Romantic of the second stage suffers from a disorder radically different from the measles incidental to his predecessor. He has not as a rule any very glaring outward symptoms. He does not think it necessary to go to bed at six o'clock A.M., to drink half-a-dozen of claret, or to wear collars of peculiar cut. He needs not the *εὐλοκασία* of some previous debauch to disgust him with things in general. He has probably satisfied himself tolerably early that

there is nothing for which he wishes very much, and that if he had what he may happen to wish for he would not be much the better for it. He has a kind of general aspiration towards the infinite, the vague, the impossible, but he does not go about the streets shouting out these words and his desire for the things they signify. His heart is not worn on his sleeve. Sometimes he takes an interest in things political and religious, and believes in the millennium; but in this case his disease is not incurable, and he is hardly of the purest breed. In art, and above all in literature, he finds a certain solace—a solace which to some natures is all but sufficient. To science he is indifferent, if not absolutely hostile. Of such a mind as this the poems entitled *Spleen et Idéal*, miscellaneous as they may appear at first sight, will be found to present a tolerably correct diorama. Of its fits of despondency, or rather of the permanent background which appears whenever no special thought or interest occupies the foreground, of its occasional ecstasies, of the subjects of art or nature which gain its attention, the three following poems may serve as illustrations. Their poetical merit, here as elsewhere, is such as to need no impertinence of superfluous comment :—

LA CLOCHE FÊLÉE.

“ Il est amer et doux, pendant les nuits d'hiver,
D'écouter, près du feu qui palpite et qui fume,
Les souvenirs lointains lentement s'élever
Au bruit des carillons qui chantent dans la brume.

Bienheureuse la cloche au gosier vigoureux
Qui, malgré sa vieillesse, alerte et bien portante,
Jette fidèlement son cri religieux,
Ainsi qu'un vieux soldat qui veille sous la tente !

Moi, mon âme est fêlée et lorsqu'en ses ennuis
Elle veut de ses chants peupler l'air froid des nuits,
Il arrive souvent que sa voix affaiblie

Semble le râle épais d'un blessé qu'on oublie
Au bord d'un lac de sang, sous un grand tas de morts,
Et qui meurt sans bouger, dans d'immenses efforts ! ”

HYMNE.

“ À la très-chère, à la très-belle,
Qui remplit mon cœur de clarté,
À l'ange, à l'idole immortelle,
Salut en immortalité !

Elle se répand dans ma vie
Comme un air imprégné de sel,
Et dans mon âme inassouvie
Verse le goût de l'éternel.

Sachet toujours frais qui parfume
L'atmosphère d'un cher réduit,
Encensoir oublié qui fume
En secret à travers la nuit.

Comment, amour incorruptible,
 T'exprimer avec vérité ?
 Grain de musc qui gis invisible
 Au fond de mon éternité !

À la très-bonne, à la très-belle,
 Qui fait ma joie et ma santé,
 À l'ange, à l'idole immortelle,
 Salut en immortalité."

LA VIE ANTÉRIEURE.

" J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
 Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
 Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
 Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles en roulant les images du ciel,
 Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
 Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique
 Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

O'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes,
 Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs
 Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraichissaient le front avec des palmes,
 Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
 Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir."

These pieces, one hundred and seven in number, and of the utmost diversity in nominal subject, are succeeded by a group closely connected in subject as well as in treatment. "Tableaux Parisiens" are the effect resulting from the action of the large and complicated, yet still in a manner restricted, life of a great city, upon such an imagination as we have already described. There are in the latest edition twenty of them, almost all sombre in character, but of singularly uniform excellence. "Rêve Parisien" and "Les Petites Vieilles" are among the poet's most frequently cited works, and, indeed, few things are more striking than the address to the—

"Èves octogénaires
 Sur qui pèse la griffe effroyable de Dieu,"

which drew from Victor Hugo the characteristic remark that Baudelaire "avait créé un frisson nouveau." "Le Vin," which follows, illustrates the same idea as that which we have already noticed in *Les Paradis Artificiels*—the episodes of forgetfulness intercalated in the intervals of spleen by wine and other stimulants. As is usual with Baudelaire, the five pieces which compose this group are of even excellence, but "Le Vin de l'Assassin," the idea of which, as we learn from other sources, the poet had intended to dramatize, deserves special mention. A man has murdered his wife, influenced by a curious medley of feelings, and the poem renders his soliloquy

after the deed with a quite unrivalled cunning of interpretation and mastery of expression. But it is in the succeeding division, the "Fleurs du Mal," properly and specially so called, that the poet's powers show themselves at the fullest. As usual, the level of excellence is so evenly preserved (especially in the condemned pieces), that citation is a work of some difficulty; but there can be little doubt that the final stanzas of the most daring of these, "Delphine et Hippolyte," are among the finest of all. The poet addresses those whose wayward love he has been studying in words which one of his most faithful admirers has certainly not been extravagant in describing as "fulgurous :"—

"Descendez, descendez, lamentables victimes,
Descendez le chemin de l'enfer éternel !
Plongez au plus profond du gouffre où tous les crimes
Flagellés par un vent qui ne vient pas du ciel,

Bouillonnent pêle-mêle avec un bruit d'orage,
Ombres folles, courez au but de vos désirs ;
Jamais vous ne pourrez assouvir votre rage,
Et votre châtiment naîtra de vos plaisirs.

Jamais un rayon frais n'éclaira vos cavernes,
Par les fentes des murs des miasmes fiévreux
Filtrent en s'enflammant ainsi que des lanternes
Et pénètrent vos corps de leurs parfums affreux.

L'âpre stérilité de votre jouissance
Altère votre soif et roidit votre peau,
Et le vent furibond de la concupiscence
Fait claquer votre chair ainsi qu'un vieux drapeau.

Loin des peuples vivants, errantes condamnées,
À travers les déserts courez comme les loups ;
Faites votre destin, âmes désordonnées,
Et fuyez l'infini que vous portez en vous ! "

Contrast with this impetuous declamation the languor so admirably rendered in the following verses (which like the preceding outraged the easily disturbed propriety of the Imperial Dogberries):—

LE LÉTHÉ.

"Viens sur mon cœur, âme cruelle et sourde,
Tigre adoré, monstre aux airs indolents ;
Je veux longtemps plonger mes doigts tremblants
Dans l'épaisseur de ta crinière lourde.

Dans tes jupons remplis de ton parfum
Ensevelir ma tête endolorie
Et respirer comme une fleur fiévreuse
Le doux relent de mon amour défunt.

Je veux dormir ! dormir plutôt que vivre !
Dans un sommeil aussi doux que la mort,
J'étalerai mes baisers sans remord
Sur ton beau corps poli comme le cuivre.

Pour engloutir mes sanglots apaisés
 Rien ne me vaut l'abîme de ta couche ;
 L'oubli puissant habite sur ta bouche,
 Et le Léthé coule dans tes baisers.

A mon destin, désormais mon dolire.
 J'obéirai comme un prédestiné ;
 Martyr docile, innocente condamnée,
 Dont la ferveur attise le supplice,

Je sucrai pour noyes ma rancœur
 Le népenthés et le bonne cigue,
 Aux bouts charmants de cette gorge aigüe
 Qui n'a jamais emprisonné de cœur."

The group "Révolte," which follows, does not appear to be equally satisfactory. The three pieces of which it is composed, "Le Reniement de Saint Pierre," "Abel et Cain," and "Les Litanies de Satan," admirable as they are in versification and expression, seem out of place in "Les Fleurs du Mal." The temperament which the poet illustrates does not so much oppose Christianity as ignore it, it is not "l'infâme Nazaréen," but the general arrangement of the universe which is the object of its aversion, and this aversion is not, as a rule, violently expressed. "Révolte" is, therefore, dramatically a fault, and mars the otherwise admirable composition of the book.

"La Mort," in many of its phases worthily completes the work in a strain of consolation, almost of triumph. In the last poem of all, "La Voyage," the author, after again describing now no longer partially the temper of the minds on whom he has turned the glimmer of his lantern, concludes thus :—

"O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps ! levons l'ancre,
 Ce pays nous ennuie, ô Mort ! Appareillons !
 Si le ciel et la mer sont noir comme de l'encre,
 Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons.

Verse nous ton poison pour qu'il nous réconforte !
 Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau,
 Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer où ciel qu'importe,
 Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau !"

It is not difficult to appreciate the general features of Baudelaire's poetry. The first thing, perhaps, which strikes a careful observer is that it is singularly *unfrench*. The characteristics which one is accustomed to look for in French poetry, even in that which has been most exposed to the denationalizing influences of the Romantic movement, are almost entirely absent. The medium of expression is for the first time entirely under the control of the artist. Even Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier, able as they undoubtedly are to say anything, show more traces of the restraining influence of the language than does Baudelaire. Whether this be owing merely to artistic mastery, or to the absorbing and unprovincial character of

the thoughts which he chiefly expresses, it is certain that it exists to a degree which prevents many Frenchmen from thoroughly admiring the poet. They miss the accustomed turns of thought and expression, the *poncif* from which not even 1830 was able thoroughly to disengage French poetry. Both in reading published criticisms and in conversation, it is usual to find them preferring the least characteristic pieces, poems such as "Don Juan aux Enfers" or "La Géante," which are merely very excellent examples of a style in which fifty Frenchmen have done nearly as well, and two or three better. But the poems quoted above, and many others of equal or superior attractions, which exhibit almost for the first time in French, the vague yearnings and aspirations, complaints and despair to which the English and German languages lend themselves so readily, are far less generally appreciated. The iron of language and prosody has entered into the soul of the average Frenchman to such an extent that he can hardly understand freedom; and this is indeed scarcely to be wondered at by any one who knows what the laws and conditions of French poetry really are. Judicious recurrence to old modes of speech has to a great extent strengthened and supplied the vocabulary, and diligent study of the *Pléiade* has enriched the repertory of metres; but what, after all, is to be done with a language which practically possesses but one foot—the iamb? Let any one take an English poet and see what the result of cancelling almost all his anapaestic and trochaic rhythm would be. The French versifier is in fact very much in the position of a man with one hand tied behind his back, and three fingers of the other hand disabled. Nothing in versification is more wonderful than the ingenuity with which the great French poets of the century have endeavoured to get the better of their restrictions, and have managed to produce such lyrics as Victor Hugo's *Chasseur Noir*, and Théophile Gautier's *Barcarolle*. But Baudelaire's great peculiarity and excellence is that he manages to produce almost endless variety of metrical and rhythmical effect without having recourse to any mechanical aids of complicated metre and rhythm; by far the larger number of his poems being written in ordinary Alexandrines or eight-syllabled verses, arranged in simple four-line stanzas. It is not at all improbable that the superior poetical merit of his Alexandrines is owing to his never having written for the stage; but whatever be the cause of the merit it certainly exists, and his verses stand almost alone in their singular variety of cadence and consequent flexibility of expression. In many of his poems, notably in "Une Martyre," he has managed to stamp such a character of sombre horror on the verse, that if syllables of similar sound but unknown sense were substituted, the general effect would still be retained. It is undoubtedly in the production of this kind of effect, varied and enhanced by touches of quiet beauty, that

he chiefly excels, displaying, as he says himself of a picture of Manet's :

“Le reflet inattendu d'un bijou rose et noir.”

But original as Baudelaire unquestionably is, he is not any more than others a literary Melchisedec, and I should be inclined to trace the origin of this peculiar manner to one of the earlier romantics, Petrus Borel. Petrus has had rather hard measure in one of Baudelaire's critical essays, and in truth his various extravagances, his *bousingotisme* and lycanthropy, were not calculated to attract the younger poet, whose undemonstrativeness and hatred of exaggeration carried him to the other extreme. But Baudelaire has fully acknowledged the excellence of the piece which I have here in view—the preface in verse to *Madame Putiphar*. This poem may be found at length in Asselineau's *Bibliographie Romantique*, and is one of the most remarkable in modern French poetry. It is with considerable difficulty that a reader well acquainted with the *Fleurs du Mal* can bring himself to believe that it is not Baudelaire's own, with a difference. The spirit is the same, the style with its sombre glitter is the same, and the chief point of contrast is the less severe dignity of language and versification. The resemblance of the *Petits Poèmes en Prose*, to the work of another early romantic, Louis Bertrand, though avowed is less striking. Bertrand's work, *Gaspard de la Nuit*, which a reprint in 1869 has enabled those who wish to study, no doubt suggested to Baudelaire the idea of elaborating short pieces of prose with the unity, precision, and adornment of verse; but the execution of the two is very different, and a consideration of its differences would afford an admirable exercise in criticism. Bertrand seems to have proposed to himself the execution in prose of something similar to those poems which have been among the chief results of 1830, poems exhibiting some definite pictorial subject in a pictorial manner. Accordingly his pieces are all very short, and are divided into staves of about equal length, each of which corresponds to a four-line stanza. The book, even in its reprinted form, being not widely known, I may give as a specimen, not the best but one of the shortest of the pieces:—

L'HEURE DU SABBAT.

“C'est ici ! et déjà, dans l'épaisseur des halliers, qu'éclaire à peine l'œil phosphorique du chat sauvage tapi sous les ramées :

Aux flancs des rocs qui trempent dans la nuit des précipices leur chevelure de broussailles, ruisselante de rosée et de vers luisants ;

Sur le bord du torrent qui jaillit en blanche écume au front des pins, et qui bruine en grise vapeur au front des châteaux :

Une foule se rassemble innombrable, que le vieux bûcheron attardé par les sentiers, sa charge de bois sur le dos, entend et ne voit pas :

Et de chêne en chêne, de butte en butte, se répondent mille cris confus, lugubres, effrayants : ‘Hum ! hum !—schup ! schup !—coucou ! coucou !’

C'est-ici le gibet ! Et voila paraître dans la brume un juif qui cherche quelque chose parmi l'herbe mouillée, à l'éclat doré d'une main de gloire.”

This book is simply the *ne plus ultra* of word-painting, a *tour de force* of the most wonderful kind, executed in most attractive manner, and with matchless felicity and taste, but still a *tour de force*. What is the province of one art is *ipso facto* not the province of another art, and this Baudelaire's finer literary sense enabled him to perceive. There is accordingly in the *Petits Poèmes en Prose* much less of the merely pictorial, and much more appeal to the intellect and the imagination. He has also rejected the division into staves or fragments. Every one of the *Petits Poèmes* is a strictly proper and legitimate piece of prose, in which no ornament or device of an unusual or unprosaic kind is employed. But it is prose employed to serve a new purpose, the presentation of a definite and complete image, thought, or story in a definite, complete, and above all, brief form. The precise presentation within contracted limits, and the employment of an extraordinarily refined and polished style, are the sole differentiating factors, but the variety and originality which their introduction produces are unmistakable. Such pieces as *Un Hémisphère dans une Chevelure*, and *Les Bienfaits de la Lune* show what prose can do, if not to the utmost extent possible, certainly to the utmost extent known to the present writer. Others, as *La Belle Dorothee* and *L'Invitation au Voyage*, have an additional interest, because we can compare them with the poet's own treatment of the same subjects in verse. But all, with hardly any exception, display the same extraordinary supremacy of composition and the same mastery over language. Indeed it is not unusual to find persons of no inadequate cultivation, who actually prefer these prose pieces to the author's poetical works, though the preference is probably in some measure due to the curious secret repugnance to French poetry which prevails so largely and to which I have already alluded. But there can be no doubt that the *Petits Poèmes en Prose* are of almost equal merit with the poems proper, and deserve almost equal attention.

The question of the relation of Baudelaire's poetry to morals is one which were it not forced upon me I should either not treat at all or pass over very lightly. For by so doing I should best express my most hearty concurrence with those who deprecate entirely the introduction of such questions into matters of literature, and who deny *ab initio* the jurisdiction of the court. For my own part I have little or nothing to add to the arguments which have already been produced on a subject where the argument is on one side and the authority on the other. It is sufficient for me, that the introduction of morality is a *μετάβασις ἐς ἄλλο γένος*, a blunder and a confusion of the stupidest kind. But Baudelaire's position in regard to this matter is so strange that it is impossible to pass it over. The author of a condemned book—condemned under a *régime* which has

justly or unjustly become almost a by-word for the lax morality in conduct and language which it permitted if it did not actually encourage—he has naturally seemed to virtuous men of letters a perfectly safe figure, when they happen to be in need of a vituperative parallel. But if these virtuous persons, in quest (of course only in the pursuit of knowledge) of inspiriting indecency, should happen to invest in a copy of the *Fleurs du Mal*, even with the condemned pieces attached, we are afraid they will meet with a disappointment similar to that which Mr. Charles Reade has described so graphically in *It is never too late to mend*. Indeed, on reading the book it is impossible not to understand and sympathize with the poet's astonishment at the prosecution and its result. The pervading tone, from a moral point of view, is simply a profound and incurable discontent with things in general, a discontent which may possibly be unchristian, but which is not yet an indictable offence in any country that I know of. Among some two hundred poems there are barely half-a-dozen the subjects of which come in any way within the scope of that elastic but apparently delicate commandment, infringements of which (or rather incitements to infringements of which) put legislators and moralists so terribly on the *qui-vive*. We all know of course that you may write about murder as often as you like, and no one will accuse you of having committed that crime. You may depict an interesting brigand without being considered a thief. Nor in either case will you be thought an inciter to either offence. But so soon as you approach the other deadly sin of luxury in any one of its forms, instantly it appears self-evident that you not only do these things but also take pleasure in those who do them. In Baudelaire's case the immorality is, as Gautier says, “*si savante, si abstruse, si enveloppée de formes et de voiles d'art,*” that it might surely have been regarded as comparatively harmless. But indeed any Philistine may be met on this head with the words of a prophet of his own—even Lord Macaulay. The delicacy which can be offended with Baudelaire is “a delicacy which a walk from Westminster to the Temple is sufficient to destroy.”

But it may very likely still be asked what the object of the present article is? Baudelaire, it will be said, even granting his merits, is not a writer likely to be at any time popular, while on the other hand those who are akin to him by their tastes and studies are probably already acquainted more or less with his works. It might be answered that the latter point is at least doubtful, and that even were it not so, the purpose of the writer would place it beside the question. To show the value of Baudelaire's work—a value most certainly far underrated in England, and to the best of my knowledge in France also—has been the object of this essay, and if this has been in any measure attained I am content. But there is a col-

lateral issue of almost greater importance. It is not merely admiration of Baudelaire which is to be persuaded to English readers, but also imitation of him which is with at least equal earnestness to be urged upon English writers. We have had in England authors in every kind not to be surpassed in genius, but we have always lacked more or less the class of *écrivains artistes*—writers who have recognised the fact that writing is an art, and who have applied themselves with the patient energy of sculptors, painters, and musicians to the discovery of its secrets. In this literary salt of the earth our soil has not been plentiful, and in a transition epoch, when there is nothing very much to say, the want of care in the manner of saying is especially glaring and painful. In this point France has been far ahead of us for the last fifty years, and it is only in the last decade that any effort has been made on our side. With the usual wastefulness of material affluence we have relied on fulness of thought and natural aptness of language to supply the want of careful and tasteful industry. In poetry this reliance has not altogether failed us, and of late Mr. Swinburne and other poets have condescended to take a lesson from the despised neighbours, respecting whom it has long been the conviction of the average Briton that the history of poetry in France is as the history of the Icelandic Owl. But in prose matters have been far different. A hundred years ago style was not an unknown thing among Englishmen; at the present day it would be easy to count on one hand the living writers who think of anything but of setting down the first words which occur to them as capable of clearly and grammatically expressing their thought. That word and phrase are capable of management till they present a result as different from the first crude jotting as a Vandyke from a schoolboy's caricature, seems to be a truth utterly neglected if not utterly forgotten. Nor can we wonder at this if we look at the singular ineptitude in this matter of the average critic. When professional critics tell us that we must admire a certain writer's poems because he recognises the divinity of endurance, that we must not admire such and such an author's translations because his reading has been desultory, that the *Ancient Mariner* is defective as a poem because it is inconclusive as a plea against cruelty to animals—we can hardly wonder at the attitude of the general public. What that attitude is may be perhaps pardonably illustrated by an anecdote within the present writer's personal knowledge. Not many months ago a certain person was expatiating on the beauties of Flameng's etching after Herrera *L'Enfant à la Guitare*. He was met by the remark, "I wonder you like that. *I thought you hated babies.*" That any one should care for form apart from subject was incomprehensible.

To remove as much as possible this incomprehensibility by precept

and example, in criticism as well as in original work, is the business as it seems to me of all English artists, and of the English prose writer especially, inasmuch as his own art is in worse case than any. If in matter of prose style "*nous avons perdu le chemin de Paros*," it must be rediscovered. The slipshod phrase-mongering of the newspaper must be resisted and refused. To the end that this may be done I know nothing more important than the study of those authors, in prose and verse, who have been most careful and most successful in like attempts before us, and of such authors I know none more suitable to the purpose than Baudelaire. His work measured by volume is not great. But in that work there is no line of careless or thoughtless execution, no paragraph where taste or principle has been sacrificed for praise or pay, for fear or favour, no page where the humanist and literary ideal is not steadily kept in view and exemplified. Valuable and delightful as he is for private study with no further end, he should be yet more valuable and productive of multiplied delight as a model and a stimulant. It is reported of a scholar not unknown at one of our universities, that before going to bed he invariably, in conscious or unconscious parody of ancient habits, reads a sonnet of Shakespeare. If this practice should spread, and manuals of devotion become common among men of letters, I know none that I should be tempted to adopt myself, and to recommend to others, in preference to the writings of Charles Baudelaire.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

REASONED REALISM.

IN the two volumes of "Problems of Life and Mind," Mr. Lewes has explained the principles and the method of a new system of metaphysics. It is the end of philosophy to provide or to justify regulative rules of practical action, for philosophy seeks explanation of man's position and relations in the universe, and therefore aims at supplying a satisfactory theory of the facts and laws which are the outcome of the widest observation and the most extensive generalisation. An attempt to ascertain the limits and conditions of knowledge, that under their guidance there may be positive solutions of the mysteries of existence, naturally suggests inquiry into the objects and aims of human life—what man may and ought to seek after, and the ideals by which he should regulate his life. When, then, we find that Mr. Lewes, in dealing with the "Problems of Life and Mind," proceeds to inquire after "the foundations of a creed," we accept the investigation as the natural course of procedure into which the pursuit of philosophy instinctively guides us. Man as capable of intelligent and reflective, in addition to merely animal and instinctive, action, cannot rest satisfied without a theory of life which will directly react on the character and aims of this life. Philosophy in all ages has been the effort to satisfy that impulse. The various systems of philosophy, as they have arisen, and in so far as through their more or less partial acceptance they have historically justified their existence, have but been the expression of the highest reflective level attained by the age. The philosopher, somewhat in advance of, but nevertheless the immediate product and outcome of, his time, interprets and solidifies in formulæ the abstractions which are the ideal expression of the farthest limit of research in his own generation. The philosophy of any period must always be the correlative of its general culture, and gains power over men in so far as it provides a theoretical expression of the tendencies and ultimate principles of that culture. Philosophy must consequently lay "the foundations of a creed" for each successive generation, so far as men are in earnest with the objects that occupy their thoughts, and seek in generalisations of the intellect the abstract expression of their experience.

Mr. Lewes, after long occupation both with the researches of physical science and the inquiries usually included under metaphysics, has been impelled to endeavour to supply, as so many have done before him, a theory that will meet and satisfy the special and peculiar requirements of the present time by connecting itself with

the farthest progress of research, and providing an abstract or ideal expression of the results of science and of thought. All philosophy, as all theory, is the translation of the facts of experience, or of the concrete, into terms of thought, and is therefore abstract or ideal construction by thought for itself. In seeking a theory suited to the present time, Mr. Lewes accordingly aims at translating the sensible into the rational, as has been done by previous thinkers and philosophers. Nevertheless, there is a peculiarity in his object as there is in his method, which differences both from the expositions of the great majority of other philosophers. In order to comprehend what that is which gives the key to the character of his system, it is necessary to take into account the personal element in the case; for there is a "personal equation" in philosophy as there is in science, and to an even greater degree. Mr. Lewes, like Schelling, has lived his intellectual life in full view of the public, and has let the world see the successive stages of the process of his mental development. He has presented each phase as it manifested itself as the last, fully convinced that it was the ultimate of inquiry, because it marked the bounds to which his investigations had borne him. What may be termed the first chief stage ended in the conviction that the pursuit of metaphysics was futile, that inquiry was vain, except for the purpose of pointing the moral of human weakness by showing how man misled himself, and the greatest intellects the world had known wandered in darkness of their own creation, pursuing phantoms, and thereby only illustrating human folly. Metaphysic was pronounced an edifice of illusion, and the only wise course in dealing with inquiries beyond the scope of man's powers to solve or settle was to let them alone. With successive editions of his "History of Philosophy," in which this view was first expressed, there came modifications that indicated a change in the direction of Mr. Lewes's thought and in his judgment regarding the capacities of the human mind. It grew more and more clear to him that metaphysic refused to be "stamped out," however energetically the attempt might be made, and that its problems would continue unsolved and insoluble to baffle human effort and mock at man's intellectual impotence if they were not grappled with. If metaphysics could not be "stamped out," might they not be "transformed?" If their problems persisted in forcing themselves on our notice, while the attempt to solve them on the metaphysical or speculative method heretofore in use remained without success, might they not be dealt with on "the method of science," and what was illusive in them separated from what was capable of exposition and explanation, that so the latter might be subjected to scientific investigation? M. Comte, whom Mr. Lewes followed in much, had rejected not only ontology, but psychology as well;

and yet was it not evident that psychological phenomena as capable of observation and verification must be accepted as equally real with and equally explicable as biological phenomena? It is not, surely, consistent with the spirit of a true induction, and the monitions of the experimental method, to ignore a region of experience as real as and more fundamental than any other sphere of inquiry. Mr. Lewes found it necessary to part with Comte at this point. In the last edition of his "History of Philosophy," he indicated the necessity of attempting to deal with the problems of metaphysics on the principles of the positive method. What he there suggested the possibility of doing he has sought to accomplish in his "Problems of Life and Mind." As Comte has expounded the principles of the positive method, Mr. Lewes now applies that method to psychology. In accordance with it he treats the problems of metaphysics as capable of solution, by expounding the elements of them that are reducible to experience. The procedure necessitates the translation or transference of the laws or conditions of experience into their equivalents in mental or psychological laws. There is a twofold region of experience, the double terms of which correspond with each other, and are transferable the one into the other, and *vice versa*. Positive science, as seeking the explanation of all experience, has no right arbitrarily to limit its inquiries into the outward or objective side to the neglect of the inward or subjective. Either is incomplete when isolated from the other, and only by taking them together shall we ever succeed in arriving at satisfactory results in regard to both. But while the objective and subjective sides of human experience are thus inseparable, and it is necessary to accept both in their correlations, and examine them in the light of their mutual illumination of each other, it is found that the subjective side, as hitherto presented by the metaphysicians, contains a series of conclusions and abstract constructions which it is impossible to submit to verification in experience. These, which Mr. Lewes calls the "metempirical" element, he declares must be eliminated, and only the remainder dealt with by science. In the problems of cause and effect, matter and force, space and time, the relations of the soul and body, and others, there are elements that can be classified and verified in experience; but there are others which no experience verifies or can verify, which point to "supra-sensible" inferences or judgments, with which science on the positive method can have nothing to do. The transformation of metaphysics, that it may be treated as science, therefore consists in eliminating and excluding these elements, in order to trace the order and relations and if possible explain the genesis and results of the others, which are reducible in the last resort to sensible experience.

The first feeling aroused in the student of philosophy by the system which is offered by Mr. Lewes for his acceptance as the explanation of all reality cannot fail to be one of gratification. There is a great advance upon previous expositions from the side of experience. While Mr. Lewes strictly adheres to experience as the Alpha and Omega of inquiry, and while he denounces the metaphysical or speculative method which he accuses of seeking solutions of metaphysical problems in other sources than experience provides or ever can provide, he nevertheless vastly widens the range of what has hitherto been regarded as experience. The records of experience are of sensible origin, and nothing which is not capable of being verified by reference to sensation can be accepted. Feeling, therefore, or sensation, is the ultimate of inquiry; but the mind of each individual man is not on that account a mere *tabula rasa* on which impressions are produced from without. The mind is active in the process, and co-operates in the production of its own sensations and perceptions. Moreover, the mind has in its structure conditions both of sensation and ideation, which, themselves the result of previous experience—not of the individual but of the race—react upon the crude material of sensation, and determine its form and character. There is thus an *a priori* element in the human mind, or the power to form perceptions and conceptions; for its structure has been historically modified by the previous experience of the social organism of which the individual is a member. While denying that there are forms of sensibility or of thought which are “transcendental,” in the Kantian sense of the term, Mr. Lewes finds himself compelled to admit the reality of forms or tendencies of thought in the experience of the individual, seeing it is undeniable that function is determined by structure, and the structure has been largely made what it is through an historical evolution in which previous social experience has gradually modified its form and character. Mr. Lewes thus agrees with Kant and the idealist schools generally in accepting the fact of the existence of an *a priori* element in knowledge and sensation, while he differs from them in regard to the genesis of the element. As he puts it in one of his illustrations, “The inherited organism may be predisposed to play tunes of a certain character, but the music it will give forth must depend on the player.” There is an inherited aptitude representing a modification of structure through the co-operation of certain external influences with the organism. Any necessary recurrence in the order of external influences when continued long enough will produce a readiness to respond in certain particular ways rather than in others to the external stimuli operating on the senses and mind. Here we have a doctrine of “innate ideas” in a form closely corresponding to that of Kant, only that while Mr. Lewes

seeks its explanation in the biological sphere, the sage of Königsberg derived it from a transcendental source. The social organism with its influences acting from generation to generation, and gradually affecting function by modifying structure, takes the place of the old spiritualist hypothesis; but "all the facts of consciousness, all marvels of thought," remain, whether the one theory or the other be adopted. The old sensational hypothesis, which sought to explain everything by "transformed sensations," left these marvels out of account, and falsified experience by discarding the thought without which neither sensation nor its transformation can be possible. A faithful reading of experience yields both thought (as a power of grouping) and sensation; but these are not isolated possessions, but are held in connection with the accumulated experience of the race which has widened their area and outlook by modifying the structure of which they are the functions.

There is thus an enormous extension given to the range of experience, which is made historical instead of individual, and which yields as its outcome and products powers of ideal construction, without which we find we cannot make progress in knowledge or attain to certainty in science. The introduction of an active element co-operant with the passivity of sensation to explain experience necessitated change in the manner in which we regard the external phenomena that stimulate our activity. The common notion that phenomena are ruled by law in the sense that particular facts are determined by general facts, is no longer tenable. Laws have no such power. They are nothing but ~~our~~ conceptions of the processes of nature, or of the order in which phenomena coexist and succeed each other. There must, indeed, be an objective correspondence to them; that is to say, the conceptions we form of the natural order must symbolize or give expression to an externally real order which exists always and at all times. The conceptions are not the laws as they exist externally, but their rational equivalents, just as the perceptions we have of any object in nature are not the exact reproduction of the object, but the expression of what takes place in our consciousness when the object is present. Nevertheless, both the conceptions and perceptions, though logical constructions which only have ideal existence, rest upon an external reality, and if it were different they would also be different from what they are. The order in things is symbolized by the order in thought, which must be verifiable in the last resort by reduction to intuitions in sensible experience. If they could not stand the test of this reference to experience, obviously the subjective constructions would be arbitrary; for their idealism would have no correspondence in realism. Because they have that basis, while they are themselves the products of our rational or mental powers, the system of which they are parts is called Reasoned

Realism. Under this system, science, as the observation of external facts and the discovery of the order of natural phenomena and the modes of their connection, is idealised—its doctrines are a body of logical or thought constructions. All laws and facts, indeed, are such constructions, and yet they all rest upon the foundation of sensible experience to which in the last resort they must be capable of being reduced. If we find any elements or factors which are incapable of being reduced to a sensible origin in our logical or thought constructions, these, Mr. Lewes asserts, must be transcendental or metempirical, and are, therefore, to be eliminated, in order that the remainder may be submitted to examination under the method of positive science. Whether or not there be any correspondence in existence to what is thus called metempirical or supra-sensible, there is, at all events, the metaphysical waiting for explanation, which must be examined apart. To metaphysics thus understood, Mr. Lewes professes that for the first time the attempt is made to apply the procedure consciously and unconsciously applied by men of science in all successful investigations. He does not claim that he has originated the idea of doing this, but that now, for the first time, it is definitely expressed in its principles and bearings, and he shows how metaphysics are to be based on facts, and its problems resolved on the principles of experience. By applying the method of science to all philosophic questions, England, he hopes, may be put in possession of a national and yet cosmopolitan philosophy such as she has never yet had. She has had science, poetry, and literature; but in spite of philosophic thinkers of epoch-making power, such as Locke, Hobbes, Berkeley, and Hume, “there has been no noteworthy attempt to give a conception of the world, of man, and of society, wrought out with systematic harmonizing of principles.” Essays, not systems, have alone been hitherto produced, and now for the first time Mr. Herbert Spencer is deliberately making the attempt to found a philosophy. Germany has been in advance of England, because she long ago caught the habit of philosophizing; but she has pursued philosophy on a false system. The true method, which is that of science, or positive procedure, was first reduced to a system by Comte, and it is the work of the future to extend and perfect that doctrine. “The following pages,” says Mr. Lewes, “are animated by the desire of extending positive procedures to those outlying questions which hitherto have been either ignored or pronounced incapable of incorporation with the positive doctrines.” What Kant sought to do when he tried to reduce metaphysics under scientific conditions, Mr. Lewes thinks may now be attempted under more favourable conditions. What are these conditions? The answer to this question will now readily suggest itself. We must give up trying to solve the insoluble. We must everywhere eliminate the metempirical elements, and instead of seeking to answer *why* anything is as it is, be satisfied

with showing *how* things are as they are. In order to guide us in the exclusion of all that is metempirical, it is first desirable to find "the rules of philosophizing" by which to regulate our efforts. Philosophy is the harmony between the concrete and the abstract, and we must seek in psychological principles the key to the positive explanation of the phenomena of consciousness. Psychology supplies the material out of which experience and therefore science, is formed, and its principles ought to guide us to the knowledge of reality. Psychological principles will, therefore, supply suggestions to further inquiry, in the work of harmonizing the concrete and the abstract, and exhibiting their mutual correlations. Reasoned Realism, Mr. Lewes finds to be the outcome of the psychological principles in respect to the great metaphysical question touching an external reality.

Before, however, dealing with this question, which is one of the separate problems of metaphysics that must be treated on the positive method, it is necessary to settle more precisely the limits within which it is permissible to philosophize. "The limitations of knowledge" is, consequently, the first problem with which Mr. Lewes deals, and it is followed by the problem of "the principles of certitude," which involve the investigation of the method and effects of our subjective processes, and how far the laws of thought and reasoning are of service in the attainment of knowledge. The principles of certitude having been found, we apply them to experience and proceed (in Problem III.) "from the known to the unknown," under which section are considered the value and effects of reasoning in its various manifestations of induction, deduction, and reduction. Problem IV. applies the principles now attained to the explanation of "matter and force," their nature and mutual relations, and the same thing is done in respect of "force and cause." under Problem V. Finally, under Problem VI., "the Absolute in the correlations of feeling and motion" brings to light the ultimate results of Mr. Lewes's system in application to existence; and an exhibition is offered us of the fundamental principles of his metaphysics in their general correlations. In a future volume other problems will fall to be dealt with on the same principles as have been applied to these preceding; but enough has been unfolded in the two before us to enable us to judge regarding the character and bearings of the system.

Mr. Lewes may be entitled to claim that he has first made a systematic attempt to apply the principles of the positive method to the problems of metaphysics; but he is aware that in doing so he has only done at greater length and with more precision what had been suggested by others. As is the case with every philosophy worthy of the name, Mr. Lewes's scheme interprets and seeks to apply principles which may be said to be "in the air," as the outcome of a general tendency inseparable from the latest stage of culture of

modern society. It is easy to illustrate this. We do so from the work of a recent writer. Every phenomenon, and in the last result nature, says Professor Lazarus, is a great fact, the relations and results of which can be submitted to observation, as its connections are determined by unvarying laws. To know these laws, or modes of interconnection, is the end of true science. The natural sciences aim at expressing the result of every complete operation of nature and natural forces in a few words, which contain a definite fact as a permanent acquisition. This principle is the common possession of all positive science. Every proposition which cannot be brought back on analysis to a particular or general fact is without real and intelligible meaning. "Every law gives expression to a general fact, and the only accurate explanation of a law consists in this, that it is subordinated to a higher and more general law." The same writer contrasts the "positive" idea of the soul with the metaphysical. What to the latter was an empty abstraction of a "unitous" centre is to the former the complex of energies and capacities which a definite organism exposes to view. The soul, spiritual personality, or Ego are the collective names of the sum of psychical functions of an individual. The proper centre of existence, says Professor Lazarus, is much rather feeling than thought, which metaphysic has hitherto adopted. In opposition to the abstract idea of equality, which was advocated by the French psychologists, Professor Lazarus lays stress on the capacity of development of the individual, which varies according to the varying innate constitution of the psychical functions and their organs in individuals and races. But while varieties of function are determined by modifications of structure, the causes of the phenomena produced through the interaction of the structure and external influences are inexplicable. The reason why oscillations of the air of certain specific swiftness are felt as sound or as colour is unknown; but we have to do only with the *how*, and not with the *why* of things. The existence of a phenomenon, or, which is another name for the same, of our perception of a phenomenon, must be received as a fact; all we can do is to seek out the laws of their interconnection. Sensation and intuition is no mere passivity, Professor Lazarus goes on to tell us, but an active apprehension, by means of which that which is apprehended is isolated from the background of its surroundings. We cannot separate observation and reflection; the spirit is at one and the same time both active and passive, though in the inner web of conceptions and thoughts, as in the interchange between the outer world and man, sometimes the active and sometimes the passive side preponderates. Feeling and motion, reception and production, the influence of the world on man and of man on the world, theoretical and practical relations, are all grounded and represented in the dualism of the nervous system, the circle of centripetal and centrifugal influences. Their inward connection must

not be disturbed. Their unity, the mode of their union, the force and direction of the inner life and effort compose the individuality which is diffused like a peculiar hue over the whole psychical activity. The first elements of spiritual life are the immediate sensations produced in us by the external world. The movement of the spirit begins with and returns to these in order to secure a starting-point and material for fresh developments of its activity. Thought can never deny its sensuous origin, or wholly isolate itself from sensibility. It develops the loftiest ideas and the most general laws from the increasing store of experience that springs out of sensuous perception, and is only able to confirm their truth by the fact that they are demonstrated by concrete examples in reality. Every distinct representation is accompanied by some element that belongs to sense. Only very simple and direct ideas are possible in the absence of language. In the case of the deaf and dumb, language must be laboriously represented by signs in order to make possible a higher psychical stage, and they seldom overcome their disinclination to thought. Only through language do indefinite collective conceptions and abstract ideas receive precision and clearness. On the other hand, the mind cannot produce impressions on another mind except through the sensuous signs that indicate feelings and conceptions. Hence the importance of language as the means of educating and developing the powers of thought. But the cultivation of language, like that of thought, is not the work of the individual, but of the collective evolution of humanity. The most complicated phenomena and manifestations of life are, therefore, social, and are only rendered possible through the social medium. It is true that in order to know the laws of society we must understand the individual; and thus anthropology is the indispensable foundation of sociology. For society is composed of individuals, and everything in it takes place through the combined action of individuals. Nevertheless, the comprehension of human nature in its collective manifestations is essential to that of the individual whose highest developments are only possible in social organization. There must be a certain predisposition present at the first, and that, as it exists in the individual, has been largely altered and modified through the historical experiences of the race; but there is much in the individual which only makes its appearance in the social organism. Man first became man in society. The moral and intellectual elements of his nature are only developed there; consequently, if our study of these is confined to the individual, it must be inadequate. The laws of these phenomena are not deducible from the solitary individual, but belong to sociology.¹

We have paraphrased and condensed these views of Professor

(1.) Cf. *Die religiösen, politischen und socialen Ideen der asiatischen Culturvölker* Von Carl Twisten Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. M. Lazarus, 1872.

Lazarus that it may be seen how closely they correspond with what Mr. Lewes brings before us in his "Problems of Life and Mind." The same method—the "positive"—is common to both, and both seek in the experience, which in its ultimate rudiment is feeling, the source of verification. Both affirm the union of the active and passive elements in sensation and perception, and both find the field in which it is possible to extend our knowledge beyond that which is immediately given in feeling, the extra-sensible, in the social relations of man, that is to say, in humanity. The logic of feeling, as Mr. Lewes calls the purely sensational portion of our experience, which is common to animals and men, and can be explained by physiology, is extended and supplemented by the logic of signs, which is rendered possible by language, and is only to be accounted for from the experiences of the social organism in humanity. Both agree in denying the existence of any basis in experience for the discovery or affirmation of the existence of the supra-sensible, and both assert that thought and conscience, the ethical and the intellectual, are the highly developed products of the animal rising up to the social impulses. Both, again, agree in regarding the capacities of thought and feeling as having their common root in the organism of the individual, as modified through external influences, and as receiving definite tendencies and predispositions through the previous accumulated experiences of the race. Thus explained, thought and feeling find scope for their highest development in the social organism of a collective humanity.

In what respects, it may then be asked, has Mr. Lewes contributed anything new, or has he done anything more than develop into further detail the principles common to all who have accepted the positive method as applicable to psychological and sociological phenomena? Mr. Lewes has certainly done the latter; but he has done more. He has first applied the positive method to the phenomena of psychology and sociology more systematically than any other recent writer except Mr. Herbert Spencer, and in addition to that he has undertaken to bring within its range a series of metaphysical problems which those who have hitherto employed the positive method have treated as beyond the reach of solution. Professor Lazarus, for example, is satisfied with the fact of sensation, with its correlative perception as the result of the stimulus applied by external phenomena to certain definite capacities of function which depend upon structure. The fact of the co-operation of the objective and subjective elements was all that could be ascertained, or that he thought it necessary to explain. Mr. Lewes is not satisfied with that. He must examine the precise relations between the two elements, in order, if possible, to trace the mode of their correspondence and its results. As scrupulously as Professor Lazarus he abstains from asking *why* anything is as it is; but he digs down to the roots of

our experience that he may discover the exact *how* of its construction and constitution in ultimate analysis in elements of feeling. Hence the detailed examination of the processes of thought, which though identified in the last resort with feeling is, on its active side, a seriation of individual perceptions and conceptions, and the thinking principle of which it is the exhibition is a resultant or convergence of manifold psychical activities. In all psychical process there is a triple movement, and as sensation, thought, and motion (with their objective equivalents—sense-work, brain-work, and muscle-work) co-operate with varying degrees of energy in every mental state, each such state is thus a function of three variables. To every sentient process there is a corresponding neural process, and the logic of feeling is the expression of the sensations common to man and animals. As biology can only be effectively studied in the relation of the organism and the external medium, so psychology can only be studied in the relation of mind and social conditions. The logic of signs, which through the activity of thought in conception extends our knowledge to the extra-sensible, deals with these relations, and our highest knowledge is not gained through the senses, but through what Mr. Lewes calls “psychological evolution of sociological material.” The result of such a process is a series of logical or thought constructions founded in the last resort upon intuition in sense, but extended through the capacity of grouping which is distinctive of thought till we have a body of ideal constructions which are the direct fruits of abstraction built upon sensation. Sensation and abstraction are both immediately certain, for they are both intuitively apprehended, and they are bound together by the connecting process of inference, which is the intermediate region where alone there is room for doubt and error. Mr. Lewes shows us that science, equally with fiction and poetry, employs imagination; but the fictions of the thinker, unlike those of the poet, “are constructed in obedience to rigorous canons, and moulded by the pressure of reality; two conditions absent in the fictions both of fairyland and of metempires.” Science is indeed so truly ideal “that it avowedly relies on data known *not* to be true except within its own sphere of abstraction.” Its constructions symbolize a real, but in no respect reflect it. The laws of science are types erected by the scientific imagination, “which moulds the elements of concrete observation into abstractions by getting rid of all perturbing particulars.”

What, then, it may be asked, is the real world of external existence which supplies the stimuli to sensation and perception, and what is the mental or ideal process which through hypotheses enables us to extend our knowledge by aid of abstraction? The world we know is the world of our own experience, and all experience is in the last analysis the registration of feeling. There is not in experience the reflection of actual existence, for our world of

experience is built up on abstractions into a series of ideal constructions. All that we know is the world or existence as it is thus moulded and modified by our own internal powers; but it is a real world to us since it has its roots in intuition. Our knowledge, though relative, is not deceptive, and therefore Mr. Lewes is able to claim for his philosophical conception of existence that it is a system of Reasoned Realism. Is it possible for us to attain by analysis any ultimate elements of which we can say that they exist as they appear, and appear as they are? Seeing that all scientific terms and laws, all names of general processes, and even all the conceptions that grow out of individual sensations, are abstract constructions or creations, can we lay our hands upon anything either in the objective or subjective sphere of which we can predicate permanence, which is not a varying element in the universal flux that seems to result from the idea of a universe as presented by Reasoned Realism? We know only the relations of the objective and subjective, and the terms of these relations are presented to us as the terms of the problems which metaphysic is called upon to solve. Mr. Lewes solves the problems by identifying the terms. The principle of equivalence, which is the instrument of reasoning, is the means by which we extend our knowledge and widen the range of our experience. Consequently, all that our reasoning or thinking can accomplish is to establish the equivalence or identity of what, in their presentation, seem opposite and irreconcilable elements. We find that he identifies, by showing the equivalence of, matter and force, and force and cause, and that in the last resort the correlations of feeling and motion, which are the subjective and objective aspects of the same reality, constitute actual existence: they are the Absolute. The sum of existence must be constant, and its phenomena are the fluctuations of its elements, passing from one form to another, yet preserving identity through their equivalence and correspondence. Feeling is the ultimate on the subjective side, and motion is the ultimate on the objective side. These are the only permanent realities in the universe, and science exhibits their relations in ideal terms which truly symbolize though they do not literally reflect the reality. Reasoned Realism is thus a philosophy of Identity (an Identität-Philosophie).

From all that we have said, it will now appear that the metaphysical system of Mr. Lewes rests on a physical hypothesis—the identity of the sum of existence; that is to say, the indestructibility of force. All that the laws of thought and the processes of reason do is to affirm and give extension and variation to this fundamental principle. The sum of existence is always the same, and when we speak of or represent to ourselves the molecular particles of which it is composed, and their relations to one another in terms of force as changing or producing changes, we are only looking at existence,

as revealed to us in the registrations of feeling from two different sides—the statical and the dynamical. The atoms or ultimate elements into which we decompose molecules are not real in sense, but are purely ideal. “They cannot be presented to sense,” says Mr. Lewes, “but are presented to intuition, and are seen by the mind, not as reals, but as logical postulates, symbols to assist calculation.” All things being then reducible in the last resort to feeling and motion, the ideal expressions of which, like atoms, are not reals, but ultimate logical postulates, or intuitions apprehended immediately as certain, whence, it may be asked, comes the principle of diversity, which, after the demonstrated identity or equivalence of the separate aspects or phases of the sum of existence introduces variety and movement, and becomes the fruitful parent of difference? In dealing both with the objective and the subjective side, Mr. Lewes seems to have asserted identity without proving it: it runs as an assumption through all his constructions and his analysis of experience into terms of feeling, which has been truly said to be a description, and not an explanation, of phenomena—a representation of the contents of experience under symbols of feeling—equalises the two sides or aspects that are presented by interpreting the one by the other, and transferring the other to the one. For example, Mr. Lewes’s theory of function is only the assertion of the identity of the explicit and the implicit. Whatever is wanted on the one side is obtained by being taken from the other, into which it has first been put, or which it has been assumed is already there. The opposite scales are balanced by being equally loaded. Mind with its powers and capacities is declared to be nothing but the function of organism acting under certain conditions; but the function is declared to be the capacity to produce all that mind with its varied and many powers produces under certain external excitations. Everything that mind becomes, all that it is explicitly developed into, is assumed to have been implicitly present in the universe, and only waited for the adequate conditions that it might become manifest. If feeling be thus assumed as a power of active differentiation as well as of passive receptivity, and feeling and thinking are one and the same, what is this but to load the scales, to place in feeling implicitly (enfolded) what has to be brought out from it explicitly (manifested and revealed)? In the same way, in regard to the objective sphere of existence in which matter and force, molecules and their capacities of changeful interrelation and interaction—in short, all that exists, is assumed to be eternally identified with itself, but to have in its elements or parts powers of differentiation that lead to fluctuation and variation and the manifestations of infinite varieties of processes. The question emerges at the close, is this philosophical explanation, or is it not merely hypothetical description?

In order to be able to accept Mr. Lewes’s theory of feeling and

motion as the Absolute, eternally self-equal and identical, and yet capable of developing into innumerable diversities, we must first be satisfied that on the objective side matter and force, or the statical and dynamical aspects of existence, are capable of accounting for their own phenomena, and on the other that feeling and thought are equally capable of exhausting and explaining all their own conditions in experience. Mr. Lewes has altered the aspect of the old problem of the origin of *à priori* elements of thought, or knowledge, by maintaining that every intuition must be grounded upon some preceding experience, and that the indubitably *à priori* elements in the thought of the individual are to be traced to the influence of the social medium, the experiences of the race—that, in fact, there is an *à priori* element which is historically and not transcendently given. This will, no doubt, account for very much in mental experience which had been attributed by metaphysicians to another and presumably a higher source. But since in the constant regress from experience to its conditions there must at last be a point at which we must call a halt, there must be a phase of experience of which the conditions are at last simply assumed. If not, we are shut up in an everlasting circle from which there is no egress, and which merely reveals its own identity with itself. Mr. Lewes endeavours to prove that the *à priori* elements in mathematical propositions depend upon and are derived from ancestral experience; but does not the most rudimentary experience in thought of which we can conceive imply something in thought beyond the presentations of feeling? The way to test this is to compare the rudimentary forms of feeling and thought. It is impossible to enter fully into this question here; but in the formation of our concepts, in the comparison of different objects there is a general which is only recognised by thought, and which is the indispensable presupposition of every generalisation in conception, which cannot be reduced to passive sensation.¹ Thought is a capacity of generalisation, and is opposed as such to the passivity of singular feeling. The supra-sensible or metaphysical element which Mr. Lewes eliminates is present in thought itself, which in its activity can never be reduced to the bare identity of feeling. It is, no doubt, true that the sensible and extra-sensible spheres of experience to which Mr. Lewes confines himself do, with their results, constitute the whole of the world of sense; but the question that waits for an answer is, whether there be not another world without which much that comes within the sphere of sense cannot be accounted for? It would take time to illustrate this; but the question may be ventured whether it lies in the power of Mr. Lewes to deny it when he has laid down the doctrine that we must accept logical postulates which are discerned only by thought in thought, or by intuition of abstractions, which are

(1) Cf. Lotze's *Logik. Drei Bücher vom Denken, vom Untersuchen und Vom Erkennen.*

therefore the revelations of thought to itself, and are not to be found in any sphere of sensible experience? We do not see where he can draw the line, when he admits the validity of our notion of the infinite, though it can have no basis in sense (*vide* p. 430, vol. II). The notion of the infinite as a quantity is rejected by Mr. Lewes, who agrees with Hegel in regarding mind or thought as infinite; for it is an abstract symbol that signifies "an operation or quantity." In the same way, the logical subject which underlies every group of predicates or attributes is—like the substance underlying phenomena—the unity in thought which groups together particulars. In all thought-operations we find this conception of substance implicitly, if not explicitly, present, yet it is obvious that it has not its root or equivalent in sense. The power of substantialising abstractions, which is one of the fundamental capacities of thinking, and without which our universe of separate isolated feelings or sensations would be a world of outsides, without *Inhalt* or filling, is essential to Mr. Lewes's system; and how can it be reduced to sense? The same question may be asked in regard to the principle of equivalence or identity, to which Mr. Lewes reduces causation, and without which he could make no progress with his system. It is the same also with mathematical axioms, but a separate article would be necessary to discuss that point. Mr. Lewes claims that, in reducing mathematical axioms to an empirical genesis, he has borne away the pillars of the metempiricists' temple; and if he has succeeded in tracing universality and necessity to an empirical origin, it must be admitted that the boast is justified. But all these laws or modes of thought involve and rest upon a certain definite constitution of thought itself, which is only partially accounted for by calling in the aid of ancestral experiences. Extend these experiences as far as we may, there must be a point at which thought is called upon to account for its own conditions, or at which feeling—if it is to be identified with thought—must both justify itself as passivity and as a capacity of active grouping under specific conditions. Mr. Lewes has failed to show how this mystery is to be resolved, and how the laws of thought self-originated determine the nature and capacity of thought itself. If, however, we assume such a power of self-production and self-regulation, at whatever stage of its development in experience, we must grant the lever with which the idealist assumes he can raise the universe.

Although within the limits that remain it is impossible to deal properly with the great question of the origin of knowledge and its influence and bearings on the opposing schools of Sensationalism and Idealism, we must say a word in passing on the controversy which Mr. Lewes faithfully describes as the metaphysician's *cheval de bataille*. Let it once be made out that thought, with all that results from thought, takes its origin in sense alone, the pillars of the

temple have been borne off, and ruin cannot be distant. On the other hand, if Mr. Lewes, in the attempt to revindicate metaphysics by transforming them, is found unable to account, by the experience of the individual or of the race, for all the phenomena found in consciousness, he must equally admit that he has failed. It must be acknowledged that great part of the philosophical life of the late Mr. Mill was devoted to the endeavour to solve the problem which is proving the crux with Mr. Lewes also. We are convinced that if ever the purely empirical origin of thought, knowledge, and feeling is to be traced back to its first buds, it will be found in the direction in which Mr. Lewes and Mr. Spencer are working. Mr. Lewes, and those like-minded with him, allege the empirical origin of thought—but they say there is no necessity of limiting experience to the life of the individual. Any number of generations of individuals may, adding their quota to a certain mode of thought and feeling, at last form instinctive tendencies in the individual which account for the *a priori* elements found in man. Mr. Lewes's abandonment of the hopeless attempt to prove that the mind's forms and furniture, such as the individual starts with, could have developed into what they are without a more rich and ample experience than that of the individual, implies especially that the twin-tests of necessity and universality are not satisfied in empirical judgments formed within certain definite limits. Mr. Lewes accordingly seeks relief in the hazy background of a long past. Time becomes his god; and with "short steps and long periods," even to the demolition of thought itself, what cannot be accomplished? The problem is not what Kant held or did not hold, but whether the notion of inherited experiences will explain those elements in thought before which, hitherto, the inquirer, contemplating the individual, has stood long baffled, or vanquished has had to quit the field. Mr. Lewes has not in reality got rid of the elements that demand explanation. He traces the certainty of mathematical axioms to intuitions verifiable in experience; but the intuition retains an element which thought alone can supply. The intuition of the certainty of axioms is wholly different from any result of the record of experience, by embracing an element which is never in the latter. Kant's exposition, in the preface to the second edition of the *Pure Reason*, still remains unmet; and the argument of the Introduction to the *Encyclopædia* of Hegel seems to me to remain valid. It is doubtless, true, according to the old apophthegm ascribed to Aristotle, "*Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuerit in sensu*—there is nothing in thought which was not previously in experience; but the counter statement may be equally true, that there is nothing in sense which was not previously in thought. The two necessary forms equally divide the honours, and sense is the deepest debtor to thought. It

must soon be apparent to impartial analysis that the nature of thought—which is alike the instrument and the object of philosophical inquiry—impels it onwards to inquiries, the means of interpreting which are not to be found away from thought. My argument against Mr. Lewes, therefore, is that even if he were to get his organized experiences, which must not be assumed, but found in process of formation, they could not be applied in this connection. What I maintain is that thought, by and of its own nature, precludes community with the only feeling with which animal life can be associated. There are other points on which the theory bends and gives way under the burdens, too heavy to be borne, that are laid on it. But more convincing than all is the fact that before the instrument can be applied the whole question must have been settled some other way, for the identity must have been demonstrated of empirical judgments with those characterized by necessity, and this is only asserted.

We have seen that the whole of Mr. Lewes's system rests upon the assumption of the self-identity of existence, or the invariability of the total sum of being; but that is an intuition of thought, which cannot be explained from sensuous experience. There are, thus, elements in experience which can only be accounted for by thought itself, and which cannot be resolved into the registration of passivities in feeling. In reality, Mr. Lewes assumes in his postulates all that he brings out of them in the registrations of experience. No light has been thrown upon the origin of the principles of force, motion, and form, which analysis will in the last resort find as inconceivable as the principle of teleology or the origin of the organic law of development, which is found to determine the cause of all things. In reality, it is as impossible to reduce this law under merely mechanical conditions as it is to explain by these the impulse of nature to act according to design.¹

The elements in experience, when analyzed to the uttermost, suggest the existence of facts and laws which are not reducible under any higher laws or wider generalisations attainable by man, and we therefore reach here a neutral ground where knowledge flags and is incompetent, and faith may without presumption enter. Mr. Lewes's system exhibits the course and order of phenomena in the world of sense when reduced to terms of feeling; but we find other elements which are common to sense and thought, that suggest difficulties and problems which cannot be accounted for from the elements actually present in experience, and which impel us to look beyond themselves for an explanation which we cannot fail to seek.

J. SCOT HENDERSON.

(1) Cf. Büchner's "Natur und Geist." 1874.

THE PLACE OF GEOGRAPHY IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.¹

THE study of geography has hitherto been commonly viewed rather in the light of the interest that attaches to the exploration of unknown countries, or of its practical value, than in that of its relation to the general body of physical science.

The more obvious facts that are the subjects of geographical observation are such as to strike the least instructed, and the first steps in this branch of knowledge were taken by those who had little appreciation of the true signification of what they saw, and were quite incapable of doing more than collect, and that very imperfectly, materials which their successors are bringing into the shape of a science.

The present generation is already beginning to lose the remembrance of the thrilling interest that was created by the accounts of the geographical discoveries of the past century, and those standard volumes of travels which were the delight of the boyhood of their elders now lie forgotten or neglected. A new phase has been entered on. Attention of late years has been more specially drawn to the importance of geographical knowledge in the ordinary affairs of men, or in some of the special branches of those affairs, and to the means of extending such knowledge; as well as to the practical influence produced by the geographical features and conditions of the various parts of the earth on the past history and present state of the several sections of the human race, the formation of kingdoms, the growth of industry and commerce, and the spread of civilization. In a neighbouring country the results of a disastrous war are well known to have given an altogether surprising impetus to geographical teaching.

But while the study of geography has thus become the special concern of men of adventure, of historians, politicians, traders, and soldiers, it still remains for it to receive from men of science that treatment which its true importance deserves. I have endeavoured in the following address to direct attention to this aspect of geography, which has hitherto, without doubt, been too much neglected.

Geography, as a branch of physical science, treats of the causes which have impressed on our planet the existing outlines and forms of its surface, have brought about its present conditions of

(1) An Address to the Geographical Section of the British Association, Bristol, 26th August, 1875.

climate, and have led to the development and distribution of the living beings found upon it.

The justification for putting forward this view of geography at this moment, is to be found in a consideration of the present state of geographical knowledge, and of the probable future of geographical investigation. It is plain that the field for mere topographical exploration is already greatly limited, and that it is continually becoming more restricted. Although no doubt much remains to be done in obtaining detailed maps of large tracts of the earth's surface, yet there is but comparatively a very small area with the essential features of which we are not now fairly well, acquainted. Day by day our maps become more complete, and with our greatly improved means of communication the knowledge of distant countries is constantly enlarged and more widely diffused. Somewhat in the same proportion the demands for more exact information become more pressing. The necessary consequence is an increased tendency to give to geographical investigations a more strictly scientific direction. In proof of this I may instance the fact that the two British naval expeditions now being carried on, that of the *Challenger* and that to the Arctic seas, have been organized almost entirely for general scientific research, and comparatively little for topographical discovery. Narratives of travels, which not many years ago might have been accepted as valuable contributions to our then less perfect knowledge, would now perhaps be regarded as superficial and insufficient. In short the standard of knowledge of travellers and writers on geography must be raised to meet the increased requirements of the time.

Other influences are at work tending to the same result. The great advance made in all branches of natural science limits more and more closely the facilities for original research, and draws the observer of nature into more and more special studies, while it renders the acquisition by any individual of the highest standard of knowledge in more than one or two special subjects comparatively difficult and rare. At the same time the mutual interdependence of all natural phenomena daily becomes more apparent; and it is of ever-increasing importance that there shall be some among the cultivators of natural knowledge who specially direct their attention to the general relations existing among all the forces and phenomena of nature. It is very necessary to bear in mind that a large portion of the phenomena dealt with by the sciences of observation relates to the earth viewed as a whole, in contradistinction to the substances of which it is formed; hence, in some important branches of such subjects, it is only through study of the local physical conditions of various parts of the earth's surface and the complicated phenomena to which they give rise, that sound conclusions can be

established; this study constitutes physical or scientific geography. On the one hand, while the proper prosecution of the study of geography requires a sound knowledge of the researches and conclusions of students in the special branches of physical science, on the other, success is not attainable in the special branches without suitable apprehension of geographical facts. For these reasons it appears to me that the general progress of science will involve the study of geography in a more scientific spirit, and with a clearer conception of its true function, which is that of obtaining accurate notions of the manner in which the forces of nature have brought about the varied conditions characterizing the surface of the planet which we inhabit.

In its broadest sense science is organized knowledge, and its methods consist of the observation and classification of the phenomena of which we become conscious through our senses, and the investigation of the causes of which these are the effects. The first step in geography, as in all other sciences, is the observation and description of the phenomena with which it is concerned; the next is to classify and compare this empirical collection of facts, and to investigate their antecedent causes. It is in the first branch of the study that most progress has been made, and to it indeed the notion of geography is still popularly limited. The other branch is commonly spoken of as physical geography, but it is more correctly the science of geography.

The knowledge of geography has thus advanced from first rough ideas of relative distance between neighbouring places, to correct views of the earth's form, precise determinations of position, and accurate delineations of the surface. The first impressions of the differences observed between distant countries were in time corrected by the perception of similarities no less real. The characteristics of the great regions of polar cold and equatorial heat, of the sea and land, of the mountains and plains, were appreciated; and the local variations of season and climate, of wind and rain, were more or less fully ascertained. Later, the distribution of plants and animals, their occurrence in groups of peculiar structure in various regions, and the circumstances under which such groups vary from place to place gave rise to fresh conceptions. With these facts were also observed the peculiarities of the races of men—their physical form, languages, customs, and history—exhibiting on the one hand striking differences in different countries, but, on the other, often connected by a strong stamp of similarity over large areas.

By the gradual accumulation and classification of such knowledge the scientific conception of geographical unity and continuity was at length formed, and the conclusion established that while each different

part of the earth's surface has its special characteristics, all animate and inanimate nature constitutes one general system, and that the particular features of each region are due to the operation of universal laws acting under varying local conditions. It is upon such a conception that is now brought to bear the doctrine, very generally accepted by the naturalists of our own country, that each successive phase of the earth's history, for an indefinite period of time, has been derived from that which preceded it, under the operation of the forces of nature as we now find them; and that, so far as observation justifies the adoption of any conclusions on such subjects, no change has ever taken place in those forces, or in the properties of matter. This doctrine is commonly spoken of as the doctrine of evolution, and it is to its application to geography that I wish to direct your attention.

I desire here to remark that in what I am about to say, I altogether leave on one side all questions relating to the origin of matter, and of the so-called forces of nature which give rise to the properties of matter. In the present state of knowledge such subjects are, I conceive, beyond the legitimate field of physical science, which is limited to discussions directly arising on facts within the reach of observation, or on reasonings based on such facts. It is a necessary condition of the progress of knowledge that the line between what properly is or is not within the reach of human intelligence is ill defined, and that opinions will vary as to where it should be drawn; for it is the avowed and successful aim of science to keep this line constantly shifting by pushing it forward; many of the efforts made to do this are no doubt founded in error, but all are deserving of respect that are undertaken honestly.

The conception of evolution is essentially that of a passage to the state of things which observation shows us to exist now, from some preceding state of things. Applied to geography, that is to say to the present condition of the earth as a whole, it leads up to the conclusion that the existing outlines of sea and land have been caused by modifications of pre-existing oceans and continents, brought about by the operation of forces which are still in action, and which have acted from the most remote past of which we can conceive; that all the successive forms of the surface,—the depressions occupied by the waters, and the elevations constituting mountain-chains,—are due to these same forces; that these have been set up, first, by the secular loss of heat which accompanied the original cooling of the globe, and second, by the annual or daily gain and loss of heat received from the sun acting on the matter of which the earth and its atmosphere are composed; that all variations of climate are dependent on differences in the condition of the surface; that the distribution of life on the earth, and the vast varieties of its forms,

are consequences of contemporaneous or antecedent changes of the forms of the surface and climate; and thus that our planet as we now find it is the result of modifications gradually brought about in its successive stages, by the necessary action of the matter out of which it has been formed, under the influence of the matter which is external to it.

I shall state briefly the grounds on which these conclusions are based.

So far as concerns the inorganic fabric of the earth, that view of its past history which is based on the principle of the persistence of all the forces of nature, may be said to be now universally adopted. This teaches that the almost infinite variety of natural phenomena arises from new combinations of old forms of matter, under the action of new combinations of old forms of force. Its recognition has, however, been comparatively recent, and is in a great measure due to the teachings of that eminent geologist, the late Sir Charles Lyell, whom we have lost during the past year.

When we look back by the help of geological science to the more remote past, through the epochs immediately preceding our own, we find evidence of marine animals,—which lived, were reproduced, and died,—possessed of organs proving that they were under the influence of the heat and light of the sun; of seas whose waves rose before the winds, breaking down cliffs, and forming beaches of boulders and pebbles; of tides and currents spreading out banks of sand and mud on which are left the impress of the ripple of the water, of drops of rain, and of the track of animals; and all these appearances are precisely similar to those which we observe at the present day, as the results of forces which we see actually in operation. Every successive stage, as we recede in the past history of the earth, teaches the same lesson. The forces which are now at work, whether in degrading the surface by the action of seas, rivers, or frosts, and in transporting its fragments into the sea, or in reconstituting the land by raising beds laid out in the depth of the ocean, are traced by similar effects as having continued at work from the earliest times.

Thus pushing back our inquiries, we at last reach the point where the apparent cessation of terrestrial conditions such as now exist requires us to consider the relation in which our planet stands to other bodies in celestial space; and vast though the gulf be that separates us from these, science has been able to bridge it. By means of spectroscopic analysis it has been established that the constituent elements of the sun and other heavenly bodies are substantially the same as those of the earth. The examination of the meteorites which have fallen on the earth from the interplanetary spaces, shows that they also contain nothing foreign to the constituents of the earth. The inference seems legitimate, corroborated

as it is by the manifest connexion between the sun and the planetary bodies circulating around it, that the whole solar system is formed of matter of the same descriptions, and subject to the same general physical laws. These conclusions further support the supposition that the earth and other planets have been formed by the aggregation of matter once diffused in space around the sun; that the first consequence of this aggregation was to develop intense heat in the consolidating masses; that the heat thus generated in the terrestrial sphere was subsequently lost by radiation; and that the surface cooled and became a solid crust, leaving a central nucleus of much higher temperature within. The earth's surface appears now to have reached a temperature which is virtually fixed, the gain of heat from the sun being, on the whole, just compensated by the loss by radiation into surrounding space.

Such a conception of the earliest stage of the earth's existence is commonly accepted, as in accordance with observed facts. It leads to the conclusion that the hollows on the surface of the globe occupied by the ocean, and the great areas of dry land, were original irregularities of form caused by unequal contraction; and that the mountains were corrugations, often accompanied by ruptures, caused by the strains developed in the external crust by the force of central attraction exerted during cooling, and were not due to forces directly acting upwards generated in the interior by gases or otherwise. It has recently been very ably argued by Mr. Mallet that the phenomena of volcanic heat are likewise consequences of extreme pressures in the external crust, set up in a similar manner, and are not derived from the central heated nucleus.

There may be some difficulty in conceiving how forces can have been thus developed sufficient to have produced the gigantic changes which have occurred in the distribution of land and water over immense areas, and in the elevation of the bottoms of former seas so that they now form the summits of the highest mountains, and to have effected such changes within the very latest geological epoch. These difficulties in great measure arise from not employing correct standards of space and time in relation to the phenomena. Vast though the greatest heights of our mountains and depths of our seas may be, and enormous though the masses which have been put into motion, when viewed according to a human standard, they are insignificant in relation to the globe as a whole. Such heights and depths (about six miles), on a sphere of ten feet in diameter, would be represented on a true scale by elevations and depressions of less than the tenth part of an inch, and the average elevation of the whole of the dry land (about one thousand feet) above the mean level of the surface, would hardly amount to the thickness of an ordinary sheet of paper. The forces developed by the changes of the tempe-

rature of the earth as a whole must be proportionate to its dimensions ; and the results of their action on the surface in causing elevations, contortions, or disruptions of the strata, cannot be commensurable with those produced by forces having the intensities, or by strains in bodies of the dimensions, with which our ordinary experience is conversant.

The difficulty in respect to the vast extent of past time is perhaps less great, the conception being one with which most persons are now more or less familiar. But I would remind you, that great though the changes in human affairs have been since the most remote epochs of which we have records in monuments or history, there is nothing to indicate that within this period has occurred any appreciable modification of the main outlines of land and sea, or of the conditions of climate, or of the general characters of living creatures ; and that the distance that separates us from those days is as nothing when compared to the remoteness of past geological ages. No useful approach has yet been made to a numerical estimate of the duration even of that portion of geological time which is nearest to us ; and we can say little more than that the earth's past history extends over many hundreds of thousands or millions of years.

The solid nucleus of the earth with its atmosphere, as we now find it, may thus be regarded as exhibiting the residual phenomena which have resulted on its attaining a condition of practical equilibrium, the more active process of aggregation having ceased, and the combination of its elements into the various solid, liquid, or gaseous matters found on or near the surface having been completed. During its passage to its present state many wonderful changes must have taken place, including the condensation of the ocean, which must have long continued in ebullition, or in a state bordering on it, surrounded by an atmosphere densely charged with watery vapour. Apart from the movements in its solid crust caused by the general cooling and contraction of the earth, the higher temperature due to its earlier condition hardly enters directly into any of the considerations that arise in connexion with its present climate, or with the changes during past time which are of most interest to us ; for the conditions of climate and temperature at present, as well as in the period during which the existence of life is indicated by the presence of fossil remains, and which have affected the production and distribution of organized beings, are dependent on other causes, to a consideration of which I now proceed.

The natural phenomena relating to the atmosphere are often extremely complicated and difficult of explanation ; and meteorology is the least advanced of the branches of physical science. But sufficient is known to indicate, without possible doubt, that the primary causes of the great series of phenomena, included under the general

term climate, are the action and reaction of the mechanical and chemical forces set in operation by the sun's heat, varied from time to time and from place to place, by the influence of the position of the earth in its orbit, of its revolution on its axis, of geographical position, elevation above the sea-level, and condition of the surface, and by the great mobility of the atmosphere and the ocean.

The intimate connection between climate and local geographical conditions is everywhere apparent; nothing is more striking than the great differences between neighbouring places where the effective local conditions are not alike, which often far surpass the contrasts attending the widest separation possible on the globe. Three or four miles of vertical height produce effects almost equal to those of transfer from the equator to the poles. The distribution of the great seas and continents gives rise to periodical winds,—the trades or monsoons,—which maintain their general characteristics over wide areas, but present almost infinite local modifications whether of season, direction, or force. The direction of the coasts and their greater or less continuity greatly influence the flow of the currents of the ocean; and these, with the periodical winds, tend on the one hand to equalize the temperature of the whole surface of the earth, and on the other to cause surprising variations within a limited area. Ranges of mountains, and their position in relation to the periodical or rain-bearing winds, are of primary importance in controlling the movements of the lower strata of the atmosphere, in which, owing to the laws of elastic gases, the great mass of the air and watery vapour are concentrated. By their presence they may either constitute a barrier across which no rain can pass, or determine the fall of torrents of rain around them. Their absence or their unfavourable position, by removing the causes of condensation, may lead to the neighbouring tracts becoming rainless deserts.

The difficulties that arise in accounting for the phenomena of climate on the earth as it now is are naturally increased when the attempt is made to explain what is shown by geological evidence to have happened in past ages. Attempts have been made to get over these last difficulties by invoking supposed changes in the sources of terrestrial heat, or in the conditions under which heat has been received by the earth, for which there is no justification; violent departures from the observed course of nature have been assumed to account for some of the analogous mechanical difficulties.

Among the most perplexing of such climatal problems are those involved in the former extension of glacial action of various sorts over areas which could hardly have been subject to it under existing terrestrial and solar conditions; and in the discovery, conversely, of indications of far higher temperatures at certain places than seems com-

patible with their high latitudes ; and in the alternations of such extreme conditions. The true solution of these questions has apparently been found in the recognition of the disturbing effects of the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, which, though inappreciable in the comparatively few years to which the affairs of men are limited, become of great importance in the vastly increased period brought into consideration when dealing with the history of the earth. The changes of eccentricity of the orbit are not of a nature to cause appreciable differences in the mean temperature either of the earth generally or of the two hemispheres ; but they may, when combined with those changes of the direction of the earth's axis which are consequences of the movements known as the precession of the equinoxes and nutation, lead to exaggeration of the extremes of heat and cold, or to their diminution ; and this would appear to supply the means of explaining the observed facts, though doubtless the detailed application of the conception will long continue to give rise to discussions. Mr. Croll, in his book entitled "Climate and Time," has recently brought together with much research all that can now be said on this subject ; and the general correctness of that part of his conclusions which refers to the periodical occurrence of epochs of greatly increased winter cold and summer heat in one hemisphere, combined with a more equable climate in the other, appears to me to be fully established.

These are the considerations which are held to prove that the inorganic structure of the globe, through all its successive stages—the earth beneath our feet, with its varied surface of land and sea, mountain and plain, and with its atmosphere which distributes heat and moisture over that surface—has been evolved as the necessary result of an original aggregation of matter at some extremely remote period, and of the subsequent modification of that matter in condition and form under the exclusive operation of invariable physical forces.

From these investigations we carry on the inquiry to the living creatures found upon the earth ; what are their relations one to another, and what to the inorganic world with which they are associated ?

This inquiry, first directed to the present time, and thence carried backwards as far as possible into the past, proves that there is one general system of life, vegetable and animal, which is co-extensive with the earth as it now is, and as it has been in all the successive stages of which we obtain a knowledge by geological research. The phenomena of life, as thus ascertained, are included in the organization of living creatures, and their distribution in time and place. The common bond that subsists between all vegetables and animals is testified by the identity of the ultimate elements of

which they are composed. These elements are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a few others in comparatively small quantities; the whole of the materials of all living things being found among those that compose the inorganic portion of the earth.

The close relation existing between the least specialised animals and plants, and between these and organic matter not having life, and even inorganic matter, is indicated by the difficulty that arises in determining the nature of the distinctions between them. Among the more highly developed members of the two great branches of living creatures, the well-known similarities of structure observed in the various groups indicate a connection between proximate forms, which was long seen to be akin to that derived through descent from a common ancestor by ordinary generation.

The facts of distribution show that certain forms are associated in certain areas, and that as we pass from one such area to another the forms of life change also. The general assemblages of living creatures in neighbouring countries easily accessible to one another, and having similar climates, resemble one another; and much in the same way, as the distance between areas increases, or their mutual accessibility diminishes, or the conditions of climate differ, the likeness in the forms within them becomes continually less apparent. The plants and animals existing at any time in any locality tend constantly to diffuse themselves around that local centre, this tendency being controlled by the climate and other conditions of the surrounding area, so that under certain unfavourable conditions diffusion ceases.

The possibilities of life are further seen to be everywhere directly influenced by all external conditions, such as those of climate, including temperature, humidity, and wind; of the length of the seasons and days and nights; of the character of the surface, whether it be land or water, and whether it be covered by vegetation or otherwise; of the nature of the soil; of the presence of other living creatures; and many more. The abundance of forms of life in different areas (as distinguished from number of individuals) is also found to vary greatly, and to be related to the accessibility of such areas to immigration from without; to the existence, within or near the areas, of localities offering considerable variations of the conditions that chiefly affect life; and to the local climate and conditions being compatible with such immigration.

For the explanation of these and other phenomena of organization and distribution, the only direct evidence that observation can supply is that derived from the mode of propagation of creatures now living; and no other mode is known than that which takes place by ordinary generation, through descent from parent to offspring.

It was left for the genius of Darwin to point out how the course of nature as it now acts in the reproduction of living creatures, is

sufficient for the interpretation of what had previously been incomprehensible in these matters. He showed how propagation by descent operates subject to the occurrence of certain small variations in the offspring, and that the preservation of some of these varieties to the exclusion of others follows as a necessary consequence when the external conditions are more suitable to the preserved forms than to those lost. The operation of these causes he called Natural Selection. Prolonged over a great extent of time it supplies the long-sought key to the complex system of forms either now living on the earth, or the remains of which are found in the fossil state, and explains the relations among them, and the manner in which their distribution has taken place in time and space.

Thus we are brought to the conclusion that the directing forces which have been efficient in developing the existing forms of life from those which went before them, are those same successive external conditions, including the forms of land and sea and the character of the climate, which have already been shown to arise from the gradual modification of the material fabric of the globe as it slowly attained to its present state. In each succeeding epoch, and in each separate locality, the forms preserved and handed on to the future were determined by the general conditions of surface at the time and place; and the aggregate of successive sets of conditions over the whole earth's surface has determined the entire series of forms which have existed in the past, and have survived till now.

As we recede from the present into the past, it necessarily follows, as a consequence of the ultimate failure of all evidence as to the conditions of the past, that positive testimony of the conformity of the facts with the principle of evolution gradually diminishes, and at length ceases. In the same way positive evidence of the continuity of action of all the physical forces of nature eventually fails. But inasmuch as the evidence, so far as it can be procured, exclusively supports the belief in this continuity of action, and as we have no experience of the contrary the only justifiable conclusion is, that the production of life must have been going on as we now know it, without any intermission from the time of its first appearance on the earth.

These considerations manifestly afford no sort of clue to the origin of life. They only serve to take us back to a very remote epoch, when the living creatures differed greatly in detail from those of the present time, but had such resemblances to them as to justify the conclusion that the essence of life then was the same as now; and through that epoch into an unknown anterior period, during which the possibility of life, as we understand it, began, and from which have emerged in a way that we cannot comprehend matter with its properties, bound together by what we call the elementary physical forces. There seems to be no foundation in any observed fact for

suggesting that the wonderful property which we call life, appertains to the combinations of elementary substances in association with which it is exclusively found, otherwise than as all other properties appertain to the particular forms or combinations of matter with which they are associated. It is no more possible to say how originated or operates the tendency of some sorts of matter to take the form of vapours, or fluids, or solid bodies, in all their various shapes, or for the various sorts of matter to attract one another or combine, than it is to explain the origin in certain forms of matter of the property we call life, or the mode of its action. For the present, at least, we must be content to accept such facts as the foundation of positive knowledge, and from them to rise to the apprehension of the means by which nature has reached its present state, and is advancing into an unknown future.

These conceptions of the relations of animal and vegetable forms to the earth in its successive stages, lead to views of the significance of type (*i.e.*, the general system of structure running through various groups of organized beings) very different from those under which it was held to be an indication of some occult power directing the appearance of a succession of living creatures on the earth, according to some arbitrary preconceived plan. In the light of evolution, type is nothing more than the course given to the actual development of life by the surface-conditions of the earth, which have supplied the forces that determined the forms of the successive generations leading from the past to the present. There is no indication of any inherent or prearranged disposition towards the development of life in any particular direction. It would rather appear that the actual face of nature is the result of a succession of apparently trivial incidents, which by some very slight alteration of local circumstances might often, it would seem, have been turned in a different direction. Some otherwise unimportant difference in the constitution or sequence of the substrata at any locality, might have determined the elevation of mountains where a hollow filled by the sea was actually formed, and thereby the whole of the climatal and other conditions of a large area would have been changed, and an entirely different impulse given to the development of life locally, which might have impressed a new character on the whole face of nature.

But further, all that we see or know to have existed upon the earth has been controlled to its most minute details by the original constitution of the matter which was drawn together to form our planet. The actual character of all inorganic substances, as of all living creatures, is only consistent with the actual constitution and proportions of the various substances of which the earth is composed. Other proportions than the actual ones in the constituents of the atmosphere would have required an entirely different organization in

all air-breathing animals, and probably in all plants. With any considerable difference in the quantity of water either in the sea or distributed as vapour, vast changes in the constitution of living creatures must have been involved. Without oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, or carbon, what we term life would have been impossible. But such speculations need not be extended.

The substances of which the earth is now composed are identical with those of which it has always been made up; so far as is known it has lost nothing and has gained nothing, except what has been added in extremely minute quantities by the fall of meteorites. All that is or ever has been upon the earth is part of the earth, has sprung from the earth, is sustained by the earth, and returns to the earth; taking back thither what it withdrew, making good the materials on which life depends, without which it would cease, and which are destined again to enter into new forms, and contribute to the ever onward flow of the great current of existence.

The progress of knowledge has removed all doubt as to the relation in which the human race stands to this great stream of life. It is now established that man existed on the earth at a period vastly anterior to any of which we have records in history or otherwise. He was the contemporary of many extinct mammalia at a time when the outlines of land and sea, and the conditions of climate over large parts of the earth, were wholly different from what they now are, and our race has been advancing towards its present condition during a series of ages for the extent of which ordinary conceptions of time afford no suitable measure. These facts have, in recent years, given a different direction to opinion as to the manner in which the great groups of mankind have become distributed over the areas where they are now found; and difficulties once considered insuperable become soluble when regarded in connection with those alterations of the outlines of land and sea, which are shown to have been going on up to the very latest geological periods. The ancient monuments of Egypt, which take us back perhaps seven thousand years from the present time, indicate that when they were erected the neighbouring countries were in a condition of civilisation not very greatly different from that which existed when they fell under the dominion of the Romans or Mahometans hardly fifteen hundred years ago; and the progress of the population towards that condition can hardly be accounted for, otherwise than by prolonged gradual transformations, going back to times so far distant as to require a geological rather than an historical standard of reckoning.

Man, in short, takes his place with the rest of the animate world, in the advancing front of which he occupies so conspicuous a position. Yet for this position he is indebted not to any exclusive powers of his own, but to the wonderful compelling forces of nature which have

lifted him entirely without his knowledge, and almost without his participation, so far above the animals of whom he is still one, though the only one able to see or consider what he is.

For the social habits essential to his progress, which he possessed even in his most primitive state, man is without question dependent on his ancestors, as he is for his form and other physical peculiarities. In his advance to civilisation he was insensibly forced, by the pressure of external circumstances, through the more savage condition in which his life was that of the hunter, first to pastoral and then to agricultural occupations. The requirements of a population gradually increasing in numbers could only be met by a supply of food more regular and more abundant than could be provided by the chase. But the possibility of the change from the hunter to the shepherd or herdsman rested on the antecedent existence of animals suited to supply man with food, having gregarious habits and fitted for domestication, such as sheep, goats, and horned cattle. For their support the social grasses were a necessary preliminary, and for the growth of these in sufficient abundance land naturally suitable for pasture was required. A further evasion of man's growing difficulty in obtaining sufficient food was secured by aid of the cereal grasses, which supplied the means by which agriculture, the outcome of pastoral life, became the chief occupation of more civilised generations. Lastly, when these increased facilities for providing food were in turn overtaken by the growth of the population, new power to cope with the recurring difficulty was gained through the cultivation of mechanical arts and of thought, for which the needful leisure was for the first time obtained when the earliest steps of civilisation had removed the necessity for unremitting search after the means of supporting existence. Then was broken down the chief barrier in the way of progress, and man was carried forward to the condition in which he now is.

It is impossible not to recognise that the growth of civilisation, by aid of its instruments, pastoral and agricultural industry, was the result of the unconscious adoption of defences supplied by what was exterior to man, rather than of any truly intelligent steps taken with forethought to attain it; and in these respects man, in his struggle for existence, has not differed from the humbler animals or from plants. Neither can the marvellous ultimate growth of his knowledge, and his acquisition of the power of applying to his use all that lies without him, be viewed as differing in anything but form or degree from the earlier steps in his advance. The needful protection against the foes of his constantly increasing race,—the legions of hunger and disease, infinite in number, ever changing their mode of attack or springing up in new shapes,—could only be attained by some

fresh adaptation of his organization to his wants, and this has taken the form of that development of intellect which has placed all other creatures at his feet, and all the powers of nature in his hand.

The picture that I have thus attempted to draw presents to us our earth carrying with it, or receiving from the sun or other external bodies, as it travels through celestial space, all the materials and all the forces by help of which is fashioned whatever we see upon it. We may liken it to a great complex living organism, having an inert substratum of inorganic matter on which are formed many separate organized centres of life, but all bound up together by a common law of existence, each individual part depending on those around it, and on the past condition of the whole. Science is the study of the relations of the several parts of this organism one to another, and of the parts to the whole. It is the task of the geographer to bring together from all places on the earth's surface the materials from which shall be deduced the scientific conception of nature. Geography supplies the rough blocks wherewith to build up that grand structure towards the completion of which science is striving. The traveller, who is the journeyman of science, collects from all quarters of the earth observations of fact, to be submitted to the research of the student, and to provide the necessary means of verifying the inductions obtained by study, or the hypotheses suggested by it. If, therefore, travellers are to fulfil the duties put upon them by the division of scientific labour, they must maintain their knowledge of the several branches of science at such a standard as will enable them thoroughly to apprehend what are the present requirements of science, and the classes of facts on which fresh observation must be brought to bear to secure its advance. Nor does this involve any impracticable course of study. Such knowledge as will fit a traveller for usefully participating in the progress of science is now placed within the reach of every one. The lustre of that energy and self-devotion which characterize the better class of explorers will not be dimmed, by joining to these qualities an amount of scientific training which will enable them to bring away from distant regions enlarged conceptions of other matters besides mere distance and direction. How great is the value to science of the observations of travellers endowed with a share of such instruction is testified by the labours of many living naturalists. In our days this is especially true; and I appeal to all who desire to promote the progress of geographical science as explorers, to prepare themselves for doing so efficiently, while they yet possess the vigour and physical powers that so much conduce to success in their pursuits.

RICHARD STRACHEY.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE NEPHEWS OF THE EARL, AND ANOTHER EXHIBITION OF THE TWO PASSIONS IN BEAUCHAMP.

It was now the season when London is as a lighted tower to her provinces, and, among other gentlemen hurried thither by attraction, Captain Baskellett arrived. Although not a personage in the House of Commons, he was a vote; and if he never committed himself to the perils of a speech, he made himself heard. His was the part of chorus, which he performed with a fairly close imitation of the original cries of periods before parliaments were instituted, thus representing a stage in the human development besides the borough of Bevisham. He arrived in the best of moods for the emission of high-pitched vowel-sounds: otherwise in the worst of tempers. His uncle had notified an addition of his income to him at Romfrey, together with commands that he should quit the castle instantly: and there did that woman, Mistress Culling, do the honours to Nevil Beauchamp's French party. He assured Lord Palmet of his positive knowledge of the fact, incredible as the sanction of such immoral proceedings by the Earl of Romfrey, must appear to that young nobleman. Additions to income are of course acceptable, but in the form of a palpable stipulation for silence, they neither awaken gratitude, nor effect their purpose. Quite the contrary; they prick the moral mind to sit in judgment on the donor. It means, she fears me! Cecil confidently thought and said of the intriguing woman who managed his patron.

The town-house was open to him. Lord Romfrey was at Steynham. Cecil could not suppose that he was falling into a pit in entering it. He happened to be the favourite of the old housekeeper, who liked him for his haughtiness, which was to her thinking the sign of real English nobility, and perhaps it is the popular sign, and a tonic to the people. She raised lamentations over the shame of the locking of the door against him that awful night, declaring she had almost mustered courage to go down to him herself, in spite of Mrs. Culling's orders. The old woman lowered her voice to tell him that her official superior had permitted the French gentlemen and ladies to call her countess. This she knew for a certainty, though she knew nothing of French; but the French lady who came second brought a maid who knew English a little, and she said the very words—the countess, and said also that her party took Mrs.

Culling for the Countess of Romfrey. What was more, my lord's coachman caught it up, and he called her countess, and he had a quarrel about it with the footman Kendall; and the day after a dreadful affair between them in the mews, home drives madam, and Kendall is to go up to her, and down the poor man comes, and not a word to be got out of him, but as if he had seen a ghost. "She have such power," Cecil's admirer concluded.

"I wager I match her," Cecil said to himself, pulling at his wristbands and letting his lower teeth shine out. The means of matching her were not so palpable as the resolution. First he took men into his confidence. Then he touched lightly on the story to ladies, with the question, "What ought I to do?" In consideration for the Earl of Romfrey he ought not to pass it over, he suggested. The ladies of the family urged him to go to Steynham and boldly confront the woman. He was not prepared for that. Better, it seemed to him, to blow the rumour, and make it a topic of the season, until Lord Romfrey should hear of it. Cecil had the ear of the town for a month. He was in the act of slicing the air with his right hand in his accustomed style, one evening at Lady Elsea's, to protest how vast was the dishonour done to the family by Mistress Culling, when Stukely Culbrett stopped him, saying, "The lady you speak of is the Countess of Romfrey. I was present at the marriage."

Cecil received the shock in the attitude of those martial figures we see wielding two wooden swords in provincial gardens to tell the disposition of the wind: abruptly abandoned by it, they stand transfixed, one sword aloft, the other at their heels. The resemblance extended to his astonished countenance. His big chest heaved. Like many another wounded giant before him, he experienced the insufficiency of interjections to solace pain. For them, however, the rocks were handy to fling, the trees to uproot; heaven's concave resounded companionably to their bellowings. Relief of so concrete a kind is not to be obtained in crowded London assemblies.

"You are jesting?—you are a jester," he contrived to say.

"It was a private marriage, and I was a witness," replied Stukely.

"Lord Romfrey has made an honest woman of her, has he?"

"A peeress, you mean."

Cecil bowed. "Exactly. I am corrected. I mean a peeress."

He got out of the room with as high an air as he could command, feeling as if a bar of iron had flattened his head.

Next day it was intimated to him by one of the Steynham servants that apartments were ready for him at the residence of the late earl. Lord Romfrey's house was about to be occupied by the Countess of Romfrey. Cecil had to quit, and he chose to be enamoured of that dignity of sulking so seductive to the wounded spirit of man.

Rosamund, Countess of Romfrey, had worse to endure from Beau-

champ. He indeed came to the house, and he went through the formalities of congratulation, but his opinion of her step was unconcealed, that she had taken it for the title. He distressed her by reviving the case of Dr. Shrapnel, as though it were a matter of yesterday, telling her she had married a man with a stain on him; she should have exacted the apology as a nuptial present; ay, and she would have done it if she had cared for the earl's honour or her own. So little did he understand men! so tenacious was he of his ideas! She had almost forgotten the case of Dr. Shrapnel, and to see it shooting up again in the new path of her life was really irritating.

Rosamund did not defend herself.

"I am very glad you have come, Nevil," she said; "your uncle holds to the ceremony. I may be of real use to you now; I wish to be."

"You have only to prove it," said he. "If you can turn his mind to marriage, you can send him to Bevisham."

"My chief thought is to serve you."

"I know it is, I know it is," he rejoined with some fervour. "You have served me, and made me miserable for life, and rightly. Never mind: all's well while the hand's to the axe." Beauchamp smoothed his forehead roughly, trying hard to inspire himself with the tonic draughts of sentiments cast in the form of proverbs. "Lord Romfrey saw her, you say?"

"He did, Nevil, and admired her."

"Well, if I suffer, let me think of her! For courage and nobleness I shall never find her equal. Have you changed your ideas of Frenchwomen now? Not a word, you say, not a look, to show her disdain of me whenever my name was mentioned!"

"She could scarcely feel disdain. She was guilty of a sad error."

"Through trusting in me. Will nothing teach you where the fault lies? You women have no mercy for women. She went through the parade to Romfrey Castle and back, and she must have been perishing at heart. That, you English call acting. In history you have a respect for such acting up to the scaffold. Good-bye to her! There's a story ended. One thing you must promise: you're a peeress, ma'am: the story's out, everybody has heard of it; that babbler has done his worst: if you have a becoming appreciation of your title, you will promise me honestly—no, give me your word as a woman I can esteem—that you will not run about excusing me. Whatever you hear said or suggested, say nothing yourself. I insist on your keeping silence. Press my hand."

"Nevil, how foolish!"

"It's my will."

"It is unreasonable. You give your enemies license."

"I know what's in your head. Take me, *nana*, and let me have your word for it."

"But if persons you like very much, *Nevil*, should hear?"

"Promise. You are a woman not to break your word."

"If I decline?"

"Your hand! I'll kiss it."

"Oh! my darling." *Rosamund* flung her arms round him and strained him an instant to her bosom. "What have I but you in the world? My comfort was the hope that I might serve you."

"Yes! by slaying one woman as an offering to another. It would be impossible for you to speak the truth. Don't you see, it would be a lie against her, and making a figure of me that a man would rather drop to the ground than have shown of him? I was to blame, and only I. *Madame de Rouaillout* was as utterly deceived by me as ever a trusting woman by a brute. I look at myself and hardly believe it's the same man. I wrote to her that I was unchanged—and I was entirely changed, another creature, anything *Lord Romfrey* may please to call me."

"But, *Nevil*, I repeat, if *Miss Halkett* should hear . . . ?"

"She knows by this time."

"At present she is ignorant of it."

"And what is *Miss Halkett* to me?"

"More than you imagined in that struggle you underwent, I think, *Nevil*. Oh! if only to save her from *Captain Baskett*! He gained your uncle's consent when they were at the Castle, to support him in proposing for her. He is persistent. Women have been snared without loving. She is a great heiress. Reflect on his use of her wealth. You respect her, if you have no warmer feeling. Let me assure you that the husband of *Cecilia*, if he is of *Romfrey* blood, has the fairest chance of the estates. That man will employ every weapon. He will soon be here bowing to me to turn me to his purposes."

"*Cecilia* can see through *Baskett*," said *Beauchamp*.

"Single-mindedly selfish men may be seen through and through, and still be dangerous, *Nevil*. The supposition is, that we know the worst of them. He carries a story to poison her mind. She could resist it, if you and she were in full confidence together. If she did not love you she could resist it. She does, and for some strange reason beyond my capacity to fathom, you have not come to an understanding. Sanction my speaking to her, just to put her on her guard, privately: not to injure that poor lady, but to explain. Shall she not know the truth? I need say but very little. Indeed, all I can say is that, finding the *marquise* in *London* one evening, you telegraphed for me to attend on her, and I joined you. You shake your head. But surely it is due to *Miss Halkett*. She should

be protected from what will certainly wound her deeply. Her father is afraid of you, on the score of your theories. I foresee it : he will hear the scandal : he will imagine you as bad in morals as in politics. And you have lost your friend in Lord Romfrey—though he shall not be your enemy. Colonel Halkett and Cecilia called on us at Steynham. She was looking beautiful ; a trifle melancholy. The talk was of your—that—I do not like it, but you hold those opinions—the Republicanism. She had read your published letters. She spoke to me of your sincerity. Colonel Halkett of course was vexed. It is the same with all your friends. She, however, by her tone, led me to think that she sees you as you are, more than in what you do. They are now in Wales. They will be in town after Easter. Then you must expect that her feeling for you will be tried, unless—but you will ! You will let me speak to her, Nevil. My position allows me certain liberties I was previously debarred from. You have not been so very tender to your Cecilia that you can afford to give her fresh reasons for sorrowful perplexity. And why should you stand to be blackened by scandal-mongers when a few words of mine will prove that instead of weak you have been strong, instead of libertine blameless ? I am not using fine phrases : I would not. I would be as thoughtful of you as if you were present. And for her sake, I repeat, the truth should be told to her. I have a lock of her hair."

"Cecilia's ? Where ?" said Beauchamp.

"It is at Steynham." Rosamund primmed her lips at the success of her probing touch ; but she was unaware of the chief reason for his doting on those fair locks, and how they coloured his imagination since the day of the drive into Bevisham.

"Now leave me, my dear Nevil," she said. "Lord Romfrey will soon be here, and it is as well for the moment that you should not meet him, if it can be avoided."

Beauchamp left her, like a man out-argued and overcome. He had no wish to meet his uncle, whose behaviour in contracting a misalliance and casting a shadow on the family, in a manner so perfectly objectless and senseless, appeared to him to call for the reverse of compliments. Cecilia's lock of hair lying at Steynham hung in his mind. He saw the smooth flat curl lying secret like a smile.

The graceful head it had fallen from was dimmer in his mental eye. He went so far in this charmed meditation as to feel envy of the possessor of the severed lock : passingly he wondered, with the wonder of reproach, that the possessor should deem it enough to possess the lock, and resign it to a drawer or a desk. And as when life rolls back on us after the long ebb of illness, little whispers and diminutive images of the old joys and prizes of life arrest and fill

our hearts ; or as, to men who have been beaten down by storms, the opening of a daisy is dearer than the blazing orient which bids it open ; so the visionary lock of Cecilia's hair became Cecilia's self to Beauchamp, yielding him as much of her as he could bear to think of, for his heart was shattered.

Why had she given it to his warmest friend ? For the asking, probably.

This question was the first ripple of the breeze from other emotions beginning to flow fast.

He walked out of London, to be alone, and to think : and from the palings of a road on a south-western run of high land, he gazed at the great city—a place conquerable yet, with the proper appliances for subjugating it: the starting of his daily newspaper, "THE DAWN," say, as a commencement. It began to seem a possible enterprise. It soon seemed a proximate one. If Cecilia!—— He left the exclamation a blank, but not an empty dash in the brain ; rather like the shroud of night on a vast and gloriously imagined land.

Nay, the prospect was partly visible, as the unknown country becomes by degrees to the traveller's optics on the dark hill-tops. It is much, of course, to be domestically well-mated : but to be fortified and armed by one's wife with a weapon to fight the world, is rare good fortune ; a rapturous and an infinite satisfaction. He could now support of his own resources a weekly paper. A paper published weekly, however, is a poor thing, out of the tide, behind the date, mainly a literary periodical, no foremost combatant in politics, no champion in the arena ; hardly better than a commentator on the events of the six past days ; an echo, not a voice. It sits on a Saturday bench and pretends to sum up. Who listens ? The verdict knocks dust out of a cushion. It has no steady, continuous pressure of influence. It is the organ of sleepers. Of all the bigger instruments of money, it is the feeblest, Beauchamp thought. His constant faith in the good effects of utterance naturally inclined him to value six occasions per week above one ; and in the fight he was for waging, it was necessary that he should enter the ring and hit blow for blow sans intermission. A statement that he could call false must be challenged hot the next morning. The covert Toryism, the fits of flunkeyism, the cowardice, of the relapsing middle-class, which is now England before mankind, because it fills the sails of the Press, must be exposed. It supports the Press in its own interests, affecting to speak for the people. It belies the people. And this Press, declaring itself independent, can hardly walk for fear of treading on an interest here, an interest there. It cannot have a conscience. It is a bad guide, a false guardian ; its abject claim to be our national and popular interpreter—even that is hollow and a mockery ! It is powerful only while subservient. An engine of money, appealing to the

sensitiveness of money, it has no connection with the mind of the nation. And that it is not of, but apart from, the people, may be seen when great crises come. Can it stop a war? The people would, and with thunder, had they the medium. But in strong gales the power of the Press collapses; it wheezes like a pricked pig-skin of a piper. At its best Beauchamp regarded our lordly Press as a curiously diapered curtain and delusive mask, behind which the country struggles vainly to show an honest feature; and as a trumpet that deafened and terrorised the people; a mere engine of leaguers banded to keep a smooth face upon affairs, quite soullessly: he meanwhile having to be dumb.

But a journal that should be actually independent of circulation and advertisements: a popular journal in the true sense, very lungs to the people, for them to breathe freely through at last, and be heard out of it, with well-paid men of mark to head and aid them;—the establishment of such a journal seemed to him brave work of a life, though one should die early. The money launching it would be coin washed pure of its iniquity of selfish reproduction, by service to mankind. This DAWN of his conception stood over him like a rosier Aurora for the country. He beheld it in imagination as a new light rising above hugeous London. You turn the sheets of "THE DAWN," and it is the manhood of the land addressing you, no longer that alternately puling and insolent cry of the coffers. The health, wealth, comfort, contentment of the greater number are there to be striven for, in contempt of compromise and 'unseasonable times.'

Beauchamp's illuminated dream of the power of his DAWN to vitalise old England, liberated him singularly from his wearing regrets and heart-sickness.

Surely Cecilia, who judged him sincere, might be bent to join hands with him for so good a work! She would bring riches to her husband: sufficient. He required the ablest men of the country to write for him, and it was just that they should be largely paid. They at least in their present public apathy would demand it. To fight the brewers, distillers, publicans, the shopkeepers, the parsons, the landlords, the law-limpets, and also the indifferents, the logs, the cravens and the fools, high talent was needed, and an ardour stimulated by rates of pay outdoing the offers of the lucre-journals. A large annual outlay would therefore be needed; possibly for as long as a quarter of a century. Cecilia and her husband would have to live modestly. But her inheritance would be immense. Colonel Halkett had never spent a tenth of his income. In time he might be taught to perceive in "THE DAWN" the one greatly beneficent enterprise of his day. He might: through his daughter's eyes, and the growing success of the journal. Benevolent and gallant old man, patriotic as he was, and kind at heart, he might learn to

see in "THE DAWN" a broader channel of philanthropy and chivalry than any we have yet had a notion of in England!—a school of popular education into the bargain.

Beauchamp reverted to the shining curl. It could not have been clearer to vision if it had lain under his eyes.

Ay, that first wild life of his was dead. He had slain it. Now for the second and sober life! Who can say? The Countess of Romfrey suggested it:—Cecilia may have prompted him in his unknown heart to the sacrifice of a lawless love, though he took it for simply barren iron duty. Brooding on her, he began to fancy the victory over himself less and less a lame one: for it waxed less and less difficult in his contemplation of it. He was looking forward instead of back.

Who cut off the lock? Probably Cecilia herself; and thinking at the moment that he would see it, perhaps beg for it. The lustrous little ring of hair wound round his heart: smiled both on its emotions and its aims; bound them in one.

But proportionately as he grew tender to Cecilia, his consideration for Renée increased; that became a law to him: pity nourished it, and glimpses of self-content, and something like worship of her high-heartedness.

He wrote to the countess, forbidding her sharply and absolutely to attempt a vindication of him by explanations to any person whomsoever; and stating that he would have no falsehoods told, he desired her to keep to the original tale of the visit of the French family to her as guests of the Countess of Romfrey. Contradictory indeed. Rosamund shook her head over him. For a wilful character that is guilty of issuing contradictory commands to friends who would be friends in spite of him, appears to be expressly angling for the cynical spirit, so surely does it rise and snap at such provocation. He was even more emphatic when they next met. He would not listen to a remonstrance; and though, of course, her love of him granted him the liberty to speak to her in what tone he pleased, there were sensations proper to her new rank which his intemperateness wounded and tempted to revolt when he vexed her with unreason. She had a glimpse of the face he might wear to his enemies.

He was quite as resolute, too, about that slight matter of the Jersey bull. He had the bull in Bevisham, and would not give him up without the sign manual of Lord Romfrey to an agreement to resign him over to the American Quaker gentleman, after a certain term. Moreover, not once had he, by exclamation or innuendo, during the period of his recent grief for the loss of his first love, complained of his uncle Everard's refusal in the old days to aid him in suing for Renée. Rosamund had expected that he would. She thought it

unloverlike in him not to stir the past, and to bow to intolerable facts. This idea of him, coming in conjunction with his present behaviour, convinced her that there existed a contradiction in his nature: whence it ensued that she lost her warmth as an advocate designing to intercede for him with Cecilia; and warmth being gone, the power of the scandal seemed to her unassailable. How she could ever have presumed to combat it, was an astonishment to her. Cecilia might be indulgent, she might have faith in Nevil. Little else could be hoped for.

The occupations, duties, and ceremonies of her new position contributed to the lassitude into which Rosamund sank. And she soon had a communication to make to her lord, the nature of which was more startling to herself, even tragic. The bondswoman is a free woman compared with the wife.

Lord Romfrey's friends noticed a glow of hearty health in the splendid old man, and a prouder animation of eye and stature; and it was agreed that matrimony suited him well. Luckily for Cecil he did not sulk very long. A spectator of the earl's first introduction to the House of Peers, he called on his uncle the following day, and Rosamund accepted his homage in her husband's presence. He vowed that my lord was the noblest figure in the whole assembly; that it had been to him the most moving sight he had ever witnessed; that Nevil should have been there to see it and experience what he had felt; it would have done old Nevil incalculable good! and as far as his grief at the idea and some reticence would let him venture, he sighed to think of the last Earl of Romfrey having been seen by him taking the seat of his fathers.

Lord Romfrey shouted "Ha!" like a checked peal of laughter, and glanced at his wife.

CHAPTER XLV.

A LITTLE PLOT AGAINST CECILIA.

SOME days before Easter week Seymour Austin went to Mount Laurels for rest, at an express invitation from Colonel Halkett. The working barrister, who is also a working member of Parliament, is occasionally reminded that this mortal machine cannot adapt itself in perpetuity to the long hours of labour by night in the House of Commons as well as by day in the Courts, which would seem to have been arranged by a compliant country for the purpose of aiding his particular, and most honourable, ambition to climb, while continuing to fill his purse. Mr. Austin broke down early in the year. He attributed it to a cold. Other representative gentlemen were on

their backs, of whom he could admit that the protracted night-work had done them harm, with the reservation that their constitutions were originally unsound. But the House cannot get on without lawyers, and lawyers must practise their profession, and if they manage both to practise all day and sit half the night, others should be able to do the simple late sitting; and we English are an energetic people, we must toil or be beaten: and besides, 'night brings counsel,' men are cooler and wiser by night. Any amount of work can be performed by careful feeders: it is the stomach that kills the Englishman. Brains are never the worse for activity; they subsist on it.

These arguments and citations, good and absurd, of a man more at home in his harness than out of it, were addressed to the colonel to stop his remonstrances and idle talk about burning the candle at both ends. To that illustration Mr. Austin replied that he did not burn it in the middle.

"But you don't want money, Austin."

"No; but since I've had the habit of making it I have taken to like it."

"But you're not ambitious."

"Very little; but I should be sorry to be out of the tideway."

"I call it a system of slaughter," said the colonel, and Mr. Austin said, "The world goes in that way—love and slaughter."

"Not suicide though," Colonel Halkett muttered.

"No, that's only incidental."

The casual word 'love' led Colonel Halkett to speak to Cecilia of an old love-affair of Seymour Austin's, in discussing the state of his health with her. The lady was the daughter of a famous admiral, handsome, and latterly of light fame. Mr. Austin had nothing to regret in her having married a man richer than himself.

"I wish he had married a good woman," said the colonel.

"He looks unwell, papa."

"He thinks you're looking unwell, my dear."

"He thinks that of me?"

Cecilia prepared a radiant face for Mr. Austin.

She forgot to keep it kindled, and he suspected her to be a victim of one of the forms of youthful melancholy, and laid stress on the benefit to health of a change of scene.

"We have just returned from Wales," she said.

He remarked that it was hardly a change to be within shot of our newspapers.

The colour left her cheeks. She fancied her father had betrayed her to the last man who should know her secret. Beauchamp and the newspapers were rolled together in her mind by the fever of apprehension wasting her ever since his declaration of Republicanism,

and defence of it, and an allusion to one must imply the other, she feared :—feared, but far from quailingly. She had come to think that she could read the man she loved, and detect a reasonableness in his extravagance. Her father had discovered the impolicy of attacking Beauchamp in her hearing. The fever by which Cecilia was possessed on her lover's behalf, often overcame discretion, set her judgment in a whirl, was like a delirium. How it had happened she knew not. She knew only her wretched state ; a frenzy seized her whenever his name was uttered, to excuse, account for, all but glorify him, publicly. And the immodesty of her conduct was perceptible to her while she thus made her heart bare. She exposed herself once of late at Itchincope, and had tried to school her tongue before she went there. She felt that she should inevitably be seen through by Seymour Austin if he took the world's view of Beauchamp, and this to her was like a descent on the rapids to an end one shuts eyes from.

He noticed her perturbation, and spoke of it to her father.

"Yes, I'm very miserable about her," the colonel confessed. "Girls don't see . . . they can't guess . . . they have no idea of the right kind of man for them. A man like Blackburn Tuckham, now, a man a father could leave his girl to, with confidence ! He works for me like a slave ; I can't guess why. He doesn't look as if he were attracted. There's a man ! but no. Harum-scarum fellows take their fancy."

"Is *she* that kind of young lady?" said Mr. Austin.

"No one would have thought so. She pretends to have opinions upon politics now. It's of no use to talk of it !"

But Beauchamp was fully indicated.

Mr. Austin proposed to Cecilia that they should spend Easter week in Rome.

Her face lighted and clouded.

"I should like it," she said negatively.

"What's the objection?"

"None, except that Mount Laurels in spring has grown dear to me ; and we have engagements in London. I am not quick, I suppose, at new projects. I have ordered the yacht to be fitted out for a cruise in the Mediterranean early in the summer. There is an objection, I am sure. Yes ; papa has invited Mr. Tuckham here for Easter."

"We could carry him with us."

"Yes, but I should wish to be entirely under your tutelage in Rome."

"We would pair : your father and he ; you and I."

"We might do that. But Mr. Tuckham is like you, devoted to work ; and, unlike you, careless of antiquities and art."

"He is a hard and serious worker, and therefore the best of companions for a holiday. At present he is working for the colonel, who would easily persuade him to give over, and come with us."

"He certainly does love papa," said Cecilia.

Mr. Austin dwelt on that subject.

Cecilia perceived that she had praised Mr. Tuckham for his devotedness to her father without recognising the beauty of nature in the young man who could voluntarily take service under the elder he esteemed, in simple admiration of him. Mr. Austin scarcely said so much, or expected her to see the half of it, but she wished to be extremely grateful, and could only see at all by kindling altogether.

"He does himself injustice in his manner," said Cecilia.

"That has become somewhat tempered," Mr. Austin assured her, and he acknowledged what it had been with a smile that she reciprocated.

A rough man of rare quality civilising under various influences, and half ludicrous, a little irritating, wholly estimable, has frequently won the benign approbation of the sex. In addition, this rough man over whom she smiled was one of the few that never worried her concerning her hand. There was not a whisper of it in him. He simply loved her father.

Cecilia welcomed him to Mount Laurels with grateful gladness. The colonel had hastened Mr. Tuckham's visit in view of the expedition to Rome, and they discoursed of it at the luncheon table. Mr. Tuckham let fall that he had just seen Beauchamp.

"Did he thank you for his inheritance?" Colonel Halkett inquired.

"Not he!" Tuckham replied jovially.

Cecilia's eyes, quick to flash, were dropped.

The colonel said: "I suppose you told him nothing of what you had done for him?" and said Tuckham: "Oh no: what anybody else would have done;" and proceeded to recount that he had called at Dr. Shrapnel's on the chance of an interview with his friend Lydiard, who used generally to be hanging about the cottage. "But now he's free: his lunatic wife is dead, and I'm happy to think I was mistaken as to Miss Denham. Men practising literature should marry women with money. The poor girl changed colour when I informed her he had been released for upwards of three months. The old Radical's not the thing in health. He's anxious about leaving her alone in the world; he said so to me. Beauchamp's for rigging out a yacht to give him a sail. It seems that salt water did him some good last year. They're both of them rather the worse for a row at one of their meetings in the north in support of that public nuisance, the democratic and atheist Roughleigh. The Radical doctor lost a hat, and Beauchamp almost lost an eye.

He would have been a Nelson of politics, if he had been a monops, with an excuse for not seeing. It's a trifle to them; part of their education. They call themselves students. Rome will be capital, Miss Halkett. You're an Italian scholar, and I beg to be accepted as a pupil."

"I fear we have postponed the expedition too long," said Cecilia. She could have sunk with languor.

"Too long?" cried Colonel Halkett, mystified.

"Until too late, I mean, papa. Do you not think, Mr. Austin, that a fortnight in Rome is too short a time?"

"Not if we make it a month, my dear Cecilia,"

"Is not our salt air better for you? The yacht shall be fitted out."

"I'm a poor sailor!"

"Besides, a hasty excursion to Italy brings one's anticipated regrets at the farewell too close to the pleasure of beholding it, for the enjoyment of that luxury of delight which I associate with the name of Italy."

"Why, my dear child," said her father, "you were all for going, the other day."

"I do not remember it," said she. "One plans agreeable schemes. At least we need not hurry from home so very soon after our return. We have been travelling incessantly. The cottage in Wales is not home. It is hardly fair to Mount Laurels to quit it without observing the changes of the seasons in our flowers and birds here. And we have visitors coming. Of course, papa, I would not chain you to England. If I am not well enough to accompany you I can go to Louise for a few weeks."

Was ever transparency so threadbare? Cecilia shrank from herself in contemplating it when she was alone; and Colonel Halkett put the question to Mr. Austin, saying to him privately, with no further reserve: "It's that fellow Beauchamp in the neighbourhood. I'm not so blind. He'll be knocking at my door, and I can't lock him out. Austin, would you guess it was my girl speaking? I never in my life had such an example of intoxication before me. I'm perfectly miserable at the sight. You know her; she was the proudest girl living. Her ideas were orderly and sound; she *had* a good intellect. Now she more than half defends him—a naval officer! good Lord!—for getting up in a public room to announce that he's a Republican, and writing heaps of mad letters to justify himself. He's ruined in his profession: hopeless! He can never get a ship: his career's cut short, he's a rudderless boat. 'A gentleman drifting to Bedlam, his uncle calls him. I call his treatment of Grancey Lespel anything but gentlemanly. This is the sort of fellow my girl worships! What can I do? I can't interdict the house to him: it would only make matters worse. Thank God, the

fellow hangs fire somehow, and doesn't come to me. I expect it every day, either in a letter or the man in person. And I declare to heaven I'd rather be threading a Khyber Pass with my poor old friend who fell to a shot there."

"She certainly has another voice," Mr. Austin assented gravely.

He did not look on Beauchamp as the best of possible husbands for Cecilia.

"Let her see that you're anxious, Austin," said the colonel. "I'm her old opponent in this affair. She loves me, but she's accustomed to think me prejudiced: you she won't. You may have a good effect."

"Not by speaking."

"No, no; no assault: not a word, and not a word against him. Lay the wind to catch a gossamer. I've had my experience of blowing cold, and trying to run her down. He's at Shrapnel's. He'll be up here to-day, and I have an engagement in the town. Don't quit her side. Let her fancy you are interested in some discussion—Radicalism, if you like."

Mr. Austin readily undertook to mount guard over her while her father rode into Bevisham on business.

The enemy appeared.

Cecilia saw him, and could not step to meet him for trouble of heart. It was bliss to know that he lived and was near.

A transient coldness following the fit of ecstasy enabled her to swim through the terrible first minutes face to face with him.

He folded her round like a mist; but it grew a problem to understand why Mr. Austin should be perpetually at hand, in the garden, in the woods, in the drawing-room, wheresoever she wakened up from one of her trances to see things as they were.

Yet Beauchamp, with a daring and cunning at which her soul exulted, and her feminine nature trembled, as at the divinely terrible, had managed to convey to her no less than if they had been alone together.

His parting words were: "I must have five minutes with your father to-morrow."

How had she behaved? What could be Seymour Austin's idea of her?

She saw the blind thing that she was, the senseless thing, the shameless; and vulture-like in her scorn of herself, she alighted on that disgraced Cecilia and picked her to pieces hungrily. It was clear: Beauchamp had meant nothing beyond friendly civility: it was only her abject greediness pecking at crumbs. No! he loved her. Could a woman's heart be mistaken? She melted and wept, thanking him: she offered him her remnant of pride, pitiful to behold.

And still she asked herself betweenwhiles whether it could be true of an English lady of our day that she, the fairest stature under

sun, was ever knowingly twisted to this convulsion. She seemed to look forth from a barred window on flower, and field, and hill. Quietness existed as a vision. Was it impossible to embrace it? How pass into it? By surrendering herself to the flames, like a soul unto death! For why, if they were overpowering, attempt to resist them? It flattered her to imagine that she had been resisting them in their present burning might ever since her loved stepped on the *Esperanza's* deck at the mouth of Otley River. How foolish, seeing that they are fatal! A thrill of satisfaction swept her in reflecting that her ability to reason was thus active. And she was instantly rewarded for surrendering; pain fled, to prove her reasoning good; the flames devoured her gently: they cared not to torture so long as they had her to themselves.

At night, candle in hand, on the corridor, her father told her he had come across Grancey Lespel in Bevisham, and heard what he had not quite relished of the Countess of Romfrey. The glittering of Cecilia's eyes frightened him. Taking her for the moment to know almost as much as he, the colonel doubted the weight his communication would have on her; he talked obscurely of a scandalous affair at Lord Romfrey's house in town, and Beauchamp and that Frenchwoman. "But," said he, "Mrs. Grancey will be here to-morrow."

"So will Nevil, papa," said Cecilia.

"Ah! he's coming, yes; well!" the colonel puffed. "Well, I shall see him, of course, but I . . . I can only say that if his oath's worth having, I . . . and I think you too, my dear, if you . . . but it's no use anticipating. I shall stand out for your honour and happiness. There, your cheeks are flushed. Go and sleep."

Some idle tale! Cecilia murmured to herself a dozen times, undisturbed by the recurrence of it. Nevil was coming to speak to her father to-morrow! Adieu to doubt and division! Happy to-morrow! and dear Mount Laurels! The primroses were still fair in the woods: and soon the cowslips would come, and the nightingale; she lay lapt in images of everything innocently pleasing to Nevil. Soon the *Esperanza* would be spreading wings. She revelled in a picture of the yacht on a tumbling Mediterranean Sea, meditating on the two specks near the tiller, who were blissful human creatures, blest by heaven and in themselves, with luxurious Olympian benevolence.

For all that, she awoke, starting up in the first cold circle of twilight; her heart in violent action. She had dreamed that the vessel was wrecked. "I did not think myself so cowardly," she said aloud, pressing her side: and then, with the dream in her eyes, she gasped: "It would be together!"

Strangely chilled, she tried to recover some fallen load. The birds of the dawn twittered, chirped, dived aslant her window, fluttered back. Instead of a fallen load, she fancied presently that

it was an expectation she was desiring to realise: but what? What could be expected at that hour? She quitted her bed, and paced up and down the room beneath a gold-starred ceiling. Her expectation, she resolved to think, was of a splendid day of the young spring at Mount Laurels—a day to praise to Nevil.

She raised her window-blind at a window letting in sweet air, to gather indications of promising weather. Her lover stood on the grass-plot among the flower-beds below, looking up, as though it had been his expectation to see her which had drawn her to gaze out with an idea of some expectation of her own. So visionary was his figure in the grey solitariness of the moveless morning that she stared at the apparition, scarce putting faith in him as man, until he kissed his hand to her, and had softly called her name.

Impulsively she waved a hand from her lips.

Now there was no retreat for either of them!

She awoke to this conviction after a flight of blushes that burnt her thoughts to ashes as they sprang. Thoughts born blushing, all of the crimson colour, a rose-garden, succeeded, and corresponding with their speed her feet paced the room, both slender hands crossed at her throat under an uplifted chin, and the curves of her dark eyelashes dropped as in a swoon.

"He loves me!" The attestation of it had been visible. "No one but me!" Was that so evident?

Her father picked up silly stories of him—a man who made enemies recklessly!

Cecilia was petrified by a gentle tapping at her door. Her father called to her, and she threw on her dressing-gown, and opened the door.

The colonel was in his riding-suit.

"I haven't slept a wink, and I find it's the same with you," he said, paining her with his distressed kind eyes. "I ought not to have hinted anything last night without proofs. Austin's as unhappy as I am."

"At what, my dear papa, at what?" cried Cecilia.

"I ride over to Steynham this morning, and I shall bring you proofs, my poor child, proofs. That foreign tangle of his . . ."

"You speak of Nevil, papa?"

"It's a common scandal over London. That Frenchwoman was found at Lord Romfrey's house; Lady Romfrey cloaked it. I believe the woman would swear black's white to make Nevil Beauchamp appear an angel; and he's a desperately cunning hand with women. You doubt that."

She had shuddered slightly.

"You won't doubt if I bring you proofs. Till I come back from Steynham, I ask you not to see him alone: not to go out to him."

The colonel glanced at her windows.

Cecilia submitted to the request, out of breath, consenting to feel like a tutored girl, that she might conceal her guilty knowledge of what was to be seen through the windows.

"Now I'm off," said he, and kissed her.

"If you would accept Nevil's word!" she murmured.

"Not where women are concerned!"

He left her with this remark, which found no jealous response in her heart, yet ranged over certain dispersed inflammable grains, like a match applied to damp powder; again and again running in little leaps of harmless fire, keeping her alive to its existence, and surprising her that it should not have been extinguished.

Beauchamp presented himself rather late in the afternoon, when Mr. Austin and Blackburn Tuckham were sipping tea in Cecilia's boudoir with that lady, and a cousin of her sex, by whom she was led to notice a faint discoloration over one of his eyes, that was, considering whence it came, repulsive to compassion. A blow at a Radical meeting! He spoke of Dr. Shrapnel to Tuckham, and assuredly could not complain that the latter was unsympathetic in regard to the old man's health, though when he said: "Poor old man! he fears he will die!" Tuckham rejoined: "He had better make his peace."

"He fears he will die, because of his leaving Miss Denham unprotected," said Beauchamp.

"Well, she's a good-looking girl; he'll be able to leave her something, and he might easily get her married, I should think," said Tuckham.

"He's not satisfied with handing her to any kind of man."

"If the choice is to be among Radicals and infidels, I don't wonder. He has come to one of the tests."

Cecilia heard Beauchamp speaking of a newspaper. A great Radical journal, unmatched in sincerity, superior in ability, soon to be equal in power, to the leader and exemplar of the *lucre-Press*, would some day see the light.

"You'll want money for that," said Tuckham.

"I know," said Beauchamp.

"Are you prepared to stand forty or fifty thousand a year?"

"It need not be half so much."

"Counting the libels, I rate the outlay rather low."

"Yes, lawyers, judges, and juries of tradesmen, dealing justice to a Radical print!"

Tuckham brushed his hand over his mouth and ahemed. "It's to be a penny journal?"

"Yes, a penny. I'd make it a farthing——"

"Pay to have it read?"

"Willingly."

Tuckham did some mental arithmetic, quaintly, with rapidly

blinking eyelids and open mouth. "You may count it at the cost of two paying mines," he said firmly. "That is, if it's to be a consistently Radical journal, at law with everybody all round the year. And by the time it has won a reputation, it will be undermined by a radicaller Radical journal. That's how we've lowered the country to this level. That's an Inferno of Circles, down to the ultimate mire. And what on earth are you contending for?"

"Freedom of thought, for one thing."

"We have quite enough free-thinking."

"There's not enough if there's not perfect freedom."

"Dangerous!" quoth Mr. Austin.

"But it's that danger which makes men, sir; and it's fear of the danger that makes our modern Englishman."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Tuckham in the voice of a Parliamentary opposition. "Well, you start your paper, we'll assume it: what class of men will you get to write?"

"I shall get good men for the hire."

"You won't get the best men; you may catch a clever youngster or two, and an old rogue of talent; you won't get men of weight. They're prejudiced, I dare say. The journals which are commercial speculations give us a guarantee that they mean to be respectable; they must, if they wouldn't collapse. That's why the best men consent to write for them."

"Money will do it," said Beauchamp.

Mr. Austin disagreed with that observation.

"Some patriotic spirit, I may hope, sir."

Mr. Austin shook his head. "We put different constructions upon patriotism."

"Besides—fiddle! nonsense!" exclaimed Tuckham in the mildest interjections he could summon for a vent in society to his offended common sense; "the better your men the worse your mark. You're not dealing with an intelligent people."

"There's the old charge against the people!"

"But they're not. You can madden, you can't elevate them by writing and writing. Defend us from the uneducated English! The common English are doltish; except in the north, where you won't do much with them. Compare them with the Yankees for shrewdness, the Spaniards for sobriety, the French for ingenuity, the Germans for enlightenment, the Italians in the arts; yes, the Russians for good-humour and obedience—where are they? They're only worth something when they're led. They fight well; there's good stuff in them."

"I've heard all that before," returned Beauchamp, unruffled. "You don't know them. I mean to educate them by giving them an interest in their country. At present they have next to none. Our governing class is decidedly unintelligent, in my opinion brutish,

for it's indifferent. My paper shall render your traders justice for what they do, and justice for what they don't do."

"My traders, as you call them, are the soundest foundation for a civilised state that the world has yet seen."

"What is your paper to be called?" said Cecilia.

"The DAWN," Beauchamp answered.

She blushed fiery red, and turned the leaves of a portfolio of drawings.

"The DAWN!" ejaculated Tuckham. "The grey-eyed, or the red? Extraordinary name for a paper, upon my word!"

"A paper that doesn't devote half its columns to the vices of the rich—to money getting, spending and betting—will be an extraordinary paper."

"I have it before me now!—two doses of flattery to one of the whip. No, no; you haven't hit the disease. We want union, not division. Turn your mind to being a moralist, instead of a politician."

"The distinction shouldn't exist!"

"Only it does!"

Mrs. Grancey Lespel's entrance diverted their dialogue from a theme wearisome to Cecilia, for Beauchamp shone but darkly in it, and Mr. Austin did not join it. Mrs. Grancey touched Beauchamp's fingers. "Still political?" she said. "You have been seen about London with a French officer in uniform."

"It was M. le comte de Croisnel, a very old friend and comrade of mine," Beauchamp replied.

"Why do those Frenchmen everlastingly wear their uniforms?—tell me! Don't you think it detestable style?"

"He came over in a hurry."

"Now, don't be huffed. I know you, for defending your friends, Captain Beauchamp! Did he not come over with ladies?"

"With relatives, yes."

"Relatives of course. But when British officers travel with ladies, relatives or other, they prefer the simplicity of mufti, and so do I, as a question of taste, I must say."

"It was quite by misadventure that M. de Croisnel chanced to come in his uniform."

"Ah! I know you, for defending your friends, Captain Beauchamp. He was in too great a hurry to change his uniform before he started, or en route?"

"So it happened."

Mrs. Grancey let a lingering eye dwell maliciously on Beauchamp, who said, to shift the burden of it: "The French are not so jealous of military uniforms as we are. M. de Croisnel lost his portmanteau."

"Ah! lost it! Then of course he is excusable, except to the naked eye. Dear me! you have had a bruise on yours. Was Monsieur votre ami in the Italian campaign?"

"No, poor fellow, he was not. He is not an Imperialist; he had to remain in garrison."

"He wore a multitude of medals, I have been told. A cup of tea, Cecilia. And how long did he stay in England with his relatives?"

"Two days."

"Only two days! A very short visit indeed—singularly short. Somebody informed me of their having been seen at Romfrey Castle, which cannot have been true."

She turned her eyes from Beauchamp silent to Cecilia's hand on the teapot. "Half a cup," she said mildly, to spare the poor hand its betrayal of nervousness, and relapsed from her air of mistress of the situation to chatter to Mr. Austin.

Beauchamp continued silent. He took up a book, and presently a pencil from his pocket, then talked of the book to Cecilia's cousin; and leaving a paper-cutter between the pages, he looked at Cecilia and laid the book down.

She proceeded to conduct Mrs. Grancey Lespel to her room.

"I do admire Captain Beauchamp's cleverness; he is as good as a French romance!" Mrs. Grancey exclaimed on the stairs. "He fibs charmingly. I could not help drawing him out. Two days! Why, my dear, his French party were a fortnight in the country. It was the marquise, you know—the old affair; and one may say he's a constant man."

"I have not heard Captain Beauchamp's cleverness much praised," said Cecilia. "This is your room, Mrs. Grancey."

"Stay with me a moment. It is the room I like. Are we to have him at dinner?"

Cecilia did not suppose that Captain Beauchamp would remain to dine. Feeling herself in the clutches of a gossip, she would fain have gone.

"I am just one bit glad of it, though I can't dislike him personally," said Mrs. Grancey, detaining her and beginning to whisper. "It was really too bad. There was a French *party* at the end, but there was only *one* at the commencement. The brother was got over for a curtain, before the husband arrived in pursuit. They say the trick Captain Beauchamp played his cousin Cecil, to get him out of the house when he had made a discovery, was monstrous—fiendishly cunning. However, Lady Romfrey, as that woman appears to be at last, covered it all. You know she has one of those passions for Captain Beauchamp which completely blind women to right and wrong. He is her saint, let him sin ever so! The story's in everybody's mouth. By the way, Palmet saw her. He describes her pale as marble, with dark long eyes, the most innocent look in the world, and a walk, the absurd fellow says, like a statue set gliding. No doubt Frenchwomen do walk well. He says her eyes are terrible traitors; I need not quote Palmet. The sort of eyes that would look

fondly on a stone, you know. What her reputation is in France I have only indistinctly heard. She has one in England by this time, I can assure you. She found her match in Captain Beauchamp for boldness. Where any other couple would have seen danger, *they* saw safety; and they contrived to accomplish it, according to those horrid talebearers. You have plenty of time to dress, my dear; I have an immense deal to talk about. There are half-a-dozen scandals in London already, and you ought to know them, or you will be behind the tittle-tattle when you go to town; and I remember, as a girl, I knew nothing so excruciating as to hear blanks, dashes, initials, and half words, without the key. Nothing makes a girl look so silly and unpalatable. 'Naturally, the reason why Captain Beauchamp is more talked about than the rest is the politics. Your grand reformer should be careful. Doubly heterodox will not do! It makes him interesting to women, if you like, but he won't soon hear the last of it, if he is for a public career. Grancey literally crowed at the story. And the wonderful part of it is, that Captain Beauchamp refused to be present at the earl's first ceremonial dinner in honour of his countess. Now, that, we all think, was particularly ungrateful: now, was it not?"

"If the countess—if ingratitude had anything to do with it," said Cecilia.

She escaped to her room and dressed impatiently.

Her boudoir was empty: Beauchamp had departed. She recollected his look at her, and turned over the leaves of the book he had been hastily scanning, and had condescended to approve of. On the two pages where the paper-cutter was fixed she perceived small pencil dots under certain words. Read consecutively, with a participle termination struck out to convey his meaning, they formed the pathetically ungrammatical line:—

"Hear: none: but: accused: false."

Treble dots were under the word "to-morrow." He had scored the margin of the sentences containing his dotted words, as if in admiration of their peculiar wisdom.

She thought it piteous that he should be reduced to such means of communication. The next instant Cecilia was shrinking from the adept intriguer—French-taught!

In the course of the evening her cousin remarked: "Captain Beauchamp must see merit in things undiscoverable by my poor faculties. I will show you a book he has marked."

"Did you see it? I was curious to examine it," interposed Cecilia; "and I am as much at a loss as you to understand what could have attracted him. One sentence . . ."

"About the sheikh in the stables, where he accused the pretended physician? Yes, what was there in that?"

"Where is the book?" said Mrs. Grancey.

"Not here, I think." Cecilia glanced at the drawing-room book-table, and then at Mr. Austin, the victim of an unhappy love in his youth, and unhappy about her, as her father had said. Seymour Austin was not one to spread the contagion of intrigue! She felt herself caught by it, even melting to feel enamoured of herself in consequence, though not loving Beauchamp the more.

"This newspaper, if it's not merely an airy project, will be ruination," said Tuckham. "The fact is, Beauchamp has no *bend* in him. He can't meet a man without trying a wrestle, and as long as he keeps his stiffness, he believes he has won. I've heard an oculist say that the eye that doesn't blink ends in blindness, and he who won't *bend* breaks. It's a pity, for he's a fine fellow. A Radical daily journal of Shrapnel's colour, to educate the people by giving them an interest in the country! Goodness, what a delusion! and what a waste of money! He'll not be able to carry it on a couple of years. And there goes his eighty thousand!"

Cecilia's heart beat fast. She had no defined cause for its excitement.

Colonel Halkett returned to Mount Laurels close upon midnight, very tired, coughing and complaining of the bitter blowing east. His guests shook hands with him, and went to bed.

"I think I'll follow their example," he said to Cecilia, after drinking a tumbler of mulled wine.

"Have you nothing to tell me, dear papa?" said she, caressing him timidly.

"A confirmation of the whole story from Lord Romfrey in person—that's all. He says Beauchamp's mad. I begin to believe it. You must use your judgment. I suppose I must not expect you to consider me. You might open your heart to Austin. As to my consent, knowing what I do, you will have to tear it out of me. Here's a country perfectly contented, and that fellow at work digging up grievances to persuade the people they're oppressed by us. Why should I talk of it? He can't do much harm; unless he has money—money! Romfrey says he means to start a furious paper. He'll make a bonfire of himself. I can't stand by and see you in it too. I may die; I may be spared the sight."

Cecilia flung her arms round his neck. "Oh! papa."

"I don't want to make him out worse than he is, my dear. I own to his gallantry—in the French sense as well as the English, it seems! It's natural that Romfrey should excuse his wife. She's another of the women who are crazy about Nevil Beauchamp. She spoke to me of the 'pleasant visit of her French friends,' and would have enlarged on it, but Romfrey stopped her. By the way, he proposes Captain Baskett for you, and we're to look for Baskett's coming here, backed by his uncle. There's no end to it; there never

will be till you're married: and no peace for me! I hope I shan't find myself with a cold to-morrow."

The colonel coughed, and perhaps exaggerated the premonitory symptoms of a cold.

"Italy, papa, would do you good," said Cecilia.

"It might," said he.

"If we go immediately, papa; to-morrow, early in the morning, before there is a chance of any visitors coming to the house."

"From Bevisham?"

"From Steynham. I cannot endure a second persecution."

"But you have a world of packing, my dear,"

"An hour before breakfast will be sufficient for me."

"In that case, we might be off early, as you say, and have part of the Easter week in Rome."

"Mr. Austin wishes it greatly, papa, though he has not mentioned it."

"Austin, my darling girl, is not one of your impatient men who burst with everything they have in their heads or their hearts."

"Oh! but I know him so well," said Cecilia, conjuring up that innocent enthusiasm of hers for Mr. Austin as an antidote to her sharp suffering. The next minute she looked on her father as the key of an enigma concerning Seymour Austin, whom, she imagined, possibly she had not hitherto known at all. Her curiosity to pierce it faded. She and her maid were packing through the night. At dawn she requested her maid to lift the window-blind and give her an opinion of the weather. "Grey, miss," the maid reported. It signified to Cecilia: no one roaming outside.

The step she was taking was a desperate attempt at a cure; and she commenced it, though sorely wounded, with pity for Nevil's disappointment, and a singularly clear-eyed perception of his aims and motives.—'I am rich, and he wants riches; he likes me, and he reads my weakness.'—Jealousy shook her by fits, but she had no right to be jealous, nor any right to reproach him. Her task was to climb back to those heavenly heights she sat on before he distracted her and drew her down.

Beauchamp came to a vacated house that day.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FORESEEN.

It was in Italy that Cecilia's maiden dreams of life had opened. She hoped to recover them in Italy, and the calm security of a mind untainted. Italy was to be her reviving air.

While this idea of a specific for her malady endured—travelling

at speed to the ridges of the Italian frontier, across France—she simply remembered Nevil: he was distant; he had no place in the storied landscape, among the images of art and the names of patient great men who bear, as they bestow, an atmosphere other than earth's for those adoring them. If at night, in her sleep, he was a memory that conducted her through scenes which were lightnings, the cool swift morning of her flight released her. France, too, her rival!—the land of France, personified by her instinctively, though she had no vivid imaginative gift, did not wound her with a poisoned dart.—‘She knew him first: she was his first love.’ The Alps, and the sense of having Italy below them, renewed Cecilia's lofty-perching youth. Then—I am in Italy! she sighed with rapture. The wine of delight and oblivion was at her lips.

But thirst is not enjoyment, and a satiated thirst that we insist on over-satisfying to drown the recollection of past anguish, is baneful to the soul. In Rome, Cecilia's vision of her track to Rome was of a run of fire over a heath. She could scarcely feel common pleasure in Rome. It seemed burnt out.

Flung back on herself, she was condemned to undergo the bitter torment she had flown from: jealous love, and reproachful; and a shame in it like nothing she had yet experienced. Previous pains were but summer lightnings, passing shadows. She could have believed in sorcery;—the man had eaten her heart!

A disposition to mocking humour, foreign to her nature, gave her the notion of being off her feet, in the claws of a fabulous bird. It served to veil her dulness. An ultra-English family in Rome, composed, shocking to relate, of a baronet banker and his wife, two faint-faced girls, and a young gentleman of our country, once perhaps a light-limbed boy, chose to be followed by their footman in the melancholy pomp of state livery. Wherever she encountered them Cecilia talked Nevil Beauchamp. Even Mr. Tuckham perceived it. She was extremely uncharitable; she extended her ungenerous criticism to the institution of the footman: England, and the English, were lashed.

“Those people are caricatures,” Tuckham said, in apology for poor England burlesqued abroad. “You must not generalise on them. Footmen are footmen all the world over. The cardinals have a fine set of footmen.”

“They are at home. Those English sow contempt of us all over Europe. We cannot but be despised. One comes abroad foredoomed to share the sentiment. This is your middle-class! What society can they move in, that sanctions a vulgarity so perplexing? They have the air of ornaments on a cottager's parlour mantelpiece.”

Tuckham laughed. “Something of that,” he said.

“Evidently they seek distinction, and they have it, of that kind,” she continued. “It is not wonderful that we have so much satirical

writing in England, with such objects of satire. It may be as little wonderful that the satire has no effect. Immense wealth and native obtuseness combine to disfigure us with this aspect of over-ripeness, not to say monstrosity. I fall in love with the poor, and think they have a cause to be pleaded, when I look at those people. We scoff at the vanity of the French, but it is a graceful vanity; pardonable compared with ours."

"I've read all that a hundred times," quoth Tuckham bluntly.

"So have I. I speak of it because I see it. We scoff at the simplicity of the Germans."

"The Germans live in simple fashion, because they're poor. French vanity's pretty and amusing. I don't know whether it's deep in them, for I doubt their depth: but I know it's in their joints. The first spring of a Frenchman comes of vanity. That you can't say of the English. Peace to all! but I abhor cosmopolitanism. No man has a firm foothold who pretends to it. None despise the English in reality. Don't be misled, Miss Halkett. We're solid: that is the main point. The world feels our power, and has confidence in our good faith. I ask for no more."

"With Germans we are supercilious Celts; with Frenchmen we are sneering Teutons:—Can we be loved, Mr. Tuckham?"

"That's a quotation from my friend Lydiard. Loved? No nation ever was loved while it lived. As Lydiard says, it may be a good beast or a bad, but a beast it is. A nation's much too big for refined feelings and affections. It must be powerful or out of the way, or down it goes. When a nation's dead you may love it; but I don't see the use of dying to be loved. My aim for my country is to have the land respected. For that purpose we must have power; for power wealth; for wealth industry; for industry internal peace: therefore no agitation, no artificial divisions. All's plain in history and fact, so long as we do not obtrude sentimentalism. Nothing mixes well with that stuff—except poetical ideas!"

Contrary to her anticipation, Cecilia was thrown more into companionship with Mr. Tuckham than with Mr. Austin; and though it often vexed her, she acknowledged that she derived a benefit from his robust antagonism of opinion. And Italy had grown tasteless to her. She could hardly simulate sufficient curiosity to serve for a vacant echo to Mr. Austin's historic ardour. Pliny the Younger might indeed be the model of a gentleman of old Rome; there might be a scholarly pleasure in calculating, as Mr. Austin did, the length of time it took Pliny to journey from the city to his paternal farm, or villa overlooking the lake, or villa overlooking the bay, and some abstruse fun in the tender ridicule of his readings of his poems to friends; for Mr. Austin smiled effusively in alluding to the illustrious Roman pleader's foible of verse: but Pliny bore no resemblance to that island barbarian Nevil Beauchamp: she could not realise the

friend of Trajan, orator, lawyer, student, statesman, benefactor of his kind, and model of her own modern English gentleman, though he was. "Yes!" she would reply encouragingly to Seymour Austin's fond brooding hum about his hero; and "Yes!" conclusively: like an incarnation of stupidity dealing in monosyllables. She was unworthy of the society of a scholar. Nor could she kneel at the feet of her especial heroes: Dante, Raphael, Buonarrotti: she was unworthy of them. She longed to be at Mount Laurels. Mr. Tuckham's conversation was the nearest approach to it—as it were round by Greenland; but it was homeward.

She was really grieved to lose him. Business called him to England.

"What business can it be, papa?" she inquired: and the colonel replied briefly: "Ours."

Mr. Austin now devoted much of his time to the instruction of her in the ancient life of the Eternal City. He had certain volumes of Livy, Niebuhr, and Gibbon, from which he read her extracts at night, shunning the scepticism and the irony of the moderns, so that there should be no jar on the awakening interest of his fair pupil and patient. A gentle cross-hauling ensued between them, that they grew conscious of and laughed over during their peregrinations in and out of Rome: she pulled for the Republic of the Scipios; his predilections were toward the Rome of the wise and clement emperors. To Cecilia's mind Rome rocked at a period so closely neighbouring her decay: to him, with an imagination brooding on the fuller knowledge of it, the city breathed securely, the sky was clear; jurisprudence, rhetoric, statesmanship, then flourished supreme, and men eminent for culture: the finest flowers of our race, he thought them: and he thought their Age the manhood of Rome.

Struck suddenly by a femininely subtle comparison that she could not have framed in speech, Cecilia bowed to his views of the happiness and elevation proper to the sway of a sagacious and magnanimous Imperialism of the Roman pattern:—he rejected the French. She mused on dim old thoughts of the gracious dignity of a woman's life under high governorship. Turbulent young men imperilled it at every step. The trained, the grave, the partly grey, were fitting lords and mates for women aspiring to moral beauty and distinction. Beside such they should be planted, if they would climb! Her walks and conversations with Seymour Austin charmed her as the haze of a summer evening charms the sight.

Upon the conclusion of her term of exile Cecilia would gladly have remained in Italy another month. An appointment of her father's with Mr. Tuckham at Mount Laurels on a particular day, she considered as of no consequence whatever, and she said so, in response to a meaningless nod. But Mr. Austin was obliged to

return to work. She set her face homeward with his immediately, and he looked pleased: he did not try to dissuade her from accompanying him by affecting to think it a sacrifice: clearly he knew that to be near him was her greatest delight.

Thus do we round the perilous headland called love: by wooing a good man for his friendship, and requiting him with faithful esteem for the grief of an ill-fortuned passion of his youth!

Cecilia would not suffer her fancy to go very far in pursuit of the secret of Mr. Austin's present feelings. Until she reached Mount Laurels she barely examined her own. The sight of the house warned her instantly that she must have a defence: and then, in desperation but with perfect distinctness, she entertained the hope of hearing him speak the protecting words which could not be broken through when wedded to her consent.

If Mr. Austin had no intentions, it was at least strange that he did not part from her in London.

He whose coming she dreaded had been made aware of the hour of her return, as his card, with the pencilled line, "Will call on the 17th," informed her. The 17th was the morrow.

After breakfast on the morning of the 17th Seymour Austin looked her in the eyes longer than it is customary for ladies to have to submit to keen inspection.

"Will you come into the library?" he said.

She went with him into the library.

Was it to speak of his anxiousness as to the state of her father's health that he had led her there, and that he held her hand? He alarmed her, and he pacified her alarm, yet bade her reflect on the matter, saying that her father, like other fathers, would be more at peace upon the establishment of his daughter. Mr. Austin remarked that the colonel was troubled.

"Does he wish for my pledge never to marry without his approval? I will give it," said Cecilia.

"He would like you to undertake to marry the man of his choice."

Cecilia's features hung on an expression equivalent to:—"I could almost do that."

At the same time she felt it was not Seymour Austin's manner of speaking. He seemed to be praising an unknown person—some gentleman who was rough, but of solid promise and singular strength of character.

The house-bell rang. Believing that Beauchamp had now come, she showed a painful ridging of the brows, and Mr. Austin considerably mentioned the name of the person he had in his mind.

She readily agreed with him regarding Mr. Tuckham's excellent qualities—if that was indeed the name; and she hastened to recollect how little she had forgotten Mr. Tuckham's generosity to

Beauchamp, and confessed to herself it might as well have been forgotten utterly for the thanks he had received. While revolving these ideas she was listening to Mr. Austin; gradually she was beginning to understand that she was parting company with her original conjectures, but going at so swift a pace in so supple and sure a grasp, that, like the speeding train slipped on new lines of rails by the pointsman, her hurrying sensibility was not shocked, or the shock was imperceptible, when she heard him proposing Mr. Tuckham to her for a husband, by her father's authority, and with his own warm seconding. He had not dropped her hand: he was very eloquent, a masterly advocate: he pleaded her father's cause; it was not put to her as Mr. Tuckham's: her father had set his heart on this union: he was awaiting her decision.

"Is it so urgent?" she asked.

"It is urgent. It saves him from an annoyance. He requires a son-in-law whom he can confidently rely on to manage the estates, which you are woman of the world enough to know should be in strong hands. He gives you to a man of settled principles. It is urgent, because he may wish to be armed with your answer at any instant."

Her father entered the library. He embraced her, and "well?" he said.

"I must think, papa, I must think."

She pressed her hand across her eyes. Disillusioned by Seymour Austin, she was utterly defenceless before Beauchamp: and possibly Beauchamp was in the house. She fancied he was by the impatient brevity of her father's voice.

Seymour Austin and Colonel Halkett left the room, and Blackburn Tuckham walked in, not the most entirely self-possessed of suitors, puffing softly under his breath, and blinking eyes as rapidly as a skylark claps wings on the ascent.

Half an hour later Beauchamp appeared. He asked to see the colonel, delivered himself of his pretensions and wishes to the colonel, and was referred to Cecilia; but Colonel Halkett declined to send for her. Beauchamp declined to postpone his proposal until the following day. He went outside the house and walked up and down the grass-plot.

Cecilia came to him at last.

"I hear, Nevil, that you are waiting to speak to me."

"I've been waiting some weeks. Shall I speak here?"

"Yes, here, quickly."

"Before the house? I have come to ask you for your hand."

"Mine? I cannot"

"Step into the park with me. I ask you to marry me."

"It is too late."

GEORGE MEREDITH.



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“MATERIALISM” AND ITS OPPONENTS.

I WILLINGLY yielded to the request that the following pages, intended as an introduction to a forthcoming edition of the “*Fragments of Science*,” should first appear as an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. The presentation of the *Fragments*, in the order of their publication, will, I think, make it plain that within the last two years I have added no material iniquity to the list previously recorded against me. I have gone carefully over them all this year in Switzerland, bestowing special attention upon the one which has given most offence. To the judgment of thoughtful men I now commit them: the unthoughtful and the unfair will not read them, though they will continue to abuse them.

I have no desire to repay in kind the hard words already thrown at them and me; but a simple comparison will make clear to my more noisy and unreasonable assailants how I regard their position. To the nobler Bercans of the press and pulpit, who have honoured me with their attention, I do not now refer. Webster defines a squatter as one who settles on new land without a title. This, in regard to anthropology and cosmogony, I hold to have been the position of the older theologians; and what their heated successors of to-day denounce as a “raid upon theology,” is, in my opinion, a perfectly legal and equitable attempt to remove them from ground which they have no right to hold.

If the title exist, let it be produced. It is not the revision of the text of Genesis by accomplished scholars that the public so much need, as to be informed and convinced how far the text, polished or unpolished, has a claim upon the belief of intelligent persons. It is, I fear, a growing conviction that our ministers of religion, for the sake of peace, more or less sacrifice their sincerity in dealing with the cosmogony of the Old Testament. I notice this in conversation, and it is getting into print. Before me, for example, is a little brochure, in which a layman presses

a clerical friend with a series of questions regarding creation—the six-day period of Divine activity, the destruction of the world by a flood, the building of an ark, the placing of creatures in it by pairs, and the descent from this ancestry of all living things, "men and women, birds and beasts." He asks his friend, "Do you, *without any mental reservation*, believe these things?" "If you do," he continues, "then I can only say that the accumulated and accepted knowledge of mankind, including the entire sciences of astronomy, geology, philology, and history, are [as far as you are concerned] nought and mistaken. If you do *not* believe those events to have so happened, or do so with some mental reservation, which destroys the whole sense and meaning of the narrative, *why do you not say so from your pulpits?*"

The friend merely parries and evades the question. According to Mr. Martineau, the clergy speak very differently indeed from their pulpits. After showing how the Mosaic picture of the "genetic order of things" has been not only altered but inverted by scientific research, he says, "Notwithstanding the deplorable condition to which the picture has been reduced, it is exhibited fresh every week to millions taught to believe it as divine." It cannot be urged that error here does no practical harm, or that it does not act to the detriment of honest men. It was for openly avowing doubts which, it is said, others discreetly entertain, that the Bishop of Natal suffered persecution; it was for his public fidelity to scientific truth, as far as his lights extended, that he was branded, even during his recent visit to this country, as an "excommunicated heretic." The courage of Dean Stanley and of the Master of Balliol, in reference to this question, disarmed indignation, and caused the public to overlook a wrong which might not otherwise have been endured.

The liberal and intelligent portion of Christendom must, I take it, differentiate itself more and more, in word and act, from the fanatical, foolish, and more purely sacerdotal portion. Enlightened Roman Catholics are more especially bound to take action here; for the travesty of heaven and earth is grosser, and the attempt to impose it on the world is more serious, in their community than elsewhere. That they are more or less alive to this state of things, and that they show an increasing courage and independence in their demands for education, will be plain to the reader of the "Apology for the Belfast Address." The "Memorial" there referred to was the impatient protest of barristers, physicians, surgeons, solicitors, and scholars among the Catholics themselves. They must not relax their pressure nor relinquish their demands. For their spiritual guides live so exclusively in the pre-scientific past, that even the really strong intellects among them are reduced to atrophy as regards scientific truth. Eyes they have, and see not; ears they have, and hear not; for both eyes and ears are taken possession of

by the sights and sounds of another age. In relation to science, the Ultramontane brain, through lack of exercise, is virtually the undeveloped brain of the child. And thus it is that as children in scientific knowledge, but as potent wielders of spiritual power among the ignorant, they countenance and enforce practices sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the more intelligent among themselves.

Such is the force of early education, when maintained and perpetuated by the habits of subsequent life; such the ground of peril in allowing the schools of a nation to fall into Ultramontane hands. Let any able Catholic student, fairly educated, and not yet cramped by sacerdotalism, get a real scientific grasp of the magnitude and organization of this universe. Let him sit under the immeasurable heavens, watch the stars in their courses, scan the mysterious nebulae, and try to realise what it all is and means. Let him bring the thoughts and conceptions which thus enter his mind face to face with the notions of the genesis and rule of things which pervade the writings of the princes of his Church, and he will see and feel what drivellers even men of strenuous intellects may become, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras.

But, quitting the more grotesque forms of the Theological, I already see, or think I see, emerging from recent discussions, that wonderful plasticity of the Theistic Idea which enables it to maintain, through many changes, its hold upon superior minds; and which, if it is to last, will eventually enable it to shape itself in accordance with scientific conditions. I notice this, for instance, in the philosophic sermon of Dr. Quarry, and more markedly still in that of Dr. Ryder. "There pervades," says the Rector of Donnybrook, "these atoms and that illimitable universe, that 'choir of heaven and furniture of earth,' which of such atoms is built up, a certain *force*, known in its most familiar form by the name of 'life,' which may be regarded as the ultimate essence of matter." And, speaking of the awful search of the intellect for the infinite Creator, and of the grave difficulties which encompass the subject, the same writer says: "We know from our senses finite existences only. Now we cannot *logically* infer the existence of an infinite God from the greatest conceivable number of finite existences. There must always obviously be more in the conclusion than in the premisses." Such language is new to the pulpit, but it will become less and less rare. It is not the poets and philosophers among our theologians—and in our day the philosopher who wanders beyond the strict boundary of Science is more or less merged in the poet—it is not these, who feel the life of religion, but the mechanics who cling to its scaffolding, that are most anxious to tie the world down to the untenable conceptions of an uncultivated past.

Before me is another printed sermon of a different character from those just referred to. It is entitled "The Necessary Limits of Christian Evidences." Its author, Dr. Reichel, has been frequently referred to as an authority, particularly on personal subjects, during recent discussions. The sermon was first preached in Belfast, and afterwards, in an amplified and amended form, in the Exhibition Building in Dublin. In passing, I would make a single remark upon its opening paragraph, as it contains an argument regarding Christ which I have frequently heard used in substance by good men, though never before with the grating emphasis here employed. "The resurrection of our Saviour," says Dr. Reichel, "is the central fact of Christianity. Without his resurrection, his birth and his death would have been alike unavailing; nay more, if He did not rise from the dead, his birth was the birth of a bastard, and his death the death of an impostor." This may be "orthodoxy;" but entertaining the notions that I do of Christ, and of his incomparable life upon the earth, if the momentary use of the term "blasphemy" were granted to me by my Christian brethren, I should feel inclined to employ it here.

Better instructed than he had been at Belfast, the orator in Dublin gave prominence to a personal argument which I have already noticed elsewhere.¹ He has been followed in this particular by the Bishop of Meath and other estimable persons. This is to be regretted, because in dealing with these high themes the mind ought to be the seat of dignity, if possible of chivalry, but certainly not the seat of littleness. "I propose," says the preacher, "making some remarks on the doctrine thus propounded [in Belfast]. And, first, lest any of you should be unduly impressed by the mere authority of its propounder, as well as by the fluent grace with which he sets it forth, it is right that I should tell you, that these conclusions, though given out on an occasion which apparently stamped them with the general approbation of the scientific world, do not possess that approbation. The mind that arrived at them, and displayed them with so much complacency, is a mind trained in the school of mere experiment, not in the study, but in the laboratory. Accordingly the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President. In the mathematical laws to which all material phenomena and substances are each year more distinctly perceived to be subordinated, they see another side of nature, which has not impressed itself upon the mere experimentalist."²

(1) "Apology for Belfast Address."

(2) "Es ist ihre Taktik, die Gegner, gegen welche sie nichts sonst anzurichten vermögen, verächtlich zu behandeln, und allmählich in der Achtung des Publikums herabzusetzen." This was written of the Jesuits in reference to their treatment of Dr. Döllinger. It is true of others.

In view of the new virtue here thrust upon the mathematician, D'Alembert and Laplace present a difficulty, and we are left without a clue to the peculiar orthodoxy of Helmholtz, Clifford and other distinguished men. As regards my own mental training, inasmuch as my censors think it not beneath them to dwell upon a point so small, I may say that the foregoing statement is incorrect. The separation, moreover, of the “study” from the “laboratory,” is not admissible, because the laboratory *is* a “study,” in which symbols give place to natural facts. The word Mesopotamia is said to have a sacred unction for many minds, and possibly the title of my “Inaugural Dissertation” at Marburg may have an effect of this kind on my right reverend and reverend critics of the new mathematical school. Here accordingly it is: “Die Schraubenfläche mit geneigter Erzeugungslinie, und die Bedingungen des Gleichgewichts auf solchen Schrauben.” A little tenderness may, perhaps, flow towards me, after these words have made it known that I began my narrow scientific life less as an experimentalist than as a mathematician.

If, as asserted, “the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President,” it would be their bounden duty not to rest content with this mere second-hand utterance. They ought to permit the light of life to stream upon us directly from themselves, instead of sending it through the rude polemoscope¹ of Dr. Reichel. But the point of importance to be impressed upon him, and upon those who may be tempted to follow him in his adventurous theories, is, that out of Mathematics no salvation for Theology can possibly come.

By such reflections I am brought face to face with an essay to which my attention has been directed by several estimable, and indeed eminent persons, as demanding serious consideration at my hands. I refer with pleasure to the accord subsisting between the Rev. James Martineau and myself on certain points of biblical cosmogony. “In so far,” says Mr. Martineau, “as Church belief is still committed to a given cosmogony and natural history of man, it lies open to scientific refutation.” And again: “It turns out that with the sun and moon and stars, and in and on the earth, before and after the appearance of our race, quite other things have happened than those which the sacred cosmogony recites.” Once more: “The whole history of the genesis of things Religion must surrender to the Sciences.” Finally, still more emphatically: “In the investigation of the genetic order of things, Theology is an intruder, and must stand aside.” This expresses, only in words of fuller pith, the

(1) “An oblique perspective glass, for seeing objects not directly before the eyes.”—*Webster*. To mere obliquity Dr. Reichel's instrument adds coarseness of construction.

views which I ventured to enunciate in Belfast. "The impregnable position of Science," I there say, "may be stated in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from Theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory." Thus Theology, so far as it is represented by Mr. Martineau, and Science, so far as I understand it, are in absolute harmony here.

But Mr. Martineau would have just reason to complain of me, if, by partial citation, I left my readers under the impression that the agreement between us is complete. At the opening of the eighty-ninth Session of the Manchester New College, London, on October 6, 1874, he, its Principal, delivered the Address from which I have quoted. It bears the title "Religion as affected by modern Materialism;" and its references and general tone make evident the depth of its author's discontent with my previous deliverance at Belfast. I find it difficult to grapple with the exact grounds of this discontent. Indeed, logically considered, the impression left upon my mind by an essay of great æsthetic merit, containing many passages of exceeding beauty, and many sentiments which none but the pure in heart could utter as they are uttered here, is vague and unsatisfactory. The author appears at times so brave and liberal, at times so timid and captious, and at times so imperfectly informed regarding the position he assails.

At the outset of his address Mr. Martineau states with some distinctness his "sources of religious faith." They are two—"the scrutiny of Nature" and "the interpretation of Sacred Books." It would have been a theme worthy of his intelligence to have deduced from these two sources his religion as it stands. But not another word is said about the "Sacred Books." Having swept with the besom of Science various "books" contemptuously away, he does not define the Sacred residue; much less give us the reasons why he deems them sacred. His references to "Nature," on the other hand, are magnificent tirades against Nature, intended, apparently, to show the wholly abominable character of man's antecedents if the theory of evolution be true. Here also his mood lacks steadiness. While joyfully accepting, at one place, "the widening space, the deepening vistas of time, the detected marvels of physiological structure, and the rapid filling-in of the missing links in the chain of organic life," he falls, at another, into lamentation and mourning over the very theory which renders "organic life" "a chain." He claims the largest liberality for his sect, and avows its contempt for the dangers of possible discovery. But immediately afterwards he damages the claim, and ruins all confidence in the avowal. He professes sympathy with modern Science, and almost in the same breath he treats, or certainly will be understood to treat, the Atomic Theory, and the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, as if they were a kind of scientific thimble-riggery.

His ardour, moreover, renders him inaccurate ; causing him to see discord between scientific men, where nothing but harmony reigns. In his celebrated Address to the Congress of German Naturforscher, delivered at Leipzig, three years ago, Du Bois Reymond speaks thus : "What conceivable connection subsists between definite movements of definite atoms in my brain, on the one hand, and on the other hand such primordial, indefinable, undeniable, facts as these : I feel pain or pleasure ; I experience a sweet taste, or smell a rose, or hear an organ, or see something red? . . . It is absolutely and for ever inconceivable that a number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen atoms, should be otherwise than indifferent as to their own position and motion, past, present, or future. It is utterly inconceivable how consciousness should result from their joint action."

This language, which was spoken in 1872, Mr. Martineau "freely" translates, and quotes against me. The act is due to a misapprehension of his own. Evidence is at hand to prove that I employed the same language twenty years ago. It is to be found in the *Saturday Review* for 1860 ; but a sufficient illustration of the agreement between my friend Du Bois Reymond, and myself, is furnished by the discourse on Scientific Materialism, delivered in 1868, then widely circulated, and reprinted here.¹ With a little attention, Mr. Martineau would have seen that in the very Address his essay criticizes, precisely the same position is maintained. "You cannot," I there say, "satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind."

"The affluence of illustration," writes an able and sympathetic reviewer of this essay, in the *New York Tribune*, "in which Mr. Martineau delights, often impairs the distinctness of his statements by diverting the attention of the reader from the essential points of his discussion to the beauty of his imagery, and thus diminishes their power of conviction." To the beauties here referred to I bear willing testimony ; but the excesses touched upon reach far beyond the reader, to their primal seat and source in Mr. Martineau's own mind ; mixing together *there* things that ought to be kept apart ; producing vagueness where precision is the one thing needful ; poetic fervour where we require judicial calm ; and practical unfairness where the strictest justice ought to be, and I willingly believe is meant to be, observed.

In one of his nobler passages, Mr. Martineau tells us how the pupils of his college have been educated hitherto : "They have

(1) In the new volume to which this is the introduction.

been trained under the assumptions (1st) that the Universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; (2nd) that the world of our abode is the scene of a moral government, incipient but not complete; and (3rd) that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine Communion. Into this over-arching scene it is that growing thought and enthusiasm have expanded to catch their light and fire."

Alpine summits must kindle above the mountaineer who reads these stirring words; I see their beauty and feel their life. Nay, in my own feeble way, at the close of one of the essays here printed, I thus affirm the "Communion" which Mr. Martineau calls "Divine:" "'Two things,' said Immanuel Kant, 'fill me with awe—the starry heavens, and the sense of moral responsibility in man.' And in his hours of health and strength and sanity, when the stroke of action has ceased, and the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe. Breaking contact with the hampering details of earth, it associates him with a power which gives fulness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyze nor comprehend."¹

Though "knowledge" is here disavowed, the "feelings" of Mr. Martineau and myself are, I think, very much alike. But, notwithstanding the mutual independence of religious feeling and objective knowledge thus demonstrated, he censures me—almost denounces me—for referring Religion to the region of Emotion. Surely he is inconsistent here. The foregoing words refer to an inward hue or temperature, rather than to an external object of thought. When I attempt to give the Power which I see manifested in the Universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun "He" regarding it; I dare not call it a "Mind;" I refuse to call it even a "Cause." Its mystery overshadows me; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which my neighbours try to make it fit, simply distort and desecrate it.

It is otherwise with Mr. Martineau, and hence his discontent. He professes to *know* where I only claim to *feel*. He could make his contention good against me if he would transform, by a process of verification, the foregoing three assumptions into "objective knowledge." But he makes no attempt to do so. They remain assumptions

(1) In the first preface to the "Belfast Address" I referred to "hours of clearness and vigour," as four years previously I had referred to hours of "health and strength and sanity," and brought down upon myself, in consequence, a considerable amount of ridicule. Why, I know not. For surely it is not when sleepy after a gluttonous meal, or when suffering from dyspepsia, or even when possessed by an arithmetical problem demanding concentrated thought, that we care most for the "starry heavens or the sense of responsibility in man."

from the beginning of his address to its end. And yet he frequently uses the word "unverified," as if it were fatal to the position on which its incidence falls. "The scrutiny of Nature" is one of his sources of "religious faith:" what logical foothold does that scrutiny furnish on which any one of the foregoing three assumptions could be planted? Nature, according to his picturing, is base and cruel: what is the inference to be drawn regarding its author? If Nature be "red in tooth and claw," who is responsible? On a Mindless nature Mr. Martineau pours the full torrent of his gorgeous invective; but could the "assumption" of "an Eternal Mind"—even of a Beneficent Eternal Mind—render the world objectively a whit less mean and ugly than it is? Not an *ista*. It is man's feelings, and not external phenomena, that are influenced by the assumption. It adds not a ray of light nor a strain of music to the objective sum of things. It does not touch the phenomena of physical nature—storm, flood, or fire—nor diminish by a pang the bloody combats of the animal world. But it does add the glow of religious emotion to the human soul, as represented by Mr. Martineau. Beyond this I defy him to go; and yet he rashly—it might be said petulantly—kicks away the only philosophic foundation on which it is possible for him to build his religion.

He twits incidentally the modern scientific interpretation of Nature because of its want of cheerfulness. "Let the new future," he says, "preach its own gospel, and devise, if it can, the means of making the tidings *glad*." This is a common argument: "If you only knew the comfort of belief!" My reply to it is that I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaimed, "I covet *truth*!" The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this. Besides, "gladness" is an emotion, and Mr. Martineau theoretically scorns the emotional. I am not, however, acquainted with a writer who draws more largely upon this source, while mistaking it for something objective. "To reach the Cause," he says, "there is no need to go into the past, as though being missed here He could be found there. But when once He has been apprehended by the proper organs of divine apprehension, the whole life of Humanity is recognised as the scene of his agency." That Mr. Martineau should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognise the entirely subjective character of this creed, is highly instructive. His "proper organs of divine apprehension"—denied, I may say, to some of the greatest intellects and noblest men in this and other ages—lie at the very core of his emotions.

In fact, it is when Mr. Martineau is most purely emotional that he scorns the emotions; and it is when he is most purely subjective, that he rejects subjectivity. He pays a just and liberal tribute to the character of John Stuart Mill. But in the light of Mill's

philosophy, benevolence, honour, purity, having "shrunk into mere unaccredited subjective susceptibilities, have lost all support from Omniscient approval, and all presumable accordance with the reality of things." If Mr. Martineau had given them any inkling of the process by which he renders the "subjective susceptibilities" objective; or how he arrives at an objective ground of "Omniscient approval," gratitude from his pupils would have been his just meed. But as it is, he leaves them lost in an iridescent cloud of words, after exciting a desire which he is incompetent to appease.

"We are," he says, in another place, "for ever shaping our representations of invisible things into forms of definite opinion, and throwing them to the front, as if they were the photographic equivalent of our real faith. It is a delusion which affects us all. Yet somehow the essence of our religion never finds its way into these frames of theory: as we put them together it slips away, and, if we turn to pursue it, still retreats behind; ever ready to work with the will, to unbind and sweeten the affections, and bathe the life with reverence, but refusing to be seen, or to pass from a divine hue of thinking into a human pattern of thought." This is very beautiful, and mainly so because the man who utters it obviously brings it all out of the treasury of his own heart. But the "hue" and "pattern" here so finely spoken of, are neither more nor less than that "emotion" on the one hand, and that "objective knowledge" on the other, which have drawn this suicidal fire from Mr. Martineau's battery.

I now come to one of the most serious portions of Mr. Martineau's pamphlet—serious far less on account of its "personal errors," than of its intrinsic gravity, though its author has thought fit to give it a witty and sarcastic tone. He analyzes and criticizes "the materialist doctrine, which, in our time, is proclaimed with so much pomp, and resisted with so much passion. 'Matter is all I want,' says the physicist; 'give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe.'" It is thought, even by Mr. Martineau's intimate friends, that in this pamphlet he is answering me. I must therefore ask the reader to contrast the foregoing travesty with what I really do say regarding atoms:—"I do not think that he (the materialist) is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and motions *explain* everything. In reality, they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance."¹ This is very different from saying, "Give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe." Mr. Martineau continues his dialogue with the physicist:—" 'Good,' he says; 'take as many atoms as you please. See that they have all that is requisite to Body [a metaphysical B], being homogeneous extended solids.' 'That is not enough,' he replies; 'it might do for Democritus and the mathematicians, but I

(1) Address on "Scientific Materialism."

must have something more. The atoms must not only be in motion, and of various shapes, but also of as many kinds as there are chemical elements; for how could I ever get water if I had only hydrogen elements to work with?' 'So be it,' Mr. Martineau consents to reply, 'only this is a considerable enlargement of your specified datum [where, and by whom specified?]'—in fact, a conversion of it into several; yet, even at the cost of its monism [put into it by Mr. Martineau] your scheme seems hardly to gain its end; for by what manipulation of your resources will you, for example, educe Consciousness?' "

This reads like pleasantry, but it deals with serious things. For the last seven years the question proposed by Mr. Martineau and my answer to it have been accessible to all. They are also given in this volume. Here, briefly, is the question:—"A man can say, 'I feel, I think, I love,' but how does consciousness infuse itself into the problem?" And here is the answer:—"The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable."¹

Compare this with the answer which Mr. Martineau puts into the mouth of *his* physicist, and with which I am generally credited by Mr. Martineau's readers:—" 'It (the problem of consciousness) does not daunt me at all. Of course you understand that all along my atoms have been affected by gravitation and polarity; and now I have only to insist with Fechner on a difference among molecules; there are the *inorganic*, which can change only their *place*, like the particles in an undulation; and there are the *organic*, which can change their *order*, as in a globule that turns itself inside out. With an adequate number of these, our problem will be manageable.' 'Likely enough,' we may say ['entirely unlikely,' say I], seeing how careful you are to provide for all emergencies; and if any hitch should occur in the next step, where you will have to pass from mere sentience to

(1) Bishop Butler's reply to the Lucretian, in the Belfast Address, is all in the same strain.

thought and will, you can again look in upon your atoms, and fling among them a handful of Leibnitz's monads, to serve as souls in little, and be ready, in a latent form, with that *Vorstellungs-fähigkeit* which our picturesque interpreters of nature so much prize.' "

"But surely," continues Mr. Martineau, "you must observe that this 'matter' of yours alters its style with every change of service: starting as a beggar, with scarce a rag of 'property' to cover its bones, it turns up as a prince when large undertakings are wanted. 'We must radically change our notions of matter,' says Professor Tyndall; and then, he ventures to believe, it will answer all demands, carrying 'the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.' If the measure of the required 'change in our notions' had been specified, the proposition would have had a real meaning, and been susceptible of a test. It is easy travelling through the stages of such an hypothesis; you deposit at your bank a round sum ere you start, and, drawing on it piecemeal at every pause, complete your grand tour without a debt."

The last paragraph of this argument is forcibly and ably stated. On it I am willing to try conclusions with Mr. Martineau. I may say, in passing, that I share his contempt for the picturesque interpretation of nature, if accuracy of vision be thereby impaired. But the term *Vorstellungs-fähigkeit*, as used by me, means the power of definite mental presentation, of attaching to words the corresponding objects of thought, and of seeing these in their proper relations, without the interior haze and soft penumbral borders, which the theologian loves. To this mode of "interpreting Nature" I shall to the best of my ability now adhere.

Neither of us, I trust, will be afraid or ashamed to begin at the alphabet of this question. Our first effort must be to understand each other, and this mutual understanding can only be ensured by beginning low down. Physically speaking, however, we need not go below the sea-level. Let us then travel in company to the Caribbean Sea, and halt upon the heated water. What is that sea, and what is the sun which heats it? Answering for myself, I say that they are both *matter*. I fill a glass with the sea-water and expose it on the deck of the vessel; after some time the liquid has all disappeared, and left a solid residue of salts in the glass behind. We have mobility, invisibility—apparent annihilation. In virtue of

"The glad and secret aid
The sun unto the ocean paid,"

the water has taken to itself wings and flown off as vapour. From the whole surface of the Caribbean Sea such vapour is rising: and now we must follow it—not upon our legs, however, nor in a ship, nor even in a balloon, but by the mind's eye—in other words, by that power of *Vorstellung* which Mr. Martineau knows so well, and which he so justly scorns when it indulges in loose practices.

Compounding, then, the northward motion of the vapour with the earth's axial rotation, we track our fugitive through the higher atmospheric regions, obliquely across the Atlantic Ocean to Western Europe, and on to our familiar Alps. Here another wonderful metamorphosis occurs. Floating on the cold calm air, and in presence of the cold firmament, the vapour condenses, not only to particles of water, but to particles of crystalline water. These coalesce to stars of snow, which fall upon the mountains in forms so exquisite that, when first seen, they never fail to excite rapture. As to beauty, indeed, they put the work of the lapidary to shame, while as to accuracy they render concrete the abstractions of the geometer. Are these crystals "matter"? Without presuming to dogmatize, I answer for myself in the affirmative.

Still, a *formative power* has obviously here come into play which did not manifest itself in either the liquid or the vapour. The question now is, Was not the power "potential" in both of them, requiring only the proper conditions of temperature to bring it into action? Again I answer for myself in the affirmative. I am, however, quite willing to discuss with Mr. Martineau the alternative hypothesis, that an imponderable formative soul unites itself with the substance after its escape from the liquid state. If he should espouse this hypothesis, then I should demand of him an immediate exercise of that *Vorstellungsfähigkeit*, with which, in my efforts to think clearly, I can never dispense. I should ask, At what moment did the soul come in? Did it enter at once or by degrees; perfect from the first, or growing and perfecting itself contemporaneously with its own handiwork? I should also ask whether it was localised or diffused? Does it move about as a lonely builder, putting the bits of solid water in their places as soon as the proper temperature has set in? or is it distributed through the entire mass of the crystal? If the latter, then the soul has the shape of the crystal; but if the former, then I should inquire after its shape. Has it legs or arms? If not, I would ask it to be made clear to me how a thing without these appliances can act so perfectly the part of a builder? (I insist on definition, and ask unusual questions, if haply I might thereby banish unmeaning words.) What were the condition and residence of the soul before it joined the crystal? What becomes of it when the crystal is dissolved? Why should a particular temperature be needed before it can exercise its vocation? Finally, is the problem before us in any way simplified by the assumption of its existence? I think it probable that, after a full discussion of the question, Mr. Martineau would agree with me in ascribing the building power displayed in the crystal to the bits of water themselves. At all events, I should count upon his sympathy so far as to believe, that he would consider any one unmannerly who would denounce me for

rejecting this notion of a separate soul, and for holding the snow crystal to be "matter."

But then what an astonishing addition is here made to the powers of matter! Who would have dreamt, without actually seeing its work, that such a power was locked up in a drop of water? All that we needed to make the action of the *liquid* intelligible was the assumption of Mr. Martineau's "homogeneous extended atomic solids," smoothly gliding over one another. But had we supposed the water to be nothing more than this, we should have ignorantly defrauded it of an intrinsic architectural power, which the art of man, even when pushed to its utmost degree of refinement, is incompetent to imitate. I would invite Mr. Martineau to consider how inappropriate his figure of a fictitious bank deposit becomes under these circumstances. The "account current" of matter receives nothing at my hands which could be honestly kept back from it. If, then, "Democritus and the mathematicians" so defined matter as to exclude the powers here proved to belong to it, they were clearly wrong, and Mr. Martineau, instead of twitting me with my departure from them, ought rather to applaud me for correcting them.

The reader of my small contributions to the literature which deals with the overlapping margins of science and theology, will have noticed how frequently I quote Mr. Emerson. I do so mainly because in him we have a poet and a profoundly religious man, who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present, or prospective. In his case poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her graver brother science by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter. By Emerson scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world. Our present theme is touched upon in the lines—

"The journeying atoms, primordial wholes
Firmly draw, firmly drive by their animate poles."

As regards veracity and insight these few words outweigh, in my estimation, all the formal learning expended by Mr. Martineau in these disquisitions on force, in which he treats the physicist as a conjuror, and speaks so wittily of atomic polarity. In fact, without this notion of polarity—this "drawing" and "driving"—this attraction and repulsion, we stand as stupidly dumb before the phenomena of crystallization as a Bushman before the phenomena of the solar system. The genesis and growth of the notion I have endeavoured to make clear in my third Lecture on Light, and in the article "Crystals and Molecular Force" published in this volume.

Our further course is here foreshadowed. A Sunday or two ago I stood under an oak planted by Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. On the ground near the tree little oaklets were successfully fighting for life with the surrounding vegetation. The acorns had dropped

into the friendly soil, and this was the result of their interaction. What is the acorn? what the earth? and what the sun, without whose heat and light the tree could not become a tree, however rich the soil, and however healthy the seed? I answer for myself as before—all "matter." And the heat and light which here play so potent a part are acknowledged to be motions of matter. By taking something much lower down in the vegetable kingdom than the oak, we might approach much more nearly to the case of crystallization already discussed, but this is not now necessary.

If, instead of conceding the sufficiency of matter here, Mr. Martineau should fly to the hypothesis of a vegetative soul, all the questions before asked in relation to the snow-star become pertinent. I would invite him to go over them one by one, and consider what replies he will make to them. He may retort by asking me, "Who infused the principle of life into the tree?" I say in answer that our present question is not this, but another—not who made the tree, but what *is* it? Is there anything besides matter in the tree? If so, what, and where? Mr. Martineau may have begun by this time to discern that it is not "picturesqueness," but cold precision, that my *Vorstellungsfähigkeit* demands. How, I would ask, is this vegetative soul to be presented to the mind; where did it flourish before the tree grew, and what will become of it when the tree is sawn into planks, or consumed in fire?

Possibly Mr. Martineau may consider the assumption of this soul to be as untenable and as useless as I do. But then if the power to build a tree be conceded to pure matter, what an amazing expansion of our notions of the "potency of matter" is implied in the concession! Think of the acorn, of the earth, and of the solar light and heat—was ever such necromancy dreamt of as the production of that massive trunk, those swaying boughs and whispering leaves, from the interaction of these three factors? In this interaction, moreover, consists what we call *life*. It will be seen that I am not in the least insensible to the wonder of the tree; nay, I should not be surprised if, in the presence of this wonder, I feel more perplexed and overwhelmed than Mr. Martineau himself.

Consider it for a moment. There is an experiment, first made by Wheatstone, where the music of a piano is transferred from its sound-board, through a thin wooden rod, across several silent rooms in succession, and poured out at a distance from the instrument. The strings of the piano vibrate, not singly, but ten at a time. Every string subdivides, yielding not one note, but a dozen. All these vibrations and subvibrations are crowded together into a bit of deal not more than a quarter of a square inch in section. Yet no note is lost. Each vibration asserts its individual rights; and all are, at last, shaken forth into the air by a second sound-board, against which the distant end of the rod presses. Thought ends in amaze-

ment when it seeks to realise the motions of that rod as the music flows through it. I turn to my tree and observe its roots, its trunk, its branches, and its leaves. As the rod conveys the music, and yields it up to the distant air, so does the trunk convey the matter and the motion—the shocks and pulses and other vital actions—which eventually emerge in the umbrageous foliage of the tree. I went some time ago through the greenhouse of a friend. He had ferns from Ceylon, the branches of which were in some cases not much thicker than an ordinary pin—hard, smooth, and cylindrical—often leafless for a foot and more. But at the end of every one of them the unsightly twig unlocked the exuberant beauty hidden within it, and broke forth into a mass of fronds, almost large enough to fill the arms. We stand here upon a higher level of the wonderful: we are conscious of a music subtler than that of the piano, passing unheard through these tiny boughs, and issuing in what Mr. Martineau would opulently call the "clustered magnificence" of the leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster, and every leaf—their form and texture—lie, like the music in the rod, in the molecular structure of these apparently insignificant stems? Not so. Mr. Martineau weeps for "the beauty of the flower fading into a necessity." I care not whether it comes to me through necessity or through freedom, my delight in it is all the same. I see what he sees with a wonder superadded. To me as to him—nay, to me more than to him—not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.

I have spoken above as if the assumption of a soul would save Mr. Martineau from the inconsistency of crediting pure matter with the astonishing building power displayed in crystals and trees. This, however, would not be the necessary result; for it would remain to be proved that the soul assumed is not itself matter. When a boy I learnt from Dr. Watts that the souls of conscious brutes are mere matter. And the man who would claim for matter the human soul itself, would find himself in very orthodox company. "All that is created," says Fauste, a famous French bishop of the fifth century, "is matter. The soul occupies a place; it is enclosed in a body; it quits the body at death, and returns to it at the resurrection, as in the case of Lazarus; the distinction between hell and heaven, between eternal pleasures and eternal pains, proves that even after death, souls occupy a place and are corporeal. God only is incorporeal." Tertullian, moreover, was quite a physicist in the definiteness of his conceptions regarding the soul. "The materiality of the soul," he says, "is evident from the evangelists. A human soul is there expressly pictured as suffering in hell; it is placed in the middle of a flame, its tongue feels a cruel agony, and it implores a drop of water at the hands of a happier soul. *Wanting materiality,*" adds Tertullian, "*all this would be without meaning.*" One wonders

what would have happened to this great Christian Father amid the roaring lions of Belfast. Could its excellent press have shielded him from its angry pulpits, as it sheltered me?¹

I have glanced at inorganic nature—at the sea, and the sun, and the vapour, and the snowflake—and at organic nature as represented by the fern and the oak. That same sun which warmed the water and liberated the vapour, exerts a subtler power on the nutriment of the tree. It takes hold of matter wholly unfit for the purposes of nutrition, separates its nutritive from its non-nutritive portions, gives the former to the vegetable, and carries the others away. Planted in the earth, bathed by the air, and tended by the sun, the tree is traversed by its sap, the cells are formed, the woody fibre is spun, and the whole is woven to a texture wonderful even to the naked eye, but a million-fold more so to microscopic vision. Does consciousness mix in any way with these processes? No man can tell. Our only ground for a negative conclusion is the absence of those outward manifestations from which feeling is usually inferred. But even these are not entirely absent. In the greenhouses of Kew we may see that a leaf can close, in response to a proper stimulus, as promptly as the human fingers themselves; and while there Dr. Hooker will tell us of the wondrous fly-catching, and fly-devouring power of the *Dionæa*. No man can say that the feelings of the animal are not represented by a drowsier consciousness in the vegetable world. At all events, no line has ever been drawn between the conscious and the unconscious; for the vegetable shades into the animal by such fine gradations, that it is impossible to say where the one ends and the other begins.

In all such inquiries we are necessarily limited by our own powers: we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe; nothing more. The evidences as to consciousness in the vegetable world depend wholly upon our capacity to observe and weigh them. Alter the capacity, and the evidence would alter too. Would that which to us is a total absence of any manifestation of consciousness be the same to a being with our capacities indefinitely multiplied? To such a being I can imagine not only the vegetable, but the mineral world, responsive to the proper irritants, the response differing only in degree from those exaggerated manifestations, which, in virtue of their grossness, appeal to our weak powers of observation.

(1) The foregoing extracts, which M. Alglave recently brought to light for the benefit of the Bishop of Orleans, are taken from the sixth lecture of the *Cours d'Histoire Moderne* of that most orthodox of statesmen, M. Guizot. “I could multiply,” continues M. Guizot, “these citations to infinity, and they prove that in the first centuries of our era the materiality of the soul was an opinion not only permitted, but dominant.” Dr. Moriarty, and the synod which he recently addressed, obviously forget their own antecedents. Their boasted succession from the early Church renders them the direct offspring of a ‘materialism’ more ‘brutal’ than any ever enunciated by me.

Our conclusions, however, must be based, not on powers that we can imagine, but upon those that we possess. What do they reveal? As the earth and atmosphere offer themselves as the nutriment of the vegetable world, so does the latter, which contains no constituent not found in inorganic nature, offer itself to the animal world. Mixed with certain inorganic substances—water, for example—the vegetable constitutes, in the long-run, the sole sustenance of the animal. Animals may be divided into two classes, the first of which can utilise the vegetable world immediately, having chemical forces strong enough to cope with its most refractory parts; the second class use the vegetable world mediately; that is to say, after its finer portions have been extracted and stored up by the first. But in neither class have we an atom newly created. The animal world is, so to say, a distillation through the vegetable world from inorganic nature.

From this point of view all three worlds would constitute a unity, in which I picture life as immanent everywhere. Nor am I anxious to shut out the idea that the life here spoken of may be but a subordinate part and function of a higher life, as the living, moving blood is subordinate to the living man. I resist no such idea as long as it is not dogmatically imposed. Left for the human mind freely to operate upon, the idea has ethical vitality; but stiffened into a dogma, the inner force disappears, and the outward yoke of a usurping hierarchy takes its place.

The problem before us is, at all events, capable of definite statement. We have on the one hand strong grounds for concluding that the earth was once a molten mass. We now find it not only swathed by an atmosphere and covered by a sea, but also crowded with living things. The question is, how were they introduced? Certainty may be as unattainable here as Bishop Butler held it to be in matters of religion; but in the contemplation of probabilities the thoughtful mind is forced to take a side. The conclusion of science, which recognises unbroken causal connection between the past and the present, would undoubtedly be that the molten earth contained within it elements of life, which grouped themselves into their present forms as the planet cooled. The difficulty and reluctance encountered by this conception, arise solely from the fact that the theologic conception obtained a prior footing in the human mind. Did the latter depend upon reasoning alone, it could not hold its ground for an hour against its rival. But it is warmed into life and strength by the emotions—by associated hopes, fears, and expectations—and not only by these, which are more or less mean, but by that loftiness of thought and feeling which lifts its possessor above the atmosphere of self, and which the theologic idea, in its nobler forms, has through ages engendered in noble minds.

Were not man's origin implicated, we should accept without a

murmur the derivation of animal and vegetable life from what we call inorganic nature. The conclusion of pure intellect points this way and no other. But this purity is troubled by our interests in this life, and by our hopes and fears regarding the life to come. Reason is traversed by the emotions, anger rising in the weaker heads to the height of suggesting that the compendious shooting of the inquirer would be an act agreeable to God and serviceable to man. But this foolishness is more than neutralised by the sympathy of the wise; and in England at least, so long as the courtesy which befits an earnest theme is adhered to, such sympathy is ever ready for an honest man. None of us here need shrink from saying all that he has a right to say. We ought, however, to remember that it is not only a band of Jesuits, weaving their schemes of intellectual slavery, under the innocent guise of "education," that we are opposing. Our foes are to some extent they of our own household, including not only the ignorant and the passionate, but a minority of minds of high calibre and culture, lovers of freedom, moreover, who, though its objective hull be riddled by logic, still find the ethic life of their religion unimpaired. But while such considerations ought to influence the *form* of our argument, and prevent it from ever slipping out of the region of courtesy into that of scorn or abuse, its *substance*, I think, ought to be maintained and presented in unmitigated strength.

In the year 1855 the chair of philosophy in the University of Munich happened to be filled by a Catholic priest of great critical penetration, great learning, and great courage, who bore the brunt of battle long before Döllinger. His Jesuit colleagues, he knew, inculcated the belief that every human soul is sent into the world from God by a separate and supernatural act of creation. In a work entitled "The Origin of the Human Soul," Professor Frohschammer, the philosopher here alluded to, was hardy enough to question this doctrine, and to affirm that man, body and soul, comes from his parents, the act of creation being, therefore, mediate and secondary only. The Jesuits keep a sharp look-out on all temerities of this kind, and their organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, immediately pounced upon Frohschammer. His book was branded as "pestilent," placed in the Index, and stamped with the condemnation of the Church.¹

It will be seen, in the "Apology for the Belfast Address," how simply and beautifully the great Jesuit Perrone causes the Almighty to play with the sun and planets, desiring this one to stop, and another to move, according to his pleasure. To Perrone's *Vorstellung*

(1) King Maximilian II. brought Liebig to Munich, he helped Helmholtz in his researches, and loved to liberate and foster science. But through his "liberal" concession of power to the Jesuits in the schools, he did far more damage to the intellectual freedom of his country than his superstitious predecessor Ludwig I. Priding himself on being a German prince, Ludwig would not tolerate the interference of the Roman party with the political affairs of Bavaria.

God is obviously a large Individual who holds the leading-strings of the universe, and orders its steps from a position outside it all. Nor does the notion now under consideration err on the score of indefiniteness. According to it, the Power whom Goethe does not dare to name, and whom Gassendi and Clerk Maxwell present to us under the guise of a "manufacturer" of atoms, turns out annually for England and Wales alone, a quarter of a million of new souls. Taken in connection with the dictum of Mr. Carlyle, that this annual increment to our population are "mostly fools," but little profit to the human heart seems derivable from this mode of regarding the Divine operations.

But if the Jesuit notion be rejected, what are we to accept? Physiologists say that every human being comes from an egg, not more than $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch in diameter. Is this egg matter? I hold it to be so, as much as the seed of a fern or of an oak. Nine months go to the making of it into a man. Are the additions made during this period of gestation drawn from matter? I think so undoubtedly. If there be anything besides matter in the egg, or in the infant subsequently slumbering in the womb, what is it? The questions already asked with reference to the stars of snow, may be here repeated. Mr. Martineau will complain that I am disenchanting the babe of its wonder; but is this the case? I figure it growing in the womb, woven by a something not itself, without conscious participation on the part of either father or mother, and appearing in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and all their implications. Consider the work accomplished during these nine months in forming the eye alone—with its lens, and its humours, and its miraculous retina behind. Consider the ear with its tympanum, cochlea, and Corti's organ—an instrument of three thousand strings, built adjacent to the brain, and employed by it to sift, separate, and interpret, antecedent to all consciousness, the sonorous tremors of the external world. All this has been accomplished, not only without man's contrivance, but without his knowledge, the secret of his own organization having been withheld from him since his birth in the immeasurable past, until the other day. Matter I define as that mysterious thing by which all this is accomplished. How it came to have this power is a question on which I never ventured an opinion. If, then, matter starts as "a beggar," it is, in my view, because the Jacobs of theology have deprived it of its birthright. Mr. Martineau need fear no disenchantment. Theories of evolution go but a short way towards the explanation of this mystery; while, in its presence, the notion of an atomic manufacturer and artificer of souls raises the doubt, whether those who entertain it were ever really penetrated by the solemnity of the problem for which they offer such a solution.

There are men, and they include amongst them some of the best of the race of men, upon whose minds this mystery falls without producing either warmth or colour. The “dry light” of the intellect suffices for them, and they live their noble lives untouched by a desire to give the mystery shape or expression. There are, on the other hand, men whose minds are warmed and coloured by its presence, and who, under its stimulus, attain to moral heights which have never been overtopped. Different spiritual climates are necessary for the healthy existence of these two classes of men; and different climates must be accorded them. The history of humanity, however, proves the experience of the second class to illustrate the most pervading need. The world will have religion of some kind, even though it should fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of “spiritualism.” What is really wanted is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life. But the free play of this power must be preceded by its release from the torn swaddling bands of the past, and from the practical materialism of the present. It is now in danger of being strangled by the one, or stupefied by the other. I look, however, forward to a time when the strength, insight, and elevation which now visit us in mere hints and glimpses during moments “of clearness and vigour,” shall be the stable and permanent possession of purer and mightier minds than ours,—purer and mightier, partly because of their deeper knowledge of matter and their more faithful conformity to its laws.

JOHN TYNDALL.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

ON the 20th of May last I said at Elgin :—

“With regard to the book which my friend Sir Henry Rawlinson has just published, entitled, ‘England and Russia in the East,’ I wish to express my regret that *that collection of interesting and important papers was not weeded of passages which can do nothing but mischief either in Europe or Asia.* It is all very well for Sir Henry to disclaim any official character for his book, but how can a member of the Secretary of State’s Council effectually disclaim an official character for a book on the very subjects his knowledge of which gives him the prominent place he holds upon that Council? It is most proper that the views which Sir Henry holds should be kept before the Secretary of State for various good reasons, and, amongst other reasons, that the Russo-phobists may not be able to say that the attention of the India Office and the Foreign Office are not called to the subject which so deeply interests them; but it is not good that readers of this book should be left to find out for themselves which are the views of Sir Henry Rawlinson personally, and which are the views Sir Henry Rawlinson shares with the successive governments with which he has been connected. Again and again he expresses opinions diametrically opposed to the views of the late Government, and I have not heard, nor do I believe, that the present Government has dissociated itself from the views of its predecessors on any one of the points to which I allude. No one yields to me in respect for Sir Henry Rawlinson’s great abilities and acquirements, but I cannot think that he was justified in allowing this book to go forth to the world without drawing attention to the fact that the spirit of its policy is by no means the same as that which has been up to this time enunciated by responsible ministers of the Crown; and that with reference to Cabul, Khelat, and Persia, he has recommended a course of action which they have emphatically, and in terms, repudiated.”

To this Sir Henry Rawlinson has replied as follows, in the Preface to his last edition :—

“In two quarters only have I been attacked in a manner that would seem to call for a reply: I mean by Mr. Grant Duff in his speech to his constituents at Elgin, and by an anonymous writer in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. To the honourable member for Elgin my reply is simply this: that if there had been anything objectionable in point of form, or injurious to the national interests, in the publication of ‘England and Russia in the East,’ I should, I presume, have been called to account by my official superiors. Not having been so called to account, I cannot accept Mr. Grant Duff’s rebuke for disseminating mischievous doctrines with a semblance of authority, but in opposition to the views of the Government. What I have written I have written advisedly, with a good intention, and, as I believe, with a good effect. Whether it is, or is not, in accordance with the policy of the Government, is a matter on which Mr. Grant Duff may form his own opinion, but I repeat that I am alone responsible for the publication.”

I am afraid the expressions which Sir Henry has made use of in the above passage betray some slight irritation. That irritation appears to me to be hardly reasonable, for I cannot see how I could

(1) We all have good intentions. None had better than Lord Auckland.

possibly have said *less* than I did. The case stood thus. For more than five years I had been the exponent of the views of the late Government in the House of Commons upon a great number of the questions raised by Sir Henry Rawlinson. On these questions my personal views agree with those of the late Government, and I hold my views, right or wrong, quite as strongly as Sir Henry Rawlinson does his. When, then, he put forward, with all the authority of a member of the Indian Council, that is, of a very high Government official, views which were opposed to mine, obtaining for these views of his, especially on the Continent of Europe, all the advantage which the uncertainty, as to how far he was or was not speaking the views of the *new* Government naturally obtained, was I to make no answer at all? And if I was to make one, where was I to make it? If I made it in a speech to my constituents, it appeared to me, that enough would be done if I said a few words by way of protest; while, if I made it in my place in the House, it would be necessary to give to the proceeding something of a hostile character, either to the Government or to Sir Henry Rawlinson.

I had and have no reason to believe the policy of the Government in Central Asia to be different from that of their predecessors, and, in all matters that concern India, I wished to give them what support I could; while as to Sir Henry Rawlinson, the very words which I used at Elgin showed what other words I have said and written also showed, that, namely, anything like hostility towards him was as far as possible from my thoughts.

If, however, I brought the matter before the House of Commons, it would have been necessary to ascertain, by the usual parliamentary methods, whether this work of an Indian Councillor was or was not authorised by the Government which he served. If it were replied that it *was* authorised, then there would have been a variety of points upon which it would have been necessary to ascertain whether the House of Commons agreed with the Government. If the House of Commons did not agree with the Government, then Sir Henry would have got the Government into an unpleasant scrape. If, on the other hand, the House of Commons had stamped with its approval all Sir Henry's propositions, Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury would have found themselves committed to a variety of doctrines to which I make bold to say they would be very unwilling to be committed.

Such are those contained in the following extracts from Sir Henry's book:—

"The necessity of replacing the old policy of 'masterly inaction' by creating, without loss of time, a direct barrier in Afghanistan against further Russian encroachment." (P. 14.)

"If it should be necessary to arrest the progress of Russia towards the Indus."

by marching a British force to the extreme Afghan frontier, the home Government must, at the very least, share the expense with the Indian Government. . . . The principle seems to be undoubted, and should, I think, be acknowledged from the outset, adding as it would a very important element of strength to our Indian Empire—that in any contest between India and a European enemy, whether involving actual war or mere preliminary field operations, the Imperial Treasury must be liable at least in the same degree as the Indian Treasury." (P. 16.)

"Can we turn the tables upon Russia by converting Persia into a means of defence, rather than of offence, to India?" (P. 137.)

"An experimental contingent force of ten thousand men, raised, armed, fed, paid, clothed, disciplined, and commanded by British officers, would not only be a respectable military body, but would elevate the tone of the people (i.e. the Persians), and show what they were capable of, if properly handled and encouraged." (P. 138.)

"If the ruler of Cabul could be thoroughly depended on, no doubt it would be to our advantage to extend and consolidate his power in every possible way; but what security can we possibly have for Afghan fidelity beyond the passing incidents of the hour?"

"My own view, therefore, rather inclines to the policy of detaching Herat and Candahar from Cabul, and of confining our attention to the western Afghan states, which indeed are alone of importance to us in providing for the security of our Indian frontier from attack—1874." (P. 192.)

"This"—the railway towards Peshawur—"is, alas! the only one of my proposed remedial measures that has been fairly carried out. Persia is still unreclaimed, and the support of Shér Ali has been so spasmodic that our position at Cabul is still unsecured—1874." (P. 299.)

"When Lord Mayo landed in Calcutta on January 13, 1869, he thus found the Government of India committed to a policy which was based on affording moral and material support to the reigning Amir of Cabul, the object being the same which governed the opening of our relations with Dost Mahomed Khan, and which afterwards impelled Lord Auckland to undertake the Afghan war—namely, 'the establishment of a strong, friendly, and independent power in Afghanistan, as a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression on our north-west frontier.'" (P. 303.)

Will any one who knows the A B C of the Asiatic policy of the British Government for the last ten years believe that the Secretary of State for India, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, would allow themselves to be committed to these propositions?

Look, then, at the alternative. Supposing I had been informed, in the usual parliamentary way, that the work was not authorised, it might have been requisite to inquire whether, considering the extreme discretion and secrecy which are enjoined upon all who have anything to do with the foreign affairs of the country, it was not a strong measure for a person who had, from the nature of his position, constant access to the Secretary of State, and whose action would be suspected at every embassy in Europe to have been prompted by the Secretary of State, to publish a book containing views about the foreign affairs of the country, without the authority of the Secretary of State.

No one who has had any experience of Indian administration is unaware of the extreme difficulty of keeping official documents and

information from being improperly given to the public. It is only the other day that the Viceroy sent round an extremely strong circular on the subject, and here is one of the supreme and ultimate governing body of the Empire actually setting an example of official indiscretion!

I think that it would not have been difficult to make notes for a speech in this direction, which, if delivered in the House of Commons, would have been far from agreeable to Sir Henry Rawlinson. Now the necessity for doing anything of this kind I thought I had entirely avoided, while I, at the same time, satisfied my conscience by the few words which I said at Elgin.

But to pass from these more or less personal matters to the book itself. The book is in many respects an excellent one, worthy of its author's great reputation as a geographer and as an Asiatic statesman. If, just before he went back to the Indian Council in 1868, he had republished verbatim all the articles written before that date, his volume would have been a most useful contribution to the formation of public opinion *at that time*, and there were those—the late Lord Strangford, for instance—who strongly urged the republication of the articles *at that time*. If, again, immediately after returning to the Indian Council in the end of 1868 or 1869, he had republished his articles, *with the omission of a few passages, and without the Memorandum*—which should, I think, never have been published—he would have done a useful work; but the circumstances of 1875 are not those of 1868. In 1868 neither statesmen nor journalists, with very few exceptions, cared for Central Asia and its affairs. The voice of Lord Strangford was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. I and others thought that this was a great pity, and that the result of the entire want of interest which prevailed would be, that some fine morning Russia would make an advance which would attract public attention here, and we should have a sort of repetition of the old panic.

Well, that is precisely what did happen. The Khivan Expedition took place. It *did* attract public attention, and it *did* result in something like the old panic. Persons who, like myself, had been preaching for a long while—*attend* to this Russian advance in Asia, *do* nothing about it, but *know* everything about it, for sooner or later you will have to come to some distinct understanding with Russia—were treated as more optimist dreamers by the very men who had not known the rudiments of the subject, when we had been perfectly familiar with it. The publication in 1875 of such a book as this, comes a great deal too late. Sir Henry's useful activity in the matter seems to have come to an end, with the sending out to India of his Memorandum of 1868. Any one who compares that Memorandum with the speech which I delivered as the mouth-

piece of the late Government, on the 9th July, 1869, will, I think, hardly require to be told that Sir Henry's Memorandum was by no means treated with neglect; that, on the contrary, it met with great attention, although by no means great acquiescence, amongst those who were then in power.

But, I may be asked, What are the specific points on which you disagree with Sir Henry Rawlinson, considered merely as a publicist, and not as a member of the Secretary of State's Council?

I reply:—

1. I do *not* think that Afghanistan can be used as a "direct barrier against further Russian encroachment." I think it highly desirable that we should have on our frontier a *strong and quiet Afghanistan*; but I think that if we were weak enough to want a barrier on the North-West, Afghanistan would be a very inadequate one.

2. I do *not* consider that the English Treasury should be liable for any expense incurred in marching a British force to the extreme Afghan frontier "as a preliminary field operation." So strong and rightly strong is the K.C.B. mania in India that, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were once to admit such a liability, the accounts would be presented within ten years from the date of his doing so.

3. I believe that the Russian Foreign Office is too well informed to imagine that it could use Persia as a means of offence against India. I wish to see Persia prosperous—I wish to see English influence strong in Persia—but I don't wish "to turn the tables against Russia," nor do I see in Persia any capacities for becoming a defence to India.

4. I was not opposed to lending British officers to drill the armies of the Shah, when that proposal, guarded by most stringent conditions, which I explained in the House of Commons, was before the late Government. I disapprove, however, of Persian troops being either *armed or fed or paid or clothed* at the expense either of the English or the Indian Treasury.

5. I am *not* in favour of detaching Herat or Candahar from Cabul. We give from time to time large sums of money to Shere Ali for no other object than to enable him—the person whom we believe to be, on the whole, the most acceptable to the Afghans, and the person most able to keep Afghanistan strong and quiet—to rule alike in Cabul, Herat, and Candahar.

6. I do *not* think our support of Shere Ali has been "spasmodic." I think Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook have been perfectly right in everything they did with regard to the ruler of Cabul, difficult as has been the conduct of negotiations with him.

7. I deny that when Lord Mayo landed in India he found the Government of India "committed to the policy of the establishment.

of a strong, friendly, and independent power in Afghanistan"—"*as a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression on our North-West frontier.*"

The above are my chief *specific* points of disagreement with Sir Henry, considered as a publicist; but I also disapprove of the general spirit of his book, and hold it to be ill-timed.

Now that the attention of every one who cares about general politics at all has been sufficiently called to the progress of Russia in Central Asia, what is wanted would seem to be, to point out how recent events have *modified* the situation of 1868, and how the progress of events is likely still further to modify it.

A great many politicians do not seem as yet to realise how enormously the relations of the Great Powers have been altered by the events of 1870. What is *the* fact of the Continent at this moment? It is that Germany is immensely increasing her already immense military strength, that she is making her western frontier so strong as to be able to keep France at a distance while she strikes with her full force, to the east and south, if needs be. The causes which may embroil her with Austria are well known, but less attention has been given in this country to what people in Germany seem to be thinking much more of—the possibility of a collision with Russia. It is for the event of this possible collision that Russia is herself straining her resources to crowd always more and more men into her army, so that she will soon have on paper positively a larger force than that represented by all the armies of Europe only a few years ago. But the battle-fields which Russia is thinking of are not battle-fields on the Oxus or before Herat, but more serious battle-fields nearer home. On her own soil, or close to it, Russia is a terribly formidable power; but at a vast distance from her own soil she is a very weak power; for her want of money, want of science, and comparative want of official honesty, tell much more heavily against her at a distance from the centre of affairs than they do near home. This, then, may be taken as the first great modification of the political situation since 1868. Russia has now got a power stronger than herself, with which she may at any moment become embroiled upon her western frontier. How far are we away from the days when the Emperor Nicholas addressed the officers of the Prussian guard in the Palace at Berlin, and thought he was paying them a great compliment when he called them "*his advanced guard*"!

This change, however, is not the only one. Since 1868 the Porte has very largely added to its military strength; and, further, the progress of railways within the Turkish empire has tended to give Austria more opportunity of either aiding or annoying

her, while it has certainly not tended to improve the position of Russia with respect to her old opponent.

Further, the position of the Hohenzollern advanced post at Bucharest is more assured, and the whole course of things has been such as to make it less likely that either Austria or Prussia will willingly allow Russia to become mistress of Constantinople.

That both Germany and Austria would willingly see Russia embroiled with us in Asia, is a matter of course. What they naturally think of, is taking the pressure off themselves in Europe; and that is one reason why, the wish being father to the thought, we are always hearing from Berlin disquieting rumours of Russia's Asiatic doings and intentions; but they have absolutely no power to embroil us with Russia, and the disquieting talk which they send us is *chimera bombinans in vacuo*.

Still further, the situation has been modified by the opening of the Suez Canal. The extreme convenience of that route, and the fact that it has been so very much more used by English than other vessels, has forced upon our attention the truth, that the keeping it open, and the maintenance of an absolute control over the Isthmus transit, is of vital importance to England: is of such importance that nothing beyond our own shores, or those of our dependencies, is of anything like the same importance. Well, fortunately this country of Egypt which has become since 1868 so much more important to us, is the one non-British portion of the world where we could show ourselves upon occasion a first-rate military power.

But there are more modifications still, for while it is become more an object to Germany and Austria to keep Russia away from Constantinople and the mouths of the Danube, it is become less an object to Russia to get there. I do not mean to say that the vast majority of the Russian people is not still very anxious, though only dreamily and vaguely anxious, to get there; but the longer heads begin to see that that blessing is at once more doubtful in itself, and more difficult of attainment. Happily, perhaps, for us, the East had always a great fascination for the first Napoleon. If it had not been so, he might very possibly have encouraged Alexander to have tried to replace the cross on St. Sophia, on the understanding that he, in turn, should be allowed to do what he liked in Western Europe. Then Russia would have had in her favour whatever explosive and anti-Turkish forces there were in the whole of the Eastern Peninsula. Would she have them now? Far from it! New ambitions have risen, to which her extension would be far more menacing than the calm decay of the Porte. As things now are, the various Christian populations of the Eastern Peninsula have the game in their own hands. They have but to marry and give in marriage to settle the Eastern question, so far as the *domination* of the Turks in Europe is

concerned. If they are wise there will be no wild and sensational attempts to drive the dominant race over the Bosphorus. That, for a long time to come, would be as difficult as it would be always absurd and wicked; but the long game must be decided in favour of the Christian populations.

Not only, however, is it harder for Russia to get to Constantinople, and less an object for her to get there; but it is less matter to us, so far as our own interest, as distinguished from our Treaty engagements, is concerned, whether she gets there or not. What is important to us now, is Egypt, or rather such an amount of influence in Egypt, as may not shut the Suez Canal against other people, but keep it open for all the world. We are not likely to be obliged to fight for this; but fight for it, if need be, we must—and to the death.

In the new circumstances, however, what becomes of the old fear—by no means a visionary one a few years ago—that Russia might use a diversion against India with a view to winning Constantinople? As long as Austria and Germany say *no* to Russia's attempting to get Constantinople, she will not attempt it; while if they said *yes*, to a project so extraordinarily hurtful to themselves, we should be unable to prevent her singlehanded, and might well fail to get any allies to stand by us, although it would be to the Mediterranean Maritime Powers, and not to India, that the possession of Constantinople by Russia would be really serious.

It has always seemed to me a strange thing that people do not set off one panic against another; but it does not occur to our alarmists that, however dangerous to India the possession of Constantinople by Russia might have appeared to our fathers before Russia had begun to feel her way across the Central Asian steppes, the state of affairs is very different now, when she is so far on the road towards our frontier. If she were demented enough to want to come to India, she would come *viâ* Astrabad, not *viâ* Constantinople.

As to one point there is no difference of opinion so far as I am aware between any of the persons who have considered this question. We all agree about what it would be necessary to do if Russia *really* threatened Herat. That would mean war with England all over the world. We have no choice in the matter.

In the first place our engagements to Afghanistan are such that we could not tolerate anything of the kind.

In the second place, the safety of Herat has been so often and so loudly proclaimed by successive British Governments as a matter of paramount importance, that we could not now recede from our position without appearing to confess weakness—which is wholly out of the question.

Thirdly, although the phrase that Herat is the key of India is a misleading one—as any Power who, having Herat, attempted to

march over the 818 miles between it and the Scinde frontier would soon find out—it is unquestionably a very important place, partly with reference to India, but much more with reference to South-Western Asia.

The possession of Herat by Russia might, quite possibly, lead to ambitions being formed by her which would not be for her advantage any more than for ours, and which have, I am sure, never been formed by any Russian statesman who really knew his business. At present, the ambition of Russia is chiefly directed to get the Central Asian trade entirely into her hands. She believes, in her economical ignorance, that she is thereby doing a great stroke of business for herself and injuring us, her commercial rivals. Well, I am glad to see the attempts that have been made to open a trade between India and Central Asia. All openings for trade are good, but any Central Asian trade that we can have will be, for many a day, a twopenny-halfpenny business at the best; and we ought, if we were wise, to rejoice at Russia's success in creating more trade in those regions: sure, as we may be, that the time will come when, common sense, incarnated in the Free Trade party in Russia, will get the upper hand, and we shall step in to share in the advantages of that taste for European commodities which she is creating amongst barbarians. What I desire is to see Russian influence advancing to the eastward, *along the line of least resistance*. That is one of the reasons why I don't wish to see her in Herat or in Merv either.

As for our advancing to Quetta, Candahar, or Herat, one hour before it is absolutely necessary to do so, I am entirely opposed to any such step. Even if our army were composed of saints, or, as they said of it in Abyssinia, of "religious students," it could not fail very soon to disgust the populations around these places: for an army however virtuous must eat, and the mere trebling or quadrupling of prices to people who suffer always from grinding poverty, would be felt as a most cruel wrong. Beyond our own North-West frontier we never can be looked upon as anything but the less of two evils, and must take infinite care to be considered the less and not the greater.

But, to return to the Russians. I had much rather, as I have said, that the Russians would keep away from Merv altogether. I think it would be wise in them to do so, but I cannot help seeing that they may perfectly well make an expedition to Merv without wishing to go near Herat at all. Herat is ten long marches from Merv. If we were to advance into the Khyber Pass to-morrow, and give the Khyberees a thrashing, people in India would think it the most natural thing in the world. They would be very much surprised if the Russians considered it as the beginning of a march to Cabul. So, even if the Russians were at Merv, and making raids

from that point, these would not be necessarily directed against Herat. But they are not at Merv, or near Merv, and if they advance to or towards Merv, they would advance with the same object as that with which we have made so many dashes beyond our frontier. Bad as the Khyberees and others of our neighbours are, there is no reason to think that they are a bit worse than the Turcomans who possess Merv, and who may at any time irritate their Russian neighbours beyond all bearing. I should be very sorry to have to lay down beforehand a programme of what ought to be done in case of anything occurring at or near Merv, always excepting direct Russian aggression on Shere Ali's territory. It must depend upon circumstances; but one thing is absolutely certain, that time is on our side, and that every year makes the position of England relatively stronger, and that of Russia relatively weaker.

Not nearly enough has, I think, been made of this argument in forecasting the issue of a conceivable collision between the two great empires in Asia. It was, however, extremely well treated in the *Economist* last summer, in an article which brought out with great clearness these very significant facts. At the time of Napoleon's expedition Russia was a great State of 48,000,000; England was a little State of 12,000,000, with a hostile Ireland behind it—an Ireland so hostile that it was to be considered not an accession but a diminution of her strength. In 1875 Russia is an even greater State, of 71,000,000; but Britain is a State of over 27,000,000; and Ireland, which has not increased materially in population, is certainly not now to be reckoned a *minus* quantity in estimating her strength. If Russia had increased as England has increased, she would now have a population of much more than 100,000,000; and can any one say that her difficulties in Poland have become diminished in the same proportion as ours in Ireland have become diminished?

Then, in 1812 Russia was no doubt far less rich and far less skilful than she is now; but who that knows the country would maintain for a moment that her increase, even in the arts (which, to use Campbell's expression in speaking of her, "urge Bellona's iron car"), has been faintly comparable to that of Britain? She has now got in Europe a rather meagre network of railways; while in India we have got a better network of railways than she has at home; and in Asia she has no railways at all.

Then, contrast her roads and our roads. Has she anything in Asia to compare to the Grand Trunk Road? Has she many things like it in Europe? If people who write about Russia and her tremendous power for offence would only just go and look at her!

Next, think of the growth of our mercantile navy, and power of transporting men and munitions of war, as compared with the trans-

porting power of Russia. Contrast the ease with which we can send any amount of troops anywhere, with the toilsome marches which Russia would have to calculate on in sending troops across Asia. Compare the effects of the Crimean war in retarding our national progress, with the fearful shock that was given to Russia by that war. Then, again, compare the kind of territory which we *have* conquered in India with that which she *is* conquering in Central Asia. Remember that one man commanded as an ensign when our frontier, towards the North-West, was twenty miles in front of Bombay, and as a colonel when our frontier was at Peshawur. Why, the Punjab alone is worth every acre that Russia has got south of Orenburg !

If she were thinking of India, and were at ease about Europe, she would diminish her army, save her money, perfect her communications, make the three Khanates as Russian as Bengal is English, and prepare for a great struggle in 1900.

So much for the past, but recollect that everything in England is advancing in geometrical as compared merely to arithmetical progression in Russia—our wealth, our skill, our carrying power—and that from year to year success in war becomes more and more a question, first of science, secondly of power to buy enormously costly appliances.

For myself, although mischievous people (amongst whom I am very far indeed from counting Sir Henry Rawlinson) will do their utmost to embroil the two countries, I do not believe they will ever cross swords in Asia. I am quite aware that Sir Henry Rawlinson is just as unwilling as I am that they should do so, but I don't think he takes the best means to attain his object. Let him use all his influence to have the very best of the men below the rank of ambassador, now in the Diplomatic Service, sent to St. Petersburg on the first vacancy ; let him continue to help to rule India wisely and well. These are not heroic or sensational measures, but they are, I humbly venture to think, the only measures which meet the necessities of the case.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON, AND THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

THE publication in quick succession of the *Narrative* of General Johnston and the *Memoirs* of General Sherman, afforded the critic such an opportunity as the whole range of military literature has never before offered. Great commanders have repeatedly written of their own warlike deeds; but there has been no instance before of two who were opposed to each other in a campaign of the first magnitude sending out to the world their independent records of its whole course. It is true that there is a French edition of the Archduke Charles's grand work on the war of 1796, with a sort of reply appended by Jourdan, one of the generals-in-chief whom he defeated. But this is avowedly rather a commentary on the German history, directed to show that the Revolutionary armies were not so very badly beaten as had been asserted, than an original version. It is so unimportant as to have remained almost unnoticed on the shelves of military libraries, and cannot be said to form a fair exception to the rule now first broken in the case of the two commanders in the Campaign of Atlanta.

Nor could the full value of such works have been reached elsewhere. It needed the complete freedom and publicity of American life to allow such a thorough insight as they afford into the motives and actions of the writers to be given unhesitatingly to the world. The delay which has occurred before their publication is an additional advantage; for the condonation now granted by the North to the South, slowly it is true but not the less surely, for the cardinal sin of striving to break the great Republic into fragments, is so far pronounced, that the fair hearing is given on either side to what is written on the other which a very few years ago seemed hopeless. In 1870 it was still said that all books on the war to be sold in the Northern markets must be pervaded wholly by Northern sympathies. And though this sentiment is not completely banished, a more truly historical as well as a more generous spirit is coming gradually in, which allows Johnston's *Narrative* of his own campaigns to be fairly judged of in the North; whilst Sherman's *Memoirs* have been actually supplemented by some very valuable additions suggested by their circulation in the Southern States, where once his name was execrated. To us at this distance, this remarkable pair of books has an additional source of interest; for in the style of the writers, and the whole manner in which the story on either side is told, we recognise not merely those national characteristics which Englishmen have come to

know as American, but even a curious similarity of thought and diction, which shows that Sherman and Johnston were not only fellow-citizens of the same great country, but taught in the same college, and trained in the same service.

Both are hard hitters, whether wielding pen or sword. Unsparing of others' feelings, regardless of the cloud of controversies which must rise on their criticisms, gifted with strong confidence in their own personal infallibility, there are points of striking likeness between the characters of the two chiefs who were suddenly opposed to each other in the fierce spring of 1864, when the greatest Civil War of history rose to its full height. Each was fired with the belief that the destinies of a people were in his hands, and each, with trust in his own powers of generalship and the fighting qualities of his men, had a just respect for his adversary. And now, after the lapse of a decade, each comes forward as much bent as ever on making the best of his cause. But there is a wide change in the shape in which the object is pursued. Each of them has outlived what still remains with many of their countrymen of the political passions of 1864, and seeks therefore to justify his actions on the purely professional ground of a soldier, entering into policy no farther than as it seems to affect the course of the Atlanta Campaign.

The course of events they trace may be summarised as follows. On the 18th March Sherman relieved Grant of his special command in the West, comprising the armies destined to invade Georgia from Chattanooga, the great fortified depôt on the Tennessee, which the latter had rescued for the Federals in the previous autumn. Johnston had been in command of the opposing force from the beginning of the year, and lay at Dalton, thirty miles south-east of Chattanooga, keeping strictly on the defensive. Such was his attitude also throughout the campaign, for reasons which will presently appear; and Sherman, having on arrival "frequent and correct reports" of his enemy's strength, calculated at less than 50,000 soldiers, but expecting reinforcements, "had time and leisure" (as he tells us) "to take all measures deliberately and fully." Numbers were not this commander's difficulty so much as transportation and supplies, his actual strength "present for duty" on the 10th April amounting to 180,082 men. Of these he formed a field force comprising officially three distinct armies, and numbering 99,000, irrespective of two independent cavalry divisions; and on the 5th May (the day being fixed to correspond with that of Grant's movement against Lee in Virginia) he began his advance. His object may best be told in his own words, and was prescribed him in the instructions of General Grant, now become Commander-in-Chief of the whole forces of the Union. Grant, however, left the details of its execution entirely to the lieutenant in whom he had

just cause, after more than two years of hard and chequered warfare, passed through side by side, to place implicit confidence:—

“The army was to be directed against that of Johnston, lying on the defensive strongly intrenched at Dalton. I was required to follow it up closely and persistently, so that in no event could any part be detached to assist General Lee in Virginia; General Grant undertaking in like manner to keep Lee so busy that he could not respond to any calls of help by Johnston. Neither Atlanta, nor Augusta, nor Savannah was the objective, but the army of Joseph Johnston go where it might.”

As to that commander, his views can only be explained by referring briefly to his correspondence with Richmond. A dispatch received in March told him that President Davis intended presently to raise his force of 41,000 fighting men to 75,000, and urged him to move boldly into Tennessee. But the reinforcements thus promised were only to join him on the advance, and were at first made wholly contingent on his adopting this offensive line of action. Johnston's second reply was (and none could be more proper, the former having pointed out the difficulties sufficiently):—“In my dispatch of the 18th I expressly accept taking the offensive; only differ with you as to details. I assume that the enemy will be prepared to advance before we are, and will make it to our advantage. Therefore I propose, as necessary both for the offensive and defensive, to assemble our troops here immediately. Other preparations for advance are going on.” But there was no happy union of thought on this side, where Bragg, whom Johnston had superseded after his failure of the autumn, was now Jefferson Davis's chief military adviser. The contrast in this respect is striking from the very first with the perfect harmony of Grant and Sherman. Yet Johnston, it will be seen, had in no case any thought of running away, and it only remained for Sherman to move to bring on the collision both looked for. Accordingly at daybreak on the 8th May the opposing armies were in each other's presence, and began to engage.

From this time until the middle of July they never paused in the struggle, which took a form unknown heretofore in modern war. Sherman had to combine the double purpose of pressing his adversary back and keeping intact in his own rear the line of railroad to Chattanooga, by which alone he could subsist his forces. Johnston had only to do his best to resist, whether by obstinate opposition in front or injuring the great communication on which the Federals depended, and which, if interrupted, would stop their advance at once. His task might therefore, at first sight, seem simple. But, on the other hand, his forces were far inferior. At Dalton, when the campaign began, he commanded less than 45,000 men, exclusive of a weak division of cavalry, and though afterwards joined by Polk's army corps, which came in by detach-

ments, and two more divisions of horse, he never, according to Sherman's admission, had more than about one-half the number of the Federals, whose losses were constantly supplied from their rear. Sherman, indeed, reckoned fully on this numerical superiority. He not only, as he frankly states, was prepared to lose two to one, if necessary, in carrying out his design, but on finding Johnston covered at Dalton, as at almost every halting-place subsequently, "by intrenchments as dangerous to assault as a permanent fort," he resolved from the first to risk no open attack. Probably in thus deciding he took counsel from those bloody repulses which in Virginia had dangerously weakened the Federals more than once, and almost turned the scale of war against their cause. But it was open to him, instead of direct assault, to adopt on a grander scale the old 'War of Positions,' of the days of Gustavus and Turenne, when both armies protected themselves on their fighting ground, and sought for advantage in either outflanking the enemy or cutting off his supplies. The former process, though a slow one, might be called sure with such superior numbers at his command. With a main force equal to Johnston's, it would be always possible to cover and watch the latter's front, whilst one or both wings, steadily extending behind similar works, must in the end get so far beyond or round the Confederates as to make their communications unsafe, if their flanks were not already laid bare. Either danger must drive them to a retreat, since the only alternative would be a sudden passage to the offensive, and an attack on the Federal intrenchments—an error that Sherman would have been too glad to see his adversary fall into, but which he very wisely did not anticipate from Johnston, who had more of the Fabius than the Marcellus in his tactics. As might be expected from one known in peace as a skilled professor, Sherman's technical description of the series of operations that went on is simple and masterly, and we quote it, very slightly abbreviated :—

"Finding the enemy's position covered by intrenchments, we in like manner covered our lines of battle by similar works; even our skirmishers learning to cover themselves by the simplest and best forms, such as rails or logs piled to make a simple lunette, covered on the outside with earth thrown up at night. Both sides used the same model of rifle-trench, varied according to the ground. The trees and bushes were cut away for more than a hundred yards in front, serving as an abattis or entanglement; the parapet varied from four to six feet high, the earth taken from a ditch outside and from a covered way inside, and this parapet surmounted by a 'headlog' composed of the trunk of a tree lying along the crest, and resting on notches cut in other trunks inclined back, in case it should be struck by a cannon shot. The men of both armies became extremely skilful at this work, because each realised its importance to himself, so that it required no orders. As soon as a brigade fancied a position, it would set to work with a will, and would construct such a parapet in a night."

And Sherman adds that his own men had their labours lightened by corps of pioneers, raised out of freed slaves, 200 of whom, receiv-

ing each ten dollars a month and free rations, were assigned to every division.

Now it follows that the ten weeks' campaign which succeeded can have but little of the lurid interest that attaches from their desperate and bloody nature to many great scenes in modern war. The whole mass of 100,000 combatants led by the Federal commander hardly lost more men in the two months of May and June than he had himself seen struck down or captured out of only 40,000 on his side in the bloody affair of Shiloh, where the armies towards its close faced each other in two rude lines at short rifle-range, just as the Germans and French did at Mars-la-Tour. This campaign of Atlanta, unlike other great contests which the world has watched in our own or our grandfathers' times, resembled rather the combat of two skilful fencers with the foils, where one by greater length of arm and almost by physical weight gradually presses his antagonist backwards, than the deadly struggle between two swordsmen, which ends only when one is stretched prostrate on the ground. Thus it actually took the Federals from the 18th June to the 3rd July to manœuvre Johnston from his one set of positions about Kenesaw. Yet the pressure on him never slackened, being as continuous and energetic as his resistance was obstinate. And so the inevitable process went steadily forward. From Dalton the Confederates were forced back on Resaca, M'Pherson, who suddenly outflanked them, losing here (according to Sherman) the one great opportunity of the campaign; from Resaca they fell back to Cassville, and made as though to fight without cover; but from Cassville (where Johnston's lieutenants questioned his proposal to risk a general action) they retired suddenly to the Allatoona Pass and New Hope, named by the soldiers Hell-hole, in remembrance of the hard struggles which followed for its possession; from New Hope they again retreated to Kenesaw and Marietta, whence Johnston finally fell back on the broad Chattahoochee, the chief river of the district, and attempted to hold its passage; but there turned again, he retired quickly into the line of works which had for many weeks been preparing to give him the means of protecting Atlanta, the great railroad junction which the instinct of the commander on either side told him was vital to the Confederacy. Here on the 17th July Johnston was suddenly superseded by a telegraphic dispatch from Richmond, and the campaign, so far as he was concerned, was over. Hood who succeeded, a man described to Sherman as "bold even to rashness," a character his adversary does not contradict, at once laid aside the Fabian policy which had caused, nominally at least, the disgrace of his predecessor, and commenced a series of those offensive strokes which Johnston had avoided, and which were repulsed with such crushing effect as for ever to discredit his temerity, and finally ended in his

drawing off the shattered remains of his army and leaving Atlanta to the Federals, with Georgia open, and the road free through that state and the Carolinas to the rear of Lee at Richmond, a route Sherman was steadily pursuing when the war came to an end with the surrender of the Army of Virginia to Grant.

Of the details of the works from behind which this singular struggle was carried on, enough has been said. Its general course is vividly told in a dispatch of Sherman's, telegraphed by him to Washington when he was about half-way, and intended as a summary of the events of the first six weeks.

"We continued," he says, "to press forward on the principle of an advance against fortified positions. The whole country is one vast fort, and Johnston must have at least fifty miles of connected trenches, with abattis and finished batteries. We gain ground daily, fighting all the time. . . . Our lines are now in close contact, and the fighting is incessant, with a good deal of artillery fire. As fast as we gain one position, the enemy has another all ready; but I think he will soon have to let go Kenesaw, which is the key to the whole country."

The letting go did indeed happen, but not for more than a fortnight afterwards; and the rate of progress being so infinitesimal at the strongest points, it is not surprising to learn that it took full ten weeks to force Johnston back from Dalton to Atlanta, a distance of just eighty miles as the crow flies, the average rate therefore being but a very little over a mile a day. But though thus slow, it was not the less sure. And as this long series of struggles went on with the one invariable result of a retreat on the Confederate side, Sherman grew, as his correspondence shows, more confident than ever in his superiority. Thus, on arriving in front of the bridgehead on the Chattahoochee River, the last great obstacle before the lines of Atlanta, he tells us: "I knew that Johnston could not remain long on the west bank [where his army held the strong works covering the main passage], for I could easily practise on that ground to better advantage our former tactics of intrenching a moiety of our army in his front, and with the rest cross the river, and threaten either his rear or the city of Atlanta itself." And to Halleck he wrote: "I propose to study the crossing of the Chattahoochee, and when all is ready to move quickly; as a beginning I will keep the troops, &c., well back from the river, and only display our picket line. . . . We have pontoons enough for four bridges, but as our crossing will be resisted we must manœuvre." And manœuvre he did accordingly; but Johnston, who little expected his own coming supersession, and who had determined to make his real stand behind the Peach-tree Creek, a stream flowing near Atlanta, abandoned his works in front of the Chattahoochee when he found his adversary turning him once more by a passage higher up, and retreated to the final position which he was holding when ordered to resign his command to Hood. At

this point, and indeed throughout the events of this long struggle, there is, except on one head, to be noticed later, such an undesigned and striking coincidence between the narratives of the two commanders as convinces the reader of the perfect honesty of each from the testimony of the other. As we said at the outset, each knows how to respect his adversary's qualities. But as suspicion has often been thrown on the praise bestowed on a general by his opponent, it may be permitted us to inquire independently how far each fully came up to his allotted task.

As to Sherman, we have at hand a very fitting standard of comparison. General Grant himself took the personal leadership in Virginia, where Lee, with an army nearly equal in strength to that of Johnston, had to cover Richmond, as his comrade Atlanta. If the country was more difficult, and therefore more suitable for defence, than that on the Georgian frontier, on the other hand Grant had nearly half as many men again more in his fighting force than Sherman, with trains fully proportioned to their need. Though well aware of the resources his adversary so well knew how to draw from the dense nature of the terrain, he had not the patience of Sherman in accommodating himself at once to the system of warfare that circumstances seemed to impose on both alike. He crossed the Rapidan, therefore, on the direct way from Washington to Richmond, determined, as he himself expressed it, "to fight it out on this line." Again and again he threw himself on his stubborn foe to be beaten back with loss; with heaviest loss of all in his fifth and last attempt to gain a direct passage to Richmond in the Battle of Cold Harbour. Finally, he was forced, after losing over 50,000 men in these endeavours to break down his adversary's guard by main force, to cross the James to the south side of Richmond. And here, only after another fruitless effort to surprise the Confederate lines, which cost him thousands of lives, he set himself to besiege Richmond by the same slow process of burrowing investment which had proved successful in his hands at Vicksburg. The excuses offered for these proceedings are two: the necessity he saw for wearing down the hitherto victorious army of Lee by constant "attrition," and his desire to meet President Lincoln's personal wish of keeping the advancing army between Washington and that redoubtable enemy. The latter is of course disposed of in the view of any fair critic by the fact that, however desirable this may have been, it proved simply impossible to cover Washington consistently with carrying out the required advance on Richmond. It should never have been put forward by General Grant's friends at all. Any real defence must lie in the fact that Lee could certainly much less well afford to lose men than his adversary, and that though he defeated the latter again and again, with a total loss of over 60,000 men, during the months of May and June, it cost him 20,000 of his lesser numbers to do

this. Giving this consideration the fullest weight, however, it is not the less certain that in some of his actions Grant threw away vast numbers of lives without inflicting compensating loss. This was admittedly the case in the Battle of Cold Harbour, already mentioned; and was hardly less so in the attempt made a fortnight later to carry by a *coup-de-main* the Petersburg lines to the south of Richmond when the army first approached them. Sherman, as we know, followed an altogether different course from first to last. The material result was that the whole fighting of May and June cost him but 16,800 men in all, whilst Johnston lost 9,300 (exclusive of prisoners, the number of which is disputed), and was therefore far more seriously diminished in proportion to his adversary. It has been said that Sherman took a full month longer to work his way up to the Atlanta lines than Grant to those of Petersburg. But the reply to this is more favourable to his reputation than anything yet stated; for he had no strategic choice as to his general line of advance on Atlanta, whilst Grant, with a large fleet at his command and the sea to work from, might have landed at the outset on the Richmond peninsula, or in the River James before Petersburg, without any fighting at all. To be plain, there would be hardly any comparison between these two generals if they were judged by their performances in 1864. Grant's unwearied energy and tenacity in the western campaigns during the dark days of the Union cause had well earned for him the high place he held. He had had the extraordinary merit in a general of raw troops of not allowing that he could be beaten, and so winning back their confidence in themselves. But a strong prejudice against the Army of the Potomac, which, having never served with, he believed had not been boldly enough handled; a desire to prove his own personal superiority over the great general whom the Union had learnt to dread; and possibly a just belief that on strategical grounds it was necessary at all costs to hold closely to a foe so full of resource and combination: these may account for his conduct in the spring of 1864, but they cannot wholly excuse it. And the proof of Sherman's great superiority in the particular warfare which tested the abilities of both so equally was that, although it did take him some weeks longer to get in sight of the city which had become his 'objective,' he could, on arriving before it, write confidently of the fine spirits of his troops, and the steady continuance of active operations, which would soon place Atlanta in his hands; while at the very same time Grant had to sit down before Richmond with an army so dispirited by its losses, that it was necessary for it to remain intrenched and almost motionless for the next seven months, until famine and suffering had done their slow work on the defenders. Then indeed, but not till then, the investors of the Confederate capital felt their full advantage, and reinforced and fully supplied with all that could

make troops efficient, they were once more ready and eager to make the outflanking movements which stretched Lee's line until it broke, and compelled him to succumb to his fate. Resting on this year's history viewed singly, Sherman must be pronounced a very master of the art of war in a close and wooded country, superior by far to his bolder but less sagacious chief, and unmatched anywhere unless it be by Lee himself, or the general who so stoutly opposed him.

If men were to be judged of solely by the difficulties they overcome, independently of the direct results achieved, then General Johnston might fitly head the list of great American commanders; for on his side was neither the supreme military power wielded by Grant, nor the prestige which made Lee almost independent of those who nominally controlled him; much less the harmony of thought and action with his superior that assisted Sherman from first to last. A dictatorial President, puffed up, as his despatches show, with mistaken belief in his own military judgment, and advised by the very officer whom Johnston had superseded, was from the moment of the latter's appointment disposed to interfere with his arrangements and prescribe his strategy. His supplies came from various States, and were collected by officers not directly responsible to him. The very reinforcing of his army by troops unused elsewhere, so as to give him such a force as was actually needful for the defence of Georgia, was at first (as has been shown) made contingent on his carrying out a desperate if not wholly impracticable advance into the hostile lines. His men, to whom he came as a stranger, were neither attached personally to their chief, like the Army of Virginia, nor improved in discipline to the same degree as their adversaries; a defect alone sufficient to account for the many Confederate failures of the latter part of the war. His chiefs of corps, on one important occasion at least, at Resaca, seemed to challenge his views with that absence of respect for authority which augured ill for the endurance of their men if tested by adversity. In all these points, therefore, he was at a striking disadvantage as regarded his opponent; yet with these against him, and with but one-half the number of the Federals, he contrived to hold them back, led though they were with such versatile skill and unwearied energy as the records of modern war can hardly match, for nearly two months and a half, in the advance which an active pedestrian could have made in as many days. Surely this is of itself a sufficient testimony to his powers of leadership. One day of faltering when halted, one hour of hesitation when it became necessary to fall back, might have brought instant ruin to him and his army. To a sober mind it needs no argument to show that he was right in refusing to rush wildly forward into Tennessee, to suffer such a defeat as the Confederates met before Nashville later in the war, when the State was comparatively stripped of troops, and Sherman far away: and that he was right in keeping a strict defensive

during the actual campaign, seems sufficiently proved by the fatal results that attended the transfer of his army into the hands of the hard-fighting general who so speedily ruined it. What he might have ventured had a rasher or less wary commander, such as Grant himself for instance, been before him, is as impossible to say as it would be to declare what would have been the result to Lee had Sherman taken the place of Grant in Virginia. As things actually were disposed, it is not too much to declare that Johnston's doing what he did, with the limited means at his command, is a feat that should leave his name in the annals of defensive war at least as high as that of Fabius, or Turenne, or Moreau.

As we have spoken of one question on which the two commanders, in their narratives, differ widely, it is but fair to state what that is. It concerns the total losses suffered by the Confederates during their retreat, and its proportion to that of their enemies. Writing before his former adversary, and anxious to make good his cause against those who, certainly with as little justice as good sense, had stripped him of his command, Johnston undoubtedly over-estimates the latter largely, making it, from such doubtful evidence as "the statements of prisoners and publications in the newspapers," possibly six times as great as his own. The vastness of this error appears to have arisen from his impression that, as the attacking side in intrenched work suffers notoriously the most, so this must have been the case throughout the advance on Atlanta. It was so indeed, to some extent, as Sherman's own comparison of the Federal official statements with those cited on the other side by Johnston, sufficiently shows. But the proportion of his enemies disabled, which Johnston would have made fifty thousand, was really not one-third of that number; and this strange error is useful as showing that the mere guesses, even of the most experienced and skilful, cannot in such matters be relied on. This unintentional exaggeration, for such we fully believe it, has been made a serious charge against Johnston's character by those about President Davis, whose interest it was to damage it; and, as presently shown, it was the only one of several adduced that had any basis of truth.

The proportion of losses which Johnston himself insists on as a test of his generalship, naturally includes a consideration of that on his own side. And this brings us to the only point on which the narratives of the two commanders cannot by any means be reconciled. For whilst Sherman very properly reduces that on his own side by fair proof to its proper dimensions, he is hardly less inclined than his adversary was to swell that of the other. Writing, however, with Johnston's narrative before him, he had no reason that could excuse a guess at the numbers of killed and wounded. The Confederate commander, however, gives no numerical statement of his missing, or, in plain words, prisoners; and Sherman, therefore, proceeds (Sherman, vol ii. chap.

xvi.), to do this for him, by means simple enough certainly, but, as it seems to us, curiously inaccurate. He takes the numerical strength of the Confederates known as captured, no less than 13,000 in all, for the whole campaign of four months and a half, and then assumes that in May and June "a due proportion" of these, over 5,000 in fact, might have been taken from Johnston, and should be charged, as it were, to his account. But this whole campaign, it should be noted, included the bloody series of actions before and round Atlanta, in which General Hood's bold offensive movements were made, and turned out so ill for his cause. What his fruitless attacks were in their direct results is shown in such reports as that of General Logan (Sherman, vol. ii. p. 90), which states, "six successive charges were made against my lines protected by logs and rails, and they were six times gallantly repulsed, each time with fearful loss to the enemy." Such unsuccessful charges would account for any number of prisoners; whilst Johnston's cautious tactics excluded the possibility of losing many. To charge him on the authority of a vague general return with "a due proportion" of Hood's losses, seems to us not merely unhistorical, but extremely unjust to a distinguished enemy. Johnston's own account of the matter, written before this, and in answer to attacks made on him at Richmond, is simple and straightforward enough, and as it agrees exactly in general bearing with the description of his tactics furnished by his adversary, we prefer to adopt it unhesitatingly as the fairer estimate. After explaining that the rumour of a large number of prisoners being taken, first arose in the South from the practice of leaving on the 'returns of strength' all those the corps present had lost in the two previous years, he gives the facts in detail, as follows:—"The only prisoners taken from us during this campaign that I heard of," (he is speaking of course wholly of his own period of command) "were a company of skirmishers of Hardee's corps, and an outpost of Hood's," (some two hundred men), "captured about the middle of January, and a few taken from the right of Walker's and left of French's skirmishers on the 27th. As we usually fought in intrenched lines, which were always held, the enemy rarely had an opportunity to take prisoners;"—a remark so justified by common sense that we strongly suspect that had Sherman here been acting as a disinterested critic, instead of being fired by the spirit of controversy, he would have been the first to assent to it. As it is, he has been plainly led away by the desire to prove too much, and after exposing Johnston's error as to the Federals, he has multiplied, as it seems to us, the Confederate loss of prisoners during their contest by a much larger proportion than that of Johnston's very loose guess at the number of Federals put *hors de combat*. It is here, as ever, most true, that no man is to be accounted a safe judge in his own cause.

As Johnston has taken up the argument for himself in the matter

of his removal, the grounds of this may be mentioned as he candidly states them. The principal were:—that he persistently disregarded the President's instructions; that he would not fight the enemy; that he refused to defend Atlanta; that he refused to communicate with General Bragg (then Chief of Staff to President Davis) in relation to the operations; that he disregarded Bragg's instructions to attack the enemy; and that he grossly exaggerated the strength and losses of the enemy. Of the last enough has been said. Of the rest it is clear that the only one that can have any sting in it, as it was the only one that really caused his supersession, was his persistent defensive action and repeated falling back. And this is answered thoroughly by the comparison he draws in some detail between his own retreat and certain others which President Davis had fully approved. But, in truth, this elaborate defence of his is wholly superfluous. The circumstances that followed have done more justice to his reputation than could a library of controversy. That the general selected to succeed him pursued the opposite policy, and ruined his army and reputation by it, would be sufficient to clear Johnston's name of this charge of timidity in the eyes of history. But his true revenge was a much higher one than the failure of another. For, in the last extremity of the Confederacy, Richmond tottering to its inevitable fall, Grant daily increasing his pressure on its lines, and Sherman moving steadily through the Carolinas with the host that had carried terror through the heart of the South, prepared to deal the final stroke to the defence of its capital, the dismissed General-in-Chief of the Confederate army of Tennessee was suddenly called from his retirement to take command of its poor relics, and stay, if it were possible, the fatal march northward of his old adversary. The disproportion of forces now existing between himself and Sherman was so immense that it takes off the military interest from what followed. It is enough to say that Johnston did all man could do whilst the war still lasted; and when the surrender of Lee showed that the time for fighting had gone by, he surrendered his troops, and with them what remained of the Confederacy, on terms more honourable than ever closed a civil war before. The tribute thus involuntarily paid to his powers by those who had most slighted them not many months before, is a testimony before which even personal enmity must yield, and leaves his military character as free from blemish as he himself could desire.

Are we, therefore, to pass with him into unqualified condemnation of those who played this part, who alternately disgraced their commander, and then appealed to his patriotism to aid them in their extremity? The very recital of the facts certainly raises a generous warmth in the reader; and for a moment one may pardon certain bitter words that are found in the general's review of the war, which directly ascribe the failure of the South to establish its inde-

pendence, not to inferior means in wealth and population, but simply to the mal-administration of the Government that used himself so ill. But, to be wholly just, there is something to be said for the view taken by Davis and his Cabinet when they superseded their general in Georgia. Having conversed much on this very point with one of those chiefly concerned, who was daily in the council-chamber at Richmond, we have become convinced that the act on which this part of the war turned was dictated by motives by no means wantonly capricious, or in any true sense personal, but rather by a thoroughly false view of the military situation. The Richmond Government was, in fact, perfectly blinded by certain successes of the earlier part of the war; and Bragg, its only military adviser, lacked the insight or the honesty to explain to it that the disproportion of fighting power which had certainly at one time existed, whatever its cause, was passing away. The Federals had fought and endured until they established themselves in a position of military equality which was not understood, and, of course, not admitted by those who controlled the armies opposed to them. Above all, the chiefs of the Confederacy could not imagine that the Union had actually found generals equal to their own in boldness and skill. Hence it followed that when the Richmond Cabinet had taken measures for raising its army in Georgia to 60,000 men—more than Lee had at his command—it could not realise the whole facts of the case, nor understand that this host of brave men, if led with proper spirit, could be held in check and forced to remain entirely on the defensive by any force under any commander the North could range against it. The mistake was a natural one, perhaps; but those who made it with open eyes cannot be excused from the charge of levity. Sherman's reputation, and the immense strength of the army he commanded, were well known at that era even on this side of the Atlantic, and ought not to have been ignored at Richmond. At the worst, however, the error was one due to want of judgment and self-will. The graver charge of personal malice that Johnston's bitter defence would imply, need not have been made at this late date against the fallen leaders of the Confederacy.

If the tone of the *Apologia* of the Southern general be not all that one could desire, what shall be said of that of his antagonist, who in 1864, as in 1875, had no character to clear, no misfortune to avenge, no want of sympathy between himself and his superiors to thwart his purpose? Fame, fortune, dignity, military rank, and honours as high as a republic can award, have followed on his success. Yet seldom were any memoirs ever published that have given so much offence to individuals as his, and we fear not always with full excuse. It was surely, for instance, not necessary for any historical purpose to quote Halleck's private opinions on General Hooker, with his allusions to the failing that had cost that officer his commission in

days long before the war; or to drag into an account of the organization of his own army, the old forgotten incident of the indiscretion of his former rival, General Buell, in writing to the press when he thought himself unfairly used by Grant; nor even to pour ridicule on the "political generals," whose fitness he was privately ordered to report on, one of whom it seems was glad to take lessons in elementary drill from a lieutenant in his own brigade. If there be any excuse for a great man satirising lesser ones, it may be allowed, no doubt, when he is writing freely who has himself been foully slandered. Sherman had not long held his general's rank when Cameron, the then Secretary at War, annoyed at his outspoken prophecy as to the difficulties that lay before those who would re-establish the Union by force, spread the malignant report that he was out of his mind, on which, he says, "the newspapers kept harping, and paralysed my efforts; so that in spite of myself they tortured from me some acts and words of imprudence;" indeed, they actually forced him into a brief temporary retirement from duty. This persecution, be it observed, was the direct result of his refusing to wrest his sound military view as a general to suit the visions of a politician; and it may account for his special animosity to all those who anywhere in the war strove to make the military considerations on which he held the life of the Union to depend, subordinate to the politics of the day. But there is a carping and needless severity in the manner in which he speaks of his most faithful lieutenants, as the lamented Macpherson himself, when they failed to come up to his ideal. And certainly his differences with the politicians of the North cannot justify the tone he here and there uses towards those who resisted her arms; least of all his repetition to-day of his own belief uttered (vol. ii. p. 349) at the moment of hearing of President Lincoln's assassination, that Jefferson Davis might possibly have been privy to it. The cruelly unjust words hastily spoken of a fallen foe in 1865, on the first shock of that dreadful national loss, should have been left unrecorded by any one not Sherman's own adversary, in a work deliberately written ten years later. Such spots as these disfigure the volumes in many parts, though they cannot take from them their value. They rather diminish our faith in the kindness and candour claimed for the author, as we believe justly, by those who know him best. And they are certainly not needed to add to the racy vigour which every reader of his *Memoirs* must admire. On the whole we part from the work, as from the *Narrative of Johnston*, with the feeling that neither of these great generals would have served his fame the less, had he left the defence of his own reputation, and the exposure of the mistakes of others, in the hands of more impartial critics, and contented himself with giving a less personal record of his share in the great Atlanta campaign, and the war of which it was one of the most interesting episodes.

CHARLES C. CHESNEY.

THE BOOK OF JOB AND PLATO'S DIALOGUE ON JUSTICE.

THE author of *Literature and Dogma*, though not the first to teach, has been among the foremost to remind us that the Bible is not a simple book, but a library of literature embracing a rich diversity of writings of almost every form, and composed under every variety of time, place, and circumstance. It would seem plain therefore, though it is not apparently so plain as to be always acknowledged, that for an appreciative study of the Bible much more is requisite than the reading of its contents by the light of an unassisted piety can supply. To read with the heart is a good thing; to read "with the understanding" is also a good thing: but while the former does not necessarily include the latter, it cannot safely dispense with it—

"Alterius sic Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amice."

Our spiritual lot has indeed fallen unto us in happier days than those of old: we are no longer an ignorant laity under the bondage of a somewhat less ignorant clergy; we are no longer the slaves of a volume not to be understood of the people, and withheld from free circulation. Our Bibles speak to us in our own tongue, and the printing press has made them accessible to all. So far there has been undeniably a great advance and a substantial gain, but if much has been done, much also remains to do; however good an instrument in itself may be, the mere widespread dissemination of the instrument alone cannot be made to supply the place of that interpretation of its nature and design without which it cannot be thoroughly understood, and cannot therefore fulfil its highest intention and purpose. The Puritan spirit which pervades so large a portion of the religious community, is apt in its zeal against all that it deems superstition, to become so engrossed with the motes in the eyes of its brethren, as to forget the beam that is in its own eye. Idolatry, however, does not cease to be idolatry only because the idol has changed from a block to a book. Mariolatry, the worship of saints, the worship of forms and ceremonies are swept away as worthless dross, only that Bible-worship may be raised to the vacant throne; and when the enthusiasm amid which the Iconoclasts waged their warfare has had time to subside, they are seen to be themselves in a sense Idolaters.

Good people often talk as if the Bible were a magic volume which, at some time in the dim twilight of antiquity, had been let fall from the heavens upon the earth to serve principally as an armoury

whence celestial shafts might be drawn wherewith to pierce the harness of the ungodly. Texts of scripture, torn violently from their context, are employed to prove or to illustrate something with which an incidental verbal correspondence serves but to give them a fictitious relation: quotations and references from all the various books alike are promiscuously multiplied, as if every line and page were of exactly equal value. The individuality of Biblical characters, the lights and shades in the lives of Biblical heroes, are made to disappear in a misty haze of indiscriminating reverence. The somewhat strange appearance in the Sacred Canon of a joyous love-song is explained by discovering in it an allegory of Christ and the Church; to describe Abraham as an Arab sheik is even now to send a thrill through the hearts of many to whom the idea that the Father of the Faithful can in any way be like any one else seems like the thin end of the wedge of infidelity. There is no need to overstate the matter; each man's experience may be left to tell him whether these things are not so; for our part we venture to doubt whether anything has tended more to hinder the cause of religion, to alienate men from it, and to make it look ridiculous, than the illiterate zeal of uncritical pietism and of the Philistinism of faith.

To study the Bible after a literary sort is not, as is sometimes said, to exalt intellectual above moral and religious interests. "Religious or moral truth," it has been well observed, "is indeed appointed to carry forward mankind, but not as conceived and expounded by narrow minds, not as darkened by the ignorant, not as debased by the superstitious, not as subtilized by the visionary, not as thundered out by the intolerant fanatic, not as turned into a drivelling cant by the hypocrite."

In order to enter into and to follow the character of any national literature, in order to breathe its air and to catch its spirit, there is needed a strong and continuous intellectual effort; without this there can be no real sympathy but only an external artificial half-hearted interest; its significance and its proportions will not be discerned; it will not speak to us naturally but rhetorically; we shall only hear it, not as it were over-hear it; we may be with it but never of it. If, then, this be true of literature generally, it is true also of the Bible. Considered, as from one aspect at least we are entitled to consider them, as a treasure-house of Hebrew literature, the Old Testament scriptures, apart from admitted divergences of religious opinion as to their source, and as to the nature of their inspiration, exercise an independent intellectual attraction of their own, as being the harmonious expression in various tones and colours of the progressive mind of a nation to which so momentous a part has been assigned in the history of the world. Pre-eminent in interest among these writings stands the Book of Job. Belonging to a group of

which the Proverbs of Solomon and the Book of Ecclesiastes, in the Canon, and The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach and the Wisdom of Solomon, in the Apocrypha, are also members, its tone reminds us rather of the Greek drama and of Greek philosophy than of Hebrew poetry; it recalls to us the tragedies of Sophocles and the dialogues of Plato. Of the spirit of Judaism, the spirit of exclusiveness and narrowness, it knows nothing; its interest is not local or ephemeral, but for all men and for all time; the mystery of suffering which is its theme, must remain for us a mystery, while we remain what we are, and the waves of human sorrow surge in vain around it, as about the base of some bleak and pitiless cliff which robs them of the sunshine that is playing round the heights above. We did not make the problem, nor can we discover its solution, but then neither can we avoid it; it was "born in the air above; its parentage is of heaven alone; man's mortal nature begat it not, nor can forgetfulness ever lull it to sleep; great in it is the power of God and it groweth not old."¹

It is the characteristic of all great works of genius, that they appeal to our common humanity; their abiding attraction for us and power over us lies in this, that while men change, man remains man still; in its littleness and greatness, in its doubts and aspirations, in its collision with circumstances and its reconciliation with them, in its "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things," the inner life of the soul presents problems of unfading freshness to the imagination, in its musings upon which it weaves the unity of poetry, philosophy, and art. From what quarter or in what guise the open secret may be announced matters little: whether as an echo from the ancient hills of Idumæa, or as a voice from classic Greece or mediæval Italy, whether heard in Hamlet, or in Lear, or in Faust, it comes alike from man to men, and awakening the universal sympathy of the heart quickens in all who have ears to hear a sense of spiritual fellowship and communion. In selecting, for comparison with the Book of Job, a work in many respects so dissimilar as the Platonic dialogue about Justice, we may perhaps seem to have gone needlessly out of our way; would not the dramas of Sophocles, it may be said, have afforded a closer analogy to the religious and moral sentiments of Job, and the Æschylean theory of a direct and visible retribution to the arguments of Job's friends? Does not the doctrine urged by Elihu, that punishment and suffering are remedial and not vindictive in their purpose, find an apt parallel in the path which Œdipus the king is made to travel from the dread darkness of the avenging Erinnyes to the grove of the "gracious ones," the Eumenides, at Colonus?

Probably it is so: for mere closeness of analogy Greek tragedy

(1) Soph. Œd. T. 870.

comes perhaps nearer to this Hebrew drama than does Greek philosophy, but the object in view has been not so much to institute a comparison between the Book of Job and its nearest counterpart in the literature of Greece, as to attempt to view the main problem of that book side by side with the problem which forms the theme of the Socratic dialogue on Justice, in order to bring out the unity of moral principle which appears to underlie them, and to consider whether the analogy between the two discussions may not, even if it be remote, yet nevertheless be real.

Stripped of all that belongs merely to the mode of its presentation, the fundamental question is in either case one concerning the essential nature of goodness, integrity, or, in the broad sense, justice: what is its relation to external circumstances, to prosperity, to happiness? Is its foundation a shrewd piety, and its determining principle an enlightened self-interest? It is obvious, however, that the same question cannot but take a different colouring according to the genius of the writer and the nature of his materials. The Book of Job takes as its basis the tradition of the patriarch's sufferings, the Platonic dialogue the character of the Greek city-state; the one teaches by example, the other by discussion; the Semitic philosopher is austere, passionate, profoundly religious, the Greek is artistic, calm, human; the one has in view the relation of man to God, the other the relation of man to the State and to society.

"Doth Job fear God for nought?" "Does selfishness determine justice?" These are respectively the questions which the two dramas are the attempts to answer, and the question of "the adversary," in the one case, differs rather in form than in reality from the question of Glaucon in the other. Religion and morality go hand in hand, and not even terrestrial charts can be drawn without celestial observations. But before proceeding to trace the thread of the main argument that runs through the two dialogues under consideration, it may not perhaps be without interest to notice some subordinate features of resemblance which serve to establish a kind of ideal kinship between them. In the first place, then, there is embodied in the plot of either drama a manifest collision between antagonistic principles and creeds, between the tradition of the elders and the free thinking of a younger generation with new experiences and new ideas. It would be false to draw, except in the merest outline, a comparison between the characters in the two poems, or to press a dramatic analogy into a detailed likeness; but the introduction upon the scene of Eliphaz—who ranks himself with "the grayheaded and very aged men"¹—may recall to the readers of Plato the old man Cephalus, whom Socrates finds "seated on a cushioned chair with a garland upon his head, as he chanced to have

(1) Job xv. 10.

been offering a sacrifice," and whom he thinks "looking greatly aged." The younger Zophar, quoting the poetic parables of the marsh-fed rush, of the spider's web, of the tree whose branch is green but whose root is on the stones,¹ and representing, equally with Eliphaz, the accepted morality of tradition, finds his antitype in the youthful Polemarchus, whom Cephalus leaves "heir to the discussion," and who thinks it no easy matter to disbelieve Simonides, seeing that he was "a wise and inspired man" (De Rep. 331). But whatever may be thought of such less obvious and perhaps even fanciful resemblances, and while it is scarcely necessary to remark that the main collision in the Platonic dialogue is not between the old and the new morality, but between the spirit of the new morality itself as embodied in the sophistical teaching, and the spirit of the Platonic Socrates, still there can be no question that between the epoch in the national history of the Hebrews which is filled by the reign of Solomon, and that period so familiar and of such intense interest to the student of Greek history which followed immediately on the Persian wars,² there is a real correspondence in their results upon the national mind. The reign of Solomon marks the time during which the Hebrews came into friendly contact with surrounding nations, and when, as an inevitable consequence, the old spirit of exclusiveness and isolation was beginning to give place to larger and wider ideas. Solomon's queen was the daughter of Vaphres, king of Egypt; his close ally was Hiram, king of Tyre; and the secluded inland Israelites, becoming joined with the sailors of Phœnicia, must have been all the more open, from their long sleep, to that intellectual reaction which history proves to be excited in the minds of men by the revolutionising magic of the sea. A new direction was given to Jewish thought: in the place of the Prophet and the Psalmist there arose a literary spirit which forms the only counterpart in the history of the Jews to the rise of the Greek philosophy. Curtius tells us what were the first effects of the parallel movement in Greece ("Hist. of Greece," vol. ii., 425). "A direct opposition grew up against the thoughtless life of the multitude as well as against the poets, the legislators, and against the gods of the people. Homer and Hesiod no longer enjoyed respect; simple faith and an honest veneration of what had been handed down from the ancestors of the nation, all harmony between man and created nature, was at an end."

Something of a similar opposition meets us in the literature of the Solomonian era: it is as though man had begun to think and to find contradictions in his thought; he is driven back upon practical

(1) Job viii. 11.

(2) Aristol. "Polit." 1341: "Σχολαστικώτεροι γὰρ γινόμενοι, καὶ μετὰ τὰ Μηδικὰ φρονηματωθέντες, πάσης ἡπτόντο μαθήσεως."

every-day life and sets down proverbs for its better regulation, and yet is fain after all to confess, as in the sorrowful sighing of the Preacher, that "in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." We know neither the date nor the author of the Book of Job, but it would seem a probable theory that the outline of the story may have been drawn by a descendant of the patriarch himself, and that with this sketch ready to his hand some gifted genius living at the close of the Solomonian era may have composed a drama, in some such shape as the book stands now, with the design of exhibiting the collision of the old patriarchal theory that goodness and external prosperity were inseparably united, with the contradictory experiences which would naturally be brought prominently to light by that contact with more developed and more complex civilisations into which Judaism had been drawn by a commercial intercourse, whose activity extended to Britain and to Spain, to Egypt and to Africa, to Persia and to India.

The belief in visible and temporal retribution is common to all the earlier writings of the Hebrews: the wicked cannot long prosper, the good cannot long lack prosperity: even if doubts and misgivings were suggested by daily experience to a writer's mind, as would seem to be the case, for example, with the author of Psalm lxxiii, he speedily dismissed them and betook himself again (as we may see in the close of the Psalm) to the old traditional doctrine.

It is in the Book of Job that we first find this doctrine deliberately and successfully attacked, and its supporters made to receive the rebuke of the Almighty in that they had not spoken of Him the thing that was right as his servant Job had done (chap. xlii. 7). The supposed necessary conjunction of iniquity with calamity is dissolved, but the mystery of suffering remains without solution, and the attempt to vindicate the ways of God to man is practically renounced. This sublime drama would appear, therefore, to represent a time of transition: its spirit comes to us,

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead
The other powerless to be born."

The distribution of happiness and unhappiness in this world is seen to be in need of an explanation which the conventional creed fails to supply, while the belief in a future life has not yet come in, save as a vague yearning, to readjust the unequal balance. The integrity of Job, and his profound faith in God as just and good, remain unshaken by the removal one by one of the props by which the adversary had declared them to be supported, and the sneering taunt, "Doth Job fear God for nought?" is, as it were, withered up and consumed in the empathic avowal of uncalculating

trustfulness with which the sufferer is made to close his reply to the three friends: "And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding" (chap. xxviii. 28).

Now, it is precisely this unworldliness of spirit which, translated from the sphere of religion to that of morality, characterises the "just man" of the Platonic dialogue and pervades the whole teaching of Platonism. "It must be taken then as true regarding the just man," says Socrates towards the end of the discussion, "whether his lot be poverty, or sickness, or any other reputed evil, that it will end in some way in his final good, either in this life or it may be even after death; for surely the gods at least will never neglect a man whose mind is set on the earnest endeavour to become righteous, and by the practice of virtue to grow so far as man may grow like God" (De Rep. 613, 13).

It is here then that we find the link for which we search: it is in the tone and spirit common to the two dramas that that analogy and kinship resides which it is so far easier to feel than to express, and which we could wish that an abler hand might be at the pains some day to draw with clearer outline. The Book of Job and the Dialogue on Justice, from the point of view from which we are now considering them, are the standing protest of the philosopher and of the poet, against the dominion of what is outward over what is inward, of circumstances over the will, of the body over the soul, of expediency over right, of what is material over what is spiritual. The good man as conceived by the author of the Book of Job, gives us the religious aspect of the contrast; the just man as conceived by Plato gives us its moral and social aspect: the goodness of the former is exhibited as determined by an inward faithfulness and loyalty to integrity and truth; the justice of the latter is exhibited as involving a transition from self-seeking to self-sacrifice. Job's motive for religion is not the desire for the flocks and herds with which the God of his friends was supposed to reward those who served Him: the motive of the Platonic morality is independent of the encouragements of Hesiod or of Homer, of Musæus and Eumolpus, that the gods cause the oak-trees of the just

"On their crests to bear acorns, and swarms of bees in their branches,
And their wool-laden sheep sink 'neath the weight of their fleeces."

Finally, if we set side by side the description which Job gives of the wretchedness of his condition, and the description given by Glaucon of the just man in his assumed adversity, we shall find a striking correspondence between the pictures respectively presented. "Know now that God hath oppressed me and hath compassed me with His net. Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard: I cry aloud;

but there is no justice: He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and He hath set darkness in my paths: He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head: He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone: and mine hope hath he removed like a tree." (Job xix. 7-10.) Let us hear now what Glaucon says. He is urging Socrates to prove to the assembled company that justice is essentially good and injustice essentially evil. With this end in view he proceeds to draw a picture of ideal injustice crowned with material success, and of ideal justice plunged in external calamities, "polishing up (as Socrates says) with energy the two characters for the decision, as if they were two statues."

"Now if we are to form a real judgment of the life of the just and unjust, we must isolate them; there is no other way; and how is the isolation to be effected? I answer: Let the unjust man be entirely unjust, and the just man entirely just: nothing is to be taken away from either of them, and both are to be perfected for the fulfilment of their respective parts. So let the unjust make his unjust attempts in the right way, and keep in the dark if he means to be great in his injustice (he who is detected is nobody): for the highest reach of injustice is to be deemed just when you are not; therefore we must allow him, while doing the most unjust acts, to have won for himself the greatest reputation for justice. If he has taken a false step he must be able to retrieve himself, being one who can speak with effect, if any of his deeds come to light, and force his way where force is required, and having gifts of courage and strength, and command of money and friends. And at his side let us place the just man in his nobleness and simplicity, *being*, as *Æschylus* says, and not *seeming*. Let him be clothed in justice only, and have no other covering; and he must be imagined in a very different state of life from that of the unjust man. Let him be the best of men, and be esteemed to be the worst; then let us see whether his virtue is proof against infamy and its consequences. Then when both have reached the uttermost extreme, the one of justice and the other of injustice, let judgment be given which of them is the happier of the two. The eulogists of injustice will tell you that in the case described the just man will be scourged, racked, bound, will have his eyes burnt out; and, at last, after suffering every kind of evil, he will be crucified."

Perhaps the passages which have been quoted may suffice to indicate what is the nature of that moral relation which it is sought to establish between the Hebrew dialogue and the Greek. In religion, or in morality, which comes first, duty or happiness? This seems to be the most comprehensive mode in which the problem raised can be stated. The answer is given in either case in no uncertain tones. It is in truth the same answer as that supplied by Christ—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Such then being the unity of substance which underlies the diversity of literary form, and may be disengaged from it, we may proceed to fill in the outline that has been sketched by a somewhat fuller consideration of the dramatic setting of the question in the Book of Job and in Plato.

As either drama opens, it is interesting to notice the picture of life to which we are introduced. We seem to be looking on the childhood and on the youth of the world. On the one side, the Patriarchal simplicity of the family and the tribe: on the other the city-life of Greece. Job, the greatest of all the sons of the east, the rich chieftain of the Hauran, the high-priest of his own household, offering up each morning burnt offerings according to the number of all his children, that they might be sanctified before God. Socrates and Glaucon on their way back to Athens, after enjoying the festival just held in honour of the Thracian Artemis, and looking forward to a novelty promised for the evening in the shape of a torch race on horseback; the kindly hospitality of the old man Cephalus, who makes Socrates so welcome; Glaucon, with the impetuosity and vivacity of youth; his brother Adeimantus, with the gravity and seriousness of maturer years; Thrasymachus, the vain, rude, boisterous parody of the rhetorical sophist; the genial air of intellectual sociability; the keen, fresh, natural interest in the discussion of philosophical questions: such is the colouring of a contrast which is not without a historical interest of its own, a contrast between two phases of the world's development, between Oriental and Western civilisation, between Athens and Idumæa.

It is of essential importance to bear in mind, in order to understand the true bearing of the argument of the book, that there is no shadow of a doubt thrown upon the goodness and integrity of Job. His character is made to receive the witness of God's own seal: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?" and in the sneering reply of the adversary the fact of this goodness is implicitly admitted, and its motive only impugned: "Then Satan answered the Lord, 'Doth Job fear God for nought?'" Indeed, nothing throughout the whole poem is more beautiful and more touching, nothing seems more to deepen the contrast between Job's innocence and his sufferings, than the description which is put into his mouth, at the close of the dialogue (chap. xxix.), of his former happiness:—

"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me: the young men saw me and hid themselves: and the aged arose and stood up: the princes refrained from speaking and laid their hands on their mouth: when the ear heard me then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me, because I delivered the oppressed that cried, and the fatherless who had no help: the blessing of the wretched came upon me, and I filled the widow's heart with joy: I put on righteousness and it clothed me, my justice was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame: I was a father to the poor; and the cause of men I knew not I searched out: my glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand: I sat chief and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners."

Such was the man upon whom sorrow came, a man of spotless purity, of kindness and pity, of justice and liberality: a man who knew not covetousness nor malice nor envy: a man far above superstition, whose worship was not of the host of heaven, of "the sun when it shined or of the moon walking in brightness," but of God, "his witness in heaven and his champion on high." Suddenly, in the time of winter, his herds of oxen and his asses are plundered by marauding bands of Sabæans from the south; a mighty storm destroys his seven thousand sheep; Chaldaean hordes from the north drive off his camels; a hurricane sweeps away his house and children. Unmoved by the mere loss of wealth, these tidings of the death of his sons and daughters touch him to the quick: Then Job arose, and mourned, and worshipped, and said, "Jehovah gave and Jehovah hath taken away, blessed be Jehovah's name."

Satan is next allowed to touch his bone and his flesh, and to smite him with a loathsome disease: Job remains, however, proof against every trial of external suffering, and his wife's incitement to curse God and die is set aside with calm and stately dignity. Satan now retires from the scene, and, under the guise of friendly consolation, there comes upon the sufferer the sharper test of the mental anguish of hollow sympathy, and of confidence and hope disappointed and betrayed. After some days and nights of silence Job's agony at last finds vent, and with the first address of Eliphaz begins the series of dialogues in which the old doctrine of retribution is unfolded, and the writer's own refutation of it brought forward. Concealed at first in a cloud of vague generalities, the real thoughts and feelings of the comforters come more and more into relief as the arguments wax more personal and more sarcastic; and in proportion to Job's increasing confidence, firmness, and trustful aspiration, grow the suspicions, the bitterness, the blind vindictiveness of his unmasked calumniators. Well may he compare them to "the stream of brooks" in the Hauran, overflowing when no man needs to drink of them, but dry in the drought of summer.

The successive colloquies add little if anything to the arguments to which we are at the outset introduced. In this respect the Greek drama offers a marked contrast to the Hebrew. In the former the dialogue and the dramatic touches so skilfully given to the discussion do but veil a real logical sequence of thought and a subtle dialectic: while in the latter they veil rather an absence of logical method and of dramatic continuity. In the one we have more of sublimity, in the other more of beauty: here more of passion and austerity, there more of geniality and self-command: in the Hebrew an intenser poetry, in the Greek a higher artistic finish. The doctrine to which the friends continually revert is that where there is suffering there must be sin; that special suffering implies special sin; that Job's sufferings argue Job's sins. If Job

would only confess what he had done amiss, and would humble himself before God, his sin would be put away, and with it possibly his suffering: if he would indulge less pride towards himself, and more humility towards his Maker, then he should be saved from the fearful lot of the wicked and of the rebellious, he should not surely die. But these vain reiterations awake no echo in the sufferer's conscience: his own inner experience is sufficient refutation of their abstract platitudes, and of their weak appeals to tradition.

How can he make confession of guilt when his heart bears him witness to his innocence? Why should death have any terrors for him when in the grave is quiet rest and peace? What right have they to level at him accusations of unbelief, and pride, and want of trust in God, when all they really believe in is themselves, and their hereditary doctrines; when they are too proud to learn the lessons of experience; when the God in whom they profess to trust is made to act like some arbitrary and capricious despot? In bitter irony he cries out, "Indeed you are the people, and wisdom will die out with you. I have heard many such things: miserable comforters are ye all. Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God: but ye are forgers of lies, ye are physicians of no value. God forbid that I should justify you: till I die I will not remove my integrity from me: my righteousness I hold fast and will not let it go: my heart shall not reproach me as long as I live. Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to his seat! Would He plead against me with his great power? Nay, but He would put strength in me. Behold, I go forward, but He is not there, and backward, but I cannot perceive Him; but He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold. Behold my witness is in heaven and my champion is on high." Against Zophar's dark and fearful picture of the heritage of the wicked (chap. xx.) Job sets the daily experience of life (chap. xxi.). So far from such a picture being true, the wicked appear to "live, and become old, yea mighty in power: their seed is established in their sight, and their offspring before their eyes: their houses are at peace from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them: their bull gendereth and faileth not: their cow calveth and casteth not her calf: one dieth in his full strength, quite at ease and tranquil; another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and has never tasted pleasure." "It is all one: therefore I say He destroys alike the righteous and the wicked" (ix. 22). But "though He slay me yet will I trust in Him; but I will support my own ways before Him" (xiii. 15).

Thus, when at the close of chapter xxxi. the words of Job are ended, the dark problem of the mystery of suffering has not been solved. The theory of visible temporal retribution has been found

to be unsupported by experience: so far as concerns external prosperity the tares and the wheat grow on together. Yet Job feels that the mere happiness of prosperity is not true happiness: "Lo their good is not in their hand: the counsel of the wicked is far from me" (xxi. 16). No explanation, no *théodicée*, no vindication of the ways of Providence is possible: all that a good man can do is to fear God and to depart from evil, and to find his happiness in doing his duty. And here we come once more upon a similarity between the ideas of the writer of the Book of Job and those of Plato. It has been well said that, from the age in which he lived, Plato is obliged to have recourse to symbol and poetry in order to body forth conceptions for which he has as yet no accurate language. He "walks as far as he can, then flies when he cannot walk." The Dialogue on Justice passes at its close from the region of social and political morality into that of religion, that it may find in a dream of heaven a higher justice than can be realised on earth. Plato's belief in the immortality of the soul, and the marked stress which he lays on that belief at the conclusion of the drama in question, may find a counterpart in the yearning after a future life, and the growing reliance upon a future moral readjustment, which are so remarkably developed in the character of Job until they find expression in the well-known words which have become familiar to us through one of the most beautiful of our religious services. "I know," he cries, "that my Redeemer" (my vindicator) "liveth, and that He will at last appear on this earth: and when this my skin is destroyed, and I am in the flesh no longer, I shall see God: I shall see Him for myself, and my eyes shall behold Him and not another: my heart within me is consumed with longing for that day" (Job, chap. xx.) It is easy, perhaps, to press these words too far, and to read and interpret them in the light of later ideas and Christian associations: the yearning to which they give vent may no doubt with dramatic propriety be held to have been answered and satisfied by the appearance of the Almighty in the storm and whirlwind, inspiring Job with a deeper sense of the littleness of man before God by an address which for sublimity and grandeur has no parallel even in the Hebrew canon: "Sovra gli altri come aquila vola." It is sufficient for our purpose if they may be accepted as showing how in the attempt to vindicate the ways of God to man, reason tends to invoke the aid of faith, and experience the encouragement of hope, so that the sublimest eminences of human aspiration are seen already silvering with the dawn while the night yet lingers in the valleys. The noblest attitude of the philosophic imagination is not dogmatic but tentative, not categorical but meditative: the mind is drawn upwards under its spell towards the ideal side of life, and when after a brief space we descend from the contemplation of "the

pattern in the mount," we return with our spirits invigorated by the freshness, soothed by the fragrance of the higher air, and with the consciousness of a keener vision and of a stronger heart for the practical work of the world.

It is not necessary to pursue the Book of Job into further detail. Job's innocence is reaffirmed by God: that which was presumptuous and reckless in his language is rebuked: the three friends are found liars, and the wrath of the Almighty is kindled against them to deal with them after their folly, but at Job's prayer and intercession they are pardoned, and he himself is restored to a twofold external prosperity, and dying in a green old age leaves behind him his life as an example to those that should come after him that—

"To live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Is wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

It is time now to turn once more to the creation of the Greek poet, for we suppose no man will gainsay Plato's right to that name, and to see what is the political and social and moral principle to which he is opposed, and for which he would substitute his own. We have all along spoken of the Dialogue under the least familiar of its two titles, as the Dialogue Concerning Justice, and not as The Republic, because it thus appeared at once in a more obvious connection with the book with which it was to be brought into relation, and because, to a modern ear, the associations which attach to words coined in the political mint obscure the real significance of such words at a time when the state was something more than the Soldier and the Policeman, which, in the conception of some, she now should rest content to be. The description which Pericles in his funeral oration gives of Athens, the brilliant chapter in Curtius' History of Greece, entitled The Years of Peace, leave us in despair of ever finding a fit term by which we may to some degree convey to unclassical readers the idea that was present in a Greek's mind when he spoke of the Polis, a word familiar indeed to our ears in its derivative, Politics, but whose original connotation is not recovered by the customary translation of it as City-state. Athens was to an Athenian not merely, as we should say now, his *state*, but his state, his church, his university, his society, all in one: of her and to her were all things, and without her was nothing. She presided over his spiritual and temporal interests alike, she exercised an exclusive command over his life: for her the painter painted, for her the poet sang, for her, if need be, the painter and poet both alike would gladly fight and die. She inspired the eloquence of the orator, she fired the genius of the

statesman, her market-place was the school of the philosopher, within the circle of her walls was all that made life worth the living; she was the source and the object of a personal passionate love.

In the construction therefore of an ideal "state," such as the Republic of Plato, there was involved a remodelling of the one great educational and civilising agency of the Greek world. Hence the Republic is no mere discussion of political principles: it embraces in its ample sweep all the relations of life; it deals not with government only, but with religion, with family life, with law, with morality, with art. The state is the schoolmaster to bring men to the highest culture of which their nature is capable. It is, however, principally with the moral side of this culture that we are now concerned. Considered from this point of view, "The Republic" has to deal with the nature and basis of social morality or justice, and to enquire what is the true account to give of human nature in respect of its social instincts? What is the motive and what is the uniting bond of the community? What is the explanation of the political organism? It is in his answer to this question, in the tone and the spirit of his opposition to the theory of which Glaucon and Adeimantus are the mouthpieces, that Plato has suggested to our mind the analogy which it has been the object of this paper to bring forward for consideration.

It is impossible permanently to portion off our many-sided life into water-tight compartments, and to label one religion, and another morality, and another art, and another politics, and another philosophy. Once let a man realise and conscientiously espouse some one theory of human nature, some determining principle of mental activity, and so far forth as he does realise it and feel it and believe in it as true, it must of necessity inform and suffuse and colour all that he thinks and all that he does. Hence there need be nothing incongruous in the comparison between a work like the Book of Job, of which the character is religious, and a work like the Republic of Plato, of which the character is moral and philosophical. The idea of "a temporal dispensation" is by no means the exclusive property of religion. The spirit of Job's three friends is the same self-referent spirit as that which dictated the political doctrines which Socrates is made to set aside in the Republic: their idea of obedience to God was intimately associated with the good things that were to be had by so obeying; the Glauconian idea of obedience to the state is that without it the weaker would go to the wall, and fail of any share in what would then become the exclusive plunder of the strong. Both find a congenial home in the conception of man as a highly developed animal made up of a bundle of desires, and finding its happiness in the means of gratifying them. Both look primarily to objective happiness and prosperity, rather than to right and duty. Goodness

in the character of Job, justice in the Platonic state, is made to reverse this order of ideas. Religion is exhibited not as the calculating homage of desires and fears, but as the aspiration of love and the loyalty of trust. Social and political morality is established, not by the reference of our rights to our appetites, but by the reference of our duties to our capacities. In a perfect state duty and interest, goodness and happiness, will be one, but in all states the root-idea of justice should be the same, τὰ οἰκεία πράττειν, not τὰ οἰκεία ἔχειν. To begin with individual "rights" are a principle subversive of all society, and the political offspring of selfishness is anarchy: the theory of Glaucon reappears for us in a modern dress in the Leviathan of Hobbes; translated into practice it appeared in the French Revolution. For Hobbes the state of nature is "a dissolute condition of masterless men," tolerably equal in strength but wholly unequal in desires. The result is a war of all against all, in which every one is threatened in turn with the loss of life and happiness. But if self-interest cries out for peace, how shall peace be organised? Evidently it can only be by the renunciation of those rights to everything which had been found to be practically rights to nothing; one and all agree therefore to transfer their rights in order to gain security, and this transference is the social contract. But to whom is the transfer to be made? Hobbes answers that it must be made to the state, that is, to some absolute governing power, and that the ideal state requires the concentration of all authority in the hands of one man, who may say with the French Augustus, "L'état c'est moi." The bond of society is force; the principle of order is despotism; the keeper of the wild beasts restores to them as conventional rights some portion of the natural rights which had been grudgingly though inevitably surrendered.

In contrast to such a theory of far-sighted selfishness, Plato constructs his ideal polity. He argues that men are impelled to form communities by the need they have of each other; but if society begins in selfish impulse it exists only to redeem man from selfishness. Not by external force but by internal culture, not by coercion but by education, the citizen is to be gradually trained until he is fitted to govern others; in and through society the natural man is to be transformed.

The function of the state is to test and ascertain the capacities of the citizens; they must be taught to know their place and to keep it. Nature has fitted man for social life; his social tendencies are the material which the state is so to utilise that the body politic may be the perfection of the powers of each of the members. As in the lower and material life the principle of the division of labour is made by Plato the basis of union, so, as the citizens develop into a higher and a more spiritual life, this principle idealised is seen to be

the essence of "justice." The sphere of justice, of each doing his appropriate duty, will widen as each man passes on along his path of progress. The state calls all to her highest offices, and educates all with that end in view; but few are chosen, because few have capacities sufficient for the responsibilities to be incurred; but each man's education will improve his powers, he will be able to do more, and hence it will be his duty to do more, and his right to claim permission to do it, and protection while doing it; the state, based on mutual needs, continues from first to last a system of interdependencies—the body dependent on the head for its safety and its training, the head dependent on the body for its vitality and sphere of action.

The Guardians who are the rulers, do but embody universal principles, and these principles have authority because they are the reflex of the sovereign principle of "the good," which is conceived of as the fount at once of knowledge and of existence; so far forth as their actions are referable to these principles of reason, individuals are to be called virtuous and states just. Such, in mere faint and shadowy outline, is the idea of that Platonic republic in which philosophers are kings; it has not been our object to criticize it, or to dwell on it further than to enable us to catch its spirit and its significance as a theory of life. In taking leave of it, we may sum up briefly what it has been our endeavour to suggest by the comparison instituted in this paper between the ideas of two writers, each the representative, after his own genius, and according to his own surroundings, of a corresponding stage in the intellectual life of his nation, and dealing the one with the religious side, the other with the moral side, of human nature. The Book of Job and the Dialogue on Justice have this characteristic in common, that they both aim at superseding popular theories which are felt to be inadequate to the explanation of the facts of experience for which, as theories, they have to account, by some more satisfactory hypothesis, and to reconstruct the rejected conventional beliefs on deeper and truer and more abiding foundations. But the resemblance does not cease here: it has been sought to show that between the ideas that are repudiated, as between the principles that are substituted for them, there exists a strong family likeness. Between the conception of religion as a relation between servant and patron, as a service constituting a just claim upon God for visible and temporal reward, and the conception of morality as the activity of enlightened self-interest, the interval is not great, while, on the other hand, the filial trustfulness that nerves the enduring faith of Job, is in reality one with the spirit of self-forgetfulness and loyal devotion to their duty which Plato breathes into the guardians of his state. It is not often the case that in the conduct of individuals,

theory and practice go hand in hand. Some are better than their creed and some are worse ; the majority perhaps are not at the pains to inquire very deeply into the logic of their practice, or into the moral bearings of their conventional convictions ; nevertheless, history is at hand to remind us that the practical and the speculative sides of life cannot permanently be held asunder, nor the activity of thought that theorizes be dissociated from the activity of will that acts.

We may see this probably with the most clearness in the comparison which is so often made between the age of the Sophistic philosophy in Greece and the *Aufklärung* of the last century. The Peloponnesian war was the practical translation of the theory of Protagoras, that the individual is the measure of all things ; it was the self-assertion of single states against a common national life, the struggle for party, the exaltation of private interests above the public good, the proclamation of might against right. The materialistic philosophy of France during the eighteenth century, taking its source from the attempt of Locke to explain and to construct the ideal world from the world of the senses, reflected but too faithfully the materialism of a licentious court, of an unbridled despotism, and of a hypocritical and dissolute priesthood ; while at the same time it embodied the reactionary activity of that undying consciousness of freedom which, confusing liberty and license, sounded ere long the trumpet blast of natural right, before which " temple and tower went to the ground " amid the tempest of revolution.

What the Platonic Socrates was to the doctrines of Sophistry in the ancient world, Kant was to the doctrines of the *Aufklärung* in the modern world ; and as it was a speculative interest that moved Plato to the attempt to build anew the fabric of morals and politics, so it was a moral interest that led Kant to a deeper and more searching criticism of the basis and conditions of knowledge. It would be interesting to trace the relation that exists between the Utilitarianism which has been grafted in our own days upon the simpler Hedonism of Hume, and that tone or temper of mind which finds its religious expression in what, if the term be allowed us, we may call the Paleyism of Job's friends, and its political expression in such doctrines as those of Glaucon and of Hobbes. But the subject is too large and too important for such treatment as it should be obliged to give it at the close of this paper, and it must await some later opportunity.

HENRY WM. HOARE.

IS OUR CAUSE IN CHINA JUST?

“*Ἐν δὲ δικαιοσύνῃ συλλήβδην πᾶς ἀρετή.*”—ARISTOTLE.

“*Righteousness exalteth a nation.*”—*Hebrew Bible.*

“*Subordination de la politique à la morale.*”—AUGUSTE COMTE.

AMIDST the uncertainties as to Oriental events with which every mail, and even each day's telegrams, fill the newspapers, let us remember that there is one element of certainty and permanence, the force of which each man for himself can calmly and independently estimate. That element is the impression stamped on the minds and the passions of those we deal with by past events. There is a Destiny above the Gods, said the men of old, for what has been done the Gods themselves cannot make as though it had not been. Each new page in our dealings with Burmah and with China records the advent of a new force, a balance of justice, or a balance of injustice, modifying the conditions of the future problem for better or for worse. At intervals the Sibyl visits us and brings her books. Their number increases, not diminishes: and as yet the price to be paid for them increases likewise.

Does any one suppose that we approach China now as, but for the opium war of 1842, the Burmah war of 1852, and the Lorcha war of 1858, we might have approached her? Had we frankly presented ourselves as friends, aiding them to suppress, instead of first conniving at, the illicit trade in opium, and at last putting out the full forces of the Empire to protect it; had we striven to allay instead of heightening the natural fears aroused by Indian conquest; had the occupation in 1852 of half the Irrawaddy valley not made their statesmen tremble at the prospect, now near at hand, of an inroad on their south-western barrier; had we dealt with China as fairly as Lord Elgin found, in 1857, that the Americans, who forestalled him, had dealt with Japan; ¹ what was there to have prevented China from awaking, as Japan has awoken, to all the advantages of western intercourse? She is doing so now, but not as once was possible in friendship, but with growing hatred, which the more effectively it be silenced by the compressive force of our fleet on the seaboard, the more explosive will it ultimately become. The opium trade of 1840 has enormously increased, and since its maintenance rests admittedly upon force, it may be fairly said that the opium war of thirty-five years ago is being carried on still; and it arouses all the conscience, as well as all the manhood, of that

(1) They were not wholly innocent of force: but the terms of their Treaty were so indulgent as to be a bar to Lord Elgin's intended policy.

vast population against us. We have done nothing as yet to repair the past. The doctrine of Prestige, borrowed from India, still stands in full force, demanding that when England has taken a step forward, be that step wise or foolish, it must never be retraced.

And if anonymous journalism were to be his guide, a statesman brought face to face with the forces now at work in Asia, and anxious if only in commonest prudence, to begin the uphill task of reparation, would find little encouragement. But anonymous journalism, as statesmen are beginning to find, is but an imperfect mirror of national feeling. And on Anglo-Eastern questions more especially, there are many signs observable amidst much that is otherwise, of dim instincts of justice, deep suspicion of wrong inflicted by the stronger side, which find little expression in the newspapers, remaining dumb from want of certain knowledge, and from the mistaken fear that knowledge is inaccessible to those not technically versed in Eastern questions.¹

Yet it will be found by those who seek, that the difficulty is imaginary and not real. Sources of information of the most undoubted authenticity, and notably the official bluebooks, which are at least not prejudiced by hostility to the English side in the quarrel, are open to all. And without claiming any knowledge more special than comes from a careful study of these, I venture to assert that never in the history of civilised nations was there a struggle in which the issues of right and wrong, just and unjust, wise and foolish, stood out more clearly and sharply defined, than in the relations now subsisting between England and China.

But to arrive at this conviction we must look a little farther back, as well as a little farther forward, than the momentary subject of dispute. In all cases where war is sought for, or if not war, yet

(1) The petition presented to Parliament last session by eight hundred workmen of Chelsea is an illustration of a temper wholly different from that visible in the "cultivated" Press. In it these words occur:—"Your petitioners, though working men, and therefore naturally pre-occupied with urgent questions directly concerning their own class . . . are yet convinced that neither their duty nor their interest will permit them to neglect the wider questions of imperial policy which from time to time arise. That in the opinion of your petitioners the demands recently addressed by the Government of India to the King of Burmah, particularly the claim for a permanent right of way for British troops through his dominions, are in flagrant contradiction with justice and international morality. That your petitioners, believing in the subordination of politics to morals, regret with shame and sorrow the former wars which were forced by the governing classes of this country upon Burmah and China at a time when the working classes had less electoral power, and therefore less responsibility, than they have at present.

"That, to take a lower ground, although it may be for the interest of a small but very influential section of the middle class that the blood of Englishmen should be poured out, and the money which is extracted from the taxpayers of this country and of India expended in unscrupulous aggressions on Eastern populations, it is not for the interest of the class to which your petitioners belong, or of the nation at large."

trade privileges under pain of war, it is the obvious habit to dwell exclusively on the final pretext for aggression, and thus goad peaceful citizens to the fever of the war-dance. The irritating dust is thrown in our eyes for a sufficient time; till there is no longer any fear of calm reflection and repentance. Shall English property be destroyed? was the war-cry in the opium war of 1840, and it was forgotten till afterwards that the "property" was a smuggled poison, lawfully seized by China, and honourably destroyed. Shall the English flag be violated? was the cry in 1857, when the *Lorch Arrow* was the pretext; and none dared to say that the vessel that bore that flag was certainly a smuggler, probably a pirate, whose right to carry it if it ever existed, had expired at the time of her seizure. Shall an English subject be assassinated? has been the cry of late; and who is there to inquire into the antecedents of Mr. Margary's mission? Bewail the fate of a brave man; assuredly. But none the less let us ask, not merely whether the scene of his death was a wild far-off highland region filled with half-savage hill tribes, over whom a government more powerful than that of China would find it hard to exercise responsible control; but also whether the business on which he was sent was such as to the Chinese people and their governors must seem a formidable source of new dangers to their internal peace: a wanton aggravation of evils already inflicted.

The circumstances of Mr. Margary's death, and of the mission which he accompanied, have not yet been officially reported. But the attempt to force a trade route with the South-West of China, through Upper Burmah, is one which has now been going on for many years, and we shall do well to trace its history. It has brought forth hitherto nothing but barren danger and disaster: it is big with worse disaster in the future.

It is now eighteen years since Captain Richard Sprye began his very persevering agitation throughout the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, with the view of inducing their various Chambers of Commerce to memorialise the Government of the day as to the overland route between India and China. Secretaries of State and Prime Ministers, as those memorials showered in upon them, must have been amazed at the prodigious acquaintance with Asiatic geography displayed by those commercial bodies, as they discoursed glibly of Kiang-Hung, Kiang-Tung, the Meikong river, the Takau ferry, and other places not too familiar in those days to the Geographical Society itself; until the monotonous sameness of the language revealed the singleness of the inspiring mind. The agitation worked its way nevertheless. Our export trade with China has always been disappointing and unsound; glutting its old markets by over-production, over-speculation, and fraudulent competition, and consequently ever hungry for new ones. The project of "tapping"

China at the south-west has of late years found eager adherents; the more so, that tales of the enormous wealth of the south-western provinces have been sedulously circulated. The successful competition maintained with us in China during the last few years by the Americans, especially in the shipping trade, has increased the eagerness to find a shorter route.

But the route dictated by Captain Sprye to the Chambers of Commerce is not that which has found favour with official circles in India. Captain Sprye's proposed line was from Rangoon to Canton, crossing the Cambodia River at Kiang-Hung, in the upper portion of its course, and continuing towards Canton in a direction slightly north of east. It is needless to discuss this route, as it is not seriously in question. The only remark that need be made is that, whatever its other disadvantages, it would at least have saved us our recent complications with the King of Burmah.

However this may be, the route actually chosen, and now in question, is that which—passing from Rangoon to Upper Burmah along the Irrawaddy for eight hundred miles, as far as Bhamo—crosses the wild highland region that separates the valley of the Irrawaddy from the upper valley of the Yang-tse, the Nile or Mississippi of China; the goal being Talifoo, or any other suitable station in the fertile province of Yunan. It was pointed out, and probably with truth, that Canton was but a poor inlet for our commerce, compared with the wealthy and frugal cities of Se-chuen. Moreover, their inhabitants were credited with a special craving for Bengal opium. And finally, to the ambitious schemers at Rangoon and elsewhere, who forced their project on an unwilling Government, there was a third reason. Seven years ago, when the first attempt was made to explore this route, it was believed that the rebel power of the Mahomedan Panthays was likely to take permanent root in Yunan, the Chinese province abutting upon Upper Burmah. On the poor and treacherous principle of *divide et impera*, it was thought that friendship with the Panthays might afford a useful leverage in future dealings with China—a hope, however, which the unlooked-for vigour of the Chinese armies has utterly disappointed.

The objections to the proposed route were strong and obvious. The Burmese Government, through whose dominions the exploring expedition was to pass, did not wish for it. The Chinese Government, at whose dominions it was to arrive, wished for it still less. Their objections, though treated as perfectly trivial by chambers of commerce, by enterprising adventurers, and by military and civil officials hungry for work and promotion, were of a kind to weigh heavily with responsible governors at home or abroad. To an Indian ruler, war, with all its consequences, increased taxation, agitation of opinion in England, disintegration of the outlying civilisations which

he knows it to be his highest function to raise and elevate, infinite increase of irritation through an ever-increasing area as the process of aggression and destruction marches, the dark cloud of the Russian vanguard in the distant horizon; war with such conditions—war, even with the humblest and weakest of Oriental powers, is not to be lightly faced. It must be said, in justice to the great majority of Governors of India, that the cynicism¹ of English journalism has not been shared by them. They have not wished to “shatter to pieces” the governments with which they came into contact. On the contrary, they have frequently done much to strengthen them. They have striven, at least, to do this; but the strong pressure of mercantile and military adventurers has been more than they have been able to resist. And, indeed, so long as the doctrine of Prestige prevails, so long as it is maintained that no step taken, whether right or wrong, must ever be retraced, so long will the Government be at the mercy of every rash or headstrong officer it employs, leaving him secure that no action can be too insolent, no excess of instructions too outrageous to be disclaimed by his superiors. The war of 1852 with Burmah, and every one of our wars with China, prove this abundantly. Such a policy is tolerable, it may be said, in war. But what are we to say of it to nations with whom we pretend to be at peace?

But to resume. On the 13th of January, 1868, an “exploring” party, commanded by Major Sladen, accompanied by fifty armed police, left Mandalay for Bhamo. The consent of the King of Burmah to this expedition had been extorted by unmistakable threats couched in exceedingly courteous language. What his objections were was well known to Major Sladen, who had resided at his court in the previous year. He writes as follows:—²

“What Burmah has always dreaded is that British interest would not be confined to British possessions, but that contingencies might arise which would give the foreigner the right of extending his influence to Upper Burmah, and to a point above and beyond the limits of the present Burmese capital. Such a contingency was always imminent as long as it was demonstrable in any way that Bhamo might again become the natural emporium of a direct overland route between Burmah and China. . . . I unhesitatingly conclude, from careful observation and from experience gained during the late expedition to Momein, that the causes which have actuated the Burmese Government in its deliberate discouragement of all communication with China *via* Bhamo, have arisen in a great measure out of an instinctive and almost superstitious (?) fear, that the

(1) “We have gone,” said the *Times*, July 21, 1875. “to the Indus and the Irrawaddy, because a great civilised state like England, when it comes into contact with the frail and decaying Governments of the East, cannot help shattering them to pieces. If we are not ready to face that consequence of our presence in the East we have no right to be there at all. All the homilies of peace societies and philanthropists are the impertinence of insufficient knowledge.”

(2) Major Sladen’s Report on the Bhamo Route. Parliamentary Papers, No. 165, 1871, page 4.

extension of British influence beyond the capital of Burmah would prove fatal to Burmese supremacy.¹ Other predisposing causes have not been wanting. . . One of these is that he knows the vast increase of commerce which would be created by resuscitation of the Bhamo route, would necessitate the presence of a fleet of English steamers on the Irrawaddy above or to the north of his capital. His own avowed objection to such a contingency is that, *the steamer being English would come into collision with hostile influences, and that differences and complications would necessarily follow between the British government and his own.*"

Can it be said that in these objections there is anything that is not perfectly reasonable, or that has not been perfectly justified by what has happened since? Remembering the war of 1852, of all our Asiatic outrages perhaps the worst and most unprovoked, when an officer, acting in direct contravention of his orders,² began hostilities on his own account, and yet was never disavowed, how could he otherwise than resist to the utmost of his power the opening of a caravan trade across a doubtful mountain border-land, sure to be attacked by lawless hill tribes of uncertain and shifting allegiance, and with the conviction that every English life lost would be held, *whenever it suited English convenience*, a ground for fresh aggressions and annexation?

The attitude of the Chinese Government was known to be precisely similar. They were struggling to suppress the Panthay rebellion in precisely that region at which the exploring expedition was to arrive. The state of Yunan was divided between the rebel and the legitimate authority; the boundary was undefined, and was shifting daily. Hence the Chinese Government expressed strong objections to the enterprise. They could not, they said, undertake, in the present disaffected and disturbed state of the province, to protect Major Sladen's party. What they dreaded were precisely the two dangers which subsequent events have shown they had good cause to dread. They feared, first, that Major Sladen, non-political though his mission might be said to be, would enter into negotiations with the Mahomedan rebels, who, in their turn, would rejoice at the prospect of securing supplies and munitions of war.

(1) "Supremacy" over what? Does Major Sladen confound "supremacy" with "independence?" But to Indian officers, as to the writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, patriotism has come to mean love of domineering over other people's country, not love of their own.

(2) To appreciate the Burmese war of 1852 it will not be enough to glance at a back file of newspapers. In the Parliamentary papers of 1852 relating to it anyone may read how Lord Dalhousie had charged Commodore Lambert with a difficult negotiation, specially instructing him to negotiate with the Burmese Commissioner personally, and above all not to commit any act of hostility without reference to Calcutta. Commodore Lambert disobeyed both instructions. He chose to send his subordinate officers to the Commissioner; conceived himself and the British flag insulted because they were refused an audience; and the same afternoon (January 6, 1852) declared the coast blockaded, and seized on a state ship belonging to the King of Burmah. In the war that followed, Pegu was annexed, and Burmah was cut off from the seacoast.

This fear was amply justified, as will be seen afterwards. Major Sladen did break his instructions; did enter into political negotiations with the Panthay rebels; nor was he ever reprimanded for doing so. The second cause for alarm was that for any accident that might happen to any member of the party, the Chinese Government might be held responsible, and a new pretext thus created for commercial aggressions. And this fear, too, has been justified by the sequel. The expedition of Major Sladen returned in safety. But in the expedition sent for the same purpose seven years afterwards, that occurred which might have been anticipated; and which may be anticipated to occur again. The Chinese Government is held responsible for Mr. Margary's death. And who supposes that Mr. Margary's death, whether the issue of it be war or not, will not be used as a leverage in the negotiations still pending for a new commercial treaty? Opium had hitherto been forced on the sea-coast by gunboats; it is now to be carried across the hills by English armies. The ten millions that it brings to the Indian revenue may thus, perhaps, be increased to twelve. Noble result of western civilisation!

To the Chinese, as to the Burmese, knowing all this, an exploring expedition, to be followed by trade caravans, is simply colourable war carried on under a flag of truce. Well-meaning officials, often sincere in their sympathy with Oriental traditions, often incurring savage obloquy from their own countrymen, represent, in smooth language, the perfectly peaceful intention with which everything is done, the wealth and other blessings that steamers, factories, and railways are sure to bring. But the rulers of Burmah and China read English newspapers, and know better. They know that for nine Englishmen at Rangoon out of ten, the annexation of Upper Burmah is a fixed idea.¹ They compare the mock respect shown to them at their courts with the insolent contempt heaped on them by Anglo-Indian journalists. The King of Burmah has long ago read Major Sladen's report; and has made his own comments on the unremitting attitude of hostility adopted by that officer, whom previously he had admitted to terms of special intimacy and friendship.²

The events of Major Sladen's expedition may be briefly stated. He left Mandalay in 1868, on the 13th of January, in a steamer belonging to the King of Burmah. He arrived at Bhamo on the 21st. Here the old caravan route, the disuse of which, as Major Sladen incidentally remarks, *coincides with the British occupation of Pegu in 1852*, leaves the valley of the Irrawaddy, and crosses the

(1) See, if proof were wanted, the *Times* correspondence from Rangoon of October 3.

(2) For some of these comments, see Parliamentary Papers on British Burmah, 1871, No. 251, page 81.

wild tract of mountainous country which separates Burmah from China. The precise boundary-line between the two empires has never been defined. It is inhabited by wild tribes, owning the generic name of Kakyens, owning a doubtful allegiance to Burmah or to China according to their position in south-western or north-eastern watersheds. It was in the midst of this wild hill country, at a village called Manwyne, about forty-five miles from Bhamo, and twice that distance from Momein, that Mr. Margary was killed seven years afterwards. Always unsettled, the country was in 1868 peculiarly disturbed by the Mahommedan rebellion against China. The distance from Bhamo to Momein, the ultimate Chinese town reached by Major Sladen, was about sixty miles in a direct line, but not less than 130 or 140 by any practicable route. The road crosses several deep valleys, but the increase in elevation is continuous, varying from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, the hills through which the road passes having an elevation of 6,000 or 7,000. But it is important to note that when these complicated mountain-passes have been left, no rich river valleys or long sweep of fertile plains rewarded the explorers. On the contrary, the road continued to rise steadily without intermission. Momein is from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea-level, situated in a vast, undefined range of uneven table-land. All these geographical facts are by no means hopeful as to the feasibility of peaceful trade with unwilling and hostile populations. They suggest, also, very obvious reflections as to the business immediately in dispute. Is it so unheard-of a thing for a wild hill country to be held by chieftains whose submission to Imperial rule is as much a matter of free-will as of compulsion? Has no one ever heard of the Black Douglas? or of Carlists in the Basque hills? or of brigands in the Apennines? And because there are wild regions of this kind, mountain tracts through which a fierce rebellion, recently suppressed, has left its smouldering fires, and where lawless bands still haunt the mountain fastnesses, is the Chinese Government to be held utterly decrepit or corrupt, or to be accused of malice prepense, because an exploring party, sent against their avowed wishes, and in disregard of repeated warning, met with disaster? The man whose name is now so constantly before us, already tried and found guilty of the assassination (*Journalism*¹ being judge and jury and

(1) The *Spectator's* insight goes, as usual, further than that of other people, and shows the King of Burmah himself to be an accessory. It is indeed quite convinced that no inquiry is necessary. "No amount of special pleading," it says, October 2nd, "will suffice to prove that the Yunnan authorities, if not instigators, could not have prevented the murder of Mr. Margary, or make any sensible observer believe that there was not direct complicity between the assassins and the Burmese court. No Asiatic from the Red to the Yellow Sea can have a single doubt on that score."

On the very day that the *Spectator*, regardless of the ninth commandment, was writing thus, *Macmillan's Magazine* was publishing an account of the murder from Dr.

witnesses dispensed with), the semi-Chinese Li-si-thai, comes prominently forward in Major Sladen's report as a military adventurer fighting for his own lance; "robber chief," "Chinese marauder," "villain," "vagabond," "irresponsible dacoit," being some of the epithets applied to him.

But to return to Major Sladen's expedition. The restrictions imposed on it by the authorities of Calcutta and London were of the most rigorous kind. The expedition was distinctly stated to be *not political*, but to be purely in the interests of trade. Above all, it was "not to advance into Chinese territory;" and, lest this expression should be equivocal, it was "not to advance beyond the Burmese frontier," without a satisfactory understanding with the Chinese authorities. Intelligence was to be obtained from Her Majesty's envoy at Peking as to this matter.¹

These instructions were both diluted and coloured in the version transmitted to Major Sladen by the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah.² True, the injunction was repeated, that "the object of the mission was *not political*," but in the previous paragraph it was remarked that "*the exact position of the Puntay Government is really the most important object of the expedition*;" and, again, that the condition of the Puntay Government, its constitution, *resources, and position towards the Chinese Government, should be carefully inquired into.*" Indeed, so political was this "non-political" mission, that Major Sladen (who, as if the flimsy veil of restriction required further rending, is designated as "the political officer in charge of it") was instructed to inquire into the "nature of the communications" between the Burmese Court and the Puntay Government. Not one syllable is to be found in these instructions about "not entering Chinese territory," or about "respecting the wishes of the Chinese Government." It was assumed, without knowledge—and, as the event has

Anderson, who accompanied the expedition, and who remarks, "Nothing would have been easier than for the Burmese to have deserted their charge; but from first to last they displayed a zealous fidelity beyond all praise." And again, "No authentic or trustworthy account could be obtained whether he fell a victim to the robbers and assassins of that turbulent frontier town, who feared interference with their intended plunder, or to the organised hostility of the Chinese merchants." Of Mandarins nothing is said. Dr. Anderson describes Manwyne in 1868 as "a sort of no man's land, filled with a lawless rabble of refugees and rowdies." And in 1875, three days before Mr. Margary's death he remarks, "News had been brought in that several hundred evil-disposed Kakyen and Chinese robbers had banded themselves together at Manwyne to attack us in the hills."

(1) Vide Parliamentary Paper, British Burmah, 1871, No. 251, page 61. What the views of the Chinese Government were we find in page 93. They regarded the expedition with un concealed dislike. But "pressure" was put upon the Foreign Ministers by Sir R. Alcock; and they promised what protection they could give. But they added, "There are Mahomedan rebels in the districts of Ta li and Yung Chang, and we trust your Excellency will advise them to ascertain the conditions of the route they are about to travel, so as not to get into trouble through rashness."

(2) See Parliamentary Paper, 1871, 251, page 55.

shown, it was falsely assumed—that the Panthay rebellion would maintain its ground against China. Being the foe of China, it was thought certain to be friendly to ourselves: and what more useful wedge¹ to drive into the central mass of the Chinese Empire than a vigorous friendly Mahomedan power, hating the heathen as in days of faith Christians used to hate; armed with our rifles, and backed by a chain of mountains of which, when the time came for annexing Upper Burmah, we should hold the southern passes?

All this time we had an embassy in Peking preaching eternal peace and amity, and gently complaining that the temper of the people should be still hostile.² All this time Journalism in Shanghai, Rangoon, and London was denouncing Asiatic faithlessness and cunning. "How lamentable," cries the *Spectator* (October 2), "that the ancient, widespread, and generally-accepted religions of China have exercised so little elevating influence on the three hundred millions of human beings to whom, alas! they represent the light of life."

It need not be said that Major Sladen read through the lines of his instructions, and followed to the letter that part of them which emanated from his superior at Rangoon. The notion of his mission not being political he treated as an amusing joke. Not a moment was lost in declaring his political sympathies. At Sanda, a town half-way through the Kakyen hills, he informed the chief of the tribe that, "if by any legitimate interference on the part of other governments the sovereignty of the Panthays was confirmed and recognised at Peking, the province would be tranquillised, and the Shans restored to former prosperity. He (Major Sladen) would strive to secure these advantages."³

At Mynela, a village a few miles further on, he observes, "I was painfully reminded, on a first acquaintanceship with Mynela officials, that, as friends of the Panthay Government, we are not altogether desirable visitors, and that the Chinese yoke was preferable as a permanency than [sic] the seeming instability of their pretentious conquerors."

A few miles further on was "the far-famed stronghold of Mauphoo," occupied by Li-si-thai, with a force of Chinese. Major Sladen wrote letters from Mynela to the Panthay governor of Momein, the result of which was that "the governor undertook the work of reducing Mauphoo, and of opening out communication with ourselves." Mauphoo was accordingly besieged; "more than three hundred of Li-si-thai's followers were killed during the investment." "Panthay

(1) See *Times* of July 6, 1875. "The Chinese authorities were doubtless actuated by their inveterate dislike to strangers in general, and especially to those English traders, who, in the name of peace, usually split up the nationalities of the East like a wedge."

(2) *Parl.-Papers on Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin*, page 396.

(3) Sladen's Report, page 67.

revenge satisfied itself to repletion on a hated band of Chinese marauders.”¹ The road to Momein was now open, and on the 25th of May, more than four months after leaving Mandalay, the expedition marched in triumphal procession into this important centre of the Panthay power.

Throughout the whole of his report, Major Sladen regards every representative of Chinese authority as an avowed enemy. Summing up the results of his mission on the 7th of June, he writes thus:—

“Our mission to Yunan, unpretending as it has been, and void of those outward semblances of splendour or power which are an essential qualification in the composition of every political mission (we are not political, by-the-bye), has nevertheless tended in no small degree to effect the pacification of a large portion of the old trade route between Burmah and China. 1. Thong-wet-shein, a Chinese brigand of great power and note, has been defeated and captured. . . 2. Li-si-thai has been driven from Mauphoo, and is now a fugitive. 3. Leoqwanfan, the most powerful of the seven robber chiefs of the old trade route, has volunteered his submission to the Panthay Government.”

One more fact may be mentioned. On his return journey from Momein to Bhamo, Major Sladen informs us that he thought it desirable to secure the friendship of the Kakyen chiefs to the British Government, either by the promise of a subsidy or by a solemn oath of friendship. He chose the latter course as less “inconvenient” and “complicating;” and thirty-one Kakyen chiefs, dipping their swords in blood, were induced (Major Sladen *solemnly asseverating that he was carrying out the orders of his Majesty the King of Burmah*) to swear an oath of perpetual fidelity. “Such an oath,” he remarks, “whilst it professed to secure for us the sworn friendship and fidelity of all who participated in it, . . . would not, on the other hand, bind us over to reciprocal action of any sort.”

What sort of responsibility can the Chinese or the Burmese Governments be supposed to retain with tribes whose doubtful allegiance is thus undermined and seduced by the agent of a third power slipping in between, and binding them to oaths which, if they mean anything, mean disaffection and treachery to their legitimate rulers?

So much for the trade route from Burmah to China. Its history up to 1868 is not calculated to inspire confidence in English sincerity and fair dealing.²

But it is time to ask the question, What is it we want in China that we have not got? Assuming that the recent negotiations, the

(1) Sladen's Report, page 77. After this, it hardly seems remarkable that Li-si-thai should have regarded the second expedition with unfriendly eyes.

(2) It is really time that the sickening hypocrisy of affecting superiority in truthfulness should cease. Of the bales of cotton cloth sent by Manchester to China, a very large proportion are so many visible, tangible lies. And in political dealing the main difference would seem to be that whereas fraud alone is used on the weaker side, fraud combined with force is used on the stronger.

threats of war, the movements of fleets have been for other objects than to avenge an assassination committed among wild hill tribes, what are the additional claims which, under cover of Mr. Margary's death, yet remain to be pressed?

After the opium war of 1842, five large cities were opened to our trade (Treaty of Nankin). After the war for the *Lorch Arrow* in 1858, five additional ports were opened on the coast, and the important city of Hankow, four hundred miles up the Great River, was also opened. Exterritoriality was clearly defined. "British subjects who may commit any crime in China shall be tried and punished by the consul, or other public functionary, according to the laws of Great Britain." The transit duties imposed on produce as it passed from one province into another were all to be commuted for one fixed payment, calculated at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *ad valorem*. Special protection was given to Christian missionaries. And, finally, the introduction of opium was legalised; the Chinese, in spite of their earnest protests, being prohibited by Lord Elgin from imposing a higher duty than 30 taels per chest.¹

It was provided that, at the expiration of ten years, this treaty might be revised at the wish of either party. Prolonged negotiations took place in 1868. The result was, that on the 23rd of October, 1869, a Supplementary Treaty was signed at Peking by Sir Rutherford Alcock and the Chinese plenipotentiaries. This treaty required final ratification in London.

The China merchants in London, and the Associated Chambers of Commerce throughout the country, memorialised against it. On July 25, 1870, Lord Granville replied to the memorialists as follows:—

"Her Majesty's Government have received with much regret this general expression of dissatisfaction with the proposed arrangement. . . It would in their judgment have promoted the textile industry of the manufacturing districts by facilitating the importation of its products into the most important provinces of China, and have relieved Chinese produce on its way from the interior from undue exactions on the part of local authorities. Her Majesty's Government have had to decide whether they should abide by their own impressions, and advise Her Majesty to ratify the Convention, or should defer to the adverse opinion of the mercantile community more directly concerned in the question.

"Although they are not free from doubt whether the decision which they take is calculated to promote the real interests of the commercial and industrial classes, Her Majesty's Government have nevertheless determined to defer to the wishes of the commercial bodies who have so urgently appealed to them, and they have accordingly advised Her Majesty to withhold her ratification from the Convention."

An irresponsible direction of the foreign relations of this country by Chambers of Commerce! This is a new thing in our history.

(1) The chest of 100 catties being worth about £240, this is equal to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *ad valorem*.

We have heard much of late as to the excesses of trade unions, and the need of controlling them, if not by law, yet by education, public opinion, and morality. There is truth in this; and the first with whom we should begin are those formidable trade unions of capitalists whose professed object is one to which honour, duty, justice, even permanent national interest, are simply irrelevant, and yet with whom, unless we look to it, will lie the tremendous issues of peace and war.

What led the English Chambers of Commerce to refuse their ratification of the Convention? Were the changes such as to injure British trade, and hinder the carriage of its merchandise to Chinese inland cities? The principal grievance of the merchants had been the irregular taxes levied by provincial governments on goods in transit from the seaport. This grievance was remedied. Transit dues and import dues were to be levied together, and the necessity for procuring special transit certificates was dispensed with.¹ Indeed the very questionable stipulation was made, that in certain provinces English goods should remain untaxable, even when they had passed into native hands. The *lekin*, for instance—a property-tax levied, in emergencies, by provincial governments upon wealth of all kinds, lands, houses, or goods—was not to apply to “imports of unmistakable foreign origin.”² In addition to this very extraordinary concession, great facilities were given for navigating Chinese rivers in small vessels (not steamers); bonded warehouses were to be established; the re-exportation of foreign grain free of duty was permitted; a new port was opened; the duties on various imports (pepper, timber, &c.) were reduced; the duty on foreign coal and guano was remitted; finally, two or three coal mines were to be opened. “The coals produced will be for sale to British and Chinese merchants without distinction.”

The right of residence was not granted, but it was laid down that “British merchants who may go inland, duly provided with passports, to sell foreign goods, purchase native produce, or carry native produce into the interior for sale, are permitted to use their own vessels, if of the Chinese type, and propelled by sail or oar; and

(1) See Correspondence on revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin. Parliamentary Paper, 1871, C. 389. This bluebook is a mine of valuable information as to Chinese affairs.

(2) The *Times* told its readers the other day that it was necessary that Chinamen should regard “the life of an Englishman as peculiarly sacred.” The same sanctity, it seems, is to extend to the mildewed and fraudulent cotton-cloth that the Manchester Englishman brings with him. Imagine the way in which this clause would work. The tax-collector enters a native shop to levy *lekin* on its contents. He is then and there to distinguish between goods of native manufacture and goods of “unmistakable foreign origin.” True, much of the latter has, according to the English Chamber of Commerce of Shang-hai, been “unmistakable” from its rottenness; but it will not be difficult for the native trader, anxious to evade the *lekin*, to level downward, and imitate the over-sizing and mildew of his Lancashire rival. If the tax-collector makes a mistake, an international “difficulty” at once arises.

when in the interior are further permitted to rent, for short periods, either hotels or private houses, where they may store their goods, but on which they are not to exhibit their hong name or the style of their firm."

In return for these large concessions made by the Chinese Government, what was demanded of England by China? Simply these three things: an increase in the export silk duty amounting to 1 per cent. *ad valorem*; an increase in the opium duty amounting to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *ad valorem*;¹ and the right to appoint consuls to reside at British ports. This last point was asked with the view of enabling the Chinese Government to check the wholesale smuggling that is now carried on to a greater extent than ever from Hong Kong.² Though this concession was a matter of the most simple and obvious justice, it was violently resisted by the Government of that colony.

On the Chinese demands the following remarks were made by Sir Rutherford Alcock:—³

"If we bear in mind the undisguised desire of the high authorities, and of the whole body of educated Chinese, including the literati and gentry as well as the officials of every grade throughout the provinces, for the restriction of foreign intercourse to the seaboard, if not indeed to a single port as of old, and the withdrawal of any privileges which would only have been extorted at the cannon's mouth, and by superior force, I think they deserve some credit for their moderation during the present negotiations. The Tsung-li Yamén did not

(1) The duty was to be 50 taels (£15) per chest.

(2) As this question relates to grievances at least as great as any which English merchants have advanced against the Chinese authorities it is worth considering. Materials for a judgment will be found at page 390 of the bluebook of 1871 already referred to, and in Parliamentary Paper No. C. 1189 of the present year, entitled "Complaints of the Mercantile Community in Hong Kong against the action of Chinese Revenue Cruisers." The Report of Mr. Robertson, the Consul at Canton (page 35 of these papers), is of the greatest interest. He remarks, "Some years since the falling off of the Canton customs revenue became very marked; and the reason was plain enough. The colony of Hong Kong, which, within thirty years from the date of its cession to the British Government had become a large city and the depôt of foreign trade with China, afforded facilities for smuggling, which the Chinese were not slow in availing themselves of. Junks loaded at the colony and landed their opium and goods wherever it suited them on the Canton coast; and conversely thus brought Chinese produce to the colony for sale to foreigners, without paying a farthing of duty. Thus was the falling off in the revenue accounted for, and the question was, What could be done?" Consul Robertson advised the Viceroy that he had a perfect right to "establish Custom stations as close to the colony as he pleased, and compel all junks clearing from Hong Kong or entering it, and when beyond the limits of colonial jurisdiction to call there and pay their duties." "The commotion caused to the smuggling fraternity was great." "Unfortunately, the foreign portion of the colonists do not or will not see the matter from any point of view but their own, and that is, 'Hong Kong is a free port, and the blockade, as they call it, is an interference with its freedom, and is working ruin to the trade of the colony. With smuggling we have nothing to do. We sell our goods to the Chinese, and if they smuggle that is not our affair. All we know and care for is, this blockade affects our sales, and that is sufficient for us; and the Chinese Government has no right, by any action taken for its own benefit, to damage ours.'" This is an outline of the argument used.

(3) Parliamentary Paper, Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, 1871, page 425.

indeed disguise their dislike to all the phases of extritoriality, the domiciliation of missionaries in the interior, the importation of opium, and the appointment of merchant consuls : yet they have not pressed demands on any of these points, or sought to make concessions a condition of revision.

"A right to appoint consuls which they may be very slow to exercise, and a trifling increase of duties on two articles that may yield them some additional Customs Revenue is about the sum of what they have rested content (?) with. That these are neither unreasonable, nor in any sense inequitable, must I think be freely admitted ; and, I confess to a conviction that few European governments would have contented themselves with so little in the revision of a Treaty containing much that was objectionable to them. more especially when expected to concede still more to the foreigner's advantage."

But the large concessions made, and the moderate response demanded, were very far from satisfying the demands of the English mercantile community in China. And in estimating their attitude, so amazing in its exorbitant arrogance that the calmest description of it reads like caricature, we must bear in mind that though some few of their number have a permanent stake in the country they are dealing with, are firms of old standing, with a reputation to maintain, and capital sunk in land and building, yet with the majority it is far otherwise. The Chinese seaboard to them is a gold-field where, if they meet luck, a few short years may send them home to a life of ease, and the purchased semblances of honour. And, paradox though it may seem, war to these short-lived traders means luck. For it means a lull in native manufactures, a dislocation of internal police, a removal under panic of all the governmental barriers that have protected native wares from foreign rivalry, the weakening of the trade unions of inland merchants, a far stronger barrier ; and all these things permit for a moment a sudden inundation of English products, and the floaters on this tide, for two years of happy speculation, build many a dazzling fortune. Lancashire, in response to their call, produces and produces, and racks the whole country for children to fill her factories. The market in four years is glutted ; peace, meanwhile, has restored the combining forces of the foreign guilds ; reaction comes with ruin ; but the first batch of speculators are gone.

Not once, but twice and oftener, has this cycle run its course. Therefore, in negotiations with China our ambassadors have invariably found their own countrymen the great source of difficulty. When in 1868 Sir Rutherford Alcock asked them, as he was bound to ask, their views on the Revision of the Treaty, their answers may surprise us, but assuredly did not surprise him. The right to reside in every part of China, purchasing, not houses merely, but land, wherever it suited them, the right to buy up coal-fields and open coal-mines, to lay down railways and lines of telegraph, the abolition of the *lekin* (the emergency-tax by which provincial governors filled the deficiency in their budgets, which was levied on all property, alike native or foreign), so far as English products were concerned,

even when they had been bought and sold, and had found their way to the retail shopkeeper—these were some of their demands; and, so far from relaxing the exorbitant demands of Exterritoriality, these demands were to be made more stringent than ever. These “irresponsible dacoits” of the commercial world were to go where they liked, and to live where they liked in every town and village, from Canton to Peking, buying land and opening coal-mines, and all the time enjoying absolute immunity from the laws of the land they lived in.

By the existing Treaty (Art. xvi. and xvii.) “British subjects who may commit any crime in China, shall be tried and punished by the Consul, or other public functionary authorised thereto, according to the laws of Great Britain.”¹ “If a Chinese has reason to complain of a British subject, the Consul shall listen to his complaint, and endeavour to settle it in a friendly manner.”

Was an army of new consuls to be created and dispersed over the thousand cities of China? Many of the traders who memorialised our Peking embassy had never troubled themselves about such a difficulty; but those who had were prepared with their own modes of settlement. Two very simple conditions were all that would be necessary. The first was to choose the consuls from the merchants; an abundant supply would thus be forthcoming at the cheapest rate. The second would be to arm these consuls with greater powers than they at present possessed; entrust them with executive as well as judicial power; let them occasionally display “something more than moral force,” and thus “restore their prestige.”

A few extracts from the memorials presented at the British embassy in 1867—8, by Chambers of Commerce and other bodies, will illustrate what has been said:

The foreign community of Tien-tsin suggest as articles for insertion in the Revised Treaty of 1868—

“That foreigners shall be at liberty to buy land or houses at any place in the Chinese Empire for lawful purpose, such as trade, propagating of religion, or for pleasure. That in addition to the erection of beacons, lighthouses, and laying down of buoys, the Chinese Government provide foreign steam-dredging machines for the dredging from time to time of the bars and rivers at the port when necessary. That the Chinese Government permit foreigners to construct and aid the formation of railways and telegraphs throughout China and its dependencies. That the Chinese Government permit foreigners to own coal, iron, and other mines in China and its dependencies, and work them on foreign principles. That Chinese coal shall be sent to any place in China free of duty, but if exported to a foreign country shall pay duty *ad valorem*. *Hong Kong, in this respect, shall not be considered a foreign country.*”²

(1) It must never be forgotten that, on the “most favoured nation” principle, this involves German subjects in China being under German law, French under French law, Americans under American law. And we profess to wonder that China, in stupid obstinacy, wishes to restrict foreign intercourse within workable limits!

(2) Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 89.

The Che-foo residents suggest, amongst other things—

"All laws imposing duties or observances on Chinese subjects incompatible with the commands or usages of the Christian religion, to be abolished; so that every Chinese who becomes a Christian will *ipso facto*, be relieved from complying with any heathen rites or ceremonies that may be deemed wrong with the Christian communion to which such Chinese belongs."

They propose to extend Exterritoriality from the case where the Englishman is defendant to the case where he is plaintiff! thus— "Offences against British subjects to be tried by a Mixed Court, in which the British Consul shall have equal power with the native judge; and when Chinese laws or inimical procedure are inadequate to convicting or punishing criminals, then British law and practice, *at the option of the Consul*, to be adopted."

Even Chinese are to be partly ex-territorialized; "Chinese offenders to be delivered up, to remain in joint custody of Consul and Chinese, and only on strong evidence of guilt, as in cases of extradition in Europe."¹

As to the position of the consuls, it may be noted that many of them are already members of the mercantile body. Five, for instance, of the Shanghai memorialists, says Consul Winchester, "either personally exercise or are the partners of gentlemen invested by foreign governments with consular functions."² This fact gives peculiar interest to the great desire shown by nearly all the Chambers of Commerce that the powers of the consuls should be largely increased. The Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce desires to see "restoration of the prestige of her Majesty's consuls . . . increasing their powers by the occasional display, if not employment, of *more than moral force* when dealing with the Chinese authorities connected with their individual jurisdiction."³

In minor matters, indeed, every one, according to the residents at Tien-tsin, should be his own consul:—

"We believe that at the Treaty ports even now, the Consuls in many petty cases of interest merely to the persons concerned, might greatly to their own relief yield up the present privilege of action to such persons, and allow them to prosecute their own cases with the Chinese authorities *with that warmth and energy which self-interest would naturally inspire*."⁴

But the recommendation most generally made is, says Mr. Wade, "the step of authorising the consul, *at his own discretion*, to meet particular claims by deduction of an equivalent sum from the dues and duties of British vessels leaving the port." "This," he goes on to remark, "is, in plain language, an act of war."

And be it remembered that the men who make these monstrous

(1) Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 103. It would have been much simpler for these worthies to have suggested at once that the Chinese Government should be requested to present a humble petition to the Queen of England, praying for annexation.

(2) Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 31.

(3) Page 44.

(4) Revision of Treaty, page 88.

claims, and who fill the colonial and even the London press with their cries of Chinese obstructiveness and failure to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of 1858, have, many of them, themselves been using the clauses of that Treaty as a means of defrauding the Chinese Government. "Under the Transit Pass clause of the Treaty foreigners enjoyed an advantage over the natives, by being enabled to send cotton and woollen fabrics into the interior, on payment of the transit tax. . . . But foreigners, not content with their advantages, sold their names to Chinese holders, and for some years not a bale of manufactured goods went into the interior except under foreign transit passes."¹

But enough of this sickening picture. Englishmen who respect themselves feel contaminated by the common bond which unites them to men whose higher instincts have become so utterly opaque and callous, whose souls, to use the fierce and true word of the Chinese statesman, have been so effectually "cauterized by gain-seeking desires."² It is time to turn for a moment to the attitude taken under these circumstances by our political representatives in China. It is a different picture, and it would have been wise if English journalism during the last few months had studied it more closely.

"If we propose," says Mr. Wade,³ "to continue diplomatic intercourse with China, we must not, in my opinion, act towards her otherwise than we would act towards any other country with which we have diplomatic intercourse."

"If only means can be found," says Sir R. Alcock, "of keeping from them all foreign meddling and attempts at dictation, there is yet ground of hope. But these rouse strong instincts of resistance and national pride, giving fresh force to the retrograde and anti-foreign party; while at the same time it paralyzes all hopeful effort in those more favourable to progress from the fear of its being made a new pretext for action on the part of foreign powers. No nations like the interference of a foreign power in its internal affairs however well intentioned it may be, and China is no exception to the rule. *I am thoroughly convinced they would go much better and faster if left alone.*"⁴

With regard to the introduction of railroads, telegraphs, &c., he remarks:—

"I believe both railroads and telegraphs will come; all my experience in Chinese affairs leads me to the conclusion that we do not advance but retard great innovations by seeking to deprive the Chinese Government of all free will and spontaneity."⁵

"The Chinese will have nothing to do with foreigners as the protégés of their

(1) Commercial Reports of Consuls in China, page 21 (Mr. Forrest's Report). This was at Ningpo, but the same thing went on also at Shanghai, and probably elsewhere. See Papers on Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 30—32. "The native transit duties," says Consul Winchester, "are much in excess of the 2½ per cent. levied (on English goods) under Art. xxvii. of the Treaty.

(2) Commissioner Lin, 1840.

(3) Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 430.

(4) Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 57.

(5) Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 114

respective governments ; and they are right. To keep as clear as possible of all foreign governments is a very natural desire on the part of those who have thrice in a single generation had objectionable treaties imposed upon them at the point of the bayonet. . . . Railroads, telegraphs, steam machinery, scientific directions for the working of mines, the acquisition of foreign languages . . . all these may within a very few years be in full play throughout the country ; . . . *but on one condition, that they are left alone, free alike from dictation or control as to the selection of their agents, and the time and condition of their employment ; and that they are free from all restraint or galling interference on the part of foreign governments or their agents, diplomatic or consular. Hitherto a different condition has undoubtedly existed."*

And in another place he remarks :—

"In China, as in Italy, there is a party whose watch-cry is *Farà da se*, desiring to take their place among the nations of the West on condition that they are left alone to work out their own social and political problems. And it cannot be doubted that a Chinese Government and provincial administration invigorated by European elements *freely adopted*, . . . might produce results both permanent and beneficial on more than half of the eastern race; Mongol, Tartar, and Chinese, spread over the greater part of Asia."¹

What obstacles remain to a policy like this—a policy of simple, straightforward dealing, of friendly, cordial co-operation ; gradually uprooting the grievances and grudges of the past ; sternly insisting that no more seeds of future mischief be planted ; restricting to their narrowest limits the evils of extritoriality with a view to their final extinction ; entering into combination, for this purpose, with the Western Powers, America, Germany, France ; frankly inviting China to enter this comity of nations on equal terms ?

For it is either to this or to the unseen fatalities of force that we are now come. The time for choice is brief. We may choose war, with probability of momentary success, with certainty of future trouble—possibly of far greater trouble than any one dreams of. We may sow the wind once more, to reap the whirlwind.

We know little of Chinese strength, except this : that it is steadily forming, and that it is not yet formed. And the cynical policy attributed to Germany in the spring, and bitterly denounced in England, has found English advocates as against China : Let us attack her before she has become strong.

It may be granted to be all but certain that our force would for the moment penetrate China, as iron into clay. But what then ? Annexation is a dream, or a nightmare ; and "material guarantees"—seaports held, mouths of rivers occupied—of what are they the guarantees but of eternal hostility, hot-beds of endless war ? China is no India of the days of Clive, with wrangling religions and races, with emasculated culture in one place, and dislocated strength in others. In China there is political disruption, such as she has known and has survived ten times in two thousand years ; but there is union of race, union of religion, union of language, and the most formidable

capacity of union for other objects.¹ And it is among this vast, energetic, industrious population, arming themselves every day with European artillery and rifles, that we think it wise, year after year, sedulously to sow the seeds of hate!

But granted she were as weak as India was a hundred years back, there is another difference of a very notable kind. India is surrounded by the sea and by the loftiest wall of mountains in the world. We have surrounded and disarmed India. We cannot disarm China. Thirty years ago we had China to ourselves, but the case is wholly different now. We share the sea-board trade with America and Germany. Russia is in the rear.

It is seven years since Prince Bismark dropped a hint that, "in the important commercial interests of Germany in the east of Asia, her representative at Peking had ever been mindful of the heavy responsibility which would attach to him for the consequences of untimely and impetuous pressure to obtain by violence precarious advantages."² Those interests are more important now, nor is Germany less capable of defending them. America has invariably held the same language; and her shipping interests on the Chinese coast now exceed our own.³

Every consideration, therefore, of prudence and humanity would seem to point to a reversal, gradual no doubt, but steady and radical, of the policy hitherto pursued in China. But all reversals are hard uphill work, and in this case there is one definite and palpable block to such a course, removable no doubt, but by strenuous efforts only;—the Indian revenue from the opium traffic. It is vain to reiterate the moralities of the question. That it does no harm; that the increase of native opium in China proves the impossibility of suppression, or at least the indifference of the Chinese Government; these and other things so constantly asserted by every one interested, and as constantly denied by every one else, cannot be discussed here. What commission of physicians could be appointed which would fail to condemn it?⁴

(1) Ask the Consul at Nungpo for instance. See, too, Mr. Wade on the combining power of Chinese traders (Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 443).

(2) Revision of Treaty of Tien-tsin, page 371. See also letter of Mr. Ross Brown (American minister) to the Prince of Kung, page 183.

(3) See Commercial Reports of Consuls in China, 1874 and 1875.

(4) If medical opinion is thought overstrained, what are we to say of Mr. Wade's experience? Referring to Messrs. Jardine's and Matheson's opinions (merchants specially interested in the trade), that "the use of opium is not a curse, but a comfort and a benefit to the hard-working Chinese," Mr. Wade remarks, "I cannot endorse this opinion. . . . It is to me vain to think otherwise of the use of the drug in China than as, of a habit many times more pernicious, nationally speaking, than the gin and whisky drinking which we deplore at home. . . . I know of no case of radical cure. It has ensued in every case within my knowledge the steady descent, moral and physical, of the smoker." Scandalous as all this is, it is yet of course the lesser, not the greater, question. Discreditable as it may be for the Indian Government to be manufacturers

We are not left in doubt as to the feeling of the Chinese Government on this subject. In the important conversation with our Ambassador recorded in p. 396 of the Papers on the Revision of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, the Foreign Minister, admitting the hostility of the educated classes, asked :—

"How could it be otherwise? . . . they had often seen foreigners making war upon the country; and then again how irreparable and continuous was the injury which they saw inflicted on the whole Empire by the foreign importation of opium. If England would consent to interdict this, cease either to grow it in India, or to allow their ships to bring it to China, there might be some hope of more friendly feelings. No doubt there was a very strong feeling entertained by the literati and gentry as to the frightful evils attending upon the smoking of opium, its thoroughly demoralising effects, and the utter ruin of all who gave way to the vice. They believed the extension of this practice was mainly due to the alacrity with which foreigners supplied the poison for their own profit, perfectly regardless of the irreparable injury inflicted, and naturally they felt hostile to all concerned in such a traffic."

What could be the reply? That Messrs. Jardine and Matheson had proclaimed the "innocuousness" of opium; that if India ceased to produce opium, other countries could and would produce it without limit; that a great and lucrative trade would be transferred to other hands; that China would "suffer from a larger quantity of the poppy being cultivated in place of rice and other staples of food within her own limits." "The only remedy lay with the Chinese people. Let them cease to crave for it," &c., &c. It was "not possible in any country to make people virtuous by legal enactment."

How obvious was the rejoinder :—

"It was replied that if England ceased to protect the trade it could then be effectually prohibited by the Emperor, and it would eventually cease to trouble them, while a great cause of hostility and mistrust in the minds of the people would be removed; and thus compensation might be found in Britain for a temporary loss; temporary only, since the same fields now devoted to the cultivation of the poppy could be made to grow rice, or cotton, or other profitable products. With this irreconcilable difference of opinion," adds Sir R. Alcock, "there was little to be gained by continuing the discussion, and we passed on to other subjects."

One fact more. Of the opium produced in India nearly one-half is exported, not to the Treaty ports, where at least it contributes to Chinese revenue, but to Hong Kong,¹ where the illicit trade is probably far greater now than it was thirty years ago.

On the whole, it may be doubted whether, since the suppression of the slave trade, any spectacle so humiliating and so scandalous as the maintenance of this traffic by force of arms has been given to the world by any civilised nation. The price to be paid for its suppression of opium, it is infinitely worse that by force of arms we should compel the Chinese Government to receive it.

As to the argument from the increase of native opium, its fallacy is of course obvious. If we were forced by a stronger power to admit foreign spirits free of duty, we should probably remit our own excise, if only in the hope of ruining the foreign trade.

(1) In 1871-2, 44,866 chests of opium were exported to the Chinese ports; 40,604 to Hong-Kong.

sion is high, no doubt; but every consideration of justice, wisdom, national self-respect, imperatively calls for it.¹

The action of statesmen is of necessity a resultant of the pressure exercised by material interests and by such higher morality as may be stamped upon opinion, strongly and deeply at some times, vaguely and faintly in others. If we waive for a moment purely prudential considerations, and look round us for such spiritual guidance, what do we find? Of anonymous journalism enough has been said. *Guarda e passa.* But what on this vast subject is the teaching of the Christian Church—Catholic, Wesleyan, or Anglican? What of the advanced scientists who ignore its teaching?

The oracles are dumb. There is a faint echo of mediæval fanaticism in the demand to protect missions of which the avowed purpose is to denounce and subvert what is time-honoured and sacred; to dissociate the sense of duty from all its roots in time and reverence. There are vague instincts of mercy and benevolence, no doubt; but definite expression of principle there is none. Not a bishop, not a preacher has raised his voice to protest against unjust war.²

Science is dumb too. Can it be that absorption in the cherished theory of Evolution by Survival of the Fittest, unknown to themselves, has hampered her advocates? Can it be that the Science prevalent in our time, mutilated and imperfect as yet, ignores the truth that beyond the Science of Life, built upon it, but rising above it, is the Science of Humanity, with methods and principles wholly of its own; and that Human Progress consists essentially in the upward struggle against the brute barbaric competitions of pre-human life?

Justice issues from two factors, Sympathy and Intelligence. Vague philanthropic enthusiasm, all-important as an impelling force, is wholly helpless, unless action be steered rightly by discriminating knowledge. The study of the past of China, a comparison of it with the evolution of the West, a rational theory of the differences between them, are indispensable conditions for appreciating her present state rightly; for aiding her shortcomings; for stimulating her Progress, without subverting her Order. Justice from England to China means no less than this; and here, as in other efforts to attain a just standard of international dealing, those who study the political and ethical teaching of Comte, find in it what the Church fails to supply; what the popular Theory of Evolution supplies even less.

J. H. BRIDGES.

(1) The proposal recently made that the Bengal Government shall cease to superintend the cultivation of opium, simply levying an export duty, as in Bombay, is objectionable; but of course it wholly fails to deal with the international evil of maintaining its importation into China by force of arms.

(2) I gladly acknowledge the latest utterance (October) of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic. Still the fact remains that the claims of missionaries in China to be above the law of the country, form one of the grievances of which the Chinese most bitterly complain.

DIDEROT.

v.

Dialogues.

To many an one, it has been said, in hypochondriacal moments the world, viewed from the æsthetic side, appears a cabinet of caricatures; from the intellectual side, a madhouse; and from the moral side, a harbouring-place for rascals.¹ We might perhaps extend this saying beyond the accidents of hypochondriasis, and urge that the few wide, profound, and real observers of human life have all known, and known often, this fantastic consciousness of living in a strange distorted universe of grotesques, lunatics, knaves. It is an inevitable mood to any who dare to shake the kaleidoscopic fragments out of their accepted combination. Who does not remember deep traces of such a mood in Plato, Shakespeare, Pascal, Goethe? And Diderot, who went near to having something of the deep quality of those sovereign spirits, did not escape, any more than they, the visitation of the misanthropic spectre. The distinction of the greater minds is that they have no temptation to give the spectre a permanent home with them, as is done by orthodox theologians in order to prove the necessity of grace and another world, or by cynics in order to prove the wisdom of selfishness in this world. The greater minds accept the worse facts of character for what they are worth, and bring them into a right perspective with the better facts. They never expect to escape all perplexities, nor to hit on answers to all the moral riddles of the world. Yet are they ever drawn by an invincible fascination to the feet of the mighty Sphinx of society; she bewilders them with questions that are never overheard by common ears, and torments them with mockery that is unobserved by common eyes. The energetic—a Socrates, a Diderot—cannot content themselves with merely recording her overlasting puzzles; still less with merely rewriting the already recorded answers. They insist on scrutinising the moral world afresh; they resolve the magniloquent vocabulary of abstract ethics into the small realities from which it has come; they break the complacent repose of opinion and usage by a graphic irony. “The definitions of moral beings,” said Diderot, “are always made from what such beings ought to be, and never from what they are. People incessantly confound duty with the thing as it is.”² We shall proceed to give a short account of one or two dialogues in which he endeavoured to keep clear of this confusion.

(1) Schopenhauer, *Ethik*, 199.

(2) *Œuv.*, iv. 29.

I. By far the most important of these is *Rameau's Nephew*. The fortunes of this singular production are probably unique in literary history. In the year 1804 Schiller handed to Goethe the manuscript of a piece by Diderot, with the wish that he might find himself able to translate it into German. "As I had long," says Goethe, "cherished a great regard for this author, I cheerfully undertook the task, after looking through the original. People can see, I hope, that I threw my whole soul into it."¹ When he had done his work, he returned the manuscript to Schiller. Schiller died almost immediately (May, 1805), and the mysterious manuscript disappeared. Goethe could never learn either whence it had come, or whither it went. He always suspected that the autograph original had been sent to the empress Catherine at St. Petersburg, and that Schiller's manuscript was a copy from that. Though Goethe had executed his translation, as he says, "not merely with readiness but even with passion," the violent and only too just hatred then prevailing in Germany for France and all that belonged to France, hindered any vogue which *Rameau's Nephew* might otherwise have had. On the eve of Austerlitz and of Jena there might well be little humour for a satire from the French.

Thirteen years afterwards an edition of Diderot's works appeared in Paris (Belin's edition of 1818), but the editors were obliged to content themselves, for *Rameau's Nephew*, with an analysis of Goethe's translation. In 1821 a lively sensation was produced by the publication of what professed to be the original text of the missing dialogue. It was really a re-translation into French from Goethe. The fraud was not discovered for some time, until in 1823 Brière announced for his edition of Diderot's works, a reprint from a veritable original. This original he had procured from Madame de Vandeuil, Diderot's daughter, who still survived. She described it as a copy made in 1760 under the author's own eyes. The two young men who had tried to palm off their re-translation from Goethe as Diderot's own text, at once had the effrontery to accuse Brière and Diderot's daughter of repeating their own fraud. A vivacious dispute followed between the indignant publisher and his impudent detractors. At length Brière appealed to the great Jove of Weimar. Goethe expressed his conviction that Brière's text was the genuine text of the original, and this was held to settle the question. Goethe's voucher for its correspondence with the copy handed to him by Schiller was not really decisive evidence. He admits that he executed the translation very rapidly, and had no time to compare it closely with the French. An identification nearly twenty years afterwards of verbal resemblances and minute references in a work that had been only a short time in his hands, cannot be counted

(1) *Werke*, xxv. 291.

testimony of the highest kind. We have thus the extraordinary circumstance that for a great number of years, down almost to the present decade, the text of the one masterpiece of a famous man who died so recently as 1784, rested on a single manuscript, and that a manuscript of equivocal authenticity.

M. Assézat, whose excellent edition of Diderot's works is at this moment coming out in Paris, to the great satisfaction of all students who like to know when they are treading on the solid ground of an authentic text, informs us that "particularly fortunate circumstances have placed him in possession of a copy of *Rameau's Nephew*, which is undated, but evidently belongs to the end of the last century." We cannot help wishing that M. Assézat had been able to describe these fortunate circumstances in plain terms, that so the amazing mystification which envelopes the performance might at last be finally cleared away. May we hope that it is a transcript, or at any rate a collation, from the copy which went to the library of St. Petersburg with the rest of Diderot's literary property after his death? Meanwhile we may content ourselves with M. Assézat's text, whencesoever it may have come. He gives sufficient reasons for thinking it slightly fuller and more complete than the previous text. Happily, this is not one of those cases where the salvation of mankind hangs on a various reading; a vowel too much or too little does not make all the difference between a healing truth and a damning error.

Critics differ extremely in their answers to the question of the subject or object of Diderot's singular "farce-tragedy." One declares it to be merely a satirical picture of contemporary manners. Another insists that it is meant to be an ironical *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of self-interest, by exhibiting a concrete example of its working in all its grossness. A third holds that it was composed by way of ripost to Palissot's comedy (*Les Philosophes*), 1760, which had brought the chiefs of the rational school upon the stage, and presented them as enemies of the human race. A fourth suspects that the personal and dramatic portions are no more than a setting for the discussion of the comparative merits of the French and Italian schools of music. The true answer is that the dialogue is all of these things, because it is none of them. It is neither more nor less than the living picture and account of an original, drawn by a man of genius who was accustomed to observe human nature and society with a free unblinking vision, and to meditate upon them deeply and searchingly. Diderot goes to work with Rameau in some sort and to a certain extent as Shakespeare went to work with Falstaff. He is the artist, reproducing with the variety and perfection of art a whimsical figure that struck his fancy and stirred the creative impulse. Ethics, æsthetics, manners, satire, are all indeed to be found in the

dialogue, but they are only there as incident to the central figure of the sketch, the prodigy of parasites. Diderot had no special fondness for these originals. Yet he had a keen and just sense of their interest. "Their character stands out from the rest of the world, it breaks that tiresome uniformity which our bringing up, our social conventions, and our arbitrary fashions have introduced. If one of them makes his appearance in a company, he is like leaven, fermenting and restoring to each person present a portion of his natural individuality. He stirs people up, moves them, provokes to praise or blame: he is a means of bringing out the truth; gives honest people a chance of showing what they are made of, and unmasks the rogues."¹

Hearing that the subject of Diderot's dialogue is the Parasite, the scholar will naturally think of that savage satire in which Juvenal rehearses the thousand humiliations that Virro inflicts on Trebius: how the wretched follower has to drink fiery stuff from broken crockery, while the patron quaffs of the costliest from splendid cups of amber and precious stones; how the host has fine oil of Venafrum, while the guest munches cabbage steeped in rancid lamp-oil; one plays daintily with mullet and lamprey, while the other has his stomach turned by an eel as long as a snake and bloated in the torrent of the sewers; Virro has apples that might have come from the gardens of the Hesperides, while Trebius gnaws such musty things as are tossed to a performing monkey on the town wall. But the distance is immeasurable between Juvenal's scorching truculence, and Diderot's half-ironical, half-serious sufferance. Juvenal knows that Trebius is a base and abject being; he tells him what he is; and blasts him in the process. Diderot knows that Rameau too is base and abject, but he is so little willing to rest in the fat and easy paradise of conventions, that he seems to be all the time vaguely wondering in his own mind how far this genius of grossness and paradox and bestial sophism is a pattern of the many, with the mask thrown off. He seems to be inwardly musing whether it can after all be true, that if one draws aside a fold of the gracious outer robe of conformity, one sees no comeliness of life shining underneath, but only this horror of the skeleton and the worm. He restrains exasperation at the brilliant effrontery of his man, precisely as an anatomist would suppress disgust at a pathological monstrosity or an astonishing variation in which he hoped to surprise some vital secret. Rameau is not crudely analysed as a vile type: he is searched as exemplifying on a prodigious scale elements of character that lie furtively in the depths of characters that are not vile. It seems as if Diderot unconsciously anticipated that terrible, that woful, that desolating saying,—*There is in every man and woman something*

which, if you knew it, would make you hate them. Rameau is not all parasite. He is your brother and mine, a product from the same rudimentary factors of mental composition, a figure cast equally with ourselves in one of the countless moulds of the huge social foundry.

Such is the scientific attitude of mind towards character. It is not philanthropic nor pitiful: the fact that base characters exist and are of intelligible origin, is no reason why we should not do our best to shun and to extirpate them. This assumption of the scientific point of view, this change from mere praise and blame to scrutiny, this comprehension that mere execration is not the last word, is a mark of the modern spirit. 'Besides Juvenal, another writer of genius has shown us the parasite of an ancient society. Lucian, whose fertility, wit, invention, mockery, freshness of spirit, and honest hatred of false gods, make him the Voltaire of the second century, has painted with all his native liveliness more than one picture of the parasite. The great man's creature at Rome endures exactly the same long train of affronts and humiliations as the great man's creature at Paris sixteen centuries later, beginning with the anguish of the mortified stomach, as savoury morsels of venison or boar are given to more important guests, and ending with the anguish of the mortified spirit, as he sees himself supplanted by a rival of shapelier person, a more ingenious versifier, a cleverer mountebank. The dialogue proving that Parasitic, or the honourable craft of Spunging, has as many of the marks of a genuine art as Rhetoric, Gymnastic, or Music, is a spirited parody of Socratic catechising and Platonic mannerisms. Simo proves to Tychiades, as ingeniously as Rameau proves to Diderot, that the Spunger has a far better life of it, and is a far more rational and consistent person, than the orator and the philosopher.¹ Lucian's satire is vivid, brilliant, and diverting. Yet everyone feels that Diderot's performance, while equally vivid, is marked by greater depth of spirit; comes from a soil that has been more freely broken up, and has been enriched by a more copious experience. The ancient turned upon these masterpieces of depravation the flash of intellectual scorn; the modern eyes them with a certain moral patience, and something of that curious kind of interest, looking half like sympathy, which a hunter has for the object of his chase.

The Rameau of the dialogue was a real personage, and there is a dispute whether Diderot has not calumniated him. Evidence enough remains that he was at least a person of singular character and irregular disastrous life. Diderot's general veracity of temperament would make us believe that his picture is authentic, but the interest of the dialogue is exactly the same in either case.

(1) *Lucian, Περὶ Παρσιτου, and Περὶ τῶν ἐνὶ μισθῷ συνόντων.*

Juvenal's fifth satire would be worth neither more nor less, however much was found out about Trebius.

"Rameau is one of the most eccentric figures in the country, where God has not made them lacking. He is a mixture of elevation and lowness; of good sense and madness; the notions of good and bad must be mixed up together in strange confusion in his head, for he shows the good qualities that nature has bestowed on him without any ostentation, and the bad ones without the smallest shame. For the rest, he is endowed with a vigorous frame, a particular warmth of imagination, and an uncommon strength of lungs. If you ever meet him, unless you happen to be arrested by his originality, you will either stuff your fingers into your ears, or else take to your heels. Heavens, what a monstrous pipe! Nothing is so little like him as himself. One time he is lean and wan, like a patient in the last stage of consumption; you could count his teeth through his cheeks, you would say he must have passed some days without tasting a morsel, or that he is fresh from La Trappe. A month after, he is stout and sleek as if he had been sitting all the time at the board of a financier, or had been shut up in a Bernardine monastery. To-day in dirty linen, his clothes torn or patched, with barely a shoe to his foot, he steals along with a bent head; one is tempted to hail him and toss him a shilling. To-morrow, all powdered, curled, in a good coat, he marches about with head erect and open mien, and you would almost take him for a decent worthy creature. He lives from day to day, from hand to mouth, downcast or sad, just as things may go. His first care of a morning when he gets up, is to know where he will dine; after dinner, he begins to think where he may pick up a supper. Night brings disquiets of its own. Either he climbs to a shabby garret he has, unless the landlady, weary of waiting for her rent, has taken the key away from him; or else he slinks to some tavern on the outskirts of the town, where he waits for daybreak over a crust of bread and a mug of beer. When he has not threepence in his pocket, as sometimes happens, he has recourse either to a hackney carriage belonging to a friend, or to the coachman of some man of quality, who gives him a bed on the straw beside the horses. In the morning, he still has bits of his mattress in his hair. If the weather is mild, he measures the Champs Elysées all night long. With the day he re-appears in the town, dressed over night for the morrow, and from the morrow sometimes dressed for the rest of the week."

Diderot is accosted by this curious being one afternoon on a bench in front of the Café de la Régence in the Palais Royal. They proceed in the thoroughly natural and easy manner of interlocutors in a Platonic dialogue. It is not too much to say that *Rameau's Nephew* is the most effective and masterly use of that form of discussion since Plato. Diderot's vein of realism is doubtless in strong contrast with Plato's poetic and idealising touch. Yet imaginative strokes are not wanting to soften the repulsive theme, and bring the sordid and the foul within the sphere of art. For an example. "Time has passed," says Rameau, "and that is always so much gained."

"I.—So much lost, you mean.

He.—No, no; gained. People grow rich every moment; a day less to live, or a crown piece to the good, 'tis all one. When the last moment comes, one is as rich as another. Samuel Bernard, who by pillaging and stealing and playing bankrupt, leaves seven and twenty million francs in gold, is no better than Rameau, who leaves not a penny, and will be indebted to charity for a shroud to wrap about him. The dead man hears not the tolling of the bell; 'tis in vain that a hundred priests bawl dirges for him, in vain that a long file of blazing torches go before. His soul walks not by the side of the master of the ceremonies. To moulder under marble, or to moulder under clay, 'tis still to moulder. To have around one's bier children in red and children in blue, or to have not a creature, what matters it?"

These are the gleams of the *mens divinior*, that relieve the perplexing moral squalor of the portrait. Even here we have the painful inuendo that a thought which is solemnising and holy to the noble, serves equally well to point a trait of cynical defiance in the ignoble.

Again, there is an indirectly imaginative element in the sort of terror which the thoroughness of the presentation inspires. For indeed it is an emotion hardly short of terror that seizes us as we listen to the stringent unflinching paradox of this heterogeneous figure. Rameau is the squalid and tattered Satan of the eighteenth century. He is a Mephistopheles out at elbows, a Lucifer in low water; yet always diabolic, with the bright flash of the pit in his eye. Disgust is transformed into horror and affright by the trenchant confidence of his spirit, the daring thoroughness and consistency of his dialectic, the lurid sarcasm, the vile penetration. He is one of Swift's Yahoos, with the courage of its opinions. He seems to give one a reason for hating and dreading one's self. The effect is of mixed fear and fascination, as of a magician whose miraculous crystal is to show us what and how we shall be twenty years from now; or as when a surgeon tells the tale of some ghastly disorder, that may at the very moment be stealthily preparing for us a doom of anguish.

Hence our dialogue is assuredly no 'meat for little people nor for fools.' But it is a study to be omitted by no one who judges the corruption of the old society in France an important historic subject. The picture is very like the corruption of the old society in Rome. We see the rotten material which the purifying flame of Jacobinism consumed from out of the land with fiery swiftness. We see the very classes from which, as we are so often told, the regeneration of France would have come, if raging demagogues and frantic rabble had not violently interposed.

As the dialogue is not in every hand,—nor could one wish that it should be,—it is perhaps worth while to transcribe some of its pages.

"In old days," says Rameau, "in pretending to give music lessons, I was doubtless stealing my pupils' money."

"I.—And did you steal it without remorse?"

He.—Certainly, without remorse. They say that if one thief pilfers from another, the devil laughs. The parents were bursting with a fortune, which had been got the Lord knows how. They were people about the court, financiers, great merchants, bankers. I helped to make them disgorge,—I and the rest of the people they employed. In nature, all species devour one another; so all ranks devour one another in society. We do justice on one another, without any meddling from the law. The other day it was Deschamps, now it is Guimard, who avenges the prince on the financier; and it is the milliner, the jeweller, the upholsterer, the hosier, the draper, the lady's maid, the cook, the saddler, who avenges the financier on Deschamps. In the midst of it all, there is only the imbecile or the sloth who suffers injury without inflicting it. Whence you see that these exceptions to the general conscience, or these moral idioms about which they make such a stir, are nothing, after all, and that you only need to take a clear survey of the whole.

I.—I admire yours.

He.—And thou misery! The voice of conscience and of honour is terribly weak, when the stomach calls out. Enough to say that if ever I grow rich, I shall be bound to restore, and I have made up my mind to restore in every possible fashion, by eating, drinking, gambling, and whatever else you please.

I.—I have some fears about your ever growing rich.

He.—I have suspicions myself.

I.—But if things should fall so, what then?

He.—I would do like all other beggars set on horseback: I would be the most insolent ruffler that ever was seen. Then I shall recall all they have made me go through, and will pay them back with good interest all the advances they have been good enough to make me. I am fond of command, and I will command. I am fond of praise, and I will have them praise me. I will have in my pay the whole troop of flatterers, parasites, and buffoons, and I'll say to them, as has been said to me, 'Come, knaves, let me be amused,' and amused I shall be; 'pull me some honest folk to pieces,' and pulled to pieces they will be,—if any honest folk can be found. We will be jolly over our cups; we will have all sorts of vices and whimsies; it will be delicious! We will prove that Voltaire has no genius; that Buffon, everlastingly perched upon his stilts, is only a turgid declaimer; that Montesquieu is nothing more than a man with a touch of ingenuity; we will send D'Alembert packing to his fusty mathematics. We will welcome before and behind all the pygmy Catos like you, whose modesty is the prop of pride, and whose sobriety is a fine name for not being able to help yourselves.

I.—From the worthy use to which you would put your riches, I perceive what a pity it is that you are a beggar. You would live thus in a manner that would be eminently honourable to the human race, eminently useful to your countrymen, and eminently glorious for yourself.

He.—You are mocking me, sir philosopher. But you do not know whom you are laughing at. You do not suspect that at this moment I represent the most important part of the town and the court. Our millionaires in all ranks have or have not said to themselves exactly the same things as I have just confided to you; but the fact is, the life I should lead is precisely their life. What a notion you people have; you think that the same sort of happiness is made for all the world. Strange vision! Yours supposes a certain romantic spirit that we know nothing of, a singular character, a peculiar taste.

You adorn this incongruous mixture with the name of philosophy ; but now, are virtue and philosophy made for all the world ? He has them who can get them, and he keeps them who can. Imagine the universe sage and philosophical ; agree that it would be a most diabolically gloomy spot. Come, long live philosophy ! The wisdom of Solomon for ever ! To drink good wines, to cram one's self with dainty dishes, to rest on beds of down : except that, all, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

I.—What, to defend one's native land ?

He.—Vanity ! There is native land no more ; I see nought from pole to pole but tyrants and slaves.

I.—To help one's friends ?

He.—Vanity ! Has one any friends ? If one had, ought we to turn them into ingrates ? Look well, and you will see that this is all you get by doing services. Gratitude is a burden, and every burden is made to be shaken off.

I.—To have a position in society and fulfil its duties ?

He.—Vanity ! What matters it whether you have a position or not, provided you are rich, since you only seek a position to become rich ? To fulfil one's duties, what does that lead to ? To jealousy, trouble, persecution. Is that the way to get on ? Nay indeed : to see the great, to court them, study their taste, bow to their fancies, serve their vices, praise their injustice—there is the secret.

I.—To watch the education of one's children ?

He.—Vanity again ! That is a tutor's business.

I.—But if this tutor, having picked up his principles from you, neglects his duties, who will pay the penalty ?

He.—Not I, at any rate, but most likely the husband of my daughter, or the wife of my son.

I.—But suppose that they both plunge into vice and debauchery ?

He.—That is natural to their position.

I.—Suppose they bring themselves into dishonour ?

He.—You never come into dishonour, if you are rich, whatever you do.

I.—Suppose they ruin themselves ?

He.—So much the worse for them.

I.—You will not pay much heed to your wife ?

He.—None whatever, if you please. The best compliment, I think, that a man can pay his dearer half is to do what pleases himself. In your opinion, tell me, would society be so mightily amusing if everybody in it was always attending to his affairs ?

I.—Why not ? The evening is never so fair to me as when I am satisfied with my morning.

He.—And to me also.

I.—What makes the men of the world so dainty in their amusements is their profound idleness.

He.—Pray, do not think that ; they are full of trouble.

I.—As they never tire themselves, they are never refreshed.

He.—Don't suppose that, either. They are incessantly worn out.

I.—Pleasure is always a business for them, never the satisfaction of a necessity.

He.—So much the better ; necessity is always a trouble.

I.—They wear everything out. Their soul gets blunted, weariness seizes

them. A man who should take their life in the very midst of all their crushing abundance, would do them a kindness: the only part of happiness they know is that which loses its edge. I do not despise the pleasures of the senses: I have a palate, too, and it is tickled by a well-seasoned dish or a fine wine; I have a heart and eyes, and I like to see a handsome woman. Sometimes with my friends, a gay party, even if it waxes somewhat tumultuous, does not displease me. But I will not dissemble from you that it is infinitely pleasanter to me to have succoured the unfortunate, to have ended some thorny business, to have given wholesome counsel, done some pleasant reading, taken a walk with some man or woman dear to me, passed instructive hours with my children, written a good page, fulfilled the duties of my position, said to the woman I love soft things that bring her arm round my neck. I know actions which I would give all that I possess, to have done. *Mahomet* is a sublime work; I would a hundred times rather have got justice for the memory of the Calas."

"You do not suspect, Sir philosopher," says Rameau, "that at this moment I represent the most important part of the town and the court." This is the social significance of the dialogue. This is what, apart from other considerations, makes *Rameau's Nephew* so much more valuable a guide to the moral sentiment of the time, than merely licentious compositions like those of *Louvet* or *La Clos*. Its instructiveness is immense to those who examine the conditions that prepared the Revolution. Rameau is not the ἀκόλαστος of Aristotle, nor the creature of ἀπονοία described by Theophrastus,—the castaway by individual idiosyncrasy, the reprobate by accident. The men whom he represented, the courtiers, the financiers, the merchants, the shopkeepers, were immoral by formula and depraved on principle. Vice was a doctrine to them, and wretchedness of unclean living was reduced to a system of philosophy. Anyone, I venture to repeat, who realises the extent to which this had corroded the ruling powers in France, will perceive that the furious flood of social energy which the Jacobins poured over the country was not less indispensable to France, than the flood of the barbarians was indispensable for the transformation of the Roman Empire.

Scattered among the more serious fragments of the dialogue is some excellent bye-play of sarcasm upon Palissot and one or two of the other assailants of the new liberal school. Palissot is an old story. The figure is as familiar to the reader of the *Times* as it was to the reader of the *Année Littéraire*. The Palissots are an eternal species. The family never dies out, and it thrives in every climate. All societies know the literary dangler in great houses, and the purveyor to fashionable prejudices. Not that he is always servile. The reader, I dare say, remembers that *La Bruyère* described a curious being in *Troilus*, the despotic parasite. Palissot, eighteenth century or nineteenth century, is often like *Troilus*, parasite and tyrant at

the same time. He sometimes knows much, but it is in the region of the infinitely little. The idlest and are mightier interests to him than the forces that shake a world. By history he means the personal reminiscences of a few of the more gaily coloured ephemera on the vast driving wheel of civilization, and notions about Mary Stuart or the Man in the Iron Mask. By literature he means *vers-de-société*, leading articles, anecdotes, and something about Junius. We look on with amused interest at the industry of our Palissot, as armed with wallet, lantern, and penetrative crook, he pursues his busy search for unconsidered trifles. You cannot deny his love of truth, but then Boswell loved truth when he asked questions that made Johnson ready to hang himself, as why an apple is round and a pear pointed? The Palissot has no objection to pat a pygmy on the back, but a man of lofty virtue and fine genius moves all his bile. The new ideas and higher social hopes that have stirred all that is best in Europe since Diderot's time are odious in his sight. They fill him with literary restlessness. He usually happens to have begun life with laudable aspirations and sincere interests of his own; and when, alas, the mediocrity of his gifts proves too weak to bear the burden of his ambitions, the recollection of a generous youth only serves to sour old age.

Bel esprit abhorré de tous les bons esprits,
 Il pense par la haine échapper au mépris.
 A force d'attentats il se croit illustré ;
 Et s'il n'était méchant, il serait ignoré.

If Palissot had lived in the nineteenth century, he would most likely have opened his career with transcendental poetry, and ended it in writing ill-humoured notices of the Voltaire or Diderot of the time for the morning paper. The Palissot of the eighteenth century began with a tragedy. He proceeded to an angry pamphlet against the Encyclopædists and the fury for innovation. Then he achieved immense vogue among fine ladies, bishops, and the lighter heads of the town, by the comedy in which he held Diderot, D'Alembert, and the others up to hatred and ridicule. Finally, after coming to look upon himself as a serious personage, he disappeared into the mire of half-oblivious contempt and disgust, that happily awaits all the poor Palissots and all their works. His name only survives in connection with the men whom he maligned. He lived to be old, as, oddly enough, Spite so often does. In the Terror he had a narrow escape, for he was brought before Chaumette. Chaumette apostrophised the assailant of Rousseau and Diderot with rude energy, but did not send him to the guillotine. In this the practical disciple only imitated the magnanimity of his theoretical masters. Rousseau had declined an opportunity of punishing Palissot's impertinences, and Diderot took no worse vengeance upon him than by making an occa-

sional reference of contempt to him in a dialogue which he perhaps never intended to publish.

Another subject is handled in *Rameau's Nephew* which is interesting in connection with the mental activity of Paris in the eighteenth century. Music was the field of as much passionate controversy as theology and philosophy. The Bull Unigenitus itself did not lead to livelier disputes, or more violent cabals, than the conflict between the partisans of French music and the partisans of Italian music. The horror of a Jansenist for a Molinist did not surpass that of a Lullist for a Dunist, or afterwards of a Gluckist for a Piccinist.¹ Lulli and Rameau (the uncle of our parasite) had undisputed possession of Paris, until the arrival, in 1752, of a company of Italian singers. The great quarrel at once broke out as to the true method and destination of musical composition. Is music an independent art, appealing directly to a special sense, or is it to be made an instrument for expressing affections of the mind in a certain deeper way? The Italians asked only for delicious harmonies and exquisite melodies. The French insisted that these should be subordinate to the work of the poet. The former were content with delight, the latter pressed for significance. The one declared that Italian music was no better than a silly tickling of the ears; the other, that the overture to a French opera was like a prelude to a Miserere in plain-song. In 1772-3 the illustrious Gluck came to Paris. His art was believed to reconcile the two schools, to have more melody than the old French style, and more severity and meaning than the purely Italian style. French dignity was saved. But soon the old battle, which had been going on for twenty years, began to rage with greater violence than ever. Piccini was brought to Paris by the Neapolitan ambassador. The old cries were heard in a shriller key than before. Pamphlets, broadsheets, sarcasms flew over Paris from every side. Was music only to flatter the ear, or was it to paint the passions in all their energy, to harrow the soul, to raise men's courage, to form citizens and heroes? The coffee-houses were thrown into dire confusion, and literary societies were rent by fatal discord. Even dinner parties breathed only constraint and mistrust, and the intimacies of a lifetime came to cruel end. *Rameau's Nephew* was composed in the midst of the first part of this long campaign of a quarter of a century, and it seems to have been revised by its author in the midst of the second great episode. Diderot declares against the school of Rameau and Lulli. That he should do so was a part of his general reaction in favour of what he called the natural, against artifice and affectation. Goethe has pointed out the inconsistency between Diderot's sympathy

(1) Grimm, ix. 349.

for the less expressive kind of music, and his usual vehement passion for the expressive in art. He truly observes that Diderot's sympathy went in this way, because the novelty and agitation seemed likely to break up the old, stiff, and abhorred fashion, and to clear the ground afresh for other efforts.¹

II. We may now pass to performances that are nearer to the accepted surface of things. A short but charming example of Diderot's taste for putting questions of morals in an interesting way, is found in the *Conversation of a Father with his Children* (published in 1773). This little dialogue is perfect in the simple realism of its form. Its subject is the peril of setting one's own judgment of some special set of circumstances above the law of the land. Diderot's venerable and well-loved father is sitting in his arm-chair, before the fire. He begins the discussion by telling his two sons and his daughter, who are tending him with pious care, how very near he had once been to destroying their inheritance. An old priest had died leaving a considerable fortune. There was believed to be no will, and the next of kin were a number of poor people whom the inheritance would have rescued from indigence for the rest of their days. They appointed the elder Diderot to guard their interests and divide the property. He finds at the bottom of a disused box of ancient letters, receipts, and other waste-paper, a will made long years ago, and bequeathing all the fortune to a very rich bookseller in Paris. There was every reason to suppose that the old priest had forgotten the existence of the will, and it involved a revolting injustice. Would not Diderot be fulfilling the dead man's real wishes by throwing the unwelcome document into the flames? At this point in the dialogue, the doctor enters the room, and interrupts the old man's tale. It appears that he is fresh from the bedside of a criminal who is destined to the gallows. Diderot the younger reproaches him for labouring to keep in the world an offender whom it were best to send out of it with all dispatch. The duty of the physician is to say to so execrable a patient—"I will not busy myself in restoring to life a creature whom it is enjoined upon me by natural equity, the good of society, the well-being of my fellow-creatures, to give up. Die, and let it never be said that through my skill there exists a monster the more on earth!" The doctor parries these energetic declamations with sufficient skill. "My business is to cure, not to judge; I shall cure him, because that is my trade; then the judge will have him hung, because that is his trade." This episodic discussion ended, the story of the will is resumed. The father when on the point of destroying it, was seized with a scruple of conscience, and hastened to a curé well

versed in casuistry. As in England the agents of the law itself not seldom play the part of arbitrary benevolence which the old Diderot would fain have played against the law, the scene may perhaps be worth transcribing :—

“ Nothing is more praiseworthy, Sir, than the sentiment of compassion that touches you for these unfortunate people. Suppress the testament and succour them,—good ; but on condition of restoring to the rightful legatee the exact sum of which you deprive him, neither more nor less. Who authorised you to give a sanction to documents, or to take it away ? Who authorised you to interpret the intentions of the dead ?

But then, father Bouin, the old box ?

Who authorised you to decide whether the will was thrown away on purpose, or mislaid by accident ? Has it never happened to you to do such a thing, and to find at the bottom of a chest some valuable paper that you had tossed there inadvertently ?

But, father Bouin, the far-off date of the paper and its injustice ?

Who authorised you to pronounce on the justice or injustice of the document, and to regard the bequest as an unlawful gift, rather than as a restitution or any other lawful act which you may choose to imagine ?

But, these poor kinsfolk here on the spot, and that mere collateral, distant and wealthy ?

Who authorised you to weigh in your balance what the dead man owed to his distant relations, whom you don't know ?

But, father Bouin, that pile of letters from the legatee, which the departed never even took the trouble to open ?

There is neither old box, nor date, nor letters, nor father Bouin, nor if, nor but, in the case. No one has any right to infringe the laws, to enter into the intention of the dead, or to dispose of other people's property. If providence has resolved to chastise either the heir or the legatee or the testator,—we cannot tell which,—by the accidental preservation of the will, the will must remain.”¹

Diderot the younger declaims against all this with his usual vehemence, while his brother the abbé defends the supremacy of law on the proper grounds that to evade or defy it in any given case is to open the door to the sophistries of all the knaves in the universe. At this point a journeyman of the neighbourhood comes in with a new case of conscience. His wife has died after twenty years of sickness ; in these twenty years the cost of her illness has consumed all that he would otherwise have saved for the end of his days. But, as it happens, the marriage-portion that she brought him has lain untouched. By law this ought to go to her family. Equity, however, seems to justify him in keeping what he might have spent if he had chosen. He consults the party round the fire. One bids him keep the money ; another forbids him ; a third thinks it fair for him to repay himself the cost of his wife's illness. Diderot's father

(1) *Œuvres*, v. 289.

cries out, that since on his own confession the seizure of the inheritance has brought him no comfort, he had better surrender it as speedily as possible, and eat, drink, sleep, work, and make himself happy so.

"Not I, cried the journeyman abruptly, I shall be off to Geneva.

And dost thou think to leave remorse behind ?

I can't tell, but to Geneva I go.

Go where thou wilt, there wilt thou find thy conscience.

The hatter went away ; his odd answer became the subject of our talk. We agreed that perhaps distance of place and time had the effect of weakening all the feelings more or less, and stifling the voice of conscience even in cases of downright crime. The assassin transported to the shores of China is too far off to perceive the corpse that he has left bleeding on the banks of the Seine.

Remorse springs perhaps less from horror of self than from fear of others ; less from shame for the deed, than from the blame and punishment that would attend its discovery. And what clandestine criminal is tranquil enough in his obscurity not to dread the treachery of some unforeseen circumstance, or the indiscretion of some thoughtless word ? What certainty can he have that he will not disclose his secret in the delirium of fever, or in dreams ? People will understand him if they are on the scene of the action, but those about him in China will have no key to his words."

Two other cases come up. Does the husband or wife who is the first to break the marriage compact, restore liberty to the other ? Diderot answered affirmatively. The second case arose from a story that the abbé had been reading. A certain honest cobbler of Messina saw his country overrun by lawlessness. Each day was marked by a crime. Notorious assassins braved the public exasperation. Parents saw their daughters violated ; the industrious saw the fruits of their toil ravished from them by the monopolist or the fraudulent tax-gatherer. The judges were bribed, the innocent were afflicted, the guilty escaped unharmed. The cobbler meditating on these enormities devised a plan of vengeance. He established a secret court of justice in his shop ; he heard the evidence, gave a verdict, pronounced sentence, and went out into the street with his gun under his cloak to execute it. Justice done, he regained his stall, rejoicing as though he had slain a rabid dog. When some fifty criminals had thus met their doom, the viceroy offered a reward of two thousand crowns for information of the slayer, and swore on the altar that he should have full pardon if he gave himself up. The cobbler presented himself, and spoke thus :—"I have done what was your duty. 'Tis I who condemned and put to death the miscreants that you ought to have punished. Behold the proofs of their crimes. There you will see the judicial process which I observed. I was tempted to begin with yourself ; but I respected in your person the august

master whom you represent. My life is in your hands: dispose of it as you think right." Well, cried the abbé, the cobbler, in spite of all his fine zeal for justice, was simply a murderer. Diderot protested. His father decided that the abbé was right, and that the cobbler was an assassin.

Nothing short of a transcript of the whole would convey a right idea of the dramatic ease of this delightful dialogue—its variety of illustration with unity of topic, the naturalness of movement, the pleasant lightness of touch. At its close the old man calls for his nightcap; Diderot embraces him, and in bidding him good night whispers in his ear, "Strictly speaking, father, there are no laws for the sage. All being open to exception, 'tis for him to judge the cases in which we ought to submit to them, or to throw them over." "I should not be sorry," his father answers, "if there were in the town one or two citizens like thee; but nothing would induce me to live there, if they all thought in that way." The conclusion is just, and Diderot might have verified it by the state of the higher society of his country at that very moment. One cause of the moral corruption of France in the closing years of the old régime was undoubtedly the lax and shifting interpretations by which the Jesuit directors had softened the rigour of general moral principles. Many generations must necessarily elapse before a habit of loosely superseding principles in individual cases produces widespread demoralization, but the result is inevitable, sooner or later; and this just in proportion as the principles are sound. The casuists practically constructed a system for making the observance alike of the positive law and of the accepted ethical maxims flexible and conditional. The Diderot of the present dialogue takes the same attitude, but has the grace to leave the demonstration of its impropriety to his wise and benevolent sire.

III. We shall presently see that Diderot did not shrink from applying a vigorous doubt to some of the most solidly established principles of modern society. Let us meanwhile in passing notice that short piece of plangent irony, which did not appear until many years after his death (1798), and which he or some one else entitled, *On the inconsistency of the Public Judgment on our Private Actions*. This too is in the form of dialogue, but the argument of the story is in its pith as follows. Desroches, first an abbé, then a lawyer, lastly a soldier, persuades a rich and handsome widow to marry him. She is aware of his previous gallantries, and warns him in very dramatic style before a solemn gathering of friends, that if he once wounds her by an infidelity, she will shut herself up and speedily die of grief. He makes such vows as most men would make under such circumstances; he presses her hands ardently to his lips, bedews them with his

tears, and moves the whole company to sympathy with his own agitation. The scene is absurd enough, or seems so to us dull people of phlegmatic habit. Yet Diderot, even for us, redeems it by the fine remark :—" 'Tis the effect of what is good and virtuous to leave a large assembly with only one thought and one soul. How all respect one another, love one another in such moments! For instance, how beautiful humanity is at the play! Ah, why must we part so quickly? Men are so good, so happy, when what is worthy unites all their suffrages, melts them, makes them one."¹ For some time all went well, and our pair were the happiest of men and women. Then various assaults were made on the faithfulness of Desroches. He resisted them, until in endeavouring to serve a friend he was forced to sue for the good will of a lady with whom he had had passages of gallantry in his unregenerate days. The old intrigue was renewed. Letters of damning proof fell by ill hazard into his wife's hands. She re-assembled her friends, denounced the culprit, and forthwith carried away her child to seek shelter with her aged mother. Desroches's fervent remorse was unheeded, his letters were sent back unopened, he was denied the door. Presently, the aged mother died. Then the infant. Lastly, the wife herself. Now, says Diderot to his interlocutor, I pray you to turn your eyes to the public—that imbecile crowd that pronounces judgment on us, that disposes of our honour, that lifts us to the clouds or trails us through the mud. Opinion passed through every phase about Desroches. The shifting event is ever their single measure of praise and blame. A fault which nobody thought more than venial, became gradually aggravated in their eyes by a succession of incidents which it was impossible for Desroches either to foresee or to prevent. At first opinion was on his side, and his wife was thought to have carried things with too high a hand. Then, after she had fallen ill, and her child had died, and her aged mother had passed away in the fulness of years, he began to be held answerable for all this sea of troubles. Why had not Desroches written to his wife, beset her doors, waylaid her as she went to church? He had, as matter of fact, done all these things, but the public did not know it. The important thing is, not to know, but to talk. Then, as it befel, his wife's brother took Desroches's place in his regiment; there he was killed. More exclamations as to the misfortune of being connected with such a man. How was Desroches responsible for the death of his mother-in-law, already well stricken in years? How could he foresee that a hostile ball would pierce his brother-in-law in his first campaign? But his wife? He must be a barbarian, a monster, who had gradually pressed a poniard into the bosom of a divine woman, his wife, his benefactress, and then left her to die,

(1) *Œuv.*, t. 342.

without showing the least sign of interest or feeling. And all this, cries Diderot, for not knowing what was concealed from him, and what was unknown and unsuspected even by those who were daily about her ! What presumption, what bad logic, what incoherence, what unjustified veering and vacillation in the public verdicts from beginning to end !

Yet we feel that Diderot's impetuous taunts fail to press to the root of the matter. Diderot excels in opening a subject ; he places it in a new light ; he furnishes telling concrete illustrations ; he thoroughly disturbs and unsettles the medium of conventional association in which it has become fixed. But he does not leave the question readjusted. His mind was not of that quality which is slow to complain where it cannot explain ; which does not quit a discussion without a calm and orderly review of the conditions that underlie the latest exhibition of human folly, shortsightedness, or injustice. The public condemnation of Desroches for consequences that were entirely strange to his one offence, was indefensible on grounds of strict logic. But then men have imagination as well as reason. Imagination is stronger than reason with most of them. Their imagination was touched by the series of disasters that followed Madame Desroches's abandonment of her husband. They admit no plea of remoteness of damage, such as our courts admit. In a way that was loose and unreasonable, but still easily intelligible, the husband became associated with a sequel for which he was not really answerable. If the world's conduct in such cases were accurately expressed, it would perhaps be found that people have really no intention to pronounce a judicial sentence ; they only mean that an individual's associations have become disagreeable and doubtful to them. They may think proper to justify the grievously meagre definition of *homo* as *animal rationale*, by varnishing their distaste with reasons ; the true reason is that the presence of a Desroches disturbs their comfort by recalling questionable and disorderly circumstances. That this selfish and rough method many a time inflicts horrible cruelty is too certain, and those to whom the idea of conduct is serious and deep-reaching will not fall into it. A sensible man is aware of the difficulty of pronouncing wisely upon the conduct of others, especially where it turns upon the intricate and unknowable relations between a man and a woman. He will not, however, on that account break down the permanent safeguards, for the sake of leniency in a given case. *A great enemy to indifference, a great friend to indulgence*, said Turgot of himself ; and perhaps it is what we should all do well to be able to say of ourselves.

Again, though these ironical exposures of the fatuity and recklessness and inconsistency of popular verdicts are wholesome enough in their degree in all societies, yet it has been, and still remains, a

defect of some of the greatest French writers to expect a fruit from such performances which they can never bear. In the long-run a great body of men and women is improved less by general outcry against its collective characteristics, than by the inculcation of broader views, higher motives, and sounder habits of judgment, in such a form as touches each man and woman individually. It is better to awaken in the individual a sense of responsibility for his own character, than to do anything, either by magnificent dithyrambs or penetrating satire, to dispose him to lay the blame on Society. Society is after all only a name for other people. An instructive contrast might be drawn between the method of French writers of genius, from Diderot down to that mighty master of our own day, Victor Hugo, in pouring fulminant denunciations upon Society, and the other method of our best English writers, from Milton down to Mill, in impressing new ideas on the Individual, and exacting a vigorous personal answer to the moral and spiritual call.

One other remark may be worth making. It is characteristic of the immense Sociability of the eighteenth century, that when he saw Desroches sitting alone in the public room, receiving no answers to his questions, never addressed by any of those around him, avoided, coldly eyed, and morally proscribed, Diderot never thought of applying the artificial consolation of the stoic. He never dreamed of urging that expulsion from the society of friends was not a hardship, a true punishment, and a genuine evil. No one knew better than Diderot that a man should train himself to face the disapprobation of the world with steadfast brow and unflinching gaze; but he knew also that this is only done at great cost, and is only worth doing for clear and far-reaching objects. Life was real to Diderot, not in the modern canting sense of earnestness and making a million pounds sterling; but in the sense of being an agitated scene of living passion, interest, sympathy, struggle, delight, and woe, in which the graceful ascetic commonplaces of the writer and the preacher barely touch the actual conditions of human experience, or go near to softening the smart of chagrin, failure, mistake and sense of wrong, any more than the sweet music of the birds poised in air over a field of battle can still the rage and horror of the plain beneath. As was said by a good man, who certainly did not fail to try the experiment,—“*Speciosa quidem ista sunt, oblitaque rhetoricæ et musicæ melle dulcedinis; tum tantum cum audiuntur oblectant. Sed miseris malorum altior sensus est. Itaque quum hæc auribus insonare desierint, insitus animum mœror prægravat.*”¹

IV. We may close this chapter with a short account of the *Supplement to Bougainville's Travels*, which was composed in 1772, and published twenty-four years later. The second title is, *A*

(1) Boethius.

dialogue on the disadvantage of attaching moral ideas to certain physical actions which do not really comport with them. Those who believe that the ruling system of notions about marriage represents the last word that is to be said as to the relations between men and women, will turn away from Diderot's dialogue with some impatience. Those, on the contrary, who hold that the present system is no more immovably fixed in ultimate laws of human nature, no more final, no more unimprovable, no more sacred, and no more indisputably successful, than any other set of social arrangements and the corresponding moral ideas, will find something to interest them, though, as it seems to the present writer, very little to instruct. Bougainville was the first Frenchman who sailed round the world. He did in 1766-9 what Captain Cook did about the same time. The narrative of his expedition appeared in 1771, and the picture of life among the primitive people of the Southern Seas touched Diderot almost as deeply as if he had been Rousseau. As one says so often in this history of the intellectual preparation for the Revolution, the corruption and artificiality of Parisian society had the effect of colouring the world of primitive society with the very hues of paradise. Diderot was more free from this besetting weakness than any of his contemporaries. He never fell into Voltaire's fancy, which may also be traced in a more systematic French thinker nearer to our own time, that China was a land of philosophers. But he did not look very critically into the real conditions of life in the more rudimentary stages of development, and for the moment he committed the sociological anachronism of making the poor people of Otaheite into wise and benevolent patriots and sound reasoners. The literary merit of the dialogue is at least as striking as in any of the pieces of which we have already spoken. The realism of the scenes between the ship-chaplain and his friendly savage, with too kindly wife and daughters as kindly as either, is full of sweetness, simplicity, and a sort of pathos. A subject which easily takes on an air of grossness, and which Diderot sometimes handled very grossly indeed, is introduced with an idyllic grace that to the pure will hardly be other than pure. We have of course always to remember that Diderot is an author for grown-up people, as are the authors of the Bible or any other book that deals with more than the surface of human experience. Our English practice of excluding from literature subjects and references that are unfit for boys and girls, has something to recommend it, but it undeniably leads to a certain narrowness and thinness, and to some most nauseous hypocrisy. All subjects are evidently not to be discussed by all; and one result in our case is that some of the most important subjects in the world never receive any discussion whatever.

The position which Diderot takes up in the present dialogue may be inferred from the following extract. The ship-chaplain has been explaining to the astonished Otaheitan the European usage of strict

monogamy, as the arrangement enjoined upon man by the Creator of the universe, and vigilantly guarded by the priest and the magistrate. To which, Orou thus :—

“These singular precepts I find opposed to nature and contrary to reason. They are contrary to nature because they suppose that a being who thinks, feels, and is free, can be the property of a creature like itself. Dost thou not see that in thy land they have confounded the thing that has neither sensibility, nor thought, nor desire, nor will; that one leaves, one takes, one keeps, one exchanges, without its suffering or complaining,—with a thing that is neither exchanged nor acquired, that has freedom, will, desire, that may give or may refuse itself for the moment; that complains and suffers; and that cannot become a mere article of commerce unless you forget its character and do violence to nature? And they are contrary to the general law of things. Can anything seem more senseless to thee, than a precept which proscribes the law of change that is within us; which commands a constancy that is impossible, and that violates the liberty of the male and the female, by chaining them together in perpetuity; than are oaths of immutability, taken by two creatures of flesh, in the face of a sky that is not an instant the same, under vaults that threaten ruin, at the base of a rock crumbling to dust, at the foot of a tree that is splitting asunder? . . . You may command what is opposed to nature, but you will not be obeyed. You will multiply evildoers and the unhappy by fear, by punishment, and by remorse; you will deprave men’s consciences; you will corrupt their minds; they will have lost the polar star of their pathway.” (223.)

After this declamation he proceeds to put some practical questions to the embarrassed chaplain. Are young men in France always continent, and wives always true, and husbands never libertines? The chaplain’s answers disclose the truth to the keen-eyed Orou :—

“What a monstrous tissue is this thou art unfolding to me! And even now thou dost not tell me all; for as soon as men allow themselves to dispose at their own will of the ideas of what is just and unjust, to take away, or to impose an arbitrary character on things; to unite to actions or to separate from them the good and the evil, with no counsellor save caprice,—then come blame, accusation, suspicion, tyranny, envy, jealousy, deception, chagrin, concealment, dissimulation, espionage, surprise, lies; daughters deceive their parents, wives their husbands, husbands their wives; young women, I don’t doubt, will smother their children; suspicious fathers will despise and neglect their children; mothers will leave them to the mercy of accident; and crime and debauchery will show themselves in every guise. I know all that as if I had lived among you. It is so, because it must be so; and that society of thine, in spite of thy chief who vaunts its fine order, is nothing but a collection of hypocrites, who secretly trample the laws under foot; or of unfortunate wretches, who make themselves the instrument of their own punishment, by submitting to these laws; or of imbeciles, in whom prejudice has absolutely stifled the voice of nature.” (227.)

The chaplain has the presence of mind to fall back upon the radical difficulty of all such solutions of the problem of family union as were practised in Otaheite, or urged by the philosophers in Paris,

or are timidly suggested in our own times in the rather droll-sounding form of marriages for terms of years with option of renewal. That difficulty is the disposal of the children which are the fruit of such unions. Orou rejoins to this argument by a very eloquent account how valuable, how sought after, how prized, is the woman who has her quiver full of them. His contempt for the condition of Europe grows more intense as he learns that the birth of a child among the bulk of the people of the west is rather a sorrow, a perplexity, a hardship, than a delight and ground of congratulation.

The reader sees by this time that in the present dialogue Diderot is really criticising the most fundamental and complex arrangement of our actual western society, from the point of view of an arbitrary and entirely fanciful naturalism. Rousseau never wrote anything more picturesque, nor anything more dangerous, nor more anarchic and superficially considered. It is true that Diderot at the close of the discussion, is careful to assert that while we denounce senseless laws, it is our duty to obey them until we have procured their reform. "He who of his own private authority, infringes a bad law, authorises every one else to infringe good laws. There are fewer inconveniences in being mad with the mad, than in being wise by one's self. Let us say to ourselves, let us never cease to cry aloud, that people attach shame, chastisement, and infamy to acts that in themselves are innocent; but let us abstain from committing them, because shame, punishment, and infamy are the greatest of evils." And we hear Diderot's sincerest accents when he says, "Above all, one must be honest and true to a scruple with the fragile beings who cannot yield to our pleasures without renouncing the most precious advantages of society."¹

This, however, does not make the philosophical quality of the discussion any more satisfactory. Whatever changes may ultimately come about in the relations between men and women, we may at least be sure that such changes will be in a direction even still further away than the present conditions of marriage from anything like the naturalism of Diderot and the eighteenth-century school. Even if—what does not at present seem at all likely to happen—the idea of the family and the associated idea of private property should eventually be replaced by that form of communism which is to be seen at Oneida Creek, still the discipline of the appetites and affections of sex will necessarily on such a system be not less, but far more, rigorous to nature than it is under prevailing western institutions.² Orou would have been a thousand times more unhappy

(1) *Œuv.*, ii. 249.

(2) See Nordhoff's *Communist Societies of the United States* (London: Murray. 1875), pp. 269—93. This grave and most instructive book shows how modifiable are some of those facts of existing human character, which are vulgarly deemed to be ultimate and ineradicable.

among the Perfectionists under Mr. Noyes, than in Paris or London. We cannot pretend here to discuss the large group of momentous questions involved, but we may make a short remark or two. One reason why the movement, if progressive, must be in the direction of greater subordination of appetite, is that all experience proves the position and moral worth of women, taking society as a whole, to be in proportion to the self-control of their male companions. Nobody doubts that man is instinctively polygamous. But the dignity and self-respect, and consequently the whole moral cultivation of women, depends on the suppression of this vagrant instinct. And there is no more important chapter in the history of civilisation than the record of the steps by which its violence has been gradually reduced.

There is another side, we admit. The home, of which sentimental philosophers love to talk, is too often a ghastly failure. The conjugal union, so tender and elevating in its ideal, is in more cases than we usually care to recognise, the cruellest of bonds to the woman, the most harassing, deadening, spirit-breaking of all possible influences to the man. The purity of the family, so lovely and dear as it is, has still only been secured hitherto by retaining a vast and dolorous host of female outcasts. When Catholicism is praised for the additions which it has made to the dignity of womanhood and the family, we have to set against that gain the frightful growth of this caste of poor creatures, upon whose heads, as upon the scapegoat of the Hebrew ordinance, we put all the iniquities of the children of the house, and all their transgressions in all their sins, and then banish them with maledictions into the foul outer wilderness and the land not inhabited.

On this side there is much wholesome truth to be told, in the midst of the complacent social cant with which we are flooded. But Diderot does not help us. Nothing can possibly be gained by reducing the attraction of the sexes to its purely physical elements, and stripping it of all the moral associations which have gradually clustered round it, and acquired such force as in many cases among the highest types of mankind, to reduce the physical factor to a secondary place. Such a return to the nakedness of the brute must be retrograde. And Diderot, as it happened, was the writer who, before all others, habitually exalted the delightful and consolatory sentiment of the family. Nobody felt more strongly the worth of domestic ties, when faithfully cherished. It can only have been in a moment of elated paradox that he made one of the interlocutors in the dialogue on Bougainville pronounce Constancy, "The poor sanity of two children who do not know themselves, and who are blinded by the intoxication of a moment to the instability of all that surrounds them:" and Fidelity, "The obstinacy and the punishment of a good man and a good woman:" and Jealousy,

"The passion of a miser ; the unjust sentiment of man ; the consequence of our false manners, and of a right of property extended over a feeling, willing, thinking, free creature." ¹

It is a curious example of the blindness which reaction against excess of ascetic doctrine bred in the eighteenth century, that Diderot should have failed to see that such sophisms as these are wholly destructive of that order and domestic piety to whose beauty he was always so keenly alive. It is curious, too, that he should have failed to recognise that the erection of constancy into a virtue would have been impossible, if it had not answered first to some inner want of human character at its best, and second, to some condition of fitness in society at its best.

How is it, says one of the interlocutors, that the strongest, the sweetest, the most innocent of pleasures is become the most fruitful source of depravation and misfortune? This is indeed a question well worth asking. And it is comforting after the anarchy of the earlier part of the dialogue to find so comparatively sensible a line of argument taken in answer, as the following. This evil result has been brought about, he says, by the tyranny of man, who has converted the possession of woman into a property ; by manners and usages that have overburdened the conjugal union with superfluous conditions ; by the civil laws that have subjected marriage to an infinity of formalities ; by religious institutions, that have attached the name of vices and virtues to actions that are not susceptible of morality. If this means that human happiness will be increased by making the condition of the wife more independent in respect of property ; by treating in public opinion separation between husband and wife as a transaction in itself perfectly natural and blameless, and often not only laudable, but a duty ; and by abolishing that barbarous iniquity and abomination called restitution of conjugal rights, then the speaker points to what has been justly described as the next great step in the improvement of society. If it means that we do wrong to invest with the most marked, serious, and unmistakable formality an act that brings human beings into existence, with uncounted results both to themselves and others who are as little responsible as they are for their appearance in the world, then the position is recklessly immoral, and it is, moreover, wholly repugnant to Diderot's own better mind.

EDITOR.

(1) *Œuv.*, ii. 243.

THE REFORM OF THE MAGISTRACY.

THE time is rapidly approaching when the Government of this country can no longer refuse to deal with the magisterial question, but must face the difficulties implied by a real measure of reform. In the last few years the administration of justice has received a number of severe shocks, which have greatly damaged its reputation. When that is the case, abuses and defects are seen and magnified, while good qualities are quite forgotten. A chronic distrust of justice has arisen, which if exaggerated, has yet a real foundation in the existence of abuses both of law and administration, which it is incumbent on the Legislature to remove with as little delay as possible. We have already expressed our opinion that the Conservative Government has now a remarkable opportunity for accomplishing this object. A Bill introduced by Mr. Cross would be sure of the most respectful and favourable reception. If it did not accomplish everything we could desire, we might be confident that it would be a substantial and practical measure of reform, if the subject were dealt with in the same spirit which guided the Labour Law legislation. It might not be the occasion of large demonstrations, but it would be very popular. Perhaps none would welcome a wise reform more truly than the best and most enlightened members of the magistracy itself. In several ways the very remedies provided by Mr. Cross in his Labour Laws would, if extended to other matters, afford a substantial relief.

The whole system of magisterial justice requires the most careful reconsideration and remodelling. This would, of course, be most satisfactorily done as a part of a Criminal Code; but there are reforms which might be instituted at once, which would do away with many anomalies and much injustice. Such, for example, is the evil of the costs of the magisterial investigation being inflicted as part of the punishment; that is to say, when a fine is inflicted, the person fined has generally to pay the costs besides. These are not a fixed quantity, but vary according to circumstances. A man who is fined for an offence committed a long way from the court, having to pay the witnesses' expenses, is much more heavily punished than one who lives close by. Often the costs are out of all proportion to the fine, so that a just magistrate is obliged to take this into consideration when he inflicts the fine. Not only does the amount of punishment seem to be uncertain, but it gives an appearance of injustice in cases where there is none. Where the proper fine would be 21s.,

the magistrate will sometimes apportion the fine so as to make the costs 16s. 6d. + fine, 4s. 6d. = 21s. If the accused could not pay, and had to go to gaol for a month, he would inevitably regard the 4s. 6d. as the proper punishment, and 16s. 6d. as downright robbery, for inability to satisfy which he was sent to prison. And why does this extraordinary state of things continue in our criminal courts? Simply because there is no power of paying the costs in any other way. In the higher courts, all fees and expenses—of which, formerly, the officials used by law to rob the accused—are abolished. We have actually risen so far in the scale of progressive justice, that we now pay the expenses of the prisoner's witnesses, under certain rather narrow and harsh conditions. To force the defendant to pay the costs is always unequal, and often very unjust, as a punishment; and if it be not regarded as a punishment, it can have no justification. It creates constant injustice and innumerable difficulties, and invariably arouses a misplaced sympathy with the accused. An alteration of this, coupled with a modification of the Small Penalties Act, which imposes terms of imprisonment out of all proportion to the fines inflicted, would remove a large amount of daily-felt injustice. We would ask whether the plan of sureties which Mr. Cross has put into the Employers and Workman's Act, might not be used as an alternative remedy in one-half of the cases in which fines are imposed?

All necessary costs of all criminal proceedings, with very few exceptions, ought to be paid by the country, there being power left to the tribunal to throw the costs on the prosecutor in the event of any abuse of the criminal process for private ends. We cannot but condemn the law as it now is, by which a man who cannot pay the costs, is at once sentenced to imprisonment. One of the requisite improvements which magistrates would most appreciate, is precisely that so well and clearly carried out by Mr. Cross's Labour Laws, namely, the well-defined distinction between what is a civil and what is a criminal offence. Great confusion obtains in this respect, innumerable difficulties are created in law and in procedure, and injustice is the result. One of the very best and most efficient magistrates I know, insisted on this point as the most important reform that could be made. Several reforms of this kind might be introduced without delay, but it would be far more satisfactory if a few competent men were to be commissioned to reduce the whole magisterial law and procedure to a volume of small compass. But there is one condition of such an undertaking which it would require some firmness to adopt and carry through Parliament. It is the deliberate reduction of the number of criminal misdemeanours. One of the wisest steps Parliament could take would be carefully to wipe out one-half of that part of our criminal code; to leave some of these so-called offences without any

remedy; in others to give a right of recovering civil damages, before justices of the peace or a county-court judge. If we open Mr. Oke's "Synopsis" and turn to the pages in which he has tabulated the offences over which magistrates now have summary jurisdiction, from page 230 to 797, we find an enormous list of offences which ought never to have been included in a criminal code; offences against the Companies' Act, offences in respect of copyrights, gas, health, harbours, highways, hops, &c., &c. Among all these various offences are some, no doubt, which require penal repression; generally the definition of the crime in such cases is extremely vague and bad; but in the great bulk of these offences, there is no justification of their being made crimes. The only question is whether there should be a civil remedy, and if so, whether it should be by means of a fixed penalty to be recovered, or by an action for damages. There is even a strong opinion held by some that fining for drunkenness has done more harm than good. It does not appear to have diminished drunkenness. It would perhaps be sufficient to leave disorderly behaviour, whether drunk or sober, to be repressed by fine. The whole subject is one of vast importance, because the result of all this fining, and going to gaol in default, is that gaol has become too common and too little deterrent. It has certainly come to pass that going to gaol is not now looked at in the light of an overwhelming and ruinous disgrace among large numbers of our countrymen. We can and we ought to diminish the number of criminal offences.

It must be remembered, that the penal law is a very bad method of stopping immoral conduct. It is chiefly to be used for the prevention of the great crimes and wrongs. Penal remedies to be effective require the support and approbation of public opinion. Where every little trespass and breach of duty is made criminal, there is no such support. Instead of disobedience to law arousing moral disapprobation, there is sympathy with the lawbreaker and disapproval of the law. There is a vast number of criminal offences which nobody thinks wrong. Who in the world thinks it wrong for a poor man not to take out a 10s. license to kill birds, or a £3 license to kill game? These kinds of criminal offences are openly scoffed at, and an informer would be looked upon as a base and malignant fellow. Penal remedies are in fact much less efficacious in the small every-day transactions.

A very curious outcome of all this is that imprisonment has almost entirely ceased to be inflicted as a punishment for real crimes. Why? Because everybody goes to gaol for being unable to pay the fine or the costs. No matter how small the crime, hard labour is given when it can be imposed by law. We have, in fact, lost imprisonment as a punishment; it is not regarded as a real

punishment unless hard labour is added.¹ By largely reducing the number of these finable offences, by refusing to send so many people to gaol, imprisonment would become less common; many of the minor offences might be punished simply by imprisonment. Hard labour would be reserved for the more serious crimes, and so a very considerable reduction be made in the whole scale of punishment.

We have mentioned these matters, not with any design of treating them exhaustively or thoroughly, but to bring home to our readers the vast importance of complete and systematic reform of the whole subject. The field is a very large one, and Government might, if it thought fit, select some of the most prominent and most easily remedied of these defects, for the purpose of a provisional bill, and then commit the systematic treatment of the subject to two or three men, whom it would be easy to select. Several reforms are indeed questions of principle, not of detail, which, as such, would demand discussion by the Legislature. One of the most important parts of our subject is the summary jurisdiction of magistrates, by which they are empowered to try criminal offences without a jury. This is quite distinct from their other functions, as those of the Preliminary Investigation, the importance of which is not generally understood, and which we shall explain: or those relating to local government, which ought to be, if they are not, quite distinct from the judicial functions. We do not propose to enter into so wide and important a subject, but only to guard ourselves against any implied condemnation of the way in which that part of the magistrates' work is now performed; and to express our deep conviction of the inestimable value of competent unpaid labour for the discharge both of judicial work, and of the duties appertaining to local government. Long ago Blackstone, in his Commentaries, spoke of the summary jurisdiction of the justices of the peace as "an institution designed professedly for the greater ease of the subject, by doing him speedy justice and by not harassing the freeholders with frequent and troublesome attendances to try every minute offence. But it has of late been so far extended, as if a check be not timely given, to threaten the disuse of our admirable and truly English trial by jury." Mr. Justice Crompton, who was one of the judges of the Queen's Bench at the time of the passing of the Act which confers on that court extensive powers over justices in petty sessions, used to declare more than ten years ago that the extension of summary jurisdiction had then become a constitutional danger. Mr. Oke, in his "Magisterial Synopsis," says: "At the

(1) Sometimes a power to inflict *hard labour* is given upon non-payment of the fine. A notable example of this is 24 & 25 Vict. cap. 99, sec. 23: any person who has in his possession, without lawful excuse, more than five pieces of counterfeit coin, shall be tried summarily, shall forfeit the coin, and be liable to be fined forty shillings for every coin, and in default three months' hard labour.

present day, however, the powers and duties of this honourable office, particularly with regard to county magistrates, have been most extensively and are yearly enlarged." But it is not merely the enormous increase in quantity of summary powers that requires remedial laws; the chief evil consists in the character of those powers. First of all we insist that too large a power is possessed. Magistrates possess summary powers in cases that ought only to be tried before judge and jury. An aggravated assault upon a woman or child ought never to come within their jurisdiction. At present the magistrates have summary jurisdiction, as there is no option of trial by jury, and they have power to inflict six months' hard labour. This excessive power is accompanied by a more unjustifiable power to inflict a £20 fine. The present writer has known an instance in which three magistrates sentenced a man of superior position to a £20 fine for such an aggravated assault. Magistrates in some cases possess power of inflicting a year's hard labour summarily. Three months and six months are, as a rule, the limits of the power. Assaults on constables under the Habitual Criminals Act six months' hard labour, and if the offender has been previously convicted, nine months. Misdemeanours under the Merchant Shipping Act, six months. Where a crime is properly punished with three or six months' hard labour, there is no objection to there being summary jurisdiction, provided the accused has the option of trial by jury. Why, for instance, should men charged with forgery or personation in respect of the Public Health Act, not have the option of trial by jury? We might cite infinite examples of this. But there remain a considerable number of summary offences which are positively astounding. For example, a constable ceasing to hold office, who does not forthwith deliver up his clothing to the chief constable—three months' hard labour, there being no allegation of theft or intent to defraud. Under the Highway Act, a driver not keeping the proper side of the road, or not having a name on his waggon, is liable to a severe fine and hard labour in default. If the driver refuse to give his name, he may be apprehended without warrant and committed to prison for three months with hard labour.

There are, however, other and still graver reasons for impartial inquiry into, and remedial law upon, this subject,—reasons which would seem to render it very difficult for Parliament to refuse an inquiry. Legislation has hitherto proceeded at random. Statute after statute has been passed, the effect of which is a serious encroachment upon the most cherished of our national rights. Yet the House of Commons has never discussed the constitutional question of how far summary jurisdiction should take away the right of trial by jury. No attempt has been made to ascertain any principle, or lay down any practical rule which might serve as a constitutional safeguard. But in addition to this comes the still graver fact, that

in thus extending these extraordinary powers, the work has not been done uniformly or justly; on the contrary, such laws have dealt differently with the wealthy and middle classes on the one hand, and the poorer on the other. Very likely this has not been done intentionally; but the House of Commons can hardly refuse inquiry without incurring the stigma of perpetuating class legislation. It is not too much to say that if we examine the long list of offences over which there is summary jurisdiction, we find that the punishment is fine for the rich, imprisonment for the poor. Whereas if the offence is a serious one, it should rather be inverted, because a fine is no punishment to the wealthy; it is a very serious punishment to the poor. These summary laws have never given magistrates power to inflict a heavy fine upon the wealthy. The fine is usually limited to ten or twenty pounds. Why should it not be proportional to the income? There are hardly any offences which the wealthy can commit—if there are any—over which there is summary jurisdiction, where there is not power to fine. In most instances there is only power to fine. When there is power to imprison, it is not given to summary but to superior courts. The Merchant Shipping Act is a notable example; it is always fine for the master, or owner, or captain—imprisonment only for sailors. Offences which apply exclusively to the rich—like frauds by trustees—are fenced round with every kind of precautions, which would almost seem to be devised with a view to render the law ineffective, as is notoriously the case with the fraudulent trustee law. Our laws are full of these inequalities. The time, we believe, has come for the upper and middle classes of this country to insist on a complete and systematic reform of our criminal law, upon the basis of complete equality. This is precisely the equality to which it is possible to attain, and we believe that there is a sufficiently strong opinion to ensure the passing of reforms on these subjects, at a time of great national quiet,—the very time for the removal of such injustice.

Apart from the systematic reconstruction of our criminal code, there is an immediate remedy, which might be passed by a one-clause Bill: namely, that wherever a sentence of imprisonment can be directly inflicted as punishment by a court of summary jurisdiction, the accused should have the option of trial by jury. Not the least remarkable part of Mr. Cross's Labour Laws was that they constituted the first step backwards, in this very direction, by the Legislature from the policy which has hitherto prevailed of continually extending the summary jurisdiction of the magistrates. And it is satisfactory to think that this course should have been recommended by the Royal Commission and by the eminent judges who were members of it. Such a law has a great deal in its favour; its simplicity, the constitutional value of such a rule, the fact that its adoption would afford a complete solution

of the difficulty, which otherwise will arise on the passing of each new statute. It may be said that the scheme would occasion an increase of the trials by jury; but if so, there would be also a corresponding decrease. Many offences that are now only tried by a superior court might be so disposed of. There are numbers of cases of forgery and false pretences—forgery of an order for the delivery of goods, where a woman presents a clumsy note—which are treated simply as thefts by the tribunals; or of burglary, as when a lad lifts the latch of a door in the night and steals something,—which at present come to the assizes. There are offences, moreover, which magistrates ought to be able to deal with at once, such as attempts to commit suicide. This mode of giving summary jurisdiction is now in force for a good many offences; larceny of goods under a certain value, which might be extended; certain cases of embezzlement, forgery, &c. It is an absurdity that there should be an option of trial by jury for the most trumpery larceny, and not for so serious a crime as an aggravated assault on a woman or child. We believe that a law like this would greatly simplify matters, it would enable a vast number of offences to be disposed of summarily, and above all, it would insure the removal from the magistrates' jurisdiction of all serious cases, where there was a local distrust of, or ill-feeling against, the magistrates. Therefore we urge the full extension of this principle, as the simple reform lying at the root of that systematic reform which we hope to see before many years elapse. The old language of our Great Charter is, "that no man shall be tried except by his peers and the law of the land." All we have to do to render this our constitutional charter now as of old, is to write it down afresh in slightly modified terms, "that no man shall be tried and imprisoned, *without his consent*, except by his peers and the law of the land."

There is another very important judicial function, which magistrates have to discharge, which increases as their summary jurisdiction diminishes. It is that of the preliminary investigation, which is quite as important, and requires judicial competency as much as the actual decision of summary cases. By law a magisterial investigation is not necessary. Any one can proceed to prosecute at once by presenting his bill of indictment to the grand jury. The magistrates are only obliged to investigate when the prosecutor brings the matter before them in the usual way. They have no power of initiative, except by expressing a private opinion to the police. This is true of the most serious crimes, even of murder. The only exceptions to this are certain crimes specified in the Vexatious Indictment Act, which makes several curious exceptions, as for instance, "indecent assault," and the Court is bound to quash a true bill found by the grand jury, if there has not been a committal by a

justice of the peace, or an order for the prosecution under the signature of one of the superior judges.

It used to be said by the magistrates, that as this was the state of the law, all that magistrates had to do in the case of the preliminary investigations was to see that a *prima facie* case was made out against the accused, for him to answer to before judge and jury. I regret to have heard, only the other day, similar language held by a very experienced and able London stipendiary. The judges, however, have wisely and firmly adopted a more enlightened policy. We believe that we are fairly representing the judicial views when we say that they have regarded the preliminary investigation as of the utmost importance. If, as a body, the judges have looked unfavourably upon the proposal to establish a Court of Criminal Appeal upon the facts, if they have thought that the trial before judge and jury should be final, they have naturally been led to see that the more complete the preliminary trial is, the better for the final trial. They have, therefore, I believe, consistently and constantly urged that the depositions should be as complete and as perfect a statement of the whole evidence of the case as possible, and that the magistrates should aim at this result, and not at a mere *prima facie* case to justify the committal. This is obviously just to the accused, who ought not to have evidence sprung upon him suddenly at the trial, which might have been produced before the justices, and which he has no opportunity of answering at the last hour. Of course, new evidence may turn up at the last moment. When this is the case the practice is often followed, but very often not followed, which was instituted by Sir Alexander Cockburn when he prosecuted Palmer, of immediately supplying the accused with a copy of the evidence to be adduced. The Legislature has followed the lead of the judges in this respect, but only with very hesitating steps. Under certain conditions prisoners can get the costs for the attendance of their witnesses. But no provision is as yet made for investigating the prisoner's story. Whether the public prosecutor's bill of next session will do this or not remains to be seen. It will be unsatisfactory if it does not, because the worst part of our system of criminal justice is that not only the prisoner is not defended, and facts not elicited which ought to be before the Court, but that there are too often convictions without there having been any examination into, or any attempt to get at, or understand, the prisoner's version of the affair. No doubt many judges wait patiently for some chance expression that may fall from the accused, but the result is often unsatisfactory and shocking to those who value a pure, wise, and enlightened system of justice.

The next and perhaps the most important question is, Have the powers of summary jurisdiction, possessed by the magistrates, been abused? It would have been well if this question could have been

answered by the Report of a Royal Commission specially empowered to inquire into the whole subject, as, indeed, has been suggested by the last three Trades Union Congresses. There is the strongest popular belief that there has been such abuse. Such a belief is in itself sufficient ground for inquiry. And besides, the constant cases of injustice which are reported, and the contemptuous terms in daily use of "justices' justice," "the great unpaid," constitute a corroboration supporting the demand for an inquiry into the way in which summary justice has been administered. It seems to amount to this, that while the country justices have exhibited the greatest incompetency, the London and some of the Northern stipendiaries have done parts of their work in the most admirable and efficient manner. The strictly legal part has been well done, and the same may be said of the civil or semi-criminal work. I should doubt whether the semi-criminal work that comes before them could possibly be in better hands. But in the past five years there has been among the stipendiaries as well as among the unpaid magistrates a most extraordinary laxity with reference to crimes of violence, that well merits by itself a thorough investigation. It may be said that there has also been laxity in the superior tribunals, that the judges who have been crying out for the power to torture, have never used the powers they possess by law, and that the excess of violence now is due partly to that cause. Unquestionably there is a good deal of truth in this, but it in no way exonerates the stipendiaries for their leniency in this respect. Fines, or small sentences of imprisonment, have been constantly given, where the case ought to have gone to the superior tribunal. The fault has been too great leniency in punishing those cases on which they ought to adjudicate, and in more serious cases in not committing the prisoners to take their trial before the higher tribunal. There have been a large number of instances in which magistrates have assumed a jurisdiction not given them by law. For instance, cases of wounding, over which there is no power of summary jurisdiction, are sometimes disposed of summarily as mere assaults. The only recent inquiry that has taken place into the state of the courts of summary jurisdiction, namely, the Royal Commission on the Labour Laws, showed the stipendiaries in the best possible light, but revealed a most startling state of judicial administration by the country justices. We believe that the whole fault is not to be attributed to the magistrates: it is partly so, no doubt, but then functions have been thrown upon them which they ought never to have been called upon to discharge. Some of the most eminent judges have been known to declare that they would shrink from performing the function of jury as well as that of judge. And this is precisely what has been entrusted to untrained country gentlemen against the will of the accused. Besides this, their powers are too great, some of the processes are unjust in themselves,

there is no sufficient control or supervision of magistrates, and no sufficient direction as to the mode in which their duties are to be performed.

The cure required is threefold: first, a complete revision of all those laws and processes relating to summary jurisdiction; secondly, much larger powers of control, supervision, and removal in the hands of the Home Secretary; thirdly, a new system of appointment of magistrates. Hitherto there has only been removal for some very great scandal. Notorious incompetence is not sufficient to insure even reprimand. There have recently been instances of the most outrageous mal-administration of justice in boroughs continuing, without any steps being taken. This sort of thing does occur, without our ministers having power or will to punish such misconduct and crush it out vigorously.

With reference to the system of appointment. At present the appointment of magistrates lies in the hands of the Lord Chancellor, after a recommendation from the lord-lieutenants of the county. It is not too much to say that these important appointments have been scandalously abused. Lord-lieutenants have for years deliberately sacrificed justice to their political and party views, and Lord Chancellors who have permitted these abuses to go on without real remedy, are deeply responsible. So strong is the pressure brought to bear upon the Chancellor, that political reasons are publicly said sometimes to have had weight even in the appointment of the superior judges, and no one in the House of Commons has asked for an inquiry into a matter which, if true, strikes at the root of our justice.

No measure of reform can be satisfactory that does not face this difficulty, that there are a very considerable number of magistrates who are utterly unfit for the office. This is a political question for the ministry of the day. It would, however, seem to us that if an entirely fresh appointment of magistrates throughout the kingdom is too clean a sweep and too drastic a remedy for a Conservative ministry, a milder measure would be practicable and effective. We would suggest the following points: leaving all magistrates as they are, except those who have been guilty of notoriously scandalous administration and those who have failed to serve for some years; the creation of a select body of quorum magistrates for the purposes of summary jurisdiction—to be selected from the present magistrates, or from resident barristers or attorneys who have ceased to practise, or to be appointed as stipendiaries with fixed salary; that the places at which summary trials can be held shall be diminished, and the court composed of two or more magistrates, of whom one shall be of the quorum; lastly, that every chairman of quarter sessions shall be a trained judge, and the senior quorum commissioner in the county.

Without entering minutely into or insisting on any of the practical details, it is enough to say that some such scheme might now infuse fresh life and energy into our magistracy, coupled with reform of the laws, and with additional powers of supervising magistrates. We believe that such powers ought to be in the hands of the Home Secretary, as the minister of justice. The time may come when many will think it wise that there should be a complete separation of the legislative and administrative functions possessed by the Home Office. The more the latter are observed, the more will it appear that such a separation, and the creation of a Ministry of Justice, will be necessary for the adequate discharge of these duties, more especially if a more thorough supervision and control of the magistracy is required than is at present possible. The mere substitution of numbers of paid lawyers, instead of the present magistrates, would not be a reform, but a step from bad to worse. The control of magistrates is after all of greater importance than their qualification as lawyers. We do not mean that there should be a petty, harassing espionage; far from it; but a more general guidance in the larger aspects and duties of criminal justice. In former times this was done to some extent by the contact of the judges of assize on circuit with the grand jury and the magistrates. By the charge in court, and at the judicial dinner, the judges had to convey to the magistracy of the country not only rules and views respecting the administration of justice, but were even required to convey ministerial directions from the Government. The modern system, railways, newspapers, &c., have destroyed a portion of the judges' influence. It requires to be replaced by a more systematic direction. Many of the least wise might dislike an efficient control, but magistrates must be taught that obedience to superiors is quite compatible with that independence which every judge ought to exhibit, and does not detract from the proper dignity of the judicial office.

In conclusion, this paper is not put forward with any idea that the proposals are exhaustive or final. If we have expressed ourselves too confidently, it has been because the subject is very urgent, and because nothing impresses the character of urgency so much as the attempt, even feebly, to grapple at a solution. Our purpose is only to urge our countrymen on in this direction, because we are convinced that nothing can in these times be more important than removing all cause for dissatisfaction and discontent with regard to the administration of justice—that by the removal of imperfections and abuses, and by stimulating thought and action on the subject, men will become more conscious of the value of our system of justice, more eager to co-operate with its administrators, better citizens in a more orderly and well-developed state.

HENRY CROMPTON.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE REFUSAL OF HIM.

PASSING from one scene of excitement to another, Cecilia was perfectly steeled for her bitter task; and having done that which separated her a sphere's distance from Beauchamp, she was cold, inaccessible to the face of him who had swayed her on flood and ebb so long, incapable of tender pity, even for herself. All she could feel was a harsh joy to have struck off her tyrant's fetters, with a determination to cherish it passionately lest she should presently be hating herself: for the shadow of such a possibility fell within the narrow circle of her strung sensations. But for the moment her delusion reached to the idea that she had escaped from him into freedom, when she said, "It is too late." Those words were the sum and voice of her long term of endurance. She said them hurriedly, almost in a whisper, in the manner of one changing a theme of conversation for subjects happier and livelier, though none followed.

The silence bore back on her a suspicion of a faint reproachfulness in the words; and perhaps they carried a poetical tone, still more distasteful.

"You have been listening to tales of me," said Beauchamp.

"Nevil, we can always be friends, the best of friends."

"Were you astonished at my asking you for your hand? You said 'mine?' as if you wondered. You have known my feelings for you. Can you deny that? I have reckoned on yours—too long? But not falsely? No, hear me out. The truth is, I cannot lose you. And don't look so resolute. Overlook little wounds: I was never indifferent to you. How could I be—with eyes in my head? The colonel is opposed to me of course: he will learn to understand me better: but you and I! we cannot be mere friends. •It's like daylight blotted out—or the eyes gone blind:—Too late? Can you repeat it? I tried to warn you before you left England: I should have written a letter to put you on your guard against my enemies:—I find I have some: but a letter is sure to stumble; I should have been obliged to tell you that I do not stand on my defence; and I thought I should see you the next day. You went: and not a word for me! You gave me no chance. If you have no confidence in me I must bear it. I may say the story is false. With your hand in mine I would swear it."

"Let it be forgotten," said Cecilia, surprised and shaken to think

that her situation required further explanations; fascinated and unnerved by simply hearing him. "We are now—we are walking away from the house."

"Do you object to a walk with me?"

She did not answer.

They had crossed the garden plot and were at the gate of the park leading to the western wood. Beauchamp swung the gate open. He cast a look at the clouds coming up from the south-west in folds of grey and silver.

"Like the day of our drive into Bevisham!—without the storm behind," he said, and doated on her soft shut lips, and the mild sun-rays of her hair in sunless light. "There are flowers that grow only in certain valleys, and your home is Mount Laurels, whatever your fancy may be for Italy. You colour the whole region for me. When you were absent, you were here. I called here six times, and walked and talked with you."

Cecilia set her face to the garden. Her heart had entered on a course of heavy thumping, like a sapper in the mine.

Pain was not unwelcome to her, but this threatened weakness.

What plain words could she use? If Mr. Tuckham had been away from the house she would have found it easier to speak of her engagement; she knew not why. Or if the imperative communication could have been delivered in Italian or French, she was as little able to say why it would have slipped from her tongue without a critic shudder to arrest it. She was cold enough to revolve the words: betrothed, affianced, plighted: and reject them, pretty words as they are. The alternative, "I am engaged," was intolerable. She imagined herself uttering it to Nevil Beauchamp, and dropping to the ground in shame. Between the vulgarity of romantic language, and the baldness of commonplace, it seemed to her that our English gives us no choice; that we cannot be dignified in simplicity. And for some reason, feminine and remote, she now detested her 'hand' so much as to be unable to bring herself to the metonymic mention of it. The lady's difficulty was peculiar to sweet natures that have no great warmth of passion; it can only be indicated. Like others of the kind, it is traceable to the most delicate of sentiments, and to the flattest:—for Mr. Blackburn Tuckham's figure was (she thought of it with no personal objection) not of the graceful order, neither cavalierly nor kingly; and imagining herself to say, "I am engaged," and he suddenly appearing on the field, Cecilia's whole mind was shocked: in so marked a way did he contrast with Beauchamp.

This was the effect of Beauchamp's latest words on her. He had disarmed her anger.

"We *must* have a walk to-day," he said commandingly, but it had stolen into him that he and she were not walking on the same bank

of the river, though they were side by side : a chill water ran between them. As in other days, there hung her hand : but not to be taken. Incredible as it was, the icy sense of his having lost her benumbed him. Her beautiful face and beautiful tall figure, so familiar to him that they were like a possession, protested in his favour while they snatched her from him all the distance of the words ' too late.'

" Will you not give me one half-hour ? "

" I am engaged," Cecilia plunged and extricated herself, " I am engaged to walk with Mr. Austin and papa."

Beauchamp tossed his head. Something induced him to speak of Mr. Tuckham. " The colonel has discovered his Tory young man ! It's an object as incomprehensible to me as a Tory working-man. I suppose I must take it that they exist. As for Blackburn Tuckham, I have nothing against him. He's an honourable fellow enough, and would govern Great Britain as men of that rich middle-class rule their wives—with a strict regard for ostensible humanity and what the law allows them. His manners have improved. Your cousin Mary seems to like him : it struck me when I saw them together. Cecilia ! one half-hour ! You refuse me : you have not heard me. You will not say too late."

" Nevil, I have said it finally. I have no longer the right to conceive it unsaid."

" So we speak ! It's the language of indolence, temper, faint hearts. ' Too late ' has no meaning. Turn back with me to the park. I offer you my whole heart ; I love you. There's no woman living who could be to me the wife you would be. I'm like your male nightingale that you told me of : I must have my mate to sing to—that is, work for and live for ; and she must not delay too long. Did I ? Pardon me if you think I did. You have known I love you. I have been distracted by things that kept me from thinking of myself and my wishes : and love's a selfish business while . . . while one has work in hand. It's clear I can't do two things at a time—make love and carry on my task-work. I have been idle for weeks. I believed you were mine and wanted no lovemaking. There's no folly in that, if you understand me at all. As for vanity about women, I've outlived it. In comparison with you I'm poor, I know :—you look distressed, but one has to allude to it :—I admit that wealth would help me. To see wealth supporting the cause of the people for once would—but you say, too late ! Well, I don't renounce you till I see you giving your hand to a man who's not myself. You have been offended : groundlessly, on my honour ! You are the woman of all women in the world to hold me fast in faith and pride in you. It's useless to look icy : you feel what I say."

" Nevil, I feel grief, and beg you to cease. I am
It is

"'Too late' has not a rag of meaning, Cecilia! I love your name. I love this too: this is mine, and no one can rob me of it."

He drew forth a golden locket and showed her a curl of her hair.

Crimsoning, she said instantly: "Language of the kind I used is open to misconstruction, I fear. I have not even the right to listen to you. I am You ask me for what I have it no longer in my power to give. I am engaged."

The shot rang through him and partly stunned him; but incredulity made a mocking effort to sustain him. The greater wounds do not immediately convince us of our fate, though we may be conscious that we have been hit.

"Engaged in earnest?" said he.

"Yes."

"Of your free-will?"

"Yes."

Her father stepped out on the terrace, from one of the open windows, trailing a newspaper like a pocket handkerchief. Cecilia threaded the flower-beds to meet him.

"Here's an accident to one of our ironclads," he called to Beauchamp.

"Lives lost, sir?"

"No, thank heaven! but, upon my word, it's a warning. Read the telegram; it's the *Hastings*. If these are our defences, at a cost of half a million of money, each of them, the sooner we look to our land forces the better."

"The Shop will not be considered safe!" said Beauchamp, taking in the telegram at a glance. "Peppel's a first-rate officer too: she couldn't have had a better captain. Ship seriously damaged!"

He handed back the paper to the colonel.

Cecilia expected him to say that he had foreseen such an event.

He said nothing; and with a singular contraction of the heart she recollected how he had denounced our system of preparing mainly for the defensive in war, on a day when they stood together in the park, watching the slow passage of that very ship, the *Hastings*, along the broad water, distant below them. The '*scurms of swift vessels of attack*,' she recollected particularly, and '*small wasps and rams under mighty steam-power*,' that he used to harp on when declaring that England must be known for the assailant in war: she was to 'ray out' her worrying fleets. 'The defensive is perilous policy in war:' he had said it. She recollected also her childish ridicule of his excess of emphasis: he certainly had foresight.

Mr. Austin and Mr. Tuckham came strolling in conversation round the house to the terrace. Beauchamp bowed to the former, nodded to the latter, scrutinising him after he had done so, as if the flash of a thought were in his mind. Tuckham's radiant aspect pos-

sibly excited it: "Congratulate me!" was the honest outcry of his face and frame. He was as overflowinglly rosy as a victorious candidate at the hustings commencing a speech. Cecilia laid her hand on an urn, in dread of the next words from either of the persons present. Her father put an arm in hers, and leaned on her. She gazed at her chamber window above, wishing to be wafted thither to her seclusion within. The trembling limbs of physical irresoluteness was a new experience to her.

"Anything else in the paper, colonel? I've not seen it to-day," said Beauchamp, for the sake of speaking.

"No, I don't think there's anything," Colonel Halkett replied. "Our diplomatists haven't been shining much: that's not our forte."

"No: it's our field for younger sons."

"Is it? Ah! There's an expedition against the hill-tribes in India, and we're such a peaceful nation, eh? We look as if we were in for a complication with China."

"Well, sir, we must sell our opium."

"Of course we must. There's a man writing about surrendering Gibraltar!"

"I'm afraid we can't do that."

"But where do you draw the line?" quoth Tuckham, very susceptible to a sneer at the colonel, and entirely ignorant of the circumstances attending Beauchamp's position before him. "You defend the Chinaman; and it's questionable if his case is as good as the Spaniard's."

"The Chinaman has a case against our traders. Gibraltar concerns our imperial policy."

"As to the case against the English merchants, the Chinaman is for shutting up his millions of acres of productive land, and the action of commerce is merely a declaration of a universal public right, to which all States must submit."

"Immorality brings its punishment, be sure of that. Some day we shall have enough of China. As to the Rock, I know the argument; I may be wrong. I've had the habit of regarding it as necessary to our naval supremacy."

"Come! there we agree."

"It's not so certain."

"The counter-argument, I call treason."

"Well," said Beauchamp, "there's a broad policy, and a narrow. There's the Spanish view of the matter—if you are for peace and harmony and disarmament."

"I'm not."

"Then strengthen your forces."

"Not a bit of it!"

"Then bully the feeble and truckle to the strong; consent to be hated till you have to stand your ground."

"Talk!"

"It seems to me logical."

"That's the French notion—c'est lodgique!"

Tuckham's pronunciation caused Cecilia to level her eyes at him passingly.

"By the way," said Colonel Halkett, "there are lots of horrors in the paper to-day: wife kickings, and starvations—oh, dear me! and the murder of a woman: two columns to that."

"That, the Tory reaction is responsible for!" said Tuckham, rather by way of a joke than a challenge.

Beauchamp accepted it as a challenge. Much to the benevolent amusement of Mr. Austin and Colonel Halkett, he charged the responsibility of every crime committed in the country, and every condition of misery, upon the party which declined to move in advance, and which *therefore* apologised for the perpetuation of knavery, villany, brutality, injustice, and foul dealing.

"Stick to your laws and systems and institutions, and so long as you won't stir to amend them, I hold you accountable for that long newspaper list daily."

He said this with a visible fire of conviction.

Tuckham stood bursting at the monstrousness of such a statement.

He condensed his indignant rejoinder to: "Madness can't go farther!"

"There's an idea in it," said Mr. Austin.

"It's an idea foaming at the mouth, then!"

"Perhaps it has no worse fault than that of not marching parallel with the truth," said Mr. Austin smiling. "The party accusing in those terms . . . what do you say, Captain Beauchamp?—supposing us to be pleading before a tribunal?"

Beauchamp admitted as much as that he had made the case gigantic, though he stuck to his charge against the Tory party. And moreover: the Tories—and the old Whigs, now Liberals, ranked under the heading of Tories—those Tories possessing and representing the wealth of the country, yet had not started one respectable journal that a lady could read through without offence to her, or a gentleman without disgust! If there was not one English newspaper in existence independent of circulation and advertisements, and of the tricks to win them, the Tories were answerable for the vacancy. They, being the rich who, if they chose, could set an example to our Press by subscribing to maintain a journal superior to the flattering of vile appetites—"all that nauseous matter," Beauchamp stretched his finger at the sheets Colonel

Halkett was holding, and which he had not read—"those Tories," he bowed to the colonel, "I'm afraid I must say you, sir, are answerable for it."

"I am very well satisfied with my paper," said the colonel.

Beauchamp sighed to himself. "We choose to be satisfied," he said. His pure and mighty DAWN was in his thoughts: the unborn light of a day denied to earth!

One of the doctors of Bevisham, visiting a sick maid of the house, trotted up the terrace to make his report to her master of the state of her health. He hoped to pull her through with the aid of high feeding. He alluded cursorily to a young girl living on the outskirts of the town, whom he had been called in to see at the eleventh hour, and had lost, owing to the lowering of his patient from a prescription of a vegetable diet by a certain Dr. Shrapnel.

That ever-explosive name precipitated Beauchamp to the front rank of the defence.

"I happen to be staying with Dr. Shrapnel," he observed. "I don't eat meat there because he doesn't, and I am certain I take no harm by avoiding it. I think vegetarianism a humaner system, and hope it may be wise. I should like to see the poor practising it, for their own sakes; and I have half an opinion that it would be good for the rich—if we are to condemn gluttony."

"Ah? Captain Beauchamp!" the doctor bowed to him. "But my case was one of poor blood requiring to be strengthened. The girl was allowed to sink so low that stimulants were ineffective when I stepped in. There's the point. It's all very well while you are in health. You may do without meat till your system demands the stimulant, or else—as with this poor girl! And, indeed, Captain Beauchamp, if I may venture the remark—I had the pleasure of seeing you during the last election in our town—and if I may be so bold, I should venture to hint that the avoidance of animal food—to judge by appearances—has not been quite wholesome for you."

Eyes were turned on Beauchamp.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN THE HEART OF CECILIA: AND OF THE TRIAL AWAITING THE
EARL OF ROMFREY.

CECILIA softly dropped her father's arm, and went into the house. The exceeding pallor of Beauchamp's face haunted her in her room. She heard the controversy proceeding below, and an exclamation of Blackburn Tuckham's: "Immorality of meat eating? What nonsense are they up to now?"

Beauchamp was inaudible, save in a word or two. As usual, he was the solitary minority.

But how mournfully changed he was! She had not noticed it, agitated by her own emotions as she had been, and at one time three parts frozen. He was the ghost of the Nevil Beauchamp who had sprung on the deck of the *Esperanza* out of Lieutenant Wilmore's boat, that sunny breezy day which was the bright first chapter of her new life—of her late life, as it seemed to her now, for she was dead to it, and another creature, the coldest of the women of earth. She felt sensibly cold, coveted warmth, flung a shawl on her shoulders, and sat in a corner of her room, hidden and shivering beside the open window, till long after the gentlemen had ceased to speak.

How much he must have suffered of late! The room she had looked to as a refuge from Nevil was now her stronghold against the man whom she had incredibly accepted. She remained there, the victim of a heart malady, under the term of headache. Feeling entrapped, she considered that she must have been encircled and betrayed. She looked back on herself as a giddy figure falling into a pit: and in the pit she lay.

And how vile to have suspected of unfaithfulness and sordidness the generous and steadfast man of earth! He never abandoned a common friendship. His love of his country was love still, whatever the form it had taken. His childlike reliance on effort and outspeaking, for which men laughed at him, was beautiful.

"Where am I?" she cried amid her melting images of him, all dominated by his wan features. She was bound fast, imprisoned and a slave. Even Mr. Austin had conspired against him: for only she read Nevil justly. His defence of Dr. Shrapnel filled her with an envy that no longer maligned the object of it, but was humble, and like the desire of the sick to creep into sunshine.

The only worthy thing she could think of doing was (it must be mentioned for a revelation of her fallen state, and, moreover, she was not lusty of health at the moment) to abjure meat. The body loathed it, and consequently the mind of the invalided lady shrank away in horror of the bleeding joints, and the increasingly fierce scramble of Christian souls for the dismembered animals: she saw the innocent pasturing beasts, she saw the act of slaughter. She had actually sweeping before her sight a spectacle of the ludicrous-terrific, in the shape of an entire community pursuing countless herds of poor scampering animal life for blood: she, meanwhile, with Nevil and Dr. Shrapnel, stood apart contemning. For whoso would not partake of flesh in this kingdom of roast beef must be of the sparse number of Nevil's execrated minority in politics.

The example will show that she touched the borders of delirium.

Physically, the doctor pronounces her bilious. She was in earnest so far as to send down to the library for medical books and books upon diet. These, however, did not plead for the beasts. They treated the subject without question of man's taking that which he has conquered. Poets and philosophers did the same. Again she beheld Nevil Beauchamp solitary in the adverse rank to the world; —to his countrymen especially. But that it was no material cause which had wasted his cheeks and lined his forehead, she was sure: and to starve with him, to embark with him in his little boat on the seas he whipped to frenzy, would have been a dream of bliss, had she dared to contemplate herself in a dream as his companion.

It was not to be thought of.

No: but this was, and to be thought of seriously: Cecilia had said to herself for consolation that Beauchamp was no spiritual guide; he had her heart within her to plead for him, and the reflection came to her, like a bubble up from the heart, that most of our spiritual guides neglect the root to trim the flower: and thence, turning sharply on herself, she obtained a sudden view of her allurements and her sin in worshipping herself, and recognised that the aim at an ideal life closely approaches to self-worship; to which the lady was woman and artist enough to have had no objection, but that therein visibly she discerned the retributive vain longings, in the guise of high individual superiority and distinction, that had thwarted her with Nevil Beauchamp, never permitting her to love single-mindedly or whole-heartedly, but always in reclaiming her rights and sighing for the loss of her ideal; adoring her own image, in fact, when she pretended to cherish, and regret that she could not sufficiently cherish, the finer elements of nature. What was this ideal she had complained of losing? It was a broken mirror: she could think of it in no other form.

Dr. Shrapnel's "Ego-Ego" yelped and gave chase to her through the pure beatitudes of her earlier days down to her present regrets. It hunted all the saints in the calendar till their haloes topsided on their heads—her favourite St. Francis of Assisi excepted.

The doctor was called up from Bevisham next-day, and pronounced her bilious. He was humorous over Captain Beauchamp, who had gone to the parents of the dead girl, and gathered the information that they were a consumptive family, to vindicate Dr. Shrapnel. "The very family to require strong nourishment," said the doctor.

Cecilia did not rest in her sickroom before, hunting through one book and another, she had found arguments on the contrary side; a waste of labour that heaped oppression on her chest, as with the world's weight. Apparently one had only to be in Beauchamp's track to experience that. She horrified her father by asking ques-

tions about consumption. Homœopathy, hydropathy—the revolutionaries of medicine attracted her. Blackburn Tuckham, a model for an elected lover who is not beloved, promised to procure all sorts of treatises for her: no man could have been so deferential to a diseased mind. Beyond calling her by her Christian name, he did nothing to distress her with the broad aspect of their new relations together. He and Mr. Austin departed from Mount Laurels, leaving her to sink into an agreeable stupor, like one deposited on a mud-bank after buffeting the waves. She learnt that her father had seen Captain Baskellett, and remembered, marvelling, how her personal dread of an interview, that threatened to compromise her ideal of her feminine and peculiar dignity, had assisted to precipitate her where she now lay helpless, almost inanimate.

She was unaware of the passage of time save when her father spoke of a marriage-day. It told her that she lived and was moving. The fear of death is not stronger in us, nor the desire to put it off, than Cecilia's shunning of such a day. The naming of it numbed her blood like a snake-bite. Yet she openly acknowledged her engagement; and, happily for Tuckham, his visits, both in London and at Mount Laurels, were few and short, and he inflicted no foretaste of her coming subjection to him to alarm her.

Under her air of calm abstraction she watched him rigorously for some sign of his ownership that should tempt her to revolt from her pledge, or at least dream of breaking loose: the dream would have sufficed. He was never intrusive, never pressing. He did not vex, because he absolutely trusted to the noble loyalty which made her admit to herself that she belonged irrevocably to him, while her thoughts were upon Beauchamp. With a respectful gravity he submitted to her perusal a collection of treatises on diet, classed *pro*. and *con*., and paged and pencil-marked to simplify her study of the question. They sketched in company; she played music to him, he read poetry to her, and read it well. He seemed to feel the beauty of it sensitively, as she did critically. In other days the positions were reversed. He invariably talked of Beauchamp with kindness, deploring only that he should be squandering his money on workmen's halls and other hazy projects down in Bevisham.

"Lydiard tells me he has a very sound idea of the value of money, and has actually made money by cattle breeding; but he has flung ten thousand pounds on a single building outside the town, and he'll have to endow it to support it—a club to educate Radicals. The fact is, he wants to jam the business of two or three centuries into a lifetime. These men of their so-called progress are like the majority of religious minds: they can't believe without seeing and touching. That is to say, they don't believe in the abstract at all, but they go to work blindly by agitating, and proselytising, and

persecuting to get together a mass they can believe in. You see it in their way of arguing; it's half done with the fist. Lydiard tells me he left him last in a horrible despondency about progress! Ha! ha! Beauchamp's no Radical. He hasn't forgiven the Countess of Romfrey for marrying above her rank. He may be a bit of a Republican: but really in this country Republicans are fighting with the shadow of an old hat and a cockhorse. I beg to state that I have a reverence for constituted authority: I speak of what those fellows are contending with."

"Right," said Colonel Halkett. "But 'the shadow of an old hat and a cockhorse:' what does that mean?"

"That's what our Republicans are hitting at, sir."

"Ah! so; yes," quoth the colonel. "And I say this to Nevil Beauchamp, that what we've grown up well with, powerfully with, it's base ingratitude and dangerous folly to throw over."

He blamed Beauchamp for ingratitude to the countess, who had, he affirmed of his own knowledge, married Lord Romfrey to protect Beauchamp's interests.

A curious comment on this allegation was furnished by the announcement of the earl's expectation of a son and heir. The earl wrote to Colonel Halkett from Romfrey Castle, inviting him to come and spend some time there.

"Now that's brave news!" the colonel exclaimed.

He proposed a cruise round by the Cornish coast to the Severn, and so to Romfrey, to squeeze the old lord's hand and congratulate him with all his heart. Cecilia was glad to acquiesce, for an expedition of any description was a lull in the storm that hummed about her ears in the peace of home, where her father would perpetually speak of the day to be fixed. Sailing the sea on a cruise was like the gazing at wonderful colours of a western sky: an oblivion of earthly dates and obligations. What mattered it that there were gales in August? She loved the sea, and the stinging salt spray, and circling gull and plunging gannet, the sun on the waves, and the torn cloud. The revelling, libertine open sea wedded her to Beauchamp in that veiled cold spiritual manner she could muse on as a circumstance out of her life.

Fair companies of racing yachts were left behind. The gales of August mattered frightfully to poor Blackburn Tuckham, who was to be dropped at a town in South Wales, and descended greenish to his cabin as soon as they had crashed on the first wall-waves of the chalk-race, a throw beyond the peaked cliffs edged with cormorants, and were really tasting sea. Cecilia reclined on deck, wrapped in shawl and waterproof. As the Alpine climber claims the upper air, she had the wild sea to herself through her love of it; quite to herself. It was delicious to look round and ahead, and the perturba-

tion was just enough to preserve her from thoughts too deep inward in a scene where the ghost of Nevil was abroad.

The hard dry gale increased. Her father, stretched beside her, drew her attention to a small cutter flying under reefed top-sail and storm-jib on the *Esperanza's* weather bow—a gallant boat carefully handled. She watched it with some anxiety, but the *Esperanza* was bound for a Devon bay, and bore away from the black Dorsetshire headland, leaving the little cutter to run into haven if she pleased. The passing her was no event.—In a representation of the common events befalling us in these times, upon an appreciation of which this history depends, one turns at whiles a languishing glance toward the vast potential mood, pluperfect tense. For Nevil Beauchamp was on board the cutter, steering her; with Dr. Shrapnel and Lydiard in the well, and if an accident had happened to cutter or schooner, what else might not have happened? Cecilia gathered it from Mrs. Wardour-Devereux, whom, to her surprise and pleasure, she found at Romfrey Castle. Her friend Louise received a letter from Mr. Lydiard, containing a literary amateur seaman's log of a cruise of a fifteen-ton cutter in a gale, and a pure literary sketch of Beauchamp standing drenched at the helm from five in the morning up to nine at night, munching a biscuit for nourishment. The beautiful widow prepared the way for what was very soon to be publicly known by reading out this passage of her correspondent's letter in the breakfast room.

"Yes, the fellow's a sailor!" said Lord Romfrey.

The countess rose from her chair and walked out.

"Now, was that abuse of the fellow?" the old lord asked Colonel Halkett. "I said he was a sailor, I said nothing else. He is a sailor, and he's fit for nothing else, and no ship will he get unless he bends his neck: never's nearer it."

He hesitated a moment, and went after his wife.

Cecilia sat with the countess, in the afternoon, at a window overlooking the swelling woods of Romfrey. She praised the loveliness of the view.

"It is fire to me," said Rosamund.

Cecilia looked at her, startled. Rosamund said no more.

She was an excellent hostess, nevertheless, unpretending and simple in company; and only when it chanced that Beauchamp's name was mentioned did she cast that quick supplicating nervous glance at the earl, with a shadow of an elevation of her shoulders, as if in apprehension of mordant pain.

We will make no mystery about it. I would I could. Those happy tales of mystery are as much my envy as the popular narratives of the deeds of bread and cheese people, for they both create a tideway in the attentive mind; the mysterious pricking our

credulous flesh to creep, the familiar urging our obese imagination to constitutional exercise. And oh, the refreshment there is in dealing with characters either contemptibly beneath us or supernaturally above! My way is like a Rhone island in the summer drought, stony, unattractive and difficult between the two forceful streams of the unreal and the over-real, which delight mankind—honour to the conjurors! My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clockwork of the brain that they are directed to set in motion, and—poor troop of actors to vacant benches!—the conscience residing in thoughtfulness which they would appeal to; and if you are there impervious to them, we are lost: back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good.

The burden of a child in her bosom had come upon Rosamund with the visage of the Angel of Death fronting her in her path. She believed that she would die; but like much that we call belief, there was a kernel of doubt in it, which was lively when her frame was enlivened, and she then thought of the giving birth to this unloved child, which was to disinherit the man she loved, in whose interest solely (so she could presume to think, because it had been her motive reason) she had married the earl. She had no wish to be a mother; but that prospect, and the dread attaching to it at her time of life, she could have submitted to for Lord Romfrey's sake. It struck her like a scoffer's blow that she, the one woman on earth loving Nevil, should have become the instrument for dispossessing him. The revulsion of her feelings enlightened her so far as to suggest, without enabling her to fathom him, that instead of having cleverly swayed Lord Romfrey, she had been his dupe, or a blind accomplice; and though she was too humane a woman to think of punishing him, she had so much to forgive that the trifles daily and at any instant added to the load, flushed her resentment, like fresh lights showing new features and gigantic outlines. Nevil's loss of Cecilia she had anticipated; she had heard of it when she was lying in physical and mental apathy at Steynham. Lord Romfrey had repeated to her the nature of his replies to the searching parental questions of Colonel Halkett, and having foreseen it all, and what was more, foretold it, she was not aroused from her torpor. Latterly, with the return of her natural strength, she had shown herself incapable of hearing her husband speak of Nevil; nor was the earl tardy in taking the hint to spare the mother of his child allusions that vexed her. Now and then they occurred perforce. The presence of Cecilia exasperated Rosamund's peculiar sensitiveness. It required Louise Wardour-Devereux's apologies and interpretations to account for what appeared to Cecilia strangely ill-conditioned, if

not insane, in Lady Romfrey's behaviour. The most astonishing thing to hear was that Lady Romfrey had paid Mrs. Devereux a visit at her Surrey house unexpectedly one Sunday in the London season, for the purpose, as it became evident, of meeting Mr. Blackburn Tuckham: and how she could have known that Mr. Tuckham would be there, Mrs. Devereux could not tell, for it was, Louise assured Cecilia, purely by chance that he and Mr. Lydiard were present: but the countess obtained an interview with him alone, and Mr. Tuckham came from it declaring it to have been more terrible than any he had ever been called upon to endure. The object of the countess was to persuade him to renounce his bride.

Louise replied to the natural inquiry—"Upon what plea?" with a significant evasiveness. She put her arms round Cecilia's neck: "I trust you are not unhappy. You will get no release from him."

"I am not unhappy," said Cecilia, musically clear to convince her friend.

She was indeed glad to feel the stout chains of her anchor restraining her when Lady Romfrey talked of Nevil; they were like the safety of marriage without the dreaded ceremony, and with solitude to let her weep. Bound thus to a weaker man than Blackburn Tuckham, though he had been more warmly esteemed, her fancy would have drifted away over the deeps, perhaps her cherished loyalty would have drowned in her tears—for Lady Romfrey tasked it very severely: but he from whom she could hope for no release, gave her some of the firmness which her nature craved in this trial.

From saying quietly to her: "I thought once you loved him," when alluding to Nevil, Lady Romfrey passed to mournful exclamations, and by degrees on to direct entreaties. She related the whole story of Renée in England, and appeared distressed with a desperate wonderment at Cecilia's mildness after hearing it. Her hearer would have imagined that she had no moral sense, if it had not been so perceptible that the poor lady's mind was distempered on the one subject of Nevil Beauchamp. Cecilia's high conception of duty, wherein she was a peerless flower of our English civilisation, was incommunicable: she could practise, not explain it. She bowed to Lady Romfrey's praises of Nevil, suffered her hands to be wrung, her heart to be touched, all but an avowal of her love of him to be wrested from her, and not the less did she retain her cold resolution to marry to please her father and fulfil her pledge. In truth it was too late to speak of Renée to her now. It did not beseem Cecilia to remember that she had ever been a victim of jealousy; and while confessing to many errors, because she felt them, and gained a necessary strength for them—in the comfort of the consciousness of pain, for example, which she sorely needed, that the

pain in her own breast might deaden her to Nevil's—jealousy, the meanest of the errors of a lofty soul, yielded no extract beyond the bare humiliation proper to it: so she discarded the recollection of the passion which had wrought the mischief. Since we cannot have a peerless flower of civilisation without artificial aid, it may be understood how it was that Cecilia could extinguish some lights in her mind and kindle others, and wherefore what it was not natural for her to do, she did. She had, briefly, a certain control of herself.

Our common readings in the fictitious romances which mark out a plot and measure their characters to fit into it, had made Rosamund hopeful of the effect of that story of Renée. A wooden young woman, or a galvanised (sweet to the writer, either of them, as to the reader—so movable they are!) would have seen her business at this point, and have glided melting to reconciliation and the chamber where romantic fiction ends joyously. Rosamund had counted on it.

She looked intently at Cecilia. "He is ruined, wasted, ill, unloved; he has lost you—I am the cause!" she cried in a convulsion of grief.

"Dear Lady Romfrey!" Cecilia would have consoled her. "There is nothing to lead us to suppose that Nevil is unwell, and you are not to blame for anything: how can you be?"

"I spoke falsely of Dr. Shrapnel, I am the cause. It lies on me; it pursues me. Let me give to the poor as I may, and feel for the poor, as I do, to get nearer to Nevil—I cannot have peace! His heart has turned from me. He despises me. If I had spoken to Lord Romfrey at Steynham, as he commanded me, you and he—Oh! cowardice: he is right, cowardice is the chief evil in the world. He is ill; he is desperately ill; he will die."

"Have you heard he is very ill, Lady Romfrey?"

"No! no!" Rosamund exclaimed; "it is by not hearing that I *know* it!"

With the assistance of Louise Devereux, Cecilia gradually awakened to what was going on in the house. There had been a correspondence between Miss Denham and the countess. Letters from Bevisham had suddenly ceased. Presumably the earl had stopped them; and if so it must have been for a tragic reason.

Cecilia hinted some blame of Lord Romfrey to her father.

He pressed her hand and said: "You don't know what that man suffers. Romfrey is fond of Nevil too, but he must guard his wife; and the fact is Nevil is down with fever. It's in the papers now; he may be able to conceal it, and I hope he will. There'll be a crisis, and then he can tell her good news—a little illness and all right now! Of course," the colonel continued buoyantly, "Nevil will recover; he's a tough, wiry young fellow, but poor Romfrey's fears

are natural enough about the countess. Her mind seems to be haunted by the doctor there—Shrapnel, I mean; and she's excitable to a degree that threatens the worst—in case of any accident in Bevisham."

"Is it not a kind of cowardice to conceal it?" Cecilia suggested.

"It saves her from fretting," said the Colonel.

"But she is fretting! If Lord Romfrey would confide in her and trust to her courage, papa, it would be best."

Colonel Halkett thought that Lord Romfrey was the judge.

Cecilia wished to leave a place where this visible torture of a human soul was proceeding, and to no purpose. She pointed out to her father, by a variety of signs, that Lady Romfrey either knew or suspected the state of affairs in Bevisham, and repeated her remarks upon Nevil's illness. But Colonel Halkett was restrained from departing by the earl's constant request to him to stay. Old friendship demanded it of him. He began to share his daughter's feelings at the sight of Lady Romfrey. She was outwardly patient and submissive; by nature she was a strong healthy woman; and she attended to all her husband's prescriptions for the regulating of her habits, walked with him, lay down for the afternoon's rest, appeared amused when he laboured to that effect, and did her utmost to subdue the worm devouring her heart: but the hours of the delivery of the letter-post were fatal to her. Her woeful: "No letter for me!" was piteous. When that was heard no longer, her silence and famished gaze chilled Cecilia. At night Rosamund eyed her husband expressionlessly, with her head leaning back in her chair, to the sorrow of the ladies beholding her. Ultimately the contagion of her settled misery took hold of Cecilia. Colonel Halkett was induced by his daughter and Mrs. Devereux to endeavour to combat a system that threatened consequences worse than those it was planned to avert. He by this time was aware of the serious character of the malady which had prostrated Nevil. Lord Romfrey had directed his own medical man to go down to Bevisham, and Dr. Gannet's report of Nevil was grave. The colonel made light of it to his daughter, after the fashion he condemned in Lord Romfrey, to whom however he spoke earnestly of the necessity for partially taking his wife into his confidence: to the extent of letting her know that a slight fever was running its course with Nevil.

"That will be no slight fever in my wife's blood," said the earl. "I stand to weather the cape or run to wreck, and it won't do to be taking in reefs on a lee-shore. You don't see what frets her, colonel. For years she has been bent on Nevil's marriage. It's off: but if you catch Cecilia by the hand and bring her to us—I swear she loves the fellow!—that's the medicine for my wife. Say: will you do it? Tell Lady Romfrey it shall be done. We shall stand upright again!"

"I'm afraid that's impossible, Romfrey," said the colonel.

"Play at it, then! Let her think it. You're helping me treat an invalid. Colonel! my old friend! You save my house and name if you do that. It's a hand round a candle in a burst of wind. There's Nevil dragged by a woman into one of their reeking hovels—so that Miss Denham at Shrapnel's writes to Lady Romfrey—because the woman's drunken husband voted for him at the election, and was kicked out of employment, and fell upon the gin-bottle, and the brats of the den died starving, and the man sickened of a fever; and Nevil goes in and sits with him! Out of that tangle of folly is my house to be struck down? It looks as if the fellow with his infernal 'humanity,' were the bad genius of an old nurse's tale. He's a good fellow, colonel, he means well. This fever will cure him, they say it sobers like blood-letting. He's a gallant fellow; you know that. He fought to the skeleton in our last big war. On my soul, I believe he's good for a husband. Frenchwoman or not, that affair's over. He shall have Steynham and Holdesbury. Can I say more? Now Colonel, you go in to the countess. Grasp my hand. Give me that help, and God bless you! You light up my old days. She's a noble woman: I would not change her against the best in the land. She has this craze about Nevil. I suppose she'll never get over it. But there it is: and we must feed her with the spoon."

Colonel Halkett argued stutteringly with the powerful man: "It's the truth she ought to hear, Romfrey; indeed it is, if you'll believe me. It's his life she is fearing for. She knows half."

"She knows positively nothing, colonel. Miss Denham's first letter spoke of the fellow's having headaches, and staggering. He was out on a cruise, and saw your schooner pass, and put into some port, and began falling right and left, and they got him back to Shrapnel's: and here it is—that if you go to him you'll save him, and if you go to my wife you'll save her: and there you have it: and I ask my old friend—I beg him to go to them both."

"But you can't surely expect me to force my daughter's inclinations, my dear Romfrey?"

"Cecilia loves the fellow!"

"She is engaged to Mr. Tuckham."

"I'll see the man Tuckham."

"Really, my dear lord!"

"Play at it, Halkett, play at it! Tide us over this! Talk to her: hint it and nod it. We have to round November. I could strangle the world till that month's past. You'll own," he added mildly after his thunder, "I'm not much of the despot Nevil calls me. She has not a wish I don't supply. I'm at her beck, and everything that's mine. She's a brave good woman. I don't complain."

I run my chance. But if we lose the child—good-night! Boy or girl—boy!”

Lord Romfrey flung an arm up. The child of his old age lived for him already: he gave it all the life he had. This miracle, this young son springing up on an earth decaying and dark, absorbed him. This reviver of his ancient line must not be lost. Perish every consideration to avert it! He was ready to fear, love, or hate terribly, according to the prospects of his child.

Colonel Halkett was obliged to enter into a consultation, of a shadowy sort, with his daughter, whose only advice was that they should leave the castle. The penetrable gloom there, and the growing apprehension concerning the countess and Nevil, tore her to pieces. Even if she could have conspired with the earl to hoodwink his wife, her strong sense told her it would be fruitless, besides base. Father and daughter had to make the stand against Lord Romfrey. He saw their departure from the castle gates, and kissed his hand to Cecilia, courteously, without a smile.

“He may well praise the countess, papa,” said Cecilia, while they were looking back at the castle and the moveless flag that hung in folds by the mast above it. “She has given me her promise to avoid questioning him and to accept his view of her duty. She said to me that if Nevil should die, she . . .”

Cecilia herself broke down, and gave way to sobs in her father's arms.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A FABRIC OF BARONIAL DESPOTISM CRUMBLES.

THE earl's precautions did duty night and day in all the avenues leading to the castle and his wife's apartments; and he could believe that he had undertaken as good a defence as the mountain guarding the fertile vale from storms: but him the elements pelted heavily. Letters from acquaintances of Nevil, from old shipmates and from queer political admirers and opponents, hailed on him; things not to be frigidly read were related of the fellow.

Lord Romfrey's faith in the power of constitution to beat disease battled sturdily with the daily reports of his physician and friends, whom he had directed to visit the cottage on the common outside Bevisham, and with Miss Denham's intercepted letters to the countess. Still he had to calculate on the various injuries Nevil had done to his constitution, which had made of him another sort of man for a struggle of life and death than when he stood like a riddled flag through the war. That latest freak of the fellow's, the abandonment of our natural and wholesome sustenance in animal food, was

to be taken in the reckoning. Dr. Gannet did not allude to it; the Bevisham doctor did; and the earl meditated with a fury of wrath on the dismal chance that such a folly as this of one old vegetable idiot influencing a younger noodle, might strike his House to the dust.

His watch over his wife had grown mechanical: he failed to observe that her voice was missing. She rarely spoke. He lost the art of observing himself: the wrinkling up and dropping of his brows became his habitual language. So long as he had not to meet inquiries or face tears, he enjoyed the sense of security. He never quitted his wife save to walk to the southern park lodge, where letters and telegrams were piled awaiting him; and she was forbidden to take the air on the castle terrace without his being beside her, lest a whisper, some accident of the kind that donkeys who nod over their drowsy nose-length-ahead precautions call fatality, should rouse her to suspect, and in a turn of the hand undo his labour: for the race was getting terrible: Death had not yet stepped out of that evil chamber in Dr. Shrapnel's cottage to aim his javelin at the bosom containing the prized young life to come, but, like the smoke of waxing fire, he shadowed forth his presence in wreaths blacker and thicker day by day: and Everard Romfrey knew that the hideous beast of darkness had only to spring up and pass his guard to deal a blow to his House the direr from all he supposed himself to have gained by masking it hitherto. The young life he looked to for renewal swallowed him: he partly lost human feeling for his wife in the tremendous watch and strain to hurry her as a vessel round the dangerous headland. He was oblivious that his eyebrows talked, that his head was bent low, that his mouth was shut, and that where a doubt has been sown, silence and such signs are like revelations in black night to the spirit of a woman who loves.

One morning after breakfast Rosamund hung on his arm, eyeing him neither questioningly nor invitingly, but long. He kissed her forehead. She clung to him and closed her eyes, showing him a face of slumber, like a mask of the dead.

Mrs. Devereux was present. Cecilia had entreated her to stay with Lady Romfrey. She stole away, for the time had come which any close observer of the countess must have expected.

The earl lifted his wife, and carried her to her sitting-room. A sunless weltering September day whipped the window-panes and brought the roar of the beaten woods to her ears. He was booted and gaitered for his customary walk to the park lodge, and as he bent a knee beside her, she murmured: "Don't wait; return soon."

He placed a cord attached to the bellrope within her reach. This utter love of Nevil Beauchamp was beyond his comprehension, but there it was, and he had to submit to it and manœuvre. His letters and telegrams told the daily tale. "He's better," said the earl,

preparing himself to answer what his wife's look had warned him would come.

She was an image of peace, in the same posture on the couch where he had left her, when he returned. She did not open her eyes, but felt about for his hand, and touching it, she seemed to weigh the fingers.

At last she said : "The fever should be at its height."

"Why, my dear brave girl, what ails you?" said he.

"Ignorance."

She raised her eyelids. His head was bent down over her, like a raven's watching, a picture of gravest vigilance.

Her bosom rose and sank. "What has Miss Denham written to-day?"

"To-day?" he asked her gently.

"I shall bear it," she answered. "You were my master before you were my husband. I bear anything you think is good for my government. Only, my ignorance is fever; I share Nevil's."

"Have you been to my desk at all?"

"No. I read your eyes and your hands: I have been living on them. To-day I find that I have not gained by it, as I hoped I should. Ignorance kills me. I really have courage to bear to hear—just at this moment I have."

"There's no bad news, my love," said the earl.

"High fever, is it?"

"The usual fever. Gannet's with him. I sent for Gannet to go there, to satisfy you."

"Nevil is not dead?"

"Lord! ma'am, my dear soul!"

"He is alive?"

"Quite: certainly alive; as much alive as I am; only going a little faster, as fellows do in the jumps of a fever. The best doctor in England is by his bed. He's doing fairly. You should have let me know you were fretting, my Rosamund."

"I did not wish to tempt you to lie, my dear lord."

"Well, there are times when a woman . . . as you are: but you're a brave woman, a strong heart, and my wife. You want some one to sit with you, don't you? Louise Devereux is a pleasant person, but you want a man to amuse you. I'd have sent for Stukely, but you want a serious man, I fancy."

So much had the earl been thrown out of his plan for protecting his wife, that he felt helpless, and hinted at the aids and comforts of religion. He had not rejected the official Church, and regarding it now as in alliance with great Houses, he considered that its ministers might also be useful to the troubled women of noble families. He offered, if she pleased, to call in the rector to sit with her—the bishop of the diocese, if she liked.

"But just as you like, my love," he added. "You know you have to avoid fretting. I've heard my sisters talk of the parson doing them good off and on about the time of their being brought to bed. He elevated their minds, they said. I'm sure I've no objection. If he can doctor the minds of women he's got a profession worth something."

Rosamund smothered an outcry. "You mean that Nevil is past hope!"

"Not if he's got a fair half of our blood in him. And Richard Beauchamp gave the fellow good stock. He has about the best blood in England. That's not saying much when they've taken to breed as they build—stuff to keep the plasterers at work; devil a thought of posterity!"

"There I see you and Nevil one, my dear lord," said Rosamund. "You think of those that are to follow us. Talk to me of him. Do not say, 'the fellow.' Say 'Nevil.' No, no; call him 'the fellow.' He was alive and well when you used to say it. But smile kindly, as if he made you love him down in your heart, in spite of you. We have both known that love, and that opposition to him; not liking his ideas, yet liking him so; we were obliged to laugh—I have seen you! as love does laugh! If I am not crying over his grave, Everard? Oh!"

The earl smoothed her forehead. All her suspicions were rekindled. "Truth! truth! give me truth. Let me know what world I am in!"

"My dear, a ship's not lost because she's caught in a squall; nor a man buffeting the waves for an hour. He's all right; he keeps up."

"He is delirious? I ask you—I have fancied I heard him."

Lord Romfrey puffed from his nostrils: but in affecting to blow to the winds her foolish woman's wildness of fancy, his mind rested on Nevil, and he said: "Poor boy! It seems he's chattering hundreds to the minute."

His wife's looks alarmed him after he had said it, and he was for toning it and modifying it, when she gasped to him to help her to her feet; and standing up she exclaimed: "Oh, heaven! now I hear you; now I know he lives. See how much better it is for me to know the real truth. It takes me to his bedside. Ignorance and suspense have been poison. I have been washed about like a dead body. Let me read all my letters now. Nothing will harm me now. You will do your best for me, my husband, will you not?" She tore at her dress at her throat for coolness, panting and smiling. "For me—us—yours—ours! Give me my letters, lunch with me, and start for Bevisham. Now you see how good it is for me to hear the very truth, you will give me your own report, and I shall absolutely trust in it, and go down with it if its

false! But you see I am perfectly strong for the truth. It must be you or I to go. I burn to go; but your going will satisfy me. If *you* look on him, I look. I feel as if I had been nailed down in a coffin, and have got fresh air. I pledge you my word, sir, my honour, my dear husband, that I will think first of my duty. I know it would be Nevil's wish. He has not quite forgiven me—he thought me ambitious—ah! stop: he said that the birth of our child would give him greater happiness than he had known for years: he begged me to persuade you to call a boy Nevil Beauchamp, and a girl Renée. He has never believed in his own long living."

Rosamund refreshed her lord's heart by smiling archly as she said: "The boy to be *educated* to take the side of the people, of course! The girl is to learn a profession."

"Ha! bless the fellow!" Lord Romfrey interjected. "Well, I might go there for an hour. Promise me, no fretting! You have hollows in your cheeks, and your underlip hangs: I don't like it. I haven't seen that before."

"We do not see clearly when we are trying to deceive," said Rosamund. "My letters! my letters!"

Lord Romfrey went to fetch them. They were intact in his desk. His wife, then, had actually been reading the facts through a wall! For he was convinced of Mrs. Devereux's fidelity, as well as of the colonel's and Cecilia's. He was not a man to be disobeyed: nor was his wife the woman to court or to acquiesce in trifling acts of disobedience to him. He received the impression, consequently, that this matter of the visit to Nevil was one in which the poor loving soul might be allowed to guide him, singular as the intensity of her love of Nevil Beauchamp was, considering that they were not of kindred blood.

He endeavoured to tone her mind for the sadder items in Miss Denham's letters.

"Oh!" said Rosamund, "what if I shed the 'screaming eye-drops,' as you call them? They will not hurt me, but relieve. I was sure I should some day envy that girl! If he dies she will have nursed him and had the last of him."

"He's not going to die!" said Everard powerfully.

"We must be prepared. These letters will do that for me. I have written out the hours of your trains. Stanton will attend on you. I have directed him to telegraph to the Dolphin in Bevisham for rooms for the night: that is to-morrow night. To-night you sleep at your hotel in London, which will be ready to receive you, and is more comfortable than the empty house. Stanton takes wine, madeira and claret, and other small necessaries. If Nevil should be *very* unwell, you will not leave him immediately. I shall look to

the supplies. You will telegraph to me twice a day, and write once. We lunch at half-past twelve, so that you may hit the twenty-minutes-to-two o'clock train. And now I go to see that the packing is done."

She carried off her letters to her bedroom, where she fell upon the bed, shutting her eyelids hard before she could suffer her eyes to be the intermediaries of that fever-chamber in Bevisham and her bursting heart. But she had not positively deceived her husband in the reassurance she had given him by her collectedness and by the precise directions she had issued for his comforts, indicating a mind so much more at ease. She was firmer to meet the peril of her beloved: and being indeed when thrown on her internal resources, one among the brave women of earth, though also one who required a lift from circumstances to take her stand calmly fronting a menace to her heart, she saw the evidence of her influence with Lord Romfrey, and the level she could feel that they were on together so long as she was courageous, inspirited her sovereignly.

He departed at the hour settled for him. Rosamund sat at her boudoir window, watching the carriage that was conducting him to the railway station. Neither of them had touched on the necessity of his presenting himself at the door of Dr. Shrapnel's house. That, and the disgust belonging to it, was a secondary consideration with Lord Romfrey, after he had once resolved on it as the right thing to do: and his wife admired and respected him for so supreme a loftiness. And fervently she prayed that it might not be her evil fate to disappoint his hopes. Never had she experienced so strong a sense of devotedness to him as when she saw the carriage winding past the middle oak-wood of the park, under a wet sky brightened from the west, and on out of sight.

CHAPTER L.

AT THE COTTAGE ON THE COMMON.

RAIN went with Lord Romfrey in a pursuing cloud all the way to Bevisham, and across the common to the long garden and plain little green-shuttered, neat white cottage of Dr. Shrapnel. Carriages were driving from the door; idle men, with hands deep in their pockets, hung near it, some women, pointing their shoulders under wet shawls, and boys. The earl was on foot. With no sign of discomposure, he stood at the half-open door and sent in his card, bearing the request for permission to visit his nephew. The reply failing to come to him immediately, he began striding to and fro. That garden gate where he had flourished the righteous whip was

wide. Footfarers over the sodden common were attracted to the gateway, and lingered in it, looking at the long, green—extended windows, apparently listening, before they broke away to exchange undertoned speech here and there. Boys had pushed up through the garden to the kitchen area. From time to time a woman in a dripping bonnet whimpered aloud.

An air of a country churchyard on a Sunday morning when the curate has commenced the service prevailed. The boys were subdued by the moisture, as they are when they sit in the church aisle or organ-loft, before their members have been much cramped.

The whole scene, and especially the behaviour of the boys, betokened to Lord Romfrey that an event had come to pass.

In a chronicle of a sickness the event is death.

He bethought him of various means of stopping the telegraph and smothering the tale, if matters should have touched the worst here. He calculated abstrusely the practicable shortness of the two routes from Bevisham to Romfrey, by post-horses on the straightest line of road, or by express train on the triangle of railway, in case of an extreme need requiring him to hasten back to his wife and renew his paternal-despotic system with her. She had but persuaded him of the policy of a liberal openness and confidence for the moment's occasion: she could not turn his nature, which ran to strokes of craft and blunt decision whenever the emergency smote him and he felt himself hailed to show generalship.

While thus occupied in thoughtfulness he became aware of the monotony of a tuneless chant, as if, it struck him, an insane young chorister or canon were galloping straight on end hippomaniacally through the Psalms. There was a creak at intervals, leading him to think it a machine that might have run away with the winder's arm.

The earl's humour proposed the notion to him that this perhaps was one of the forms of Radical lamentation, ululation, possibly practised by a veteran impietist like Dr. Shrapnel for the loss of his youngster, his political cub—poor lad!

Deriding any such paganry, and aught that could be set howling, Lord Romfrey was presently moved to ask of the small crowd at the gate what that sound was.

"It's the poor commander, sir," said a wet-shawled woman, shivering.

"He's been at it twenty hours already, sir," said one of the boys.

"Twenty-four hour he've been at it," said another.

A short dispute grew over the exact number of hours. One boy declared that thirty hours had been reached. "Father heerd'n yesterday morning as he was aff to's work in the town afore six: that brings 't nigh thirty: and he ha'n't stopped yet."

The earl was invited to step inside the gate, a little way up to the

house, and under the commander's window, that he might obtain a better hearing.

He swung round, walked away, walked back, and listened.

If it was indeed a voice, the voice, he would have said, was travelling high in air along the sky.

Yesterday he had described to his wife Nevil's chattering of hundreds to the minute. He had not realised the description, which had been only his manner of painting delirium: there had been no warrant for it. He heard the wild scudding voice imperfectly: it reminded him of a string of winter geese changing waters. Shower gusts, and the wail and hiss of the rows of fir-trees bordering the garden, came between, and allowed him a moment's incredulity as to its being a human voice. Such a cry will often haunt the moors and wolds from above at nightfall. The voice hied on, sank, seemed swallowed; it rose, as if above water, in a hush of wind and trees. The trees bowed their heads raging, the voice drowned; once more to rise, chattering thrice-rapidly, in a high-pitched key, thin, shrill, weird, interminable, like winds through a crazy chamber-door at midnight.

The voice of a broomstick witch in the clouds could not be thinner and stranger: Lord Romfrey had some such thought.

Dr. Gannet was the bearer of Miss Denham's excuses to Lord Romfrey for the delay in begging him to enter the house: in the confusion of the household his lordship's card had been laid on a table below, and she was in the sickroom.

"Is my nephew a dead man?" said the earl.

The doctor weighed his reply. "He lives. Whether he will, after the exhaustion of this prolonged fit of raving, I don't dare to predict. In the course of my experience I have never known anything like it. He lives: there's the miracle, but he lives."

"On brandy?"

"That would soon have sped him."

"Ha. You have everything here that you want?"

"Everything."

"He's in your hands, Gannet."

The earl was conducted to a sitting-room, where Dr. Gannet left him for a while.

Mindful that he was under the roof of his enemy, he remained standing, observing nothing.

The voice overheard was off at a prodigious rate, like the far sound of a yell ringing on and on.

The earl unconsciously sought a refuge from it by turning the leaves of a book upon the table, which was a complete edition of Harry Denham's Poems, with a preface by a man named Lydiard; and really, to read the preface one would suppose that these poets were the princes of the earth.

Lord Romfrey closed the volume. It was exquisitely bound; and presented to Miss Denham by the Mr. Lydiard. "The works of your illustrious father," was written on the title-page. These writers deal queerly with their words of praise of one another. There is no law to restrain them. Perhaps it is the consolation they take for the poor devil's life they lead!

A lady addressing him familiarly, invited him to go up-stairs.

He thanked her. At the foot of the stairs he turned; he had recognised Cecilia Halkett.

Seeing her there was more strange to him than being there himself; but he bowed to facts.

"What do you think?" he said.

She did not answer intelligibly.

He walked up.

The crazed gabbling tongue had entire possession of the house, and rang through it at an amazing pitch to sustain for a single minute.

A reflection to the effect that dogs die more decently than we men, saddened the earl. But, then, it is true, we shorten their pangs by shooting them.

A dismal figure loomed above him at the head of the stairs.

He distinguished in it the vast lean length he had once whipped and flung to earth.

Dr. Shrapnel was planted against the wall outside that raving chamber, at the salient angle of a common prop or buttress. The edge of a shoulder and a heel were the supports to him sideways in his distorted attitude. His wall arm hung dead beside his pendant frock-coat; the hair of his head had gone to wildness, like a field of barley whipped by tempest. One hand pressed his eyeballs: his unshaven jaw dropped.

Lord Romfrey passed him by.

The dumb consent of all present affirmed the creature lying on the bed to be Nevil Beauchamp.

Face, voice, lank arms, chicken neck: what a sepulchral sketch of him!

It was the revelry of a corpse.

Shudders of alarm for his wife seized Lord Romfrey at the sight. He thought the poor thing on the bed must be going, resolving to a cry, unwinding itself violently in its hurricane of speech, that was not speech nor exclamation, rather the tongue let loose to run to the death. It seemed to be out in mid-sea, up wave and down wave.

A nurse was at the pillow smoothing it. Miss Denham stood at the foot of the bed.

"Is that pain?" Lord Romfrey said low to Dr. Gannet.

"Unconscious," was the reply.

Miss Denham glided about the room and disappeared.

Her business was to remove Dr. Shrapnel, that he might be out of the way when Lord Romfrey should pass him again : but Dr. Shrapnel heard one voice only, and moaned : " My Beauchamp ! " she could not get him to stir.

Miss Denham saw him start slightly as the earl stepped forth and, bowing to him, said : " I thank you, sir, for permitting me to visit my nephew."

Dr. Shrapnel made a motion of the hand, to signify freedom of access to his house. He would have spoken : the effort fetched a burst of terrible chuckles. He covered his face.

Lord Romfrey descended. The silly old wretch had disturbed his equanimity as a composer of fiction for the comfort and sustainment of his wife : and no sooner had he the front door in view than the calculation of the three strides requisite to carry him out of the house plucked at his legs, much as young people are affected by a dancing measure ; for he had, without deigning to think of matters disagreeable to him in doing so, performed the duty imposed upon him by his wife, and now it behoved him to ward off the coming blow from that double life at Romfrey Castle.

He was arrested in his hasty passage by Cecilia Halkett.

She handed him a telegraphic message :—Rosamund requested him to stay two days in Bevisham. She said additionally : " Perfectly well. Shall fear to see you returning yet. Have sent to Tourdestelle. All his friends. *Ni espérer, ni craindre, mais point de déceptions. Lumière. Ce sont les ténèbres qui tuent.*"

Her nimble wits had spied him on the road he was choosing, and outrun him.

He resigned himself to wait a couple of days in Bevisham. Cecilia begged him to accept a bed at Mount Laurels. He declined, and asked her : " How is it you are here ? "

" I called here," said she, compressing her eyelids in anguish at a wilder cry of the voice overhead, and forgetting to state why she had called at the house and what services she had undertaken. A heap of letters in her handwriting explained the nature of her task.

Lord Romfrey asked her where the colonel was.

" He drives me down in the morning and back at night, but they will give me a bed or sofa here to-night—I can't" Cecilia stretched her hand out, blinded, to the earl.

He squeezed her hand.

" No, no hope," he said.

" These letters take away my strength : crying is quite useless, I know that," said she, glancing at a pile of letters that she had partly replied to. " Some are from people who can hardly write. There were people who distrusted him ! Some are from people who

abused him and maltreated him. See those poor creatures out in the rain !”

Lord Romfrey looked through the venetian blinds of the parlour window.

“It’s as good as a play to them,” he remarked.

Cecilia lit a candle and applied a stick of black wax to the flame, saying : “Envelopes have fallen short. These letters will frighten the receivers. I cannot help it.”

“I will bring letter paper and envelopes in the afternoon,” said Lord Romfrey. “Don’t use black wax, my dear.”

“I can find no other : I do not like to trouble Miss Denham. Letter paper has to be sealed. These letters must go by the afternoon post : I do not like to rob the poor anxious people of a little hope while he lives. Let me have note paper and envelopes quickly : not black-edged.”

“Plain ; that’s right,” said Lord Romfrey.

Black appeared to him like the torch of death flying over the country.

“There may be hope,” he added.

She sighed : “Oh ! yes.”

“Gannet will do everything that man can do to save him.”

“He will, I am sure.”

“You don’t keep watch in the room, my dear, do you ?”

“Miss Denham allows me an hour there in the day : it is the only rest she takes. She gives me her bedroom.”

“Ha : well : women !” ejaculated the earl, and paused. “That sounded like him !”

“At times,” murmured Cecilia. “All yesterday ! all through the night ! and to-day !”

“He’ll be missed.”

Any sudden light of happier expectation that might have animated him was extinguished by the flight of chatter following the cry which had sounded like Beauchamp.

He went out into the rain, thinking that Beauchamp would be missed. The fellow had bothered the world, but the world without him would be heavy matter.

The hour was mid-day, workmen’s meal-time. A congregation of shipyard workmen and a multitude of children crowded near the door. In passing through them, Lord Romfrey was besought for the doctor’s report of Commander Beauchamp, variously named Beesham, Besham, Bitcham, Bewsham. The earl heard his own name pronounced as he particularly disliked to hear it—Rumfree. Two or three men scowled at him.

It had not occurred to him ever before in his meditations to separate his blood and race from the common English ; and he was not of a character to dwell on fantastical and purposeless distinctions, but

the mispronunciation of his name and his nephew's at an instant when he was thinking of Nevil's laying down his life for such men as these gross excessive breeders, of ill shape and wooden countenance, pushed him to reflections on the madness of Nevil in endeavouring to lift them up and brush them up; and a curious tenderness for Nevil's madness worked in his breast as he contrasted this much-abused nephew of his with our general English—the so-called nobles, who were sunk in the mud of the traders: the traders, who were sinking in the mud of the workmen: the workmen, who were like harbour-flats at ebb tide round a stuck-fast fleet of vessels big and little.

Decidedly a fellow like Nevil would be missed by *him*!

These English, huddling more and more in flocks, turning to lumps, getting to be cut in a pattern and marked by a label—how they bark and snap to rend an obnoxious original! One may chafe at the botheration everlastingly raised by the fellow; but if our England is to keep her place, she must have him, and many of him. Have him? He's gone!

Lord Romfrey reasoned himself into pathetic sentiment by degrees.

He purchased the note paper and envelopes in the town for Cecilia. Late in the afternoon he deposited them on the parlour table at Dr. Shrapnel's. Miss Denham received him. She was about to lie down for her hour of rest on the sofa. Cecilia was up-stairs. He inquired if there was any change in his nephew's condition.

"Not any," said Miss Denham.

The voice was abroad for proof of that.

He stood with a swelling heart.

Jenny flung out a rug to its length beside the sofa, and, holding it by one end, said: "I must have my rest, to be of service, my lord."

He bowed. He was mute and surprised.

The young lady was like no person of her age and sex that he remembered ever to have met.

"I will close the door," he said, retiring softly.

"Do not, my lord."

The rug was over her, up to her throat, and her eyes were shut. He looked back through the doorway in going out. She was asleep.

"Some delirium. Gannet of good hope. All in the usual course;" he transmitted intelligence to his wife.

A strong desire for wine at his dinner table warned him of something wrong with his iron nerves.

CHAPTER LI.

IN THE NIGHT.

THE delirious voice haunted him. It came no longer accompanied by images and likenesses to this and that of animate nature, which were relieving and distracting; it came to him in its mortal nakedness—an afflicting incessant ringing peal, bare as death's ribs in telling of death. When would it stop? And when it stopped, what would succeed? What ghastly silence!

He walked to within view of the lights at Dr. Shrapnel's at night: then home to his hotel.

Miss Denham's power of commanding sleep, as he could not, though contrary to custom he tried it on the right side and the left, set him thinking of her. He owned she was pretty. But that, he contended, was not the word; and the word was undiscoverable. Not Cecilia Halkett herself had so high-bred an air, for Cecilia had not her fineness of feature and full quick eyes, of which the thin eyelids were part of the expression. And Cecilia sobbed, sniffled, was patched about the face, reddish, bluish. This girl was pliable only to service, not to grief: she did her work for three-and-twenty hours, and fell to her sleep of one hour like a soldier. Lord Romfrey could not recollect anything in a young woman that had taken him so much as the girl's tossing out of the rug and covering herself, lying down and going to sleep under his nose, absolutely independent of his presence.

She had not betrayed any woman's petulance with him for his conduct to her uncle or guardian. Nor had she hypocritically affected the reverse, as ductile women do, when they feel wanting in force to do the other. She was not unlike Nevil's marquise in face, he thought: less foreign of course; looking thrice as firm. Both were delicately featured.

He had a dream.

It was of an interminable procession of that odd lot called the people. All of them were quarrelling under a deluge. One party was for umbrellas, one was against them: and sounding the dispute with a question or two, Everard held it logical that there should be protection from the wet: just as logical on the other hand that so frail a shelter should be discarded, considering the tremendous downpour. But as he himself was dry, save for two or three drops, he deemed them all lunatics. He requested them to gag their empty chatterboxes, and put the mother upon that child's cry.

He was now a simple unit of the procession. Asking naturally whither they were going, he saw them point. "St. Paul's," he heard. In his own bosom it was, and striking like the cathedral big bell.

Several ladies addressed him sorrowfully. He stood alone. It had become notorious that he was to do battle, and no one thought well of his chances. Devil an enemy to be seen! he muttered. Yet they said the enemy was close upon him. His right arm was paralysed. There was the enemy hard in front, mailed, vizored, gauntleted. He tried to lift his right hand, and found it grasping an iron ring at the bottom of the deep Steynham well, sunk one hundred feet through the chalk. But the unexampled cunning of his left arm was his little secret; and, acting upon this knowledge, he telegraphed to his first wife at Steynham that Dr. Gannet was of good hope, and thereupon he re-entered the ranks of the voluminous procession, already winding spirally round the dome of St. Paul's. And there, said he, is the tomb of Beauchamp. Everything occurred according to his predictions, and he was entirely devoid of astonishment. Yet he would fain have known the titles of the slain admiral's naval battles. He protested he had a right to know, for he was the hero's uncle, and loved him. He assured the stupid scowling people that he loved Nevil Beauchamp, always loved the boy, and was the staunchest friend the fellow had. And saying that, he certainly felt himself leaning up against the cathedral rails in the attitude of Dr. Shrapnel, and crying, "Beauchamp! Beauchamp!" And then he walked firmly out of Romfrey oak-woods, and, at a mile's distance from her, related to his countess Rosamund that the burial was over without much silly ceremony, and that she needed to know nothing of it whatever.

Rosamund's face awoke him. It was the face of a chalk-quarry, featureless, hollowed, appalling.

The hour was no later than three in the morning. He quitted the detestable bed where a dream—one of some half-dozen in the course of his life—had befallen him. For the maxim of the healthy man is: up, and have it out in exercise when sleep is for foisting base coin of dreams upon you! And as the healthy only are fit to live, their maxims should be law. He dressed and directed his leisurely steps to the common, under a black sky and stars of lively brilliancy. The lights of a carriage gleamed on Dr. Shrapnel's door. A footman informed Lord Romfrey that Colonel Halkett was in the house, and soon afterward the colonel appeared.

"Is it over? I don't hear him," said Lord Romfrey.

Colonel Halkett grasped his hand. "Not yet," he said. "Cissy can't be got away. It's killing her. No, he's alive. You may hear him now."

Lord Romfrey bent his ear.

"It's weaker," the colonel resumed. "By the way, Romfrey, step out with me. My dear friend, the circumstances will excuse me: you know I'm not a man to take liberties. I'm bound to tell you what your wife writes to me. She says she has it on her con-

science, and can't rest for it. You know women. She wants you to speak to the man here—Shrapnel. She wants Nevil to hear that you and he were friendly before he dies; thinks it would console the poor dear fellow. That's only an idea; but it concerns her, you see. I'm shocked to have to talk to you about it."

"My dear colonel, I have no feeling against the man," Lord Romfrey replied. "I spoke to him when I saw him yesterday. I bear no grudges. Where is he? You can send to her to say I have spoken to him twice."

"Yes, yes," the colonel assented.

He could not imagine that Lady Romfrey required more of her husband. "Well, I must be off. I leave Blackburn Tuckham here, with a friend of his; a man who seems to be very sweet with Mrs. Wardour-Devercux."

"Ha! Fetch him to me, colonel; I beg you to do that," said Lord Romfrey.

The colonel brought out Lydiard to the earl.

"You have been at my nephew's bedside, Mr. Lydiard?"

"Within ten minutes, my lord."

"What is your opinion of the case?"

"My opinion is, the chances are in his favour."

"Lay me under obligation by communicating that to Romfrey Castle at the first opening of the telegraph office to-morrow morning."

Lydiard promised.

"The raving has ended?"

"Hardly, sir, but the exhaustion is less than we feared it would be."

"Gannet is there?"

"He is in an arm-chair in the room."

"And Dr. Shrapnel?"

"He does not bear speaking to: he is quiet."

"He is attached to my nephew."

"As much as to life itself."

Lord Romfrey thanked Lydiard courteously. "Let us hope, sir, that some day I shall have the pleasure of entertaining you, as well as another friend of yours."

"You are very kind, my lord."

The earl stood at the door to see Colonel Halkett drive off; he declined to accompany him to Mount Laurels.

In the place of the carriage stood a man, who growled: "Where's your horsewhip, butcher?"

He dogged the earl some steps across the common. Everard returned to his hotel and slept soundly during the remainder of the dark hours.



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A WORD ON ALEXANDER DYCE.¹

THIS word of biography is an attempt to comply with the wish of the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, that some account of Mr. Dyce should accompany the catalogue of the books forming part of the Dyce collections bequeathed to the museum for public use and enjoyment; though what the catalogue itself suggests might by some be thought sufficient without biographical addition. Drawn up with care and knowledge rarely bestowed on such performances, the books it completely describes represent as completely the several themes and subjects from which their owner drew all his pursuits as well as all his pleasures; and glancing through its pages however carelessly, one sees at once that here is a library not brought together haphazard, but collected for special tastes and requirements, and illustrating worthily the life of a scholar. All to whom Mr. Dyce was known will find everywhere the individual impress very strongly marked indeed.

The groups of books most prominent, in more than one literature, are the dramatic; and the range of English production in this field is extraordinarily wide, taking in every variety of stage-play as well as of the higher drama, down to the opening of the present century. It was a taste accidentally determined very early in life; and it gave ultimately a settled direction, in the form which proved to be most beneficial, to his critical and philological studies in later years. The next richest groups are the editions of ancient writers, abundant as they are admirable; and, with them, a rare and fine collection of the works of scholars and critics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, presenting at their best such men as Heinsius, Reinesius, Meursius, Casaubon, the Scaligers, Scioppius, and Salmasius. Testimony is thus borne alike to his scholarship and to the critical investigations on which it was first employed. To the same date belonged his liking for the Greek poets of the first five centuries,

¹ Written by way of preface to a forthcoming Catalogue of the library bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum.

and for the later Platonists, all of whom enter worthy appearance beside their nobler predecessors. And of the same character, traceable in the same care for best editions, were his readings in English classical scholarship, which for him had no higher names than the first and the second Richard, Bentley and Porson. In much danger at one time that the best years of his own life, like theirs, might have been passed in critical amendments of ancient texts, a better genius happily interposed. The youthful accident that first made poetry and the theatre attractive to him, and which also gave him his first real interest in the noblest remains of antique learning, led him in middle life to those studies in English poetry attested by his matchless collection, in that department, of books quite priceless in their value. Beside these were gradually admitted the other principal masters of English literature; and here, to the close of his life, his labours and enjoyments wholly centered. Enriched with wide and varied stores of critical reading such as the greatest in this line might have envied, he became an English scholar; and, following in the ardour of pursuit on the tracks of many English poets, a study of Italian familiarized him with its masterpieces of romance and invention, which he then added to his books. But though he went to them first for help in regard to the writings of others, he stayed with them for love of their own. They were the principal solace of all his remaining leisure; and they helped with his translation of *Athenæus*, which had been the amusement of several previous years, to relieve his latest labour of preparing his third edition of the greatest of poets. With Shakespeare, on a little table by his bed at the last, were *Athenæus* and *Ariosto*.

Alexander Dyce, the eldest son of a general in the East India Company's Service, was born in George Street, Edinburgh, on the 30th of June 1798. His mother was a sister of Sir Neil Campbell, sometime British Commissioner with Napoleon at Elba, and afterwards Governor of Sierra Leone. His father was as nearly related to a very distinguished actor in Indian history, the mother of the General being the 'Miss Ochterlony of Tillifriskey,' who took the Sir David of that name into her house at Aberdeen, treated him as one of her own children, and equipped him for his cadetship to India. She had married a substantial burgess occupying a house in the Broad Street of Aberdeen next to that in which Byron's mother lived, with Byron himself in his boyhood. The floor containing the poet's bed-room was occupied three years ago by a printer who described 'hardly a week passing without some party or other 'making pilgrimage to the spot.' Within a stone's throw is the school Byron went to; and just at hand is Marischal College, where Dugald Dalgetty, another of the immortals, went to school.

. Dyce's father and mother sailing for India the year after his birth,

he was left in charge of his two paternal aunts at Aberdeen, the elder of whom had a mansion called Rosebank, a mile from the bridge of Dee, which he afterwards inherited from her. Here was passed all his boyhood, until he was ready for the Edinburgh High School; and his earliest recollections of

‘la bella Aberdona

Che del gran fiume Dea in riva è posta’

were associated with a Major Mercer, whose verses when published by his brother-in-law Lord Glenbervie ran into a third edition, and who, with another then living celebrity, Beattie, represented to the admiring lad all that was poetically conceivable of the beautiful and sublime. Next to these, he was most impressed by what he was told of the eccentricities of Lord Monboddo, and of a very whimsical lord of session, Gardenstone, who would never use any knife and fork but his fingers in eating fish, and in travelling between Edinburgh and Aberdeen would always persist in going round by Stirling to avoid the danger of the Queen’s Ferry!

It was not till Dyce joined the High School that his taste for poetry took the decidedly dramatic turn, though there was a touch of the stage in his last boyish experience at Aberdeen. Miss Paton came there as a little girl with her mother, a singer of the Catalani school, and between the two parts of the mother’s musical entertainment recited Alexander’s Feast with a superabundance of gesticulation that delighted the small Alexander, who was full of glee when he saw her scampering round the room towards the end of the Ode, to supply the action of leading on the Macedonian Conqueror to fire the palace of the Persian Kings. Dyce visited Aberdeen not infrequently in his manhood, and after he had taken orders once preached at an English episcopal chapel in the Gallowgate, giving offence by taking his text from the Apocrypha; but the general impression left by him here was rather sporting than clerical or literary, if we are to take it from the remark of a friend of the family on hearing of his publishing old plays, that he wondered a man should take to that who could fish so well with a fly.

Adam, the author of Roman Antiquities, was at this time, I believe, in the last year of his rectorship of the High School; but the Gazetteer which Dyce kept to the last among his grander books (‘Brookes and Walker improved’), with the inscription, ‘Alex-’ ‘Dyce received this book as a premium at the High School, August, ‘1811,’ tells us all we know of him in the famous academy; and it may be feared that his scholastic achievements in Edinburgh were somewhat eclipsed by his opportunity of indulgence in ‘dramatic tastes and enjoyments.

This came to him as part of the cordial welcome that awaited him from an old lady who had been his mother’s friend from her childhood; a woman of character, and very attractive. She was the

widow of Smollett's nephew; her sister, under her maiden name of Renton, figuring in Humphrey Clinker; and in her oldest age she retained not a little of the vivacity of youth. Well acquainted with the higher literature, she was chiefly remarkable by her fondness for the theatre, where, not being ill or under any special engagement, she went every night: to the horror of presbyterian neighbours, who thought a woman of eighty, even if she ever indulged such unbecoming soul-ensnaring vanities, should long ago have abjured them. Still, every night at the theatre royal, full or empty, there sate in the box next the stage, either with a daughter or alone, the stately yet sprightly old gentlewoman in her black dress of somewhat obsolete fashion, with a large fan in her hand. Dyce remembered the fan for the part it played when he went with its mistress to see Blue Beard, and she tapped with it on the side of her box to motion back the Bashaw's attendants, and get her little friend full and unobstructed view of the pasteboard elephant with its rolling eyes. On other occasions there was loftier fare. He sat by the old lady's side, one night, to see John Kemble in Brutus; Mr. Walter Scott coming into the box with his wife at the end of the tragedy, and saying to Mrs. Smollett, on Kemble being announced to play Sir Giles Overreach next night, that Sir Giles was a Richard the third in low life. Dyce had made a note of this before discovering something of the same remark in one of Scott's later writings on the stage. But it was not the author of Marmion, or any other celebrity one would now be apt to select, to whom the Edinburgh folk then reverentially looked up as their representative man in letters. This they found in the (if it must be said) by no means first-rate novelist and essayist, whose association was with the glory of the past, the author of the Man of Feeling, Henry Muckenzie; whose thin tall form, Dyce, a few days before he left for Oxford, had intense interest in seeing as he walked rapidly through the streets of his native city, in a scanty brown wig, a plain black suit with long gaiters, and supporting rather than supported by a stout gold-headed cane. The last touch of the picture recalls his own familiar presence at old book-shops and sale-rooms in London streets half a century later, the stout walking-stick giving no support to the tall bent figure, but borne always aloft before it. The face which in these Edinburgh days, judging from the photograph of a miniature belonging to his mother, must have been a very type of attractive boyhood, animated, intelligent, and handsome, had borne well, then, all the interval of years; in manners ever studiously courteous and quiet, he was in the later days still the 'gentle giant' they had called him in his youth; but he stooped very much, as men above the average height are given to do, and his now massive person had ceased to receive much advantage from the scrupulous attention he had once paid to the superficials of dress. His brother the General thus described to me the amount of his luggage on the occasion of a

week's visit to himself at Southampton. 'He brought seven shirts and a 'Sophocles.'

Dyce's father, whose promotion in the Madras army had been very rapid, was extremely eager to secure to his eldest son the advantages of the El Dorado which India in his day continued to be : but 'Alick' steadily stood out against his father's plan, left its profits to his brothers, and, on the General insisting as an alternative that he should adopt the Church for a profession, he took orders ; though this had not been his intention on first entering into residence at Exeter College, Oxford, in the winter of 1815. There he took up with much zeal the study of the classics, and was assiduous at lecture ; but his earliest and strongest tastes remained. The 1775 edition of Gray's Poems in his library has this manuscript note : 'When an undergraduate at Oxford I bought this volume of R. Bliss the bookseller, paying for it two guineas, and it is now worth 'about half-a-crown.' He might have added by way of set-off that not many years later he bought for two shillings, bound up in a ragged volume of otherwise worthless pieces, one of the rarest of the Shakespeare quartos worth at least as many hundred pounds. Of course his passion for the stage as well as for English poetry had accompanied him to Oxford ; and he was still in statu pupillari when he approached the 'Great John' (Kemble) with a respectful written request to be informed which was the particular night fixed for his farewell appearance ? Kemble's reply had the gravity and stateliness as of the utterance of a bishop, and was to the effect that he didn't know himself. It turned out however to be the 29th of June, 1817 ; and at one o'clock on that day, Dyce, who had travelled up from Oxford, found himself at the pit-door of Covent Garden theatre, in a group of a dozen other enthusiasts, who, by the time of the opening of the doors at half-past six, had become wedged in among masses of people exceeding by many hundreds what the pit could hold. Borne along the lobby in a fearful rush, he alighted luckily upon a seat next the orchestra, and there saw Coriolanus. He gave an account of it which Campbell published ; but I was more struck by his verbal description of the contrast that Kemble presented, between what he had been that night on the stage, and what he was when he came at the close before the curtain to utter his farewell. Unreality and reality were suddenly brought face to face ; and the spectators assembled for the grandest show that could attend an actor's life, saw unexpectedly the most pitiable also, which yet with equal certainty accompanies it in its highest successes and worst failures. During the tragedy Kemble's bearing had been erect, his tread firm and stately ; but in his own person after it, he entered stooping, dragging his feet after him, gasping for breath, wiping his tears with trembling hand, and in his agitation unconsciously twisting his pocket-handkerchief round his fingers. It was as if

visibly before the lookers-on, a real Melmoth were passing from manhood into age.

In the same month, two years later, Dyce saw a greater performer act for the last time. Mrs. Siddons's first farewell had been taken seven years before, and her fame had not profited by subsequent appearances in aid of family benefits; but Dyce always spoke of portions of this particular performance of Lady Randolph on that night as a thing quite apart in his memory. This was confirmed by Macready, who played Glenalvon; and who told me that when, after her caution about Norval, putting aside as needless Glenalvon's gaze as though he'd 'pry' into her 'heart,' she said

'Tis open as my speech!

her look, gesture, and tone were so startling in the majesty of their perfect simplicity, that he forgot himself, the scene, the words of his part, everything! His only other like experience was while playing in the School for Scandal with Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Candour says to Joseph Surface 'By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother 'is absolutely ruined,' when Macready was so taken with surprise by its perfect naturalness, so disconcerted, and made so uncomfortable, that his assumed character and its language quitted him abruptly, and his mind flew back suddenly to his own brother, as if ruin might have fallen upon him. It was doubtless the same sort of effect that made Charles Kemble's wife say, on hearing Kean's comment, in Othello, on Iago's devilish suggestions as to the source of Desdemona's preference for him, 'And so she did!' that it was so natural it made her jump.

But the merely natural, after all, is not the consummate thing that poets of the highest genius demand from the stage. There is something beyond, and yet including it, which even the greatest masters rarely, if ever, mount to; and this is what Charles Lamb pointed at when he said that Lear could not be acted. Judging what is popular now, however, by the current reports in praise of it, acting that goes widest of the poet it professes to interpret gets credit at a very cheap rate for the original and surprising; though it seems also evident enough that the thing substituted for the real thing has plenty of cleverness of its own to excuse admirers. Indeed where the art of an actor is even of the first rate, it occupies only a strange middle place between the subtle reaches of poetry on the one hand which it can seldom hope to arrive at, and those triumphs on the other of movement, gesture, tone, and look where it must always help an author more than it can be helped by him. Acting at its very best, in short, by the reason that its master strokes leave the highest things undealt with, is practically a dead leveller; equalizing the Penruddocks and Timons, putting side by side the Lady Randolphs and Lady Macbeths, and lifting the stilted bombast of

Zara to the level of Constance's grief and scorn. Godwin said it was worth a day's journey to see Mrs. Siddons walk down the stage as Congreve's captive Queen; and Leigh Hunt used to illustrate what the actor can supply where the poet is deficient, by an instance of the same great actress in the insipid tragedy of the Grecian Daughter. The heroine has obtained for her aged and imprisoned father some unexpected assistance from the guard Philotas, at which transported with gratitude, but having nothing from the poet to give expression to her feelings, Mrs. Siddons started with extended arms and cast herself in mute prostration at his feet. 'I shall never,' said Hunt, 'forget the glow which rushed to my cheeks at this sublime action.' The modesty of the author who would appropriate it as his own, and that of the actor who mistakes for his own those master-hits by Shakespeare of which he always misses the meaning, run in lines exactly parallel.

To the brilliant histrionic genius who blazed out upon the London stage as the elder Kembles quitted it, Dyce was less strongly attracted. First impressions in these matters go for much; even the grief of Mrs. Siddons, to those who had given allegiance to Mrs. Pritchard, seemed the grief of a cheesemonger's wife; and something of the same style of criticism was in Dyce's description of Kean's Duke of Gloster as a pot-house Richard. He was present at his sixth performance of it at Drury Lane, and described vividly what he saw of the enormous crowd it attracted. There was a slowly-moving line of carriages from Coventry Street in Piccadilly up to Brydges Street, and the line from the city was proportionally long.

He took his bachelor's degree at Oxford in 1819; Lord Yarmouth, afterwards Lord Hertford, being his only contemporary at Exeter he ever spoke of, and very strange were the stories of him; afterwards he closed the discussions between his father and himself, by entering into orders; and between 1822 and 1825, when his London residence and literary life began, he served two curacies. The first, that of Llanteglos, a small fishing village near Fowey in Cornwall, to which his college, by its special connection with the western counties, had probably helped him. The second, that of Nayland in Suffolk, famous as the scene of the principal labours of a distinguished English scholar and divine. Dyce here collected many curious anecdotes of 'Jones of Nayland,' and formed a high estimate of his writings and character; but while thus engaged in clerical duties, he made no sally of his own into literature. Shortly before he took his degree he had edited, in 1818, Jarvis's Dictionary of the language of Shakespeare; and in 1821, just before his ordination, Parker of Oxford published for him a small volume of translations from the Greek of Quintus Smyrnaeus. The selections were from the first five books of the continuation of the Iliad, and were executed in easy well-modulated blank verse; the object being to show the

greater adaptability of that form over rhyme to the simple tone of Grecian poetry.

Thomas Rodd, one of the best-informed dealers of this century in old books, and who rendered Dyce invaluable service in the collection of editions, published for him in 1825 his *Specimens of British Poetesses*, including some rare and some manuscript pieces, its range being from Juliana Berners to Felicia Hemans. In the preface to it he justly claimed the merit of having first put forth such a work 'entirely consecrated to women;' and, expressing the hope that this fact might not be forgotten when more such Anthologies should appear, he added his confident and gallant belief that they would in future centuries be more interesting and exquisite than that which he was laying before our own, because the female mind had been making rapid advances, and female genius had invariably risen with every opportunity afforded to it. Two years later, an edition of the poems of Collins with Dyce's notes came out; and with this began his connection with the late Mr. Pickering, a publisher famous for his accuracy and refinement of taste, and for the luxury of his paper and print. When Dyce's reputation was highest, his payment for his labours would have paid only in a small part for the rare editions which were the tools he worked with; but at the outset he had not even so much contribution to his outlay; and, in other circumstances than his own, the work he did best could not have been done. So limited the sale for it, and so exacting his necessary requirements in regard to printing and other points of production, that it was a liberality merely to share the venture; and, but for Mr. Pickering's enterprise, Dyce would have had no encouragement to continue the design he now began of employing his critical powers and acquirements in the field of early English poetry.

George Peele's works, with memoir and notes, appeared in 1828, and a second edition was published in 1829; the third or supplementary volume not being added until 1839. With the same care, and even more completeness, in 1831, his memoir and works of Robert Greene were issued; and thus were restored the two leading features of by far the most remarkable picture of the earliest achievements of our English stage, until then so blurred as to be illegible. The edition of Greene was one of the books that last interested Scott, who in a letter to Dyce published by Lockhart says he meant to review it in the *Quarterly*; but the sad closing illness interposed. No such accurate illustration of the condition of the English theatre and its writers at the critical moment when Shakespeare was entering the scene, will be found anywhere as in these two books; and when Marlowe's works were afterwards added, the trilogy of our earliest drama was complete. Without thorough study of it, Shakespeare himself can never be understood thoroughly. Wide and broad as

the distinctions are between those three men and him, the stride they made over the heads of all their predecessors was as great and sudden as the leap he took over theirs ; and in the contrast of their three miserable, pitiable, tragical existences, beside what we must infer his to have been from the calm close of it at Stratford, may be found, by such as care to look for it, a lesson of the deepest significance. There is nowhere written, in such terrible characters as in the lives of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, the story of the depths of degradation to which recklessness and vice may bring the highest intellects.

After a quarter of a century, and singularly careful revision, Greene and Peele were put forth in one volume, Marlowe following in similar shape a little later ; and, as it happened with all his books, they have encountered no criticism so keen as his own. 'Unfortunately,' he wrote to me, 'after all the pains I took to amend the texts, much remains, in Greene and Peele especially, in a most wretched state, and must ever remain so, owing to the frightful mutilation they have undergone.' It was from this readiness to apply sharp tests to his own work that its general excellence was derived ; and his most arduous, minute, and unremitting labour of critical investigation, where no reward was possible to him but to satisfy himself, had too often disappointment for its sole reward. But nothing quenched his ardour in the pursuit which was the interest of his life ; and, leaving others to praise what he would himself secretly condemn, he was always ready to begin anew. He was a social man, had many friends, was welcome everywhere for the pleasure of his quiet talk, so full of varied knowledge made doubly delightful by old-world breeding and courtesy ; but once immersed in a fresh subject, his power of concentration upon it, and of self-isolation from every other theme or thing on earth, reminded one most of what is told in this particular of the prodigious scholiasts of old. 'I never hear anything, or of anything,' he wrote on one of these occasions. 'If the conflagration of the universe were to take place to-morrow, I should not know that it was going on till the flames had reached Gray's Inn gate.' He lived in Gray's Inn Square (number nine) until his mother's death in 1859 : when his brother, General Archibald Dyce, forced him out of the chambers where the books that lined every wall had overflowed into all the nooks and crannies in the passages ; where, within deal chests and drawers of a marvellous ungainliness, were concealed drawings and engravings of supreme beauty by the earliest and rarest masters ; and where treasures of editions that would have deprived a biblio maniac of his last remaining vestige of reason, were hidden away from all eyes, including his own. He went often to the British Museum to consult a rare book, which it would have taken him too much time to dig out of his own

recesses. After quitting Gray's Inn he lived until his death in 33 Oxford Terrace.

Between Peele and Greene he had published, in 1830, four volumes of Webster, to whose indisputable dramatic genius something of a just homage was thus first paid. Three years later he completed the edition of James Shirley which Gifford had left unfinished, adding some notes of special value and a biographical preface. He had meanwhile taken much interest in Mr. Pickering's undertaking of the Aldine Poets, to which, in 1831, 1832, and 1835, he contributed editions and memoirs of Beattie, Pope, Akenside, and (the poems of) Shakespeare. He edited also for Mr. Pickering a choice little square volume of English Sonnets; and between this date and 1838, dropping for the time his labours in poetical literature, he turned to a critical master in another field to whom the success of his own earliest self-discipline had been largely due, in the hope of paying back something of his debt to Richard Bentley. 'I published three volumes of his works,' he wrote to me, 'and originally intended to have greatly increased the collection both from printed and from manuscript sources; but the indifference of general readers to classical literature prevented my carrying out the design.' What he managed to do was nevertheless worth doing. The book is the best edition we have of the Dissertations on Phalaris, and of the Boyle Lectures; and, if for no other reason, it would have claimed mention for its introduction to him of its printer, Mr. Charles Robson, in whom he found a man of unusual taste and of knowledge still more rare in his calling. He used to compare him, for the extent and accuracy of his acquaintance with many ancient languages, to the famous French and Italian lords of type, Aldus and Etienne; and if he could always have had his own choice, would never have employed any other for his editions. Like Mr. Carlyle, who has had the same experience of the worth of a learned printer, he felt safe only in Mr. Robson's hands.

Two years after the Bentley, having meanwhile completed his supplementary volume of Peele, he sent out an elaborate edition of the plays of Middleton; and between this and 1843, when he began his Beaumont and Fletcher, the weightiest enterprise he had yet attempted, he finished an admirable collection of the Poems of Skelton, and edited sundry pieces for the Percy, Camden, and Shakespeare Societies, which he had assisted in establishing. These pieces are particularly named in a list, furnished by himself, of the several subjects handled by him up to the date of the fifth of his Beaumont and Fletcher volumes; and this list therefore, although its more important information has in substance been given, it may be interesting to add under his own hand. 'The following is I believe, with the exception of a few scattered things, a complete catalogue of my literary sins. i. Select Translations from Quintus

'Smyrnæus, 12mo. ii. Specimens of British Poetesses, 8vo. iii. 'Poetical Works of Collins, 8vo. iv. Peele's Works, 8vo, 3 vols. 'v. Greene's Plays and Poems, 8vo, 2 vols. vi. Webster's Works, '8vo, 4 vols. vii. Shirley's Works, begun by Gifford, 8vo, 6 vols. 'viii. Middleton's Works, 8vo, 5 vols. ix. Specimens of British 'Sonnet-writers, 12mo. x. Demetrius and Enanthe (*i.e.* Fletcher's 'Humorous Lieutenant), from a MS., 8vo. xi. Bentley's Works, '8vo, 3 vols. xii. xiii. xiv. xv. (In the Aldine Poets.) Life and 'Poems of Shakespeare, Life and Poems of Akenside, Life and 'Poems of Beattie, Life and Poems (3 vols.) of Pope, 12mo. xvi. 'Kempe's Nine Days' Wonder (Camden Society), 4to. xvii. xviii. 'Porter's Angry Women of Abington, Drayton's Harmony of the 'Church (Percy Society), 12mo. xx. xxi. The Old Tragedy of 'Timon, The Tragedy of Sir Thomas More (Shakespeare Society), '8vo. xxii. Skelton's Works, 8vo. 2 vols. xxiii. Beaumont and 'Fletcher's Works, 8vo. *To Be*, 11 vols.'

The eleven volumes that were 'to be,' he finished duly, and had a just pride in. He would say that he had never bestowed so much labour on a very few pages as in the memoir of Beaumont and his Friend. 'It cost me an immense deal of pains' he wrote, 'for I tried 'to make it not exactly what such biographies too often are, a mere 'string of dates and extracts from registers. But it extinguished 'everything else for me during the time. Of what has been passing 'lately I am entirely ignorant. Indeed I don't believe I am fully 'acquainted with anything that has happened later than the 29th of 'August, 1625, the day of Fletcher's burial.' Nor did he ever lose his liking for this book; although more than a year before its last volume came out his mind was already set upon a higher task, to which this, and indeed all those previous labours of which the list is above set down by him, had been but as discipline or preparation. 'Remarks' on some recent editions of Shakespeare, published at the close of 1844, were followed in the next few years by similar 'Notes' and 'Strictures,' until at last, on the 25th of July 1853, he arranged with the late Mr. Moxon for an edition by himself of the great poet. It appeared in 1857; and six years later he made arrangement with Messrs. Chapman for his more valuable second edition, adding to it a noble volume of Glossary into which he poured the reading of his life. This concluding volume appeared in 1867, but already he had resumed a critical investigation of what seemed to him still doubtful passages in his earlier volumes, and had laid the foundations of that third edition which was to be indeed his last. Other work there had been in the interval; to which we are indebted for an improvement of Gifford's edition of Ford, and for our best edition (before named) of a mightier master, Marlowe, beyond question the greatest genius of the Elizabethan stage excepting Shakespeare, and to the modulation and music of whose verse Milton had large obligation;

but Dyce's labours to illustrate the poet confessedly greater than them all were never again discontinued. They ceased only with his life. Shakespeare was the subject of his first book, and of his last.

At his death the *Times* spoke of Dyce as a man who during a long life of study united the patient learning of an antiquary with a real yet chastened feeling for the beauties of our earlier poets and dramatists. The remark fairly expresses the distinctive merit in his critical method which above every other qualified him to deal successfully with Shakespeare's text. In criticism as in other things, every time has its fashion; and the modern style in Shakespeare criticism has been to make much too light of the notes and readings of the Variorum edition. Charles Lamb much impressed me in my youth by telling me, that having tried to read the First Folio he had to fling it down in bewilderment and despair, and that the men of the eighteenth century who first made the poet readable were entitled to everybody's gratitude. They have since, from the critics at least, had nothing but anathema. Any worship of the poet has been reckoned heterodox unaccompanied by a faying of his commentators. As a general rule, what they left uncorrected has been kept, what they corrected put back, and the safe middle course rarely taken. Dyce on the other hand took precisely that course, and held it with a nice judgment. He reinforced those old labourers in the same field by fresh authorities when he believed them to be right; he exposed what he saw to be their errors; and so steadily kept the balance between rational scrutiny and blind idolatry of the original texts, as to satisfy fairly both the poetic student and the archaic scholar. Thoroughly practised in the language and customs of Shakespeare's day; with his mind fixed on restoring, and never upon amending, his original; an excellent classic; a master of phraseology now obsolete, to whom the old orthography and prosody were familiar; with a good ear, and strong common sense; none of the commentators have excelled Dyce, and very few have equalled him, in the felicitous application, from a remarkably wide range of reading, of identical or analogous phrases and words to the settlement of lines in dispute. One important judgment, it may be added, passed upon Shakespeare more clearly and strongly than any other commentator, was one on which he spoke with peculiar authority, and is decisive of his capacity as a critic. Conversant with Jonson and Massinger, and having subjected to his own special study each separate effort by Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Webster, Middleton, Ford, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shirley, Dyce altogether objected to any classification that would place Shakespeare only at the top of the same list with these his brilliant contemporaries. Hazlitt's dictum for the most part has been silently accepted, that it was a race of giants; that they all were of a noble but common brood; and that among them Shakespeare was only distinguishable as 'in shape and

'gesture proudly eminent,' the tallest, strongest, and most graceful of them all. No, said Dyce, that is decidedly not so. Shakespeare was not only immeasurably superior to his Elizabethan comrades in creative power, profound thought, and insight into the human heart, but stood quite distinctly apart from the whole of them in his methods of delineating character, in language, in versification, and in peculiarities of diction. Dyce added an illustration which was very simple, but has extraordinary weight. It was an ordinary and common practice with all of them to affect their audiences at the expense of nature and probability, and this Shakespeare *never did*.

All through the years when thus he was busiest with the work that pleased him most, he had been amusing his leisure with a translation of Athenæus, already named, which he began, if I remember rightly, while engaged on Fletcher's plays. He had varying fortune with it; but as it was never in the nature of a task, he made light of the failures and rejoiced in the lucky hits, of which his letters gave occasional small examples. 'Here' said one 'is something I mean 'to submit to Luttrell.' (Rogers's friend of course, whose name may remind me that the later life of the old wit and poet had no more welcome or familiar companion than Dyce, who published after his death a small volume of his table-talk.) 'They are four lines of 'Theognis, apud Athenæus, which after much pains I have just 'translated so as to satisfy myself.

'Beasts not old man with young wife to yoke,
'For she's a skiff which rudder cannot sway,
'Nor anchor hold: but oft, her cables broke,
'At night she harbours in another bay.'

Even Athenæus however was not to go smoothly always; for soon after he sent that epigram he was moved to much impatience by one of the cheap 'classical libraries' putting out an extremely eccentric version (to characterize it mildly) of the Banquet of the Learned. He had never before admitted any other design in his own translation than an agreeable occupation of leisure; but there was doubtless behind it a hope secretly cherished which any bungling caricature of his original might altogether disable, and this now escaped him in sundry scornful allusions. 'Oh yes! I work away at Athenæus, which, if I ever finish it, nobody will print, publish, or 'read! I sent you a few lines the other day, but what say you to 'those?

'A numerous party may sit round a table,
'But not more than three, four, or five on one sofa;
'For else it would be a disorderly Babel,
'Like the hireling piratical band of a Rover!'

They belonged to one of the effusions of the translator who had struck Dyce with horror, and who thus burlesqued and cockneyfied

what Athenæus so gravely quotes from the divine Archestratus, famous for having first, in his magnificent poem on Gastronomy, called the world's attention to the fact that the dinner-table was the only institution really deserving the attention of mortals, and laying down the rule which so many immortals since have accepted and insisted on, that 'It is best to dine together at one luxurious board, and to let the party consist but of three, or four, or five at most, else it will be a camp-revel of hireling and rapacious soldiery !' Nor had this ingenious gentleman been content with making Archestratus cognizant of the building of Babel. He made Æschylus dilate on 'other smells besides Macassar !' And of a party whom Clearchus describes as talking about lampreys caught in the Sicilian sea, he reported as 'having in their mouths' turbots caught there. Perhaps it was the very extravagance of such things that on reflection reconciled Dyce to his translating rival, for after a few days no more was heard of him. With his own translation, to the very close of life, he continued to indulge himself at odd intervals ; and, not very far from completion, it has gone with his books to South Kensington : where, some day perhaps, an enthusiast for the Deipnosophists may think it worth the pains of unearthing. The manuscript is a little confused, and through erasures and interlineations not very legible ; but it may be also worth mentioning that wherever the Greek character is, that trouble is not. Porson himself did not write it better than Dyce did.

His last letter before his final illness, dated the close of June 1868 (on the 12th he had received some friends at dinner at the United University, where such meetings were frequent in the latter years), told me that he felt, he was 'thankful to say, unusually well ;' said he had been reading the *Atalanta* of Mr. Swinburne, whom he called a genuine singer ; and closed thus : 'Here's a morsel of Athenæus I have just tortured into English : an epigram on Cratinus the comic poet, who was always drunk when he composed his plays !

' " Wine's the swift courser, on whose wings
' " The charming poet mounts the skies ;
' " But ne'er to bright imaginings
' " The water-drinking bard can rise."

' 'Twas thus Cratinus said and felt,
' Who, while he plied his tuneful task,
' Not of a single wine-skin smelt,
' But breath'd the fumes of a whole cask.

' Hence, in his dwelling, garlands fair
' With roses twined were scatter'd round ;
' And hence with ivy was his hair
' Like thine, O Dionysus, crown'd !'

Dyce's next letter, at the beginning of August, written from the

bed-room which he never quitted again, was to tell me he might be shown by way of contrast to our old friend the Yellow Dwarf, having become a Yellow Giant. 'Being free from pain, which Horace Walpole defined to be the pleasure of old age, I ought to be satisfied; but I nevertheless am ill, ill, ill, exhausted from inability to sleep and to eat, my nights intolerable, my days wearisome because I cannot read, and when or how it is to end seems uncertain.' It was an attack of jaundice which ended in organic derangement of the liver. 'I am now' he wrote on the 4th of December 1868 'in the seventh month of my martyrdom, and very little better on the whole . . . I suspect that I am very gradually dying; and if such is the case, I certainly have no reason to make any childish lamentation, for I have lived a great deal longer than most people who are born into this world, and I look back on my past existence without much disapprobation.' He lingered five more months, not without higher consolations than may accompany even the retrospect of a blameless and not ill-spent life; and passed away very peacefully on the 9th of May, 1869, within a month of his seventy-first year. He left a great many friends to deplore a loss which they could never replace, for all the qualities that give charm to private intercourse were his in abundant measure.

Dyce's books it had been his intention to bequeath to the Bodleian; but it was suggested that they ought rather to be placed, with the rest of his collections, where they would be within reach of a wider world of students. This appeared to satisfy a wish he had himself strongly indulged, that they should be kept together not merely as a memorial of the employments and enjoyments of his own life, but as a means of helping others engaged in like pursuits; and the South Kensington Museum was chosen to receive them. The bequest was drawn up on the plan of Mr. Sheepshanks's gift of pictures, the ex-officio trustee to whom care of it was committed being the member of the government for the time being charged with the promotion of art-education 'now undertaken by the Department of Science and Art.' An extract from the will¹ is subjoined.

(1) As to all my books, works of art, and other such effects, I dispose of them as hereinafter specially mentioned, and I appoint my friends John Forster, of Palace Gate House, Kensington, Esquire, and William Macpherson, of Lancaster Gate, Esquire, executors of this my will. . . . My collection of books and works of art consisting of the whole of my rare and valuable and other books, and of my pictures, paintings, drawings, miniatures, antique rings, and curiosities, and all my printed books and manuscripts and any other effects which may in the opinion of my executors come under the description of works of art or articles of virtu, I give and bequeath unto the Member of Her Majesty's Government for the time being charged with the promotion of Art-education . . . upon the following terms and conditions. . . . That a proper and sufficient separate room or gallery in or near to the Public Buildings built or to be built for the Department of

It states the object of so leaving the collection of books and works of art to be, that they shall be used for reference and instruction, and exhibited to the public under such regulation as the trustee may prescribe; with a condition that the books are not to be lent or removed, and with farther stipulation for the provision of a separate room or gallery 'proper and sufficient' to contain them. The respect shown to this important bequest; the arrangement of the collections since made; the catalogue prepared of the books, to which these pages have been written in order to be prefixed; and the other catalogues already issued of the paintings, drawings, and engravings; have thus far attested the value set on the gift by the authorities having charge of it. The want of a proper building is the only shortcoming which the executors have had to bring under notice, and this is to be remedied without farther delay. The architect of the new works at the museum, General Scott, has now instruction to complete, before any other portion, this much-needed provision; and when a fitting home is afforded to Dyce's Books, Drawings, and Engravings, the public will understand the extent of the generous bequest, and will receive its advantages.

JOHN FORSTER.

Science and Art now called the South Kensington Museum or elsewhere be set apart or provided for the purpose of holding my said collection (to be called 'The Dyce Collection'), and that my said collection be deposited and kept in such room or gallery. . . . My said collection shall be used for reference and instruction and shall be exhibited to the public at such times and under such regulations as the ex-officio trustee shall prescribe, and so soon as arrangements can be properly made by him for that purpose; but no part of my said collection shall ever be sold or exchanged or be dealt with contrary to the true spirit and meaning of the use, disposition, and controul thereof herein prescribed; the books to be the subjects of special care and preservation and never to be lent or removed from the collection. . . . My said collection or the conditional bequest thereof hereby made shall not be subject to the provisions of the Act of the 19 and 20 Victoria, cap. 29, entitled 'An Act to extend the powers of the Trustees and Directors of the National Gallery and to authorise the Sale of Works of Art belonging to the Public,' or to any future enactment of the Legislature which but for this declaration to the contrary shall or may have the effect of placing my said collection under any other care or ordering than is herein prescribed or would otherwise alter or interfere with the disposition thereof hereby made. And in case of such interference on the part of the Legislature, or if the terms and conditions as herein expressed be not strictly adhered to (subject as after mentioned), or in case the said bequest should not be accepted as aforesaid, then and in either of such cases the gift thereof hereby made shall wholly cease, and my said executors or the ex-officio trustee for the time being as the case may be shall thereupon hold my said collection in trust for the University of Cambridge to be added to and for ever thereafter form part of the Fitzwilliam Collection of the said University. . . . IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I have to this my will written on six sheets of paper set my hand this ninth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine.

THE TRUE EASTERN QUESTION.

A VISIT to the eastern coasts of the Hadriatic, planned long ago with objects bearing wholly on the history of past times, has lately given me a glimpse of a stirring piece of modern history, and has called my thoughts back to subjects which were more familiar to them twenty years back than they have been of late. I had longed for years to see the Palace of Spalato, and the other wonders of the land which gave Rome so many of her greatest Emperors. This year I had for the first time the opportunity of carrying out this wish of many years, and its carrying out in this particular year caused me to hear and see somewhat, not only of the Palace at Spalato, but also of the revolt in Herzegovina. I was able to hear much of the matter from men familiar with the seat of war, and myself to get a glimpse, though only a glimpse, alike of enslaved Herzegovina and of unconquered Montenegro. These sights called up again old thoughts and old controversies. I have ever been one of those, a body sometime very few in number, who could not understand why our love of right and freedom, our hatred of wrong and oppression, should be bounded by the Hadriatic sea. I could never understand why, while we denounced the oppression of the Austrian or the Russian, while we admired and sympathized with all who rose up against it, we were bound to uphold the far blacker oppression of the Turk, and to hurl every name of contempt and dislike at those who strove to shake off his yoke. I was one of those who raised their protest one and twenty years back, when we were entrapped by a crafty tyrant into waging war against a sovereign and a people who had never wronged us, on behalf of the foulest fabric of tyranny on earth. I could see no glory, no wisdom, nothing but the deepest national shame, in lending the arms of England to support the cause of Pope and Turk against the nations of Eastern Christendom. To me the names of Alma, of Balaklava, and of Inkerman are names of national humiliation. They are records of blood shed by English hands in the cause of wrong; and blood shed in the cause of wrong, whether it be shed in victory or in defeat, is matter for shame, and not for boasting. Thus I thought and spoke when there were but few—a few there always were—who thought and spoke with me. Now that the madness of the moment is past, now that we can see things by the light of twenty more years of experience, there are more who speak, there are many more who think, as a few of us thought and spoke during the national frenzy of the Russian war. But few or many it matters not; truth is the same.

in either case. At Alma and Inkerman England fought for wrong, as a generation before at Navarino she had fought for right. In 1827 we fought to free a nation from its tyrants, and the good work was called an "untoward event." In 1854 we fought to keep nations in their bondage, and it became the fashion to glory in our shame. We have again the choice of good or evil opened before us; we have again to choose between the precedent of the righteous act of which we were ashamed, and the precedent of the unrighteous act in which we gloried. We can again, if we will, do something, perhaps not by fighting but certainly in some other way, either for the cause of good or for the cause of evil. We may use such influence as we may have in the councils of Europe, either on behalf of the Turkish oppressor or on behalf of the victims who have at last turned against him. God grant that whatever we do, by act or by speech, it may be in the spirit of 1827, and not in the spirit of 1854.

When I spoke and wrote about these matters twenty years back, the subject was one which had for me, as it still has, a twofold attraction. I felt that, setting aside all associations which might sway us in the matter, all considerations of past history, of religion or race or language, we who spoke up for the oppressor against the oppressor were only speaking the language of simple right. We spoke on behalf of the Greek and the Slave, only as both we and others were wont to speak on behalf of the Pole, the Lombard, and the Hungarian. We spoke on behalf of Christians under Mahometan oppressors as I trust we should have spoken on behalf of Mahometans under Christian oppressors. But for myself personally the matter had also an interest of another kind. The political wrong against which we strove was but the continuation of a great historic wrong. The historic wrong had in truth no small share in bringing about the political wrong. The schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, the rivalry between the Eastern and Western Empires, had wrought a lasting effect on the minds of many who had never heard of either Church or either Empire. A kind of dislike and contempt towards the Christian nations of the East had been fostered for ages in the minds of the Christian nations of the West. The "Greek of the Lower Empire" was held up to scorn as the type of every thing that was vile, and the modern Greek was held to be, if anything, a little viler than his Byzantine forefather. Of the great mass of the Christian subjects of the Turk, the Slaves and the Bulgarians, many people seem never to have heard at all. All members of the Eastern Church were jumbled together under the common name of Greeks. Up to that time the Eastern Church had often been looked at with some sympathy by Protestants, as having a common enemy at Rome; but that Church was now suddenly found out to be something worse even than the Pope him-

self. People in Western Europe who protested against the oppressions of Russia or Austria often had no more real knowledge about Italians, Poles, and Hungarians than they had about Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians. But they had at least not been brought up with a prejudice of ages against Italians, Poles, or Hungarians. People therefore came to look with sympathy on the victims of Russia and Austria, while they looked with a kind of suspicion upon the victims of the Turk. They also made the great discovery that the Turk had some of the virtues, or apparent virtues, which are commonly found in masters, while his victims had some of the vices which are always found in slaves. It would have been too much trouble to stop and think that the vices of the slave ought to go in some measure to the account of those who made him a slave. It was enough that the Turk had some virtues, and his Christian subjects some vices. He was, by force of this argument, ruled to be altogether in the right, and his Christian subject to be altogether in the wrong. Then there came in the great Russian bugbear. We were told that, even if the Christians of Turkey had grievances, it was no time to think about them or talk about them when all Europe had a much greater grievance. Greek, Slave, Bulgarian were to be taught a lesson of self-sacrifice; they were to be taught to sit down quietly under real and undoubted evils at the hands of the Turk, because Western Europe had chosen to take it into its head that some unknown and shadowy evil was coming on mankind at the hands of the Russian. Then, as usual, to the help of all this mass of falsehoods, fallacies, and half truths, came that dense mass of invincible ignorance which always plays so great a part at all times of popular excitement. Many people could not be made to see the difference between Turkey and the Turks. Because in Western Europe England and the English, France and the French, mean much the same things, they could not understand a state of things in which the Turks were not Turkey, but simply the invaders and oppressors of Turkey. I remember a meeting in some midland town, Derby I think it was, where a resolution was passed in honour of "the glorious patriotic spirit of the Turkish nation." The same people would certainly not have passed a resolution in honour of the "glorious patriotic spirit of the Austrian nation," when Radetzky set forth to win back Lombardy. That "the glorious patriotic spirit of the Turkish nation" simply meant the obstinate determination of a horde of robbers to keep possession of the houses and lands of other men, certainly never entered the heads of the good people who passed the resolution. They doubtless thought that there was a Turkish nation living in Turkey, just as there is an English nation living in England, and a French nation living in France. We heard much in those days about the "rights of the

Sultan," and it was not everybody who understood that the rights of the Sultan over the houses and goods of Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians were exactly the same as the rights of a burglar to the house into which he has broken, and to the goods which he has found in it. In short, the moral confusion which condemned oppression on one side of the Hadriatic and admired it on the other, though it was largely strengthened by wilful and interested perversion, rested in the main on a deep and solid foundation of honest ignorance. The clamourers on behalf of the Turk were undoubtedly one class of that large order who call evil good and good evil; but in a vast number of cases they did so simply because they had been led honestly to mistake evil for good, and good for evil. The worst is that, when a general delusion of this kind has taken possession of the mind of a nation, the delusion cannot be got rid of till it is too late. Truth commonly gets the better in the long run; but for the time falsehoods and half truths get so firm a hold that truth is not listened to. People may now endure to be told that it is a truer patriotism to try to keep one's country out of an unjust war than to join in a wild cry for rushing into such a war. But twenty years ago all that those who did so got for their pains was to be called unpatriotic and un-English. There is now time to pause and think before we again irrevocably commit ourselves to the cause of unrighteousness.

When all these confusions were rife twenty years back, the history of South-Eastern Europe had been for a long time a favourite subject of my thoughts and reading, though I do not profess to have ever studied it in the same detail in which I have studied some parts of Western history. But I had learned enough to know—Mr. Finlay's writings alone could teach that much—how large a part of European history has been utterly misconceived through the traditional contempt for the "Greek of the Lower Empire." As commonly happens, error with regard to past history and error with regard to present policy went together; for in truth the one error was built up upon the other. In those days a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* could talk, seemingly with glee, about "the last Byzantine historian being blown into the air by our brave allies the Turks." The man who wrote this nonsense perhaps really thought that, because the Turks were unluckily allies of England in the nineteenth century, therefore they must also have been allies of England in the fifteenth century. He certainly did not think it worth while to stop and think that more than one "last Byzantine historian" continued to write the history of the very storm in which it was thus taken for granted that he must have been blown into the air. About the same time it was the fashion to write little books about the history of Crimea, in which there was always a great deal about

Mithridates, always a great deal about Catherine the Second, but in which the most instructive thing in the history of the peninsula, the long life of the Greek commonwealth of Cherson, was always left out. Perhaps the writers had never heard of the fact; perhaps it was thought inexpedient to let it be known that there ever had been anywhere, least of all in Crimea, so dangerous a thing as a Greek commonwealth. There was therefore a good deal of work to be done by the mere lover of historical accuracy as well as by the lover of political freedom, and both I and others did what we could to spread abroad truer ideas on both branches of the subject. What we generally got for our pains was, to be called *philhellènes*, and to be laughed at for troubling ourselves about "petty states." As I have read history, "petty states" have generally been the salt of the earth; and, as for the name *philhellén*, I am in no way ashamed of it, if only it be not used in any exclusive sense. I am simply for right against wrong, for all the victims of the oppressor as against the oppressor, not for any one class of his victims as against any other class. I will accept the name of *philhellén* with gladness, if only I am allowed to add that I am equally *philslave* and *philbulgarian*.

Those days have long passed away. Since then it has been only by fits and starts that the affairs of Eastern Christendom could be the chief object of the thoughts of any man in the western lands. It was no more than human nature if, in the face of the great events of the last sixteen years, in face of the reunion of Germany and Italy, in face of the overthrow of tyranny in France and of slavery in America, the best friends of the Greek, the Slave, and the Bulgarian might sometimes forget them for a season. Now and then indeed the East became again uppermost in the thoughts of men who could think and feel. There was the moment when Montenegro secured her freedom at Grahovo; there was the moment when Crete rose against her tyrants. Of that last tale of English shame I have before spoken in these pages. I have spoken of the crime of that flinty-hearted man who, when men who had hearts, English consuls and English sailors, were doing what they could to save Cretan women and children from their destroyers, bade that the common rights of humanity should be refused to the oppressed, for fear forsooth that we should "open the Eastern question," or disturb "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire." Then too was seen that other shameful sight of an Englishman sold to the barbarian, abusing English naval skill and science to press down again the yoke of the barbarian on nations who were striving to cast off his yoke. I suppose that the highest degree of glory and of infamy to be found in the annals of naval warfare may be seen in the two contrasted pictures of Hastings in command of the *Karteria* and Hobart in pursuit of the *Hendéis*.

But the climax of our national shame was not yet reached. That an Englishman should bear arms in the cause of a barbarian despot, that an Englishman should forbid the offices of humanity to that despot's victims, were after all only the crimes of particular men. But it was something like a national humiliation when the very moment of the Cretan war was chosen to give the oppressor of Crete and of so many other Christian lands a public reception in England. There is something very strange in the way in which we deal out our favours to foreign potentates. When any king comes among us who, either on account of his own character or on behalf of the nation over whom he rules, is really entitled to respect, hardly any notice is taken of him. It may be in some cases that such a prince wishes to avoid the burthen of having any great notice taken of him; but the fact is plain; a respectable king passes almost unnoticed in England, while, when some despot or tyrant or perjurer comes among us, people at once fall down and worship him. Such an one is always received with every honour; crowds assemble to cheer him in the streets; orders of chivalry are bestowed upon him; he dines with the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Mayor is made a baronet on the strength of the dinner. The red hand is in truth not unhappily chosen as the symbol of the guest for whose sake the honour is conferred. So we received [Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, when his words of perjury were still fresh upon his lips, when his hands were still reeking with the blood of his December massacres. So we received the Turkish Sultan at the very moment when a Christian people were striving to cast off his hated yoke from their necks. The Turk got his dinner and his garter; the badge of Saint George was thrown around the neck of the successor of Mahomet; and the Lord Mayor got the rank which seems specially reserved for those who have tyrants to dine with them. But, far worse than this, we were told in the papers that the popular reception given to the Sultan could be compared only to the popular reception which had been given to Garibaldi. Had it come to this, that the English people were ready to cheer anything?—that to a London crowd an oppressor and a deliverer were the same thing—that Englishmen were equally ready to shout when Sicily was set free, and when Crete was again bowed down in slavery? So it was. And the cup of our folly and ignominy was filled up by giving a ball to a man who was not the least likely to dance, and by charging the expense of the costly foolery on the purses of the people of India. It was suddenly found out that England was a great Mahometan power, and, to keep up our Mahometan character, the unoffending votaries of Brahma were made to pay for the caperings at which our Mahometan guest sat and looked on. Our zeal for the Turk and his Prophet was so great that Christian and heathen alike were to be mulcted to do them honour. The Sultan came with his hands reeking with

Christian blood, decked in pomp wrung from the tears and groans of Christian subjects. Not to lag behind our guest, the cost of his entertainment was to be wrung out of men of yet a third religion, men who had hitherto deemed that the rule of the Christian had at least delivered them from the rule of the Moslem. Of all the strange forms which oppression and homage to oppression ever took, surely the most grotesque was that of making the people of India pay for a ball given in London to the Grand Turk.

These things too are now passed away. The Turk went back; Crete was again bowed down under his yoke, and I suppose the people of India paid his bill. I remember saying my own say at the time pretty much as I have said it now. Then came a lull. There was comparatively little to make us think of Turks, Greeks or Slaves, till the beginning of the present struggle for freedom. Of course, as will always happen where there is unceasing oppression, there has been unceasing discontent and occasional outbreaks. But till this year there was nothing to make the affairs of South-Eastern Europe the chief object of one's thoughts. But now that time has come again. The deliverance of Eastern Christendom has again become the thought which must stand foremost in the mind of every one whose love of right and freedom is not pent up within certain limits on the map. The great strife between right and wrong has again begun, and it has begun in a shape which leads us to hope that we are now really seeing the beginning of the end. For my own part, such news as has been now coming for months from Bosnia and Herzegovina would in any case have stirred my soul to its inmost depths. The wrongs of the West have been redressed; the rod of the oppressor has been broken; Italy is free; Germany is united; France is humbled; Austria is reformed. Is not then the moment come for the yet bitterer wrongs of South-Eastern Europe to be redressed also? Lombardy and Venetia are set free from the whips of the Austrian; has not the day at last come for the Greek and Slave and Albanian and Bulgarian lands to be set free from the scorpions of the Turk? Thoughts like these would have been stirring even in the quiet of one's own home; but they have pressed themselves upon me with tenfold force since a journey planned long ago with other objects has given me the means of seeing and hearing somewhat for myself. I have been able to tread the lands where the strife for freedom is actually going on, to speak with men who have borne their part in the struggle, to learn what is the feeling of men in lands which are themselves free from the dangers of the strife, but whose sons look with brotherly friendship on the men who are engaged in the great and righteous work.

In saying this, I do not wish any one to suppose that I can give such readers as I may find any special information which they cannot find elsewhere. In the present war the English public has had

the great advantage of having the facts of the case clearly and truly set before it. It is a great gain that in this matter the *Times* has mainly taken the right side, and still more that it has been well served by its correspondent on the spot. Every letter in that paper which comes from Ragusa is worth reading and pondering over. By great good luck, the usual purveyor of chatter, the correspondent who tells us what he had for dinner and how many princes he talked to, seems to have found a more congenial sphere elsewhere. The paper from which many Englishmen take their opinions as well as their facts is luckily represented at the present seat of war by a well-informed and trustworthy man, who has had long experience of Turkish doings and of revolts against them, and who is not above putting plain facts into rational English. I have no means of adding anything in the way of mere fact to the accounts which it is to be hoped every one at home has read for himself. All that I can do is to put forward again an old story, old arguments, but a story and arguments which have lost none of their strength by being old. And with me at least they have gained a certain freshness now that they are to me no longer merely matters of book-learning, but are in part at least founded on actual eyesight. Even a few hours on Turkish ground brings more clearly home to one what Turkish rule is. And one cannot be long in the lands to which the Turk is a neighbour without finding out that his neighbours have very different notions about the "Eastern question," about "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire," from those which have been so long thought the correct thing in the West. Those cant phrases of diplomacy may still satisfy some readers, and even some writers, in England; they do not satisfy anybody in Dalmatia. These men see the wolf at their door, preying on their neighbours' flocks if not on their own, and it is not so easy as it is here to make them believe that the ravenous beast is a harmless and useful watch-dog. Here in the West we are told of a succession of beautiful promises of reform made by Sultan after Sultan to their Christian subjects. Some of us are actually simple enough to believe that these promises were meant to be fulfilled, or even that they have been fulfilled. In Dalmatia, where the victims of these broken promises come trooping bodily over the frontier, men know better what Turkish promises are worth. We are told here of the stainless good faith of the Turk; they see with their own eyes that Turkish faith is much the same now as it was when Bragadino capitulated on the promise of life and liberty and was flayed alive as his reward. We are told that the nations now under the foreign yoke must be kept under some foreign yoke or other, lest everything should fall into chaos. They look up to the mountains above their heads, and see there a native state under a native prince, where life and property are as safe as they are in any

Western land, where even the Mussulman refugee finds a sure shelter. The Slave under Austrian rule himself enjoys, if not a national government, yet at least a government which protects life and property and family honour, and does common justice between man and man. He sees in Montenegro men of his own race and speech enjoying all this and something more. It is therefore not so easy to persuade him as it is to persuade people here that it can anyhow be for the common good of mankind that a third class of men of the same race and speech, differing in nothing from the Dalmatian and the Montenegrin save in the ill luck of their history, should be kept down any longer under the yoke of a power in whose mouth government means brigandage, under whose rule no justice can be had by the weak against the strong, whose promises are, as school-boys used to say, like pie-crust, made to be broken. Perhaps they are wrong in their conclusions; perhaps the advantages of all these things may be more clearly seen at a distance than they are at a man's own door. But it is at least hard to make men who see these things at their own doors think otherwise than as they do. In Dalmatia and Montenegro in short men think very much as men would think in Hampshire, if, while Hampshire was under a civilized government, Berkshire was under a power from which no redress could be had for the bitterest wrong if a Berkshire man were the sufferer. Perhaps they are quite wrong; perhaps they need to be enlightened as to the blessings of Turkish independence, as to the existence of Turkish integrity. But at least their mistake is natural and, in the lands where the mistake is natural, it is also beyond doubt universal.

This then at least I can say, that Dalmatian feeling is unanimous for the insurgents and against the Turks. And surely the feeling of those who see what is going on without being immediately touched by it is worth something. There is at least a chance that it may come nearer to the truth than the theories of men who sit in London or elsewhere, and say that a thing must be so and so because it suits their preconceived theories that it should be so and so. Here people simply go on repeating a number of stock phrases, which, if they ever had any meaning, have ceased to have any meaning now. They repeat them as if they had a kind of *opus operatum* efficacy; as if something was proved by merely saying the same form of words over again. A diplomatist or a newspaper writer says that the "Eastern question must not be opened;" and perhaps he really thinks that, in so saying, he has proved something or settled something. But if he is asked what is meant by "opening the Eastern question," he will not find it so easy to explain. Most likely, however, he will say something about Russia; it is the received traditional rule that he should say something about Russia. Now what the "Eastern question" really means is the question whether a

horde of invading barbarians shall still be allowed to hold the nations of South-Eastern Europe in bondage. It means whether insolent oppressors shall still refuse to them, not only political freedom, but those common personal rights which even a decent despotism secures to its subjects. It means whether England and other European powers which have hitherto agreed, for their own supposed interests, to back up this fabric of oppression shall any longer go on doing so. That is the real "Eastern question." No one thinks that the Turk can stand by his own strength. He stands, because hitherto the powers of Europe have fancied that it suits their purpose to let him stand. England, France, and Sardinia went to war one and twenty years ago with the avowed purpose of keeping him standing. By so doing they made themselves accomplices in the doings of the power whose existence they undertook to prolong. The true Eastern question is whether European powers shall go on condemning the nations of South-Eastern Europe to remain under barbarian bondage. Diplomats and newspaper writers may sit and say that the Eastern question shall not be reopened. But the Eastern question has been reopened by the swords of the patriots of Bosnia and Herzegovina. With one voice they say, Come what may, we will never again submit to the Turk. He may kill us; he may lay the land desolate and drive us out of it; but we will never again be his subjects. The question is what those who have hitherto made it their business to keep certain nations under the Turkish yoke are to do, now that those nations have declared that they will endure anything rather than the Turkish yoke. There may be many ways of breaking the yoke, but those who are under it have made up their minds that it shall be broken in some way or other. Even now diplomats are chattering about further promises of reform, about a separation of this and that district, about the change of this and that governor. None of these things touch the root of the matter. The people of the revolted lands know that no faith is to be placed in Turkish promises. They do not want reforms at the hand of the Turk; what they want is freedom from the Turk and all that belongs to him. Some years back the people of Lombardy and Venetia told the world that what they wanted was not reform at the hand of the Austrian, but freedom from the Austrian. There were men then who thought that the bondage of Italy was as needful for the interests of mankind as some think that the bondage of Bosnia and Herzegovina is now. But Europe in general did not think so; and Italy is free. Now in Turkey the state of things against which the Italians rose would come in the shape of a great and blessed reform. The Christian subjects of the Turk would be glad indeed to find themselves now no worse off than the Italian

subjects of the Austrian were then. But mark the different measures meted out to nations east and west of the Adriatic gulf. On one side we applaud men for rising against a government, because it is offensive to national feeling. On the other side we bid men lie down quietly under a government which refuses them the common rights of human beings. Such a government they declare as one man that they will endure no longer. By so doing they have reopened the Eastern question. That question certainly admits of more than one answer; but before we get any answer, we must settle what is to be the shape of the question. Here, with many minds the Eastern question means how to keep the Turk in. In the lands where the Turk is something more than a name, the Eastern question means how to turn the Turk out.

I have in the course of this article more than once, of set purpose, made use of phrases which I know will provoke controversy. I have called the Turks barbarians; I have called them an invading horde. These are the kind of phrases which I know are specially offensive to those who have taken on themselves the strange mission of defending the continued bondage of a large part of Europe. But it is well to set before men's minds, even at the risk of repeating a thrice told tale or a hundred times told tale, what the real state of the case is. It is well again to show what the system really is which the victims of the Turk are striving to overthrow, and which his abettors in England and elsewhere are striving to prolong. To them no phrase is more offensive than to be told that the Turks are an Asiatic horde encamped in Europe. No phrase is more offensive, because no phrase is more true. The usual art of the defenders of the Turk is to speak of the Turkish power as if it were an ordinary government, to speak of revolt against it as if it were an ordinary case of revolt against a government. They perhaps do not go so far as to say that the Turkish government is a good government; but they certainly wish people to believe that it is a government, in the same sense in which the monarchies and commonwealths of other parts of Europe are governments. Now the one point to be clearly understood is that the state of things in South-Eastern Europe is not an ordinary case of government, good or bad. It is a case of subjection to a power which has no right to be called a government at all. The governments of civilized countries may be, and are, better or worse, more or less in accordance with national feeling. There may be under them more or less of political freedom: the judicial and administrative system may be more or less well contrived, more or less purely carried out in practice. Still, in all of these governments, in all the various shades between pure despotism and pure democracy, the government at least professes to act on behalf of the general body of its subjects or citizens, for the good of that general body. The worst European government professes to do equal justice between

man and man in private causes, and, for the most part, the profession is pretty fairly carried out. When it is otherwise, it is commonly owing to some defect in the particular law, to some corruption on the part of the particular administrator of the law. It is not commonly owing to anything in the constitution of the governing power which makes it absolutely incapable of doing justice, even if it wishes to do it. Such governments may be better or worse; some may be positively bad; but they are not essentially and incurably bad. A government may be bad, because it is a government of strangers offensive to national feeling, or because, though it is not a government of strangers, yet it is in the exclusive possession of one class of the nation. Such governments are bad governments; still they are governments. They discharge—at least there is nothing to hinder them from discharging—the primary duties of a government; life, property, female honour, may be safe under them, and equal justice may be done in all matters of merely private interest. But the so-called Turkish government does none of these things; it can do none of these things. The Turks are still, as they have been ever since they landed in Europe, a mere horde of invaders. That they landed five hundred years ago makes no difference. A government is not unlawful merely because it had its beginning in a foreign conquest. A government which began in foreign conquest may be legalized in the course of time, sometimes in the course of a very short time. It is legalized as soon as the conquerors and the conquered feel themselves parts of one nation, with common national interests and feelings. It matters nothing to a modern Englishman, it mattered very little to an Englishman of the reign of Henry the Second, on which side his forefathers had fought on Senlac or at Ely. It matters nothing to a modern Frenchman whether his forefathers were Gaul or Frank, Iberian or West-Goth. But it matters now, just as much as it mattered five hundred years back, whether a man in Turkey is a Turk or a subject of the Turk. England is the land of the English; France is the land of the French; but Turkey is not the land of the Turks; it is the land where the Turks hold other nations in bondage. The process of conquest which in other cases came to an end sooner or later, in some cases marvellously soon, has in South-Eastern Europe gone on to this day. The distinctions, national and religious, which existed five hundred years ago are as broadly drawn now as they were then. The Greek, the Slave, the other nations under the Turkish power, remain now as distinct from the Turk as they were in the days of the first conquest. The Sultan is to his Christian subjects no more a national sovereign now than he was five hundred years back. He was an alien master then, and he remains an alien master now. Nowhere do the Turk and the Christian look on one another as fellow country-

men, as all the inhabitants of France or of England look on one another, however distinct and hostile their forefathers may have been in remote ages. At the end of half a millennium, the so called Turkish government remains what it was at the beginning. The Turks remain as they were then, an army of occupation in a conquered land. The chief difference is that the army of occupation was under far better discipline then than it is now. The early Sultans were all of them wise rulers; some of them were, according to their light, just rulers. Some of them had no mind to oppress the conquered any more than was needful to secure the power of the conquerors. Under the great Sultans, the lot of the conquered was a hard one; still it was a lot marked out according to certain rules and laws. Oppression might go so far but no further; and there was some hope in the last refuge of the oppressed, that of flying from petty tyrants to the throne. Under the little Sultans, this last hope has long passed away. Read in the letters from Ragusa in the *Times* what the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina suffer at the hands of their petty tyrants, and judge whether they are likely to gain anything by flying to the throne of Abd-ul-aziz.

The so called Turkish government is then, I say, no government at all. It has no claim on the allegiance of those whom it calls its subjects. Founded on wrong in the beginning, it has kept on the first wrong to this day. It has never, even after five hundred years, become a national government. It has never, in all those ages had any feeling or interest in common with those of the nations over whom it has borne away. It has never done for them even those common duties of government which the worst of civilized governments does for its subjects. The Turk is still as much an alien in European Turkey as he was when the land first began to take his name. The Sultan may be our dear and cherished ally, he may be Knight of the Garter and guest of the Lord Mayor, but he is none the less the chief of an intruding horde, dwelling by force in the lands and houses of other men. What kind of treatment it is that Turkish rule carries with it, Englishmen may learn from the letters from Ragusa in the *Times*. In Herzegovina, as elsewhere, the causes of revolutions and their immediate occasions are not always the same. The cause is doubtless the abiding determination of the people to shake off the hateful yoke. The immediate occasion of the outbreak was of that kind which has been the immediate occasion of so many outbreaks, the old tale of the Sicilian Vespers and of the daughters of Skedasos of Leuktra. One necessary accompaniment of Turkish rule is what the Greek poet sang of in Byron's day—

παῖδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνίκηστος φθορεῖα.

“Every pretty girl,” so I heard at Ragusa, “is carried off as a

matter of course." It was a specially foul outrage of this kind which immediately led to the revolt. The Eastern question then simply means whether this kind of thing is to last; it means whether men are to be left under a form of local administration which, when the doer of a murder or suspected murder is not at hand, at once puts all his kinsfolk to the torture. And all this comes on the top of the grinding fiscal exactions both of the local landowners and of the Sultan's tax-gatherers. These last, it is well known, have been raised in defiance, as usual, of a distinct promise made by our knight of Saint George to the European powers. Something more was wanted for the vices and follies of a barbarian palace, and the subject Christians had to pay. Men suffering under wrongs like these see but one answer to the question whether such things are to be any longer endured. They do not take things quite so calmly as a writer in the last number of this Review. To drive the doers of such deeds beyond the Bosphorus or anywhere else may seem "wild and sensational" to gentlemen sitting at their ease in London; to those who have to endure their presence, the attempt to get rid of them seems at once a right and a duty. It is easy calmly to tell the Christians of the East that "they have but to marry and give in marriage to settle the Eastern question." The encouragement to marry and give in marriage must indeed be specially great, as long as those who are given in marriage are likely to be dealt with as they are dealt with by the Turkish masters of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

And now I shall perhaps be taken to task for the use of the phrase "Turkish masters." I shall be told that the Mahometan inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina are not Turkish but Slave. I shall perhaps further be told that, even in the other provinces, the Turks are really no Turks, but Europeans, descendants of European mothers, in many cases of European fathers. I know all this as well as any man. I have myself put forward these facts over and over again; but I am quite prepared to be told them over again as a great piece of news. I use the word "Turkish," because it serves, better than any other word, to express the dominion of men who, if not Turks naturally, have become Turks artificially. The Turks in Europe are an artificial nation, just as the modern Greeks are. That is to say, there is a Turkish kernel and a Greek kernel, round which a number of other elements have gathered and have been assimilated. Multitudes of men who are not Turks or Greeks by natural descent have, in this way, become Turks or Greeks for all practical purposes. Nothing is more certain than that, during the great days of Ottoman dominion, the bravest soldiers and the wisest ministers of the Sultans were hardly ever Turks by blood. They were renegade Greeks, Slaves, not uncommonly western Europeans.

The tribute of children paid by the subject nations formed the strength of the empire. As long as it was paid, the subject nations could not revolt; those who would have been their natural leaders in revolt were taken from them in their childhood. But renegades of all these classes practically became Turks. There were few indeed among them who, like Scanderbeg, ever went back to the nationality and religion of their childhood. And in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the case is, as is well known, a special one. At the time of the Turkish conquest, the bulk of the landowners in those countries apostatized in order to keep their lands, while the mass of the nation remained faithful. In these provinces then the immediate oppressors are not Turks by blood, but men of the same race as the oppressed. But this in no way makes matters better, but rather worse. A foreign conqueror may command a certain kind of respect which a native renegade certainly cannot. In some cases it is a certain softening of tyranny when one's tyrants are one's countrymen; but that rule can hardly apply to the domination of such a caste as this. It is said that among the Bosnian oligarchy there are many who speak nothing but Slave, to whom Turkish and Arabic are unknown tongues, and who are not remarkable for any deep knowledge of the Koran. In this there may be an element of hope. In case of a revolution the right way, such men may turn back again as easily as their forefathers turned in the first instance. But for the present they are practically Turks. They are a part, and one of the worst parts, of the great fabric of Turkish oppression, and it is in accordance with all experience everywhere that their dominion should be even more galling than that of the genuine Turks themselves.

Another objection is sure to be made, so easy is it for the advocates of wrong to find objections to every movement on behalf of right. We are told, sometimes glibly enough, with that kind of ease which often comes of over and over again repeating a well-worn formula, that the revolt is no real revolt at all, that its chief leaders and agents are not natives of the country, that it is a movement got up from without, a movement stirred up by Russia, a movement stirred up by Austria, a Pan-Slavic movement, anything in short rather than a real rising of an oppressed people against its tyrants. These things are always said whenever there is a revolt among the subjects of the Turk, and there is just enough truth in sayings of the kind to make them mischievous. There is no doubt that the movement is a genuine native movement; there is no ground for saying that the leading men among the native Christians keep aloof from it. There is no doubt that the mass of the actual insurgents are really natives of the revolted provinces, stirred up by the wrongs which they themselves have suffered. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that their ranks have been swelled by sympathizers from kindred but

happier lands, and that even some of the leaders of the movement come under this latter head. So it always will be in such cases; and why should it not be so? As a rule, the people of an enslaved district, if left quite to themselves, really cannot rise. They need help from without to enable them to do anything. And shall we dare to blame the Slave who, under the rule of Austria, at least enjoys the common rights of humanity, or the Slave who, on the heights of Montenegro, rejoices in a freedom won by his own right hand, if he goes to the help of his suffering brother who is still under the yoke? To take the analogy which I started before, if Hampshire were free and Berkshire enslaved, should we think it a great crime if a Hampshire man went to help a revolt in Berkshire, or if he even suggested to the men of Berkshire that a favourable moment for revolt had come? Between the men of Montenegro and the men of Herzegovina there is no wider difference in blood and speech than there is between the men of the two West-Saxon shires. The only difference between them is that the man of Montenegro is free and the man of Herzegovina is in bondage. Is it a crime then for the freeman to help his enslaved brother? Is it a crime to think that one good turn deserves another, that, as many men of Herzegovina fought on the great day which secured the freedom of Montenegro, it is only common gratitude if some men of Montenegro fight in their turn to enable Herzegovina to win her freedom also? The wonderful thing is, not that some Montenegrins have joined the insurgent ranks, but rather that, at such a moment, any one Montenegrin can keep his pistol and yataghan idle in his girdle. That any one Montenegrin can hold back is a sign of the power of a wise prince over a law-abiding people. The traveller in Montenegro is almost inclined to mourn that, while the great strife of right and wrong is going on below, a single one of her valiant sons should be forbidden to share in the good work. But it may perhaps be better that those free heights should still remain a city of refuge, where the Christian flying from the Turk, eye and the Turk flying from the Christian, may seek shelter, and never seek in vain.

The revolt then is in truth a genuine revolt of an oppressed Christian people against Mahometan masters, whether Turks by blood or apostates of their own race matters not. It is a revolt of men who have made up their minds to cast away the yoke or to perish. The conventional talk about reforms is the mere childish babble of diplomatists. The time for reforms is past, or rather there never was such a time at all. The experience of twelve hundred years of history ought by this time to have taught us a very simple lesson. The state of things in the European provinces of Turkey is one where the evil is far too deeply rooted for any mere attempts at reform to mend it. The truth is that no real reform

can be made as long as Mahometans, whether Turks by blood or not, bear rule over men of any other religion. In so saying, I need hardly disclaim any intolerant feeling towards the Mahometan religion or its professors. I have, in more forms than one, striven to do justice to the Arabian Prophet as one of the greatest of reformers in his own age and country. I know as well as any man that there are large parts of the world where the preaching of Islam has carried with it a wonderful advance in every way, moral, social, and political. Towards a Mahometan nation, living in its own land, I have no ill-feeling whatever. I have no ill-feeling towards Persia. The Persian nation gradually adopted Mahometanism, though, in adopting it, they gave it a new form of their own. Persia is really a Mahometan country: the few men of any other religion, Christian or heathen, are, in the strictest sense, dissenters. It is open to them to make the same claims, and to fight the same battle, as a dissenting minority anywhere else: but they cannot claim to be themselves the nation: they cannot call the Mahometan majority intruders or invaders. And what is true of Persia is true also of a large part of the Ottoman dominions in Asia. The country is really Mahometan, and I have no wish to meddle with its Mahometan occupants. It is true that they have displaced a Christian population; but they displaced it so long ago that no practical question can arise out of the displacement, any more than out of our own displacement of the Welsh in Britain. But the case in European Turkey is quite different. There the Mahometans are in no sense the people of the land: they are an army of occupation, holding down subject nations in their own land. That welding together of conquerors and conquered into a single nation, which has legalized conquest in so many other cases, has never happened in the case of the Turks in Europe, and in truth it never can happen. The peaceful fusion of the two races, the absorption of the Frank by the Gaul or of the Norman by the Englishman, never can happen where the conquerors are Mahometans, and where the conquered cleave to their national faith. One of the first principles of the Mahometan religion is that, wherever its votaries have dominion, men of all other religions shall be their subjects. Koran, Tribute, or Sword still remains the alternative as it was in the days of Omar. By payment of tribute, the conquered Christian, Fire-worshipper, or Hindoo secured his life, his property, and the free exercise of his religion. But he still remained one of a subject class in his own land. Then and now alike, he is not only politically the subject of a Mahometan sovereign; he is civilly and socially the inferior of every one of his Mahometan fellow subjects. What the Mahometan law prescribes for tributaries of another religion is a contemptuous toleration. If persecution is forbidden on the one

hand, any real equality with men of the dominant religion is forbidden on the other. When such a state of things as this has been the law, it has naturally followed that the treatment of Christians and other non-Mahometan subjects of Mahometan powers has varied greatly in different times and places. Cases may here and there be found in which the subject, the Giaour, got better terms than the capitulation of Omar gave him. In most cases he has got far worse terms. The Turk has everywhere been worse than the Saracen whom he supplanted, and the Ottoman Turk has been the worst of all Turks. In fact, when it is laid down as a matter of religious principle that men of other religions are the natural inferiors and subjects of the Mussulman, it is hardly to be expected that the Mussulman will keep himself within the letter of any capitulation. Where the law prescribes a contemptuous toleration, oppression and persecution are always likely to be the rule in practice. So it ever has been; so, in the nature of things, it ever must be. Let the capitulation of Omar be carried out to the letter throughout the Ottoman dominions; the Christian population will still be in a state worse than the state which in other lands has been commonly looked on as fully justifying revolt. They will still be worse off than ever Lombard was under Austrian or Pole under Russian rule. But it is quite certain that the Christians of Turkey are far worse off than the capitulation of Omar would make them, and it is quite certain that they will remain so as long as they remain under a Mahometan government. The Porte may make endless promises of reform; but, even if it wishes to carry them out, it cannot. A Mahometan government cannot, if it will, give real equality to the subjects of other religions. If it does so, it sins against the first principles of the Mahometan law, and it must draw upon itself the ill will—from their own principles, the perfectly just ill will—of its Mahometan subjects. One Mahometan ruler did give perfect equality to his subjects of all religions, but, in so doing, he had to cease to be a Mahometan. If Abd-ul-aziz has strength to follow in the steps of Akbar, let him do so, and the blessings of mankind will be on him. That would settle the Eastern question at once. But there is no intermediate choice between that settlement and that other settlement which the patriots of the Slave provinces are seeking with their swords. As a Christian, as an Akbarite, sovereign, the Turkish Sultan may go on and reign as the Cæsar of the New Rome, and the weapons which are now lifted against him may be used for his defence against a malecontent Mahometan minority. But no reform short of this will answer. A Mahometan government may rule well, as far as any despotism can rule well, over a Mahometan people. Over a people not Mahometan it must ever be, even in spite of itself, a government of sheer force and

oppression. It must ever be a government towards which its subjects have but one duty, the duty of throwing off its yoke whenever they have the power.

The Turk then must go or he must cease to be a Turk. As he is not likely to cease to be a Turk, it is enough to say that he must go. It does not follow that he need go all at once. From Servia he has gone already. Bosnia and Herzegovina have given him notice to quit, and from them he must go at once. It will be time for him to go from Bulgaria and Albania when Bulgaria and Albania give him notice to quit also. But Bosnia and Herzegovina have made up their minds that they will get rid of him or perish. Which of these two alternatives is to take place is the true Eastern question. It is the question which the powers of Europe have to settle. No one supposes that, if the combined voice of Europe speaks, the sick man whom Europe has so long swathed and bolstered up for its own ends will dare to disobey. An awful responsibility therefore rests on those who now guide the counsels of the European powers. It is nothing short of the responsibility of deciding between good and evil. Shall the lands which have risen against the yoke be forced down again beneath the yoke, or not? To talk of reform is childish. The Turk, as long as he remains a Turk, cannot reform. The revolted lands ask, not for reforms which cannot be had, but for freedom which may be had. It is freedom for which they ask; never mind what form freedom takes; freedom from the Turk will be a blessing, in whatever form it comes. Be it the freest of commonwealths, be it only a despotism which does common justice between man and man, in either case it will be freedom to men who have so long groaned under the yoke of mere brigandage. One change may be better than another, but any change will be better than what is now.

And now at such a moment as this is it too much to ask that the wretched talk about interest and honour and prestige, which has so long grated on the ears of all who love right for its own sake, may at last be hushed? As for "prestige," I hardly know the meaning of the ugly foreign word; by its etymology it would seem to have something to do with the tricks of a juggler. As for honour, I know of only one way in which true honour can be won, and that is by doing right fearlessly at all hazards. The most honourable thing of all is never to do wrong; next after that comes the true courage of the man or the nation who, when wrong has been done, is ready to confess the wrong and to redress it. Our true honour can never demand that we should go on propping up a rotten fabric of evil; it does demand that we should undo the wrong that we have done in helping the evil cause thus far. As for interests, questions about Central Asia or the Suez Canal, I do not profess to be any judge of such matters; but if our Atlantic island has any real

interest in them, I suppose that those questions, like other questions of interest, come under the head of the eternal rule that interest should give way to right and duty.

ἀλλ' εἰ δίκαια, τῶν σοφῶν κρίσσω τάδε.

We were told one and twenty years back that our interests were so pressing, that the Russian bugbear was so frightful, that we had no time to listen to the claims of oppressed nations, even when we had ourselves doomed them to oppression. So I would say back again, that, when a plain duty calls on us to help the cause of our suffering brethren, I at least can find no time for nicely calculated questions of interest, not even for counting how near Russia may, in the discharge of her civilizing mission in barbarian lands, have come to the bounds of our own distant dominion. I can only say that the interests of Russia or Austria, the interests of France or Germany or England, must not be thought of in the face of the interests of humanity. Happily one specially sordid form of interest will now be driven to hold its peace. Europe will hardly be called upon to prop up the black fabric of Turkish tyranny in the interest of Turkish bondholders in England. The Turk has, fittingly enough, played the Turk with his creditors as well as with his subjects. Englishmen were not ashamed to lend their money to the barbarian, knowing that every penny which they lent could be used only in propping up the foulest of tyrannies, and in enabling a sensual despot to spend yet more on his luxuries and his vices. They lent their money, knowing that every penny of interest that they were to receive was to be wrung by the minions of a tyrant out of the scanty earnings of an oppressed people. They have their reward. The Turk, true to his traditions, has broken faith; the pleasures of the Sultan's court have been found too costly; the resources of his victims have been found too scanty; and the men who strove to prop up wrong by gold have found that gold is no longer forthcoming out of the abyss of Turkish misrule.

While I write, the news comes that the deputations from the insurgents have gone to the three courts of Berlin, Vienna, and Saint Petersburg, to "formulate," as the telegram runs, their demands. Later still come other rumours that their deputations are not likely to be attended with much success because the demands of the insurgents "menace the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." Let them ask for reforms, let them ask for "decentralization;" these the great powers may perhaps be inclined to guarantee; but freedom they must not hope for. Later again come, one after another, utterances for Vienna and Saint Petersburg, each one darker and more meaningless than the one which went before it. I know not what truth there may be in all this. I know not what may be the shape taken

either by the demands of the insurgents or by the answer of the powers; but I do know that all talk about reforms and decentralization and guaranteeing this and that is simply childish. The three powers can guarantee reform in one way, and in one way only; but that is a way which is certainly menacing to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The only way in which any reform can be guaranteed is by giving the lands which are to be reformed full practical emancipation from the Turkish yoke. Talk about new divisions of provinces, about giving Christians a greater share in the local administration, even about putting this or that district under a Christian governor, is not to be listened to. A Christian governor is not necessarily better than a Mahometan governor. A Christian who stoops to be the agent of the Sultan is not likely to be among the most high-minded of Christians, or among those who enjoy the greatest confidence among their brethren. The one thing which is needed, the one thing which will meet the wishes of the revolted provinces, the one thing which will ease the powers of the thankless labour of propping up the sick man, will be to give each province, as it demands it, full practical emancipation from the Turkish yoke. Thus the Eastern question may be solved. Such a solution is doubtless inconsistent with the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; but no other solution can be righteous; no other solution is possible.

I just now used the words, "full practical emancipation." I made the qualification advisedly. If practical independence is to be had only at the cost of a nominal homage, or even of a fixed tribute, to the tottering despot of Constantinople, I do not think that practical independence should be refused on those terms. Serbia, I believe, still keeps some forms of vassalage, and I have always held it to be one of the misfortunes of Greece that she was at once cumbered with the trappings of an absolutely independent kingdom instead of being allowed to march gradually towards the crown of perfect independence. The nations of the Byzantine peninsula must never be allowed to become wholly isolated from one another. They must never lose the tradition of looking to the New Rome as their natural centre. As long as the Turk sits in New Rome, he may well be the overlord of all of them, provided his overlordship remains as purely formal as it now is over Serbia and Roumania. It will be enough if the lands which are striving for their freedom are put under some government which shall secure to them, if full political freedom, so much the better, but at any rate the common rights of human beings. Everything else is a matter of detail. The most obvious course would be to attach the revolted lands to Montenegro or to Serbia, or to divide them between Montenegro and Serbia. A glance at the map will show how near independent Montenegro and practically independent Serbia come together. The Slave provinces which

are still under the yoke are all but isolated from the mass of the Turkish dominions; they form a kind of peninsula of bondage. The main difficulty either in attaching them to Serbia or Montenegro, or in forming them into a third Slave principality, lies in this. In Serbia, at the time of its emancipation, there were very few settled Mahometan inhabitants. When the Turkish soldiers and officials had marched out, the land was left wholly Christian. In Montenegro of course there never were any Mahometan inhabitants at all. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, on the other hand, there is both a Mahometan and a Catholic minority; and, in setting free the great Orthodox majority, care must be taken not to perpetuate wrong, by giving the Orthodox any undue supremacy over the Catholic and the Mahometan. It might be feared that, either in a newly-formed Slave state or in an extended Serbia or Montenegro, there might be danger of old wrongs being repaid in kind by a dominant Orthodox majority. And again the question presents itself, whether an extended Montenegro might not lose its distinctive character, and the Montenegrin experiment, the experiment of civilizing a small warlike tribe, without destroying its distinctive character, without bringing it down to the dead level of common European life, is so interesting, and has hitherto been so successful, that one is loath to do anything that may disturb it. Annexation to the great neighbouring monarchy has an ugly sound, and I should certainly not advocate it for its own sake, or in case anything better can be found. Still it has something to be said for it. We must not forget that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy of 1875 is not the Austrian Empire of 1865. It is giving it less praise than it deserves to say that its rule is better than that of Turkey, and that Herzegovina would greatly gain if it were raised to the level of Dalmatia. Under the rule of the Apostolic King Catholic and Orthodox contrive to live side by side; and under that rule Catholic, Orthodox, and Mahometan would have more chance of doing so than they would have under a purely Orthodox government. The great difficulty in the way of annexation in this quarter is the dislike of the Magyars to any strengthening of the Slave element in the united monarchy. Zealous Slaves have been known to answer that the Magyars are Turanian intruders no less than the Turks, and that Turks and Magyars might with advantage march off together. But the kingdom of the apostolic Stephen can be hardly got rid of so easily as this. Hungary and the other lands joined under the rule of her King seem marked out as called on to be the leading Christian state of South-Eastern Europe. Within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, even within the Hungarian kingdom itself, there is already the strangest jumble of nationalities and religions. And the like jumble of nationalities and religions there must be in any considerable

state which may arise in South-Eastern Europe. The present union between Hungary and Austria supplies a precedent for a *quasi-federal* union, which, if a greater number of states were joined together, might become more truly federal. For the King of Hungary and Dalmatia to become also King of Bosnia is not ideally the best remedy for the evil. But that, or anything else, would be a relief to lands which have been so long bowed down under the yoke of the barbarian.

Here are great issues, issues so great that but few of us can have any direct control over them. But one thing we can all of us do. All of us, far and near, can stretch out a helping hand to the hapless and homeless fugitives who have fled before the face of the barbarian invader, to seek shelter in the friendly lands of Servia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. Women, children, old men, helpless beings of every kind, have fled from the face of the destroyer to throw themselves upon the charity of their happier brethren. I, who have seen their distress, can bear witness to its being the saddest sight that my eyes ever saw. Not that either private or public charity has been lacking; but it is as when Burke spoke of the victims of another desolating war,—“It was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food.” There are men on the spot, in hospitable Ragusa, who are doing all that single men can do; but the cry of these unhappy refugees is one which should speak in the ears of all Christendom, in the ears of all the civilized world. England is not commonly the last in such good works, and the cause of these helpless refugees has been strongly represented by the *Times* correspondent at Ragusa. Let me add my word to his. If there ever was a voice which ought to go to the heart, if there ever was a time when we ought to stretch forth a kindly hand, it is to help these helpless victims of a stern necessity. While their kinsfolk are fighting for faith and freedom and all that is dear to the heart of man, they can only suffer in silence, unless the hand of charity is stretched out to help them from every land where faith and freedom and the common rights of human beings are no longer things which have to be striven for on the field of battle.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

RIGHT AND WRONG: THE SCIENTIFIC GROUND OF THEIR DISTINCTION.

THE questions which are here to be considered are especially and peculiarly everybody's questions. It is not everybody's business to be an engineer, or a doctor, or a carpenter, or a soldier; but it is everybody's business to be a citizen. The doctrines and precepts which guide the practice of the good engineer are of interest to him who uses them and to those whose business it is to investigate them by mechanical science; the rest of us neither obey nor disobey them. But the doctrines and precepts of morality, which guide the practice of the good citizen, are of interest to all; they must be either obeyed or disobeyed by every human being who is not hopelessly and for ever separated from the rest of mankind. No one can say, therefore, that in this inquiry we are not minding our own business, that we are meddling with other men's affairs. We are in fact studying the principles of our profession, so far as we are able; a necessary thing for every man who wishes to do good work in it.

Along with this character of universal interest which belongs to our subject there goes another. What is everybody's practical business is also to a large extent what everybody knows; and it may be reasonably expected that a discourse about Right and Wrong will be full of platitudes and truisms. The expectation is a just one. The considerations I have to offer are of the very oldest and the very simplest common-place and common sense; and no one can be more astonished than I am that there should be any reason to speak of them at all. But there is reason to speak of them, because platitudes are not all of one kind. Some platitudes have a definite meaning and a practical application, and are established by the uniform and long-continued experience of all people. Other platitudes, having no definite meaning and no practical application, seem not to be worth anybody's while to test; and these are quite sufficiently established by mere assertion, if it is audacious enough to begin with and persistent enough afterwards. It is in order to distinguish these two kinds of platitude from one another, and to make sure that those which we retain form a body of doctrine consistent with itself and with the rest of our beliefs, that we undertake this examination of obvious and widespread principles.

First of all, then, what are the facts?

We say that it is wrong to murder, to steal, to tell lies, and that it is right to take care of our families. When we say in this sense that one action is right and another wrong, we have a certain feeling

towards the action which is peculiar and not quite like any other feeling. It is clearly a feeling towards the action and not towards the man who does it; because we speak of hating the sin and loving the sinner. We might reasonably dislike a man whom we knew or suspected to be a murderer, because of the natural fear that he might murder us; and we might like our own parents for taking care of us. But everybody knows that these feelings are something quite different from the feeling which condemns murder as a wrong thing, and approves parental care as a right thing. I say nothing here about the possibility of analysing this feeling, or proving that it arises by combination of other feelings; all I want to notice is that it is as distinct and recognisable as the feeling of pleasure in a sweet taste or of displeasure at a toothache. In speaking of right and wrong, we speak of qualities of actions which arouse definite feelings that everybody knows and recognises. It is not necessary, then, to give a definition at the outset; we are going to use familiar terms which have a definite meaning in the same sense in which everybody uses them. We may ultimately come to something like a definition; but what we have to do first is to collect the facts and see what can be made of them, just as if we were going to talk about limestone, or parents and children, or fuel.

It is easy to conceive that murder and theft and neglect of the young might be considered wrong in a very simple state of society. But we find at present that the condemnation of these actions does not stand alone; it goes with the condemnation of a great number of other actions which seem to be included with the obviously criminal action in a sort of general rule. The wrongness of murder, for example, belongs in a less degree to any form of bodily injury that one man may inflict on another; and it is even extended so as to include injuries to his reputation or his feelings. I make these more refined precepts follow in the train of the more obvious and rough ones, because this appears to have been the traditional order of their establishment. "He that makes his neighbour blush in public," says the Mishna, "is as if he had shed his blood." In the same way the rough condemnation of stealing carries with it a condemnation of more refined forms of dishonesty; we do not hesitate to say that it is wrong for a tradesman to adulterate his goods, or for a labourer to scamp his work. We not only say that it is wrong to tell lies, but that it is wrong to deceive in other more ingenious ways; wrong to use words so that they shall have one sense to some people and another sense to other people; wrong to suppress the truth when that suppression leads to false belief in others. And again, the duty of parents towards their children is seen to be a special case of a very large and varied class of duties towards that larger family to which we belong—to the fatherland and them that

dwell therein. The word *duty*, which I have here used, has as definite a sense to the general mind as the words *right* and *wrong*; we say that it is right to do our duty, and wrong to neglect it. These duties to the community serve in our minds to explain and define our duties to individuals. It is wrong to kill anyone; unless we are an executioner, when it may be our duty to kill a criminal; or a soldier, when it may be our duty to kill the enemy of our country; and in general it is wrong to injure any man in any way in our private capacity and for our own sakes. Thus if a man injures us, it is only right to retaliate on behalf of other men. Of two men in a desert island, if one takes away the other's cloak, it may or may not be right for the other to let him have his coat also; but if a man takes away my cloak while we both live in society, it is my duty to use such means as I can to prevent him from taking away other people's cloaks. Observe that I am endeavouring to describe the facts of the moral feelings of Englishmen, such as they are now.

The last remark leads us to another platitude of exceedingly ancient date. We said that it was wrong to injure any man in our private capacity and for our own sakes. A rule like this differs from all the others that we have considered, because it not only deals with physical acts, words and deeds which can be observed and known by others, but also with thoughts which are known only to the man himself. Who can tell whether a given act of punishment was done from a private or from a public motive? Only the agent himself. And yet if the punishment was just and within the law, we should condemn the man in the one case and approve him in the other. This pursuit of the actions of men to their very sources, in the feelings which they only can know, is as ancient as any morality we know of, and extends to the whole range of it. Injury to another man arises from anger, malice, hatred, revenge; these feelings are condemned as wrong. But feelings are not immediately under our control, in the same way that overt actions are; I can shake anybody by the hand if I like, but I cannot always feel friendly to him. Nevertheless we can pay attention to such aspects of the circumstances, and we can put ourselves into such conditions, that our feelings get gradually modified in one way or the other; we form a habit of checking our anger by calling up certain images and considerations, whereby in time the offending passion is brought into subjection and control. Accordingly, we say that it is right to acquire and to exercise this control; and the control is assumed whenever we say that one feeling or disposition of mind is right and another wrong. Thus, in connection with the precept against stealing, we condemn envy and covetousness; we applaud a sensitive honesty which shudders at anything underhand or dishonourable.

In connection with the rough precept against lying, we have built up and are still building a great fabric of intellectual morality, whereby a man is forbidden to tell lies to himself, and is commanded to practise candour and fairness and open-mindedness in his judgments, and to labour zealously in pursuit of the truth. And in connection with the duty to our families, we say that it is right to cultivate public spirit, a quick sense of sympathy, and all that belongs to a social disposition.

Two other words are used in this connection which it seems necessary to mention. When we regard an action as right or wrong for ourselves, this feeling about the action impels us to do it or not to do it, as the case may be. We may say that the moral sense acts in this case as a motive; meaning by moral sense only the feeling in regard to an action which is considered as right or wrong, and by motive something which impels us to act. Of course there may be other motives at work at the same time, and it does not at all follow that we shall do the right action or abstain from the wrong one. This we all know to our cost. But still our feeling about the rightness or wrongness of an action does operate as a motive when we think of the action as being done by us; and when so operating it is called *conscience*. I have nothing to do at present with the questions about conscience, whether it is a result of education, whether it can be explained by self-love, and so forth; I am only concerned in describing well-known facts, and in getting as clear as I can about the meaning of well-known words. Conscience, then, is the whole aggregate of our feelings about actions as being right or wrong, regarded as tending to make us do the right actions and avoid the wrong ones. We also say sometimes, in answer to the question, "How do you know that this is right or wrong?" "My conscience tells me so." And this way of speaking is quite analogous to other expressions of the same form; thus if I put my hand into water, and you ask me how I know that it is hot, I might say, "My feeling of warmth tells me so."

When we consider a right or a wrong action as done by another person, we think of that person as worthy of moral approbation or reprobation. He may be punished or not; but in any case this feeling towards him is quite different from the feeling of dislike of a person injurious to us, or of disappointment at a machine which will not go. Whenever we can morally approve or disapprove a man for his action, we say that he is morally responsible for it, and *vice versa*. To say that a man is not morally responsible for his actions, is the same thing as to say that it would be unreasonable to praise or blame him for them.

The statement that we ourselves are morally responsible is somewhat more complicated, but the meaning is very easily made out;

namely, that another person may reasonably regard our actions as right or wrong, and may praise or blame us for them.

We can now, I suppose, understand one another pretty clearly in using the words right and wrong, conscience, responsibility ; and we have made a rapid survey of the facts of the case in our own country at the present time. Of course I do not pretend that this survey in any way approaches to completeness ; but it will supply us at least with enough facts to enable us to deal always with concrete examples instead of remaining in generalities ; and it may serve to show pretty fairly what the moral sense of an Englishman is like. We must next consider what account we can give of these facts by the scientific method.

But first let us stop to note that we really have used the scientific method in making this first step ; and also that to the same extent the method has been used by all serious moralists. Some would have us define virtue, to begin with, in terms of some other thing which is not virtue, and then work out from our definition all the details of what we ought to do. So Plato said that virtue was knowledge, Aristotle that it was the golden mean, and Bentham said that the right action was that which conduced to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But so also, in physical speculations, Thales said that everything was Water, and Heraclitus said it was all Becoming, and Empedocles said it was made out of four Elements, and Pythagoras said it was Number. But we only began to know about things when people looked straight at the facts, and made what they could out of them ; and that is the only way in which we can know anything about right and wrong. Moreover, it is the way in which the great moralists have set to work, when they came to treat of verifiable things and not of theories all in the air. A great many people think of a prophet as a man who, all by himself, or from some secret source, gets the belief that this thing is right and that thing wrong. And then (they imagine) he gets up and goes about persuading other people to feel as he does about it ; and so it becomes a part of their conscience, and a new duty is created. This may be in some cases, but I have never met with any example of it in history. When Socrates puzzled the Greeks by asking them what they precisely meant by goodness and justice and virtue, the mere existence of the words shows that the people, as a whole, possessed a moral sense, and felt that certain things were right and others wrong. What the moralist did was to show the connection between different virtues, the likeness of virtue to certain other things, the implications which a thoughtful man could find in the common language. Wherever the Greek moral sense had come from, it was there in the people before it could be enforced by a prophet or discussed by a philosopher. Again, we find a wonderful collection of moral aphorisms

in those shrewd sayings of the Jewish fathers which are preserved in the Mishna or oral law. Some of this teaching is familiar to us all from the popular exposition of it which is contained in the three first Gospels. But the very plainness and homeliness of the precepts shows that they are just acuto statements of what was already felt by the popular common sense; protesting, in many cases, against the formalism of the ceremonial law with which they are curiously mixed up. The rabbis even show a jealousy of prophetic interference, as if they knew well that it takes not one man, but many men, to feel what is right. When a certain Rabbi Eliezer, being worsted in argument, cried out, "If I am right, let heaven pronounce in my favour!" there was heard a Bath-kol or voice from the skies, saying, "Do you venture to dispute with Rabbi Eliezer, who is an authority on all religious questions?" But Rabbi Joshua rose and said, "Our law is not in heaven, but in the book which dates from Sinai, and which teaches us that in matters of discussion the majority makes the law."¹

One of the most important expressions of the moral sense for all time is that of the Stoic philosophy, especially after its reception among the Romans. It is here that we find the enthusiasm of humanity — the *caritas generis humani* — which is so large and important a feature in all modern conceptions of morality, and whose widespread influence upon Roman citizens may be traced in the Epistles of St. Paul. In the Stoic emperors, also, we find probably the earliest example of great moral principles consciously applied to legislation on a large scale. But are we to attribute this to the individual insight of the Stoic philosophers? It might seem at first sight that we must, if we are to listen to that vulgar vituperation of the older culture, which has descended to us from those who had everything to gain by its destruction.² We hear enough of the

(1) Treatise Bab. bathr. 596.

(2) Compare these passages from Merivale ("Romans under the Empire," vi.), to whom "it seems a duty to protest against the common tendency of Christian moralists to dwell only on the dark side of Pagan Society, in order to heighten by contrast the blessings of the Gospel."

"Much candour and discrimination are required in comparing the sins of one age with those of another. . . . the cruelty of our inquisitions and sectarian persecutions, of our laws against sorcery, our serfdom and our slavery; the petty fraudulence we tolerate in almost every class and calling of the community; the bold front worn by our open sensuality; the deeper degradation of that which is concealed; all these leave us little room for boasting of our modern discipline, and must deter the thoughtful inquirer from too confidently contrasting the morals of the old world and the new."

"Even at Rome, in the worst of times. . . all the relations of life were adorned in turn with bright instances of devotion, and mankind transacted their business with an ordinary confidence in the force of conscience and right reason. The steady development of enlightened legal principles conclusively proves the general dependence upon law as a guide and corrector of manners. In the camp, however, more especially as the chief sphere of this purifying activity, the great qualities of the Roman character

luxurious feasting of the Roman capital, how it would almost have taxed the resources of a modern pastrycook; of the cruelty of gladiatorial shows, how they were nearly as bad as *auti-da-fé*, except that a man had his fair chance, and was not tortured for torture's sake; of the oppression of provincials by people like Verres, of whom it may even be said that if they had been the East India Company they could not have been worse; of the complaints of Tacitus against bad and mad emperors (as Sir Henry Maine says); and of the still more serious complaints of the modern historian against the excessive taxation¹ which was one great cause of the fall of the empire. Of all this we are told a great deal; but we are not told of the many thousands of honourable men who carried civilisation to the ends of the known world, and administered a mighty empire so that it was loved and worshipped to the furthest corner of it. It is to these men and their common action that we must attribute the morality which found its organized expression in the writings of the Stoic philosophers. From these three cases we may gather that right is a thing which must be done before it can be talked about, although after that it may only too easily be talked about without being done. Individual effort and energy may insist upon getting that done which was already felt to be right; and individual insight and acumen may point out consequences of an action which bring it under previously known moral rules. There is another dispute of the rabbis that may serve to show what is meant by this. It was forbidden by the law to have any dealings with the Sabæan idolaters during the week preceding their idolatrous feasts. But the doctors discussed the case in which one of these idolaters owes you a bill; are you to let him pay it during that week or not? The school of Shammai said "No; for he will want all his money to enjoy himself at the feast." But the school of Hillel said, "Yes, let him pay it; for how can he enjoy his feast while his bills are unpaid?" The question here is about the consequences of an action; but there is no dispute about the moral principle, which is that consideration and kindness are to be shown to idolaters, even in the matter of their idolatrous rites.

It seems, then, that we are no worse off than anybody else who has studied this subject, in finding our materials ready made for us; sufficiently definite meanings given in the common speech to the words right and wrong, good and bad, with which we have to deal; a fair

continued to be plainly manifested. The history of the Cæsars presents to us a constant succession of brave, patient, resolute, and faithful soldiers, men deeply impressed with a sense of duty, superior to vanity, despisers of boasting, content to toil in obscurity and shed their blood at the frontiers of the empire, unrepining at the cold mistrust of their masters, not clamorous for the honours so sparingly awarded to them, but satisfied in the daily work of their hands, and full of faith in the national destiny which they were daily accomplishing."

(1) Finlay, "Greece under the Romans."

body of facts familiarly known, which we have to organize and account for as best we can. But our special inquiry is, what account can be given of these facts by the scientific method? to which end we cannot do better than fix our ideas as well as we can upon the character and scope of that method.

Now the scientific method is a method of getting knowledge by inference, and that of two different kinds. One kind of inference is that which is used in the physical and natural sciences, and it enables us to go from known phenomena to unknown phenomena. Because a stone is heavy in the morning, I infer that it will be heavy in the afternoon; and I infer this by assuming a certain uniformity of nature. The sort of uniformity that I assume depends upon the extent of my scientific education; the rules of inference become more and more definite as we go on. At first I might assume that all things are always alike; this would not be true, but it has to be assumed in a vague way, in order that a thing may have the same name at different times. Afterwards I get the more definite belief that certain particular qualities, like weight, have nothing to do with the time of day; and subsequently I find that weight has nothing to do with the shape of the stone, but only with the quantity of it. The uniformity which we assume, then, is not that vague one that we started with, but a chastened and corrected uniformity. I might go on to suppose, for example, that the weight of the stone had nothing to do with the place where it was; and a great deal might be said for this supposition. It would, however, have to be corrected when it was found that the weight varies slightly in different latitudes. On the other hand, I should find that this variation was just the same for my stone as for a piece of iron or wood; that it had nothing to do with the kind of matter. And so I might be led to the conclusion that all matter is heavy, and that the weight of it depends only on its quantity and its position relative to the earth. You see here that I go on arriving at conclusions always of this form; that some one circumstance or quality has nothing to do with some other circumstance or quality. I begin by assuming that it is independent of everything; I end by finding that it is independent of some definite things. That is, I begin by assuming a vague uniformity, and I end by assuming a clear and definite uniformity. I always use this assumption to infer from some one fact a great number of other facts; but as my education proceeds, I get to know what sort of things may be inferred and what may not. An observer of scientific mind takes note of just those things from which inferences may be drawn, and passes by the rest. If an astronomer, observing the sun, were to record the fact that at the moment when a sun-spot began to shrink there was a rap at his front door, we should know that he was not up to his work. But if he records that sun-spots are thickest

every eleven years, and that this is also the period of extra cloudiness in Jupiter, the observation may or may not be confirmed, and it may or may not lead to inferences of importance; but still it is the kind of thing from which inferences may be drawn. There is always a certain instinct among instructed people which tells them in this way what kinds of inferences may be drawn; and this is the unconscious effect of the definite uniformity which they have been led to assume in nature. It may subsequently be organized into a law or general truth, and no doubt becomes a surer guide by that process. Then it goes to form the more precise instinct of the next generation.

What we have said about this first kind of inference, which goes from phenomena to phenomena, is shortly this. It proceeds upon an assumption of uniformity in nature; and this assumption is not fixed and made once for all, but is a changing and growing thing, becoming more definite as we go on.

If I were told to pick out some one character which especially colours this guiding conception of uniformity in our present stage of science, I should certainly reply, Atomism. The form of this with which we are most familiar is the molecular theory of Bodies; which represents all bodies as made up of small elements of uniform character, each practically having relations only with the adjacent ones, and these relations the same all through—namely, some simple mechanical action upon each other's motions. But this is only a particular case. A palace, a cottage, the tunnel of the underground railway, and a factory chimney, are all built of bricks; the bricks are alike in all these cases, each brick is practically related only to the adjacent ones, and the relation is throughout the same, namely, two flat sides are stuck together with mortar. There is an atomism in the sciences of number, of quantity, of space; the theorems of geometry are groupings of individual points, each related only to the adjacent ones by certain definite laws. But what concerns us chiefly at present is the atomism of human physiology. Just as every solid is built up of molecules, so the nervous system is built up of nerve-threads and nerve-corpuscles. We owe to Mr. Lewes our very best thanks for the stress which he has laid on the doctrine that nerve-fibre is uniform in structure and function, and for the word *neurility*, which expresses its common properties. And similar gratitude is due to Dr. Hughlings Jackson for his long defence of the proposition that the element of nervous structure and function is a sensori-motor process. In structure, this is two fibres or bundles of fibres going to the same grey corpuscle; in function, it is a message travelling up one fibre or bundle to the corpuscle, and then down the other fibre or bundle. Out of this, as a brick, the house of our life is built. All these simple elementary processes are alike, and each is practically related only to the adjacent ones; the relation

being in all cases of the same kind, viz., the passage from a simple to a complex message, or *vice versa*.

The result of atomism in any form, dealing with any subject, is that the principle of uniformity is hunted down into the elements of things; it is resolved into the uniformity of these elements or atoms, and of the relations of those which are next to each other. By an element or an atom we do not here mean something absolutely simple or indivisible, for a molecule, a brick, and a nerve process are all very complex things. We only mean that, for the purpose in hand, the properties of the still more complex thing which is made of them have nothing to do with the complexities or the differences of these elements. The solid made of molecules, the house made of bricks, the nervous system made of sensori-motor processes, are nothing more than collections of these practically uniform elements, having certain relations of nextness, and behaviour uniformly depending on that nextness.

The inference of phenomena from phenomena, then, is based upon an assumption of uniformity, which in the present stage of science may be called an atomic uniformity.

The other mode of inference which belongs to the scientific method is that which is used in what are called mental and moral sciences; and it enables us to go from phenomena to the facts which underlie phenomena, and which are themselves not phenomena at all. If I pinch your arm, and you draw it away and make a face, I infer that you have felt pain. I infer this by assuming that you have a consciousness similar to my own, and related to your perception of your body as my consciousness is related to my perception of my body. Now is this the same assumption as before, a mere assumption of the uniformity of nature? It certainly seems like it at first; but if we think about it we shall find that there is a very profound difference between them. In physical inference I go from phenomena to phenomena; that is, from the knowledge of certain appearances or representations actually present to my mind I infer certain other appearances that might be present to my mind. From the weight of a stone in the morning—that is, from my feeling of its weight, or my perception of the process of weighing it, I infer that the stone will be heavy in the afternoon—that is, I infer the possibility of similar feelings and perceptions in me at another time. The whole process relates to me and my perceptions, to things contained in my mind. But when I infer that you are conscious from what you say or do, I pass from that which is *my* feeling or perception, which is in my mind and part of me, to that which is not *my* feeling at all, which is outside me altogether, namely *your* feelings and perceptions. Now there is no possible physical inference, no inference of phenomena from phenomena, that will help me over that gulf. I am

obliged to admit that this second kind of inference depends upon another assumption, not included in the assumption of the uniformity of phenomena.

How does a dream differ from waking life? In a fairly coherent dream everything seems quite real, and it is rare, I think, with most people to know in a dream that they are dreaming. Now, if a dream is sufficiently vivid and coherent, all physical inferences are just as valid in it as they are in waking life. In a hazy or imperfect dream, it is true, things melt into one another unexpectedly and unaccountably; we fly, remove mountains, and stop runaway horses with a finger. But there is nothing in the mere nature of a dream to hinder it from being an exact copy of waking experience. If I find a stone heavy in one part of my dream, and infer that it is heavy at some subsequent part, the inference will be verified if the dream is coherent enough; I shall go to the stone, lift it up, and find it as heavy as before. And the same thing is true of all inferences of phenomena from phenomena. For physical purposes a dream is just as good as real life; the only difference is in vividness and coherence.

What, then, hinders us from saying that life is all a dream? If the phenomena we dream of are just as good and real phenomena as those we see and feel when we are awake, what right have we to say that the material universe has any more existence apart from our minds than the things we see and feel in our dreams? The answer which Berkeley gave to that question was, No right at all. The physical universe which I see and feel and infer, is just my dream and nothing else; that which you see is your dream; only it so happens that all our dreams agree in many respects. This doctrine of Berkeley's has now been so far confirmed by the physiology of the senses, that it is no longer a metaphysical speculation, but a scientifically established fact.

But there is a difference between dreams and waking life, which is of far too great importance for any of us to be in danger of neglecting it. When I see a man in my dream, there is just as good a *body* as if I were awake; muscles, nerves, circulation, capability of adapting means to ends. If only the dream is coherent enough, no physical test can establish that it is a dream. In both cases I see and feel the same thing. In both cases I assume the existence of more than I can see and feel, namely the consciousness of this other man. But now here is a great difference, and the only difference: in a dream this assumption is wrong; in waking life it is right. The man I see in my dream is a *mere machine*, a bundle of phenomena with no underlying reality; there is no consciousness involved except my consciousness, no feeling in the case except my feelings. The man I see in waking life is more than a bundle of phenomena; his body and its actions

are phenomena, but these phenomena are merely the symbols and representatives in my mind of a reality which is outside my mind, namely, the consciousness of the man himself which is represented by the working of his brain, and the simpler quasi-mental facts, not woven into his consciousness, which are represented by the working of the rest of his body. What makes life not to be a dream is the existence of those facts which we arrive at by our second process of inference; the consciousness of men and the higher animals, the sub-consciousness of lower organisms, and the quasi-mental facts which go along with the motions of inanimate matter. In a book which is very largely and deservedly known by heart, "Through the Looking-glass," there is a very instructive discussion upon this point. Alice has been taken to see the Red King as he lies snoring; and Tweedledee asks, "Do you know what he's dreaming about?" "Nobody can guess that," replies Alice. "Why, about *you*," he says triumphantly. "And if he stopped dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?" "Where I am now, of course," said Alice. "Not you," said Tweedledee, "you'd be nowhere. You're only a sort of thing in his dream." "If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out, bang! just like a candle." Alice was quite right in regarding these remarks as unphilosophical. The fact that she could see, think, and feel was proof positive that she was not a sort of thing in anybody's dream. This is the meaning of that saying, *Cogito ergo sum*, of Descartes. By him, and by Spinoza after him, the verb *cogito* and the substantive *cogitatio* were used to denote consciousness in general, any kind of feeling, even what we now call sub-consciousness. The saying means that feeling exists in and for itself, not as a quality or modification or state or manifestation of anything else.

We are obliged in every hour of our lives to act upon beliefs which have been arrived at by inferences of these two kinds; inferences based on the assumption of uniformity in nature, and inferences which add to this the assumption of feelings which are not our own. By organizing the "common sense" which embodies the first class of inferences, we build up the physical sciences; that is to say, all those sciences which deal with the physical, material, or phenomenal universe, whether animate or inanimate. And so by organizing the common sense which embodies the second class of inferences, we build up various sciences of mind. The description and classification of feelings, the facts of their association with each other, and of their simultaneity with phenomena of nerve-action, all this belongs to psychology, which may be historical and comparative. The doctrine of certain special classes of feelings is organized into the special sciences of those feelings; thus the facts about the feelings which we are now considering, about the feelings

of moral approbation and reprobation, are organized into the science of ethics, and the facts about the feeling of beauty or ugliness are organized into the science of æsthetics, or, as it is sometimes called, the philosophy of art. For all of these the uniformity of nature has to be assumed as a basis of inference; but over and above that it is necessary to assume that other men are conscious in the same way that I am. Now in these sciences of mind, just as in the physical sciences, the uniformity which is assumed in the inferred mental facts is a growing thing which becomes more definite as we go on, and each successive generation of observers knows better what to observe and what sort of inferences may be drawn from observed things. But, moreover, it is as true of the mental sciences as of the physical ones, that the uniformity is in the present stage of science an *atomic* uniformity. We have learned to regard our consciousness as made up of elements practically alike, having relations of succession in time and of contiguity at each instant, which relations are in all cases practically the same. The element of consciousness is the transference of an impression into the beginning of action. Our mental life is a structure made out of such elements just as the working of our nervous system is made out of sensori-motor processes. And accordingly the interaction of the two branches of science leads us to regard the mental facts as the realities or things-in-themselves, of which the material phenomena are mere pictures or symbols. The final result seems to be that atomism is carried beyond phenomena into the realities which phenomena represent; and that the observed uniformities of nature, in so far as they can be expressed in the language of atomism, are actual uniformities of things in themselves.

So much for the two things which I have promised to bring together; the facts of our moral feelings, and the scientific method. It may appear that the latter has been expounded at more length than was necessary for the treatment of this particular subject; but the justification for this length is to be found in certain common objections to the claims of science to be the sole judge of mental and moral questions. Some of the chief of these objections I will now mention.

It is sometimes said that science can only deal with what is, but that art and morals deal with what ought to be. The saying is perfectly true, but it is quite consistent with what is equally true, that the facts of art and morals are fit subject-matter of science. I may describe all that I have in my house, and I may state everything that I want in my house; these are two very different things, but they are equally statements of facts. One is a statement about phenomena, about the objects which are actually in my possession; the other is a statement about my feelings, about my wants and

desires. There are facts, to be got at by common sense, about the kind of thing that a man of a certain character and occupation will like to have in his house, and these facts may be organized into general statements on the assumption of uniformity in nature. Now the organized results of common sense dealing with facts are just science and nothing else. And in the same way I may say what men do at the present day, "how we live now," or I may say what we ought to do, namely, what course of conduct, if adopted, we should morally approve; and no doubt these would be two very different things. But each of them would be a statement of facts. One would belong to the sociology of our time; in so far as men's deeds could not be adequately described to us without some account of their feelings and intentions, it would involve facts belonging to psychology as well as facts belonging to the physical sciences. But the other would be an account of a particular class of our feelings, namely those which we feel towards an action when it is regarded as right or wrong. These facts may be organized by common sense on the assumption of uniformity in nature just as well as any other facts. And we shall see farther on that not only in this sense but in a deeper and more abstract sense, "what ought to be done" is a question for scientific inquiry.

The same objection is sometimes put into another form. It is said that laws of chemistry, for example, are general statements about what happens when bodies are treated in a certain way, and that such laws are fit matter for science; but that moral laws are different, because they tell us to do certain things, and we may or may not obey them. The mood of the one is indicative, of the other imperative. Now it is quite true that the word *law* in the expression "law of nature," and in the expressions "law of morals," "law of the land," has two totally different meanings, which no educated person will confound; and I am not aware that any one has rested the claim of science to judge moral questions on what is no better than a stale and unprofitable pun. But two different things may be equally matters of scientific investigation, even when their names are alike in sound. A telegraph post is not the same thing as a post in the War Office, and yet the same intelligence may be used to investigate the conditions of the one and the other. That such and such things are right or wrong, that such and such laws are laws of morals or laws of the land, these are facts, just as the laws of chemistry are facts; and all facts belong to science, and are her portion for ever.

Again, it is sometimes said that moral questions have been authoritatively settled by other methods; that we ought to accept this decision, and not to question it by any method of scientific inquiry; and that reason should give way to revelation on such matters. I

hope before I have done to show just cause why we should pronounce on such teaching as this no light sentence of moral condemnation : first, because it is our duty to form those beliefs which are to guide our actions by the two scientific modes of inference, and by these alone ; and, secondly, because the proposed mode of settling ethical questions by authority is contrary to the very nature of right and wrong.

Leaving this, then, for the present, I pass on to the most formidable objection that has been made to a scientific treatment of ethics. The objection is that the scientific method is not applicable to human action, because the rule of uniformity does not hold good. Whenever a man exercises his will, and makes a voluntary choice of one out of various possible courses, an event occurs whose relation to contiguous events cannot be included in a general statement applicable to all similar cases. There is something wholly capricious and disorderly, belonging to that moment only ; and we have no right to conclude that if the circumstances were exactly repeated, and the man himself absolutely unaltered, he would choose the same course.

It is clear that if the doctrine here stated is true, the ground is really cut from under our feet, and we cannot deal with human action by the scientific method. I shall endeavour to show, moreover, that in this case, although we might still have a feeling of moral approbation or reprobation towards actions, yet we could not reasonably praise or blame men for their deeds, nor regard them as morally responsible. So that, if my contention is just, to deprive us of the scientific method is practically to deprive us of morals altogether. On both grounds, therefore, it is of the greatest importance that we should define our position in regard to this controversy ; if, indeed, that can be called a controversy in which the practical belief of all mankind and the consent of nearly all serious writers are on one side.

Let us in the first place consider a little more closely the connection between conscience and responsibility. Words in common use, such as these two, have their meanings practically fixed before difficult controversies arise ; but after the controversy has arisen, each party gives that slight tinge to the meaning which best suits its own view of the question. Thus it appears to each that the common language obviously supports that view, that this is the natural and primary view of the matter, and that the opponents are using words in a new meaning and wresting them from their proper sense. Now this is just my position. I have endeavoured so far to use all words in their common every-day sense, only making this as precise as I can ; and, with two exceptions of which due warning will be given, I shall do my best to continue this practice in future. I seem to myself to be talking the most obvious platitudes ; but it must be remembered that

those who take the opposite view will think I am perverting the English language.

There is a common meaning of the word "responsible," which though not the same as that of the phrase "morally responsible," may throw some light upon it. If we say of a book, "A is responsible for the preface and the first half, and B is responsible for the rest," we mean that A wrote the preface and the first half. If two people go into a shop and choose a blue silk dress together, it might be said that A was responsible for its being silk, and B for its being blue. Before they chose, the dress was undetermined both in colour and in material. A's choice fixed the material, and then it was undetermined only in colour. B's choice fixed the colour; and if we suppose that there were no more variable conditions (only one blue silk dress in the shop), the dress was then completely determined. In this sense of the word we say that a man is responsible for that part of an event which was undetermined when he was left out of account, and which became determined when he was taken account of. Suppose two narrow streets, one lying north and south, one east and west, and crossing one another. A man is put down where they cross, and has to walk. Then he must walk either north, south, east, or west, and he is not responsible for that; what he is responsible for is the choice of one of these four directions. May we not say in the present sense of the word that the external circumstances are responsible for the restriction on his choice? we should mean only that the fact of his going in one or other of the four directions was due to external circumstances, and not to him. Again, suppose I have a number of punches of various shapes, some square, some oblong, some oval, some round, and that I am going to punch a hole in a piece of paper. *Where* I shall punch the hole may be fixed by any kind of circumstances; but the shape of the hole depends on the punch I take. May we say that the punch is responsible for the shape of the hole, but not for the position of it?

It may be said that this is not the whole of the meaning of the word "responsible," even in its loosest sense; that it ought never to be used except of a conscious agent. Still this is part of its meaning; if we regard an event as determined by a variety of circumstances, a man's choice being among them, we say that he is responsible for just that choice which is left him by the other circumstances.

When we ask the practical question, "Who is responsible for so-and-so?" we want to find out who is to be got at in order that so-and-so may be altered. If I want to change the shape of the hole I make in my paper, I must change my punch; but this will be of no use if I want to change the position of the hole. If I want the colour of the dress changed from blue to green, it is B, and not A, that I must persuade.

We mean something more than this when we say that a man is *morally* responsible for an action. It seems to me that moral responsibility and conscience go together, both in regard to the man and in regard to the action. In order that a man may be morally responsible for an action, the man must have a conscience, and the action must be one in regard to which conscience is capable of acting as a motive, that is, the action must be capable of being right or wrong. If a child were left on a desert island and grew up wholly without a conscience, and then were brought among men, he would not be morally responsible for his actions until he had acquired a conscience by education. He would of course be *responsible*, in the sense just explained, for that part of them which was left undetermined by external circumstances, and if we wanted to alter his actions in these respects we should have to do it by altering him. But it would be useless and unreasonable to attempt to do this by means of praise or blame, the expression of moral approbation or disapprobation, until he had acquired a conscience which could be worked upon by such means.

It seems, then, that in order that a man may be morally responsible for an action, three things are necessary :—

1. He might have done something else ; that is to say, the action was not wholly determined by external circumstances, and he is responsible only for the choice which was left him.

2. He had a conscience.

3. The action was one in regard to the doing or not doing of which conscience might be a sufficient motive.

These three things are necessary, but it does not follow that they are sufficient. It is very commonly said that the action must be a *voluntary* one. It will be found, I think, that this is contained in my third condition, and also that the form of statement I have adopted exhibits more clearly the reason why the condition is necessary. We may say that an action is involuntary either when it is instinctive, or when one motive is so strong that there is no voluntary choice between motives. An involuntary cough produced by irritation of the glottis is no proper subject for blame or praise. A man is not responsible for it because it is done by a part of his body without consulting *him*. What is meant by *him* in this case will require further investigation. Again, when a dipsomaniac has so great and overmastering an inclination to drink that we cannot conceive of conscience being strong enough to conquer it, he is not responsible for that act, though he may be responsible for having got himself into the state. But if it is conceivable that a very strong conscience fully brought to bear might succeed in conquering the inclination, we may take a lenient view of the fall and say there was

a very strong temptation, but we shall still regard it as a fall, and say that the man is responsible and a wrong has been done.

But since it is just in this distinction between voluntary and involuntary action that the whole crux of the matter lies, let us examine more closely into it. I say that when I cough or sneeze involuntarily, it is really not I that cough or sneeze, but a part of my body which acts without consulting me. This action is determined for me by the circumstances, and is not part of the choice that is left to me, so that I am not responsible for it. The question comes then to determining how much is to be called *circumstances*, and how much is to be called *me*.

Now I want to describe what happens when I voluntarily do anything, and there are two courses open to me. I may describe the things in themselves, my feelings and the general course of my consciousness, trusting to the analogy between my consciousness and yours to make me understood; or I may describe these things as nature describes them to your senses, namely, in terms of the phenomena of my nervous system, appealing to your memory of phenomena and your knowledge of physical action. I shall do both, because in some respects our knowledge is more complete from the one source, and in some respects from the other. When I look back and reflect upon a voluntary action, I seem to find that it differs from an involuntary action in the fact that a certain portion of my character has been consulted. There is always a suggestion of some sort, either the end of a train of thought or a new sensation; and there is an action ensuing, either the movement of a muscle or set of muscles, or the fixing of attention upon something. But between these two there is a consultation, as it were, of my past history. The suggestion is viewed in the light of everything bearing on it that I think of at the time, and in virtue of this light it moves me to act in one or more ways. Let us first suppose that no hesitation is involved, that only one way of acting is suggested, and I yield to this impulse and act in the particular way. This is the simplest kind of voluntary action. It differs from involuntary or instinctive action in the fact that with the latter there is no such conscious consultation of past history. If we describe these facts in terms of the phenomena which picture them to other minds, we shall say that in involuntary action a message passes straight through from the sensory to the motor centre, and so on to the muscles, without consulting the cerebrum; while in voluntary action the message is passed on from the sensory centre to the cerebrum, there translated into appropriate motor stimuli, carried down to the motor centre, and so on to the muscles. There may be other differences, but at least there is this difference. Now, on the physical side, that which determines what groups of cerebral fibres shall be set at work

by the given message, and what groups of motor stimuli shall be set at work by these, is the mechanism of my brain at the time; and on the mental side, that which determines what memories shall be called up by the given sensation, and what motives these memories shall bring into action, is my mental character. We may say, then, in this simplest case of voluntary action, that when the suggestion is given it is the character of me which determines the character of the ensuing action; and consequently that I am responsible for choosing that particular course out of those which were left open to me by the external circumstances.

This is when I yield to the impulse. But suppose I do not; suppose that the original suggestion, viewed in the light of memory, sets various motives in action, each motive belonging to a certain class of things which I remember. Then I choose which of these motives shall prevail. Those who carefully watch themselves find out that a particular motive is made to prevail by the fixing of the attention upon that class of remembered things which calls up the motive. The physical side of this is the sending of blood to a certain set of nerves—namely, those whose action corresponds to the memories which are to be attended to. The sending of blood is accomplished by the pinching of arteries; and there are special nerves, called vaso-motor nerves, whose business it is to carry messages to the walls of the arteries and get them pinched. Now this act of directing the attention may be voluntary or involuntary, just like any other act. When the transformed and reinforced nerve-message gets to the vaso-motor centre, some part of it may be so predominant that a message goes straight off to the arteries, and sends a quantity of blood to the nerves supplying that part; or the call for blood may be sent back for revision by the cerebrum, which is thus again consulted. To say the same thing in terms of my feelings, a particular class of memories roused by the original suggestion may seize upon my attention before I have time to choose what I will attend to; or the appeal may be carried to a deeper part of my character, dealing with wider and more abstract conceptions, which views the conflicting motives in the light of a past experience of motives, and by that light is drawn to one or the other of them.

We thus get to a sort of motive of the second order, or motive of motives. Is there any reason why we should not go on to a motive of the third order, and the fourth, and so on? None whatever that I know of, except that no one has ever observed such a thing. There seems plenty of room for the requisite mechanism on the physical side; and no one can say, on the mental side, how complex is the working of his consciousness. But we must carefully distinguish between the intellectual deliberation about motives, which

applies to the future and the past, and the practical choice of motives in the moment of will. The former may be a train of any length and complexity ; we have no reason to believe that the latter is more than engine and tender.

We are now in a position to classify actions in respect of the kind of responsibility which belongs to them : namely, we have—

1. Involuntary or instinctive actions.
2. Voluntary actions in which the choice of motives is involuntary.
3. Voluntary actions in which the choice of motives is voluntary.

In each of these cases what is responsible is that part of my character which determines what the action shall be. For instinctive actions we do not say that *I* am responsible, because the choice is made before I know anything about it. For voluntary actions I am responsible, because I make the choice ; that is, the character of me is what determines the character of the action. In *me*, then, for this purpose, is included the aggregate of links of association which determines what memories shall be called up by a given suggestion, and what motives shall be set at work by these memories. But we distinguish this mass of passions and pleasures, desire and knowledge and pain, which makes up most of my character at the moment, from that inner and deeper motive-choosing self which is called Reason, and the Will, and the Ego ; which is only responsible when motives are voluntarily chosen by directing attention to them. It is responsible only for the choice of one motive out of those presented to it, not for the nature of the motives which are presented.

But again, I may reasonably be blamed for what I did yesterday, or a week ago, or last year. This is because I am permanent ; in so far as from my actions of that date an inference may be drawn about my character now, it is reasonable that I should be treated as praiseworthy or blameable. And within certain limits I am for the same reason responsible for what I am now, because within certain limits I have made myself. Even instinctive actions are dependent, in many cases, upon habits which may be altered by proper attention and care ; and still more the nature of the connections between sensation and action, the associations of memory and motive, may be voluntarily modified if I choose to try. The habit of choosing among motives is one which may be acquired and strengthened by practice, and the strength of particular motives, by continually directing attention to them, may be almost indefinitely increased or diminished. Thus, if by *me* is meant not the instantaneous me of this moment, but the aggregate me of my past life, or even of the last year, the range of my responsibility is very largely increased. I am responsible for a very large portion of the circumstances which are now external to me ; that is to say, I am responsible for certain of the restrictions on my own freedom. As the eagle was shot with

an arrow that flew on its own feather, so I find myself bound with fetters of my proper forging.

Let us now endeavour to conceive an action which is not determined in any way by the character of the agent. If we ask, "What makes it to be that action and no other?" we are told, "The man's Ego." The words are here used, it seems to me, in some non-natural sense, if in any sense at all. One thing makes another to be what it is when the characters of the two things are connected together by some general statement or rule. But we have to suppose that the character of the action is not connected with the character of the Ego by any general statement or rule. With the same Ego and the same circumstances of all kinds, anything within the limits imposed by the circumstances may happen at any moment. I find myself unable to conceive any distinct sense in which responsibility could apply in this case; nor do I see at all how it would be reasonable to use praise or blame. If the action does not depend on the character, what is the use of trying to alter the character? Suppose, however, that this indeterminateness is only partial; that the character does add some restrictions to those already imposed by circumstances, but leaves the choice between certain actions undetermined to be settled by chance or the transcendental Ego. Is it not clear that the man would be responsible for precisely that part of the character of the action which was determined by his character, and not for what was left undetermined by it? For it is just that part which was determined by his character which it is reasonable to try to alter by altering him.

We who believe in uniformity are not the only people unable to conceive responsibility without it. These are the words of Sir W. Hamilton, as quoted by Mr. J. S. Mill:—¹

"Nay, were we even to admit as true, what we cannot think as possible, still the doctrine of a motiveless volition would be only causalism; and the free acts of an indifferent are, morally and rationally, as worthless as the pre-ordered passions of a determined will."

"That, though inconceivable, a motiveless volition would, if conceived, be conceived as morally worthless, only shows our impotence more clearly."

"Is the person an *original undetermined* cause of the determination of his will? If he be not, then he is not a *free agent*, and the scheme of necessity is admitted. If he be, in the first place, it is impossible to conceive the possibility of this; and in the second, if the fact, though inconceivable, be allowed, it is impossible to see how a cause, undetermined by any motive, can be a rational, moral, and accountable cause."

It is true that Hamilton also says that the scheme of necessity is inconceivable, because it leads to an infinite non-commencement; and that "the possibility of morality depends on the possibility of liberty; for if a man be not a free agent, he is not the author of his

(1) *Examination*, p. 556.

actions, and has, therefore, no responsibility—no moral personality at all.”

I know nothing about necessity; I only believe that nature is practically uniform even in human action. I know nothing about an infinitely distant past; I only know that I ought to base on uniformity those inferences which are to guide my actions. But that man is a free agent appears to me obvious, and that in the natural sense of the words. We need ask for no better definition than Kant's:—

“Will is that kind of causality attributed to living agents, in so far as they are possessed of reason; and freedom is such a property of that causality as enables them to originate events independently of foreign determining causes; as, on the other hand (mechanical) necessity is that property of the causality of irrationals, whereby their activity is excited and determined by the influence of foreign causes.”¹

I believe that I am a free agent when my actions are independent of the control of circumstances outside me; and it seems a misuse of language to call me a free agent if my actions are determined by a transcendental Ego who is independent of the circumstances inside me—that is to say, of my character. The expression “free will” has unfortunately been imported into mental science from a theological controversy rather different from the one we are now considering. It is surely too much to expect that good and serviceable English words should be sacrificed to a phantom.

In an admirable book, *The Methods of Ethics*, Mr. Henry Sidgwick has stated with supreme fairness and impartiality both sides of this question. After setting forth the “almost overwhelming cumulative proof” of uniformity in human action, he says that it seems “more than balanced by a single argument on the other side: the immediate affirmation of consciousness in the moment of deliberate volition.” “No amount of experience of the sway of motives ever tends to make me distrust my intuitive consciousness that in resolving after deliberation I exercise free choice as to which of the motives acting upon me shall prevail.”

The only answer to this argument is that it is not “on the other side.” There is no doubt about the deliverance of consciousness; and even if our powers of self-observation had not been acute enough to discover it, the existence of some choice between motives would be proved by the existence of vaso-motor nerves. But perhaps the most instructive way of meeting arguments of this kind is to inquire what consciousness ought to say in order that its deliverances may be of any use in the controversy. It is affirmed, on the side of uniformity, that the feelings in my consciousness in the moment of voluntary choice have been preceded by facts out of my consciousness which are related to them in a uniform manner, so that if the

(1) *Metaphysic of Ethics*, chap. iii.

previous facts had been accurately known the voluntary choice might have been predicted. On the other side this is denied. To be of any use in the controversy, then, the immediate deliverance of my consciousness must be competent to assure me of the non-existence of something which by hypothesis is not in my consciousness. Given an absolutely dark room, can my sense of sight assure me that there is no one but myself in it? Can my sense of hearing assure me that nothing inaudible is going on? As little can the immediate deliverance of my consciousness assure me that the uniformity of nature does not apply to human actions.

It is perhaps necessary, in connection with this question, to refer to that singular Materialism of high authority and recent date which makes consciousness a physical agent, "correlates" it with Light and Nerve-force, and so reduces it to an objective phenomenon. This doctrine is founded on a common and very useful mode of speech, in which we say, for example, that a good fire is a source of pleasure on a cold day, and that a man's feeling of chill may make him run to it. But so also we say that the sun rises and sets every morn and night, although the man in the moon sees clearly that this is due to the rotation of the earth. One cannot be pedantic all day. But if we choose for once to be pedantic, the matter is after all very simple. Suppose that I am made to run by a feeling of chill. When I begin to move my leg, I may observe if I like a double series of facts. I have the feeling of effort, the sensation of motion in my leg; I feel the pressure of my foot on the ground. Along with this I may see with my eyes, or feel with my hands, the motion of my leg as a material object. The first series of facts belongs to me alone; the second may be equally observed by anybody else. The mental series began first; I willed to move my leg before I saw it move. But when I know more about the matter, I can trace the material series further back, and find nerve messages going to the muscles of my leg to make it move. But I had a feeling of chill before I chose to move my leg. Accordingly, I can find nerve messages, excited by the contraction due to the low temperature, going to my brain from the chilled skin. Assuming the uniformity of nature, I carry forward and backward both the mental and the material series. A uniformity is observed in each, and a parallelism is observed between them, whenever observations can be made. But sometimes one series is known better, and sometimes the other; so that in telling a story we quite naturally speak sometimes of mental facts and sometimes of material facts. A feeling of chill made a man run; strictly speaking, the nervous disturbance which coexisted with that feeling of chill made him run, if we want to talk about material facts; or the feeling of chill produced the form of sub-consciousness which coexists with the motion of legs, if we want to

talk about mental facts. But we know nothing about the special nervous disturbance which coexists with a feeling of chill, because it has not yet been localized in the brain; and we know nothing about the form of subconsciousness which coexists with the motion of legs; although there is very good reason for believing in the existence of both. So we talk about the feeling of chill and the running, because in one case we know the mental side, and in the other the material side. A man might show me a picture of the battle of Gravelotte, and say, "You can't see the battle, because it is all over, but there is a picture of it." And then he might put a chassepot into my hand, and say, "We could not represent the whole construction of a chassepot in the picture, but you can examine this one, and find it out." If I now insisted on mixing up the two modes of communication of knowledge, if I expected that the chassepots in the picture would go off, and said that the one in my hand was painted on heavy canvas, I should be acting exactly in the spirit of the new materialism. For the material facts are a representation or symbol of the mental facts, just as a picture is a representation or symbol of a battle. And my own mind is a reality from which I can judge by analogy of the realities represented by other men's brains, just as the chassepot in my hand is a reality from which I can judge by analogy of the chassepots represented in the picture. When, therefore, we ask, "What is the physical link between the ingoing message from chilled skin and the outgoing message which moves the leg?" and the answer is, "A man's Will," we have as much right to be amused as if we had asked our friend with the picture what pigment was used in painting the cannon in the foreground, and received the answer, "Wrought iron." It will be found excellent practice in the mental operations required by this doctrine to imagine a train, the forepart of which is an engine and three carriages linked with iron couplings, and the hind part three other carriages linked with iron couplings; the bond between the two parts being made out of the sentiments of amity subsisting between the stoker and the guard.

To sum up; the uniformity of nature in human actions has been denied on the ground that it takes away responsibility, that it is contradicted by the testimony of consciousness, and that there is a physical correlation between mind and matter. We have replied that the uniformity of nature is necessary to responsibility, that it is affirmed by the testimony of consciousness whenever consciousness is competent to testify, and that matter is the phenomenon or symbol of which mind or quasi-mind is the symbolized and represented thing. We are now free to continue our inquiries on the supposition that nature is uniform.

We began by describing the moral sense of an Englishman. No doubt the description would serve very well for the more civilized

nations of Europe ; most closely for Germans and Dutch. But the fact that we can speak in this way discloses that there is more than one moral sense, and that what I feel to be right another man may feel to be wrong. Thus we cannot help asking whether there is any reason for preferring one moral sense to another ; whether the question, "What is right to do ?" has in any one set of circumstances a single answer which can be definitely known.

Now clearly in the first rough sense of the word this is not true. What is right for me to do now, seeing that I am here with a certain character, and a certain moral sense as part of it, is just what I feel to be right. The individual conscience is, in the moment of volition, the only possible judge of what is right ; there is no conflicting claim. But if we are deliberating about the future, we know that we can modify our conscience gradually by associating with certain people, reading certain books, and paying attention to certain ideas and feelings ; and we may ask ourselves, "How shall we modify our conscience, if at all ? what kind of conscience shall we try to get ? what is the *best* conscience ?" We may ask similar questions about our sense of taste. There is no doubt at present that the nicest things to me are the things I like ; but I know that I can train myself to like some things and dislike others, and that things which are very nasty at one time may come to be great delicacies at another. I may ask, "How shall I train myself ? What is the *best* taste ?" And this leads very naturally to putting the question in another form, namely, "What is taste good for ? what is the *purpose* or *function* of taste ?" We should probably find as the answer to that question that the purpose or function of taste is to discriminate wholesome food from unwholesome ; that it is a matter of stomach and digestion. It will follow from this that the best taste is that which prefers wholesome food, and that by cultivating a preference for wholesome and nutritious things I shall be training my palate in the way it should go. In just the same way our question about the best conscience will resolve itself into a question about the purpose or function of the conscience—why we have got it, and what it is good for.

Now to my mind the simplest and clearest and most profound philosophy that was ever written upon this subject is to be found in the 2nd and 3rd chapters of Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man." In these chapters it appears that just as most physical characteristics of organisms have been evolved and preserved because they were useful to the individual in the struggle for existence against other individuals and other species, so this particular feeling has been evolved and preserved because it is useful to the tribe or community in the struggle for existence against other tribes, and against the environment as a whole. The function of conscience is the pre-

servation of the tribe as a tribe. And we shall rightly train our consciences if we learn to approve those actions which tend to the advantage of the community in the struggle for existence.

There are here some words, however, which require careful definition. And first the word *purpose*. A thing serves a purpose when it is adapted to some end; thus a corkscrew is adapted to the end of extracting corks from bottles, and our lungs are adapted to the end of respiration. We may say that the extraction of corks is the purpose of the corkscrew, and that respiration is the purpose of the lungs. But here we shall have used the word in two different senses. A man made the corkscrew with a purpose in his mind, and he knew and intended that it should be used for pulling out corks. But nobody made our lungs with a purpose in his mind, and intended that they should be used for breathing. The respiratory apparatus was adapted to its purpose by natural selection—namely, by the gradual preservation of better and better adaptations, and the killing off of the worse and imperfect adaptations. In using the word purpose for the result of this unconscious process of adaptation by survival of the fittest, I know that I am somewhat extending its ordinary sense, which implies consciousness. But it seems to me that on the score of convenience there is a great deal to be said for this extension of meaning. We want a word to express the adaptation of means to an end, whether involving consciousness or not; the word purpose will do very well, and the adjective *purposive* has already been used in this sense. But if the use is admitted, we must distinguish two kinds of purpose. There is the unconscious purpose which is attained by natural selection, in which no consciousness need be concerned; and there is the conscious purpose of an intelligence which designs a thing that it may serve to do something which he desires to be done. The distinguishing mark of this second kind, design or conscious purpose, is that in the consciousness of the agent there is an image or symbol of the end which he desires, and this precedes and determines the use of the means. Thus the man who first invented a corkscrew must have previously known that corks were in bottles, and have desired to get them out. We may describe this if we like in terms of matter, and say that a purpose of the second kind implies a complex nervous system, in which there can be formed an image or symbol of the end, and that this symbol determines the use of the means. The nervous image or symbol of anything is that mode of working of part of my brain which goes on simultaneously and is correlated with my thinking of the thing.

Aristotle defines an organism as that in which the part exists for the sake of the whole. It is not that the existence of the part depends on the existence of the whole, for every whole exists only

as an aggregate of parts related in a certain way ; but that the shape and nature of the part are determined by the wants of the whole. Thus the shape and nature of my foot are what they are, not for the sake of my foot itself, but for the sake of my whole body, and because it wants to move about. That which the part has to do for the whole is called its function. Thus the function of my foot is to support me, and assist in locomotion. Not all the nature of the part is necessarily for the sake of the whole ; the comparative callosity of the skin of my sole is for the protection of my foot itself.

Society is an organism, and man in society is part of an organism according to this definition, in so far as some portion of the nature of man is what it is for the sake of the whole—society. Now conscience is such a portion of the nature of man, and its function is the preservation of society in the struggle for existence. We may be able to define this function more closely when we know more about the way in which conscience tends to preserve society.

Next let us endeavour to make precise the meaning of the words *community* and *society*. It is clear that at different times men may be divided into groups of greater or less extent—tribes, clans, families, nations, towns. If a certain number of clans are struggling for existence, that portion of the conscience will be developed which tends to the preservation of the clan ; so, if towns or families are struggling, we shall get a moral sense adapted to the advantage of the town or the family. In this way different portions of the moral sense may be developed at different stages of progress. Now it is clear that for the purpose of the conscience, the word *community* at any time will mean a group of that size and nature which is being selected or not selected for survival as a whole. Selection may be going on at the same time among many different kinds of groups. And ultimately the moral sense will be composed of various portions relating to various groups, the function or purpose of each portion being the advantage of that group to which it relates in the struggle for existence. Thus we have a sense of family duty, of municipal duty, of national duty, and of duties towards all mankind.

It is to be noticed that part of the nature of a smaller group may be what it is for the sake of a larger group to which it belongs ; and then we may speak of the *function* of the smaller group. Thus it appears probable that the family, in the form in which it now exists among us, is determined by the good of the nation ; and we may say that the function of the family is to promote the advantage of the nation or larger society in some certain ways. But I do not think it would be right to follow Auguste Comte in speaking of the function of humanity ; because humanity is obviously not a part of any larger organism for whose sake it is what it is.

Now that we have cleared up the meanings of some of our words,

we are still a great way from the definite solution of our question, "What is the best conscience? or what ought I to think right?" For we do not yet know what is for the advantage of the community in the struggle for existence. If we choose to learn by the analogy of an individual organism, we may see that no permanent or final answer can be given, because the organism grows in consequence of the struggle, and develops new wants while it is satisfying the old ones. But at any given time it has quite enough to do to keep alive and to avoid dangers and diseases. So we may expect that the wants and even the necessities of the social organism will grow with its growth, and that it is impossible to predict what may tend in the distant future to its advantage in the struggle for existence. But still, in this vague and general statement of the functions of conscience, we shall find that we have already established a great deal.

In the first place, right is an affair of the community, and must not be referred to anything else. To go back to our analogy of taste: if I tried to persuade you that the best palate was that which preferred things pretty to look at, you might condemn me *a priori* without any experience, by merely knowing that taste is an affair of stomach and digestion—that its function is to select wholesome food. And so, if any one tries to persuade us that the best conscience is that which thinks it right to obey the will of some individual, as a deity or a monarch, he is condemned *a priori* in the very nature of right and wrong. In order that the worship of a deity may be consistent with natural ethics, he must be regarded as the friend and helper of humanity, and his character must be judged from his actions by a moral standard which is independent of him. And this, it must be admitted, is the position which has been taken by most English divines, as long as they were Englishmen first and divines afterwards. The worship of a deity who is represented as unfair or unfriendly to any portion of the community is a wrong thing, however great may be the threats and promises by which it is commended. And still worse, the reference of right and wrong to his arbitrary will as a standard, the diversion of the allegiance of the moral sense from the community to him, is the most insidious and fatal of social diseases. It was against this that the Teutonic conscience protested in the Reformation. Again, in monarchical countries, in order that allegiance to the sovereign may be consistent with natural ethics, he must be regarded as the servant and symbol of the national unity, capable of rebellion and punishable for it. And this has been the theory of the English constitution from time immemorial.

The first principle of natural ethics, then, is the sole and supreme allegiance of conscience to the community. I venture to call this *piety*, in accordance with the older meaning of the word. Even if it

should turn out impossible to sever it from the unfortunate associations which have clung to its later meaning, still it seems worth while to try.

An immediate deduction from our principle is that there are no self-regarding virtues properly so called ; those qualities which tend to the advantage and preservation of the individual being only morally *right* in so far as they make him a more useful citizen. And this conclusion is in some cases of great practical importance. The virtue of purity, for example, attains in this way a fairly exact definition : purity in a man is that course of conduct which makes him to be a good husband and father, in a woman that which makes her to be a good wife and mother, or which helps other people so to prepare and keep themselves. It is easy to see how many false ideas and pernicious precepts are swept away by even so simple a definition as that.

Next, we may fairly define our position in regard to that moral system which has deservedly found favour with the great mass of our countrymen. In the common statement of utilitarianism, the end of right action is defined to be the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It seems to me that the reason and the ample justification of the success of this system is that it explicitly sets forth the community as the object of moral allegiance. But our determination of the purpose of the conscience will oblige us to make a change in the statement of it. Happiness is not the end of right action. My happiness is of no use to the community except in so far as it makes me a more efficient citizen ; that is to say, it is rightly desired as a means and not as an end. The end may be described as the greatest efficiency of all citizens as such. No doubt happiness will in the long run accrue to the community as a consequence of right conduct ; but the right is determined independently of the happiness, and, as Plato says, it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.¹

In conclusion, I would add some words on the relation of Veracity to the first principle of Piety. It is clear that veracity is founded on faith in man ; you tell a man the truth when you can trust him with it and are not afraid. This perhaps is made more evident by considering the case of exception allowed by all moralists—namely, that if a man asks you the way with a view to committing a murder, it is right to tell a lie and misdirect him. The reason why he must not have the truth told him is that he would make a bad use of it, he cannot be trusted with it. About these cases of exception an important remark must be made in passing. When we hear that a man has told a lie under such circumstances, we are indeed ready to

(1) The word *altruism* seems to me unfortunate, because the community (my neighbour) is to be regarded not as *other*, but as *myself*. I have endeavoured to defend this view elsewhere.

admit that for once it was right, *mensonge admirable* ; but we always have a sort of feeling that it must not occur again. And the same thing applies to cases of conflicting obligations, when for example the family conscience and the national conscience disagree. In such cases no general rule can be laid down ; we have to choose the less of two evils ; but this is not right altogether in the same sense as it is right to speak the truth. There is something wrong in the circumstances that we should have to choose an evil at all. The actual course to be pursued will vary with the progress of society ; that evil which at first was greater will become less, and in a perfect society the conflict will be resolved into harmony. But meanwhile these cases of exception must be carefully kept distinct from the straightforward cases of right and wrong, and they always imply an obligation to mend the circumstances if we can.

Veracity to an individual is not only enjoined by piety in virtue of the obvious advantage which attends a straightforward and mutually trusting community as compared with others, but also because deception is in all cases a personal injury. Still more is this true of veracity to the community itself. The conception of the universe or aggregate of beliefs which forms the link between sensation and action for each individual is a public and not a private matter ; it is formed by society and for society. Of what enormous importance it is to the community that this should be a true conception I need not attempt to describe. Now to the attainment of this true conception two things are necessary.

First, if we study the history of those methods by which true beliefs and false beliefs have been attained, we shall see that it is our duty to guide our beliefs by inference from experience on the assumption of uniformity of nature and consciousness in other men, *and by this only*. Only upon this moral basis can the foundations of the empirical method be justified.

Secondly, veracity to the community depends upon faith in man. Surely I ought to be talking platitudes when I say that it is not English to tell a man a lie, or to suggest a lie by your silence or your actions, because you are afraid that he is not prepared for the truth, because you don't quite know what he will do when he knows it, because perhaps after all this lie is a better thing for him than the truth would be ; this same man being all the time an honest fellow-citizen whom you have every reason to trust. Surely I have heard that this craven crookedness is the object of our national detestation. And yet it is constantly whispered that it would be dangerous to divulge certain truths to the masses. "I know the whole thing is untrue : but then it is so useful for the people ; you don't know what harm you might do by shaking their faith in it." Crooked ways are none the less crooked because they are meant to deceive great

masses of people instead of individuals. If a thing is true, let us all believe it, rich and poor, men, women, and children. If a thing is untrue, let us all disbelieve it, rich and poor, men, women, and children. Truth is a thing to be shouted from the housetops, not to be whispered over rose-water after dinner when the ladies are gone away.

Even in those whom I would most reverence, who would shrink with horror from such actual deception as I have just mentioned, I find traces of a want of faith in man. Even that noble thinker, to whom we of this generation owe more than I can tell, seemed to say in one of his posthumous essays that in regard to questions of great public importance we might encourage a hope in excess of the evidence (which would infallibly grow into a belief and defy evidence) if we found that life was made easier by it. As if we should not lose infinitely more by nourishing a tendency to falsehood than we could gain by the delusion of a pleasing fancy. Life must first of all be made straight and true; it may get easier through the help this brings to the commonwealth. And the great historian of materialism¹ says that the amount of false belief necessary to morality in a given society is a matter of taste. I cannot believe that any falsehood whatever is necessary to morality. It cannot be true of my race and yours that to keep ourselves from becoming scoundrels we must needs believe a lie. The sense of right grew up among healthy men and was fixed by the practice of comradeship. It has never had help from phantoms and falsehoods, and it never can want any. By faith in man and piety towards man we have taught each other the right hitherto; with faith in man and piety towards man we shall never more depart from it.

W. K. CLIFFORD.

(1) Lange, *Geschichte des Materialismus*.

DUTCH GUIANA.

CHAPTER I.

THE COAST.

“When creeping carefully along the beach
The mouth of a green river did they reach,
Cleaving the sands, and on the yellow bar
The salt waves and the fresh waves were at war.”

MORRIS.

“Tis known, at least it should be,” that Surinam, geographically indicated by the easterly slice of Guiana placed between our own South American possessions on the one side and French Cayenne on the other, is up to the present day under Dutch rule; while Demerara, or, to speak more correctly, the broad British territory that includes in one the three provinces of Berbice, Demerara, and Essequibo, was, till a comparatively recent period, Dutch also. Now I had often heard it affirmed that the immense superstructure of prosperity raised by British energy on the shores of Demerara owed its oft-tried solidity, if not in whole, at least in no inconsiderable part, to the well-devised foundation work bequeathed us as a parting legacy by our Batavian predecessors. Our form of administration is Dutch, so said my informants, our local institutions Dutch, our sea-walls are Dutch, our canals, our sluices, the entire system of irrigation and drainage from which the land derives its unparalleled fertility and we our wealth, all are Dutch; we have made English use of these things, no doubt, and the merit of that use is ours; but the merit of the things themselves is not all our own, it belongs rather to those who first created them and gave them to the land.

How far might this be true? Colonial success amid the many failures recorded and yet recording in these very regions must be, every one will admit, a phenomenon, the sources of which would be well worth discovery; and here before me was an instance ready to hand, and a cause assigned. Why not investigate its correctness? There was time at disposal, and from Georgetown to Paramaribo is no great distance. Besides, I had already received assurance of a hearty welcome from his Excellency Van Sypesteyn, the representative of Dutch Majesty in Surinam; and an invitation of the sort, when combined with that chiefest of all factors in life's calculations, neighbourhood, made the present occasion doubly favourable. So I readily determined to follow up my Demeraran visit by another to a region which, while in natural respects hardly differing for good or evil from British Guiana, had all along remained under Batavian

mastership ; and where consequently the original institutions of our own acquired colony might be conveniently studied unmodified, or nearly so, by foreign influences and change of rule.

From Georgetown eastward, an excellent carriage road runs parallel to the coast, though at some distance from it inland ; the drive is a pleasant one, traversing a varied succession of large estates and populous villages, interrupted here and there by patches of marsh and wood, till the journey ends on the western bank of a full-flowing river, the Berbice ; beyond which lies the small town of the same name, not far from the Anglo-Batavian frontier. Here official kindness had arranged for my further progress, by putting at my disposal the trim little Revenue schooner *Gazelle*, that now lay at anchor off the lower town-wharf, waiting to take me for a cruise of a hundred and fifty miles ; such being the distance interposed between the harbour of Berbice and the mouth of the Surinam River, where rises the capital of Dutch Guiana.

A sailing craft, however small, if in good trim, clean, possessed of a comfortable cabin, and under a steady beam-wind, all which advantages were combined in the present instance, is a welcome change from the inevitable smoke, crowding, noise, oily smell, and ceaseless roll of the largest and finest steamer ever propelled by engine. In the present instance, the crew of the *Gazelle* was to a man composed of Creole, that is, colonial born, negroes ; indeed the pilot's memory reached back to the time when the terms negro and slave were identical in his own person, as in the majority of his Guiana brethren. Civil, cheerful, and obliging, as the descendants of Ham, despite of their ill-conditioned father's bad example, usually are, they were also, what for a voyage like this amid sand-banks and shoals was of more importance, good seamen, and the captain in charge a good navigator, though a black one.

"I would rather by any amount have a black crew than a white one under my orders," is a remark which I have heard made by many and many a West Indian sea-captain, lamenting over the insubordination, drunkenness, and other offences of his men. And in fact negroes, like their half-cousins the Arabs, have naturally in themselves the making of excellent seamen, active, handy, and daring, besides being far more amenable to the restraints of discipline, and less so to the seductions of the brandy or rum bottle, than the average material of which white crews are nowadays formed. And should our own strangely scattered and disunited West Indian possessions ever realise among themselves the ideal "cluster of small states," the not unreasonable hope of other statesmen besides the romantic descendant of the Contarinis, such a confederacy might even more easily recruit her indispensable navy than her less necessary standing army from among the black Creoles of her own islands and coasts.

A brisk wind was blowing, and the white cloud-drift scudding before the Atlantic trade-wind over the pale blue vault had in it something more akin to a Mediterranean than to a tropical sky, as we weighed anchor, and taking advantage of the seaward ebb, cleared out of the narrow channel alongside of the low bush-grown shoal that lies athwart the Berbice mouth, and bears, in common with countless other small islets and rocks of these latitudes, the name of Crab Island. The crab here in question is not the dainty crustacean of our seas, but the hideous land-crab, known to the students of Roderick Random and Tom Cringle; a monster that may be eaten by such, and such only, as are stomach-proof against the unpleasant associations of burial-grounds and carrion. Soon the tall, formal, semi-Batavian houses of Berbice, and its yet taller market tower, or look-out,—for every town hereabouts has within its circle one of these at least, to serve for a beacon to the seafarer, and a watch-place whence notice can be given in case of fire or any other sudden danger threatening the townsmen themselves,—had disappeared from our view behind river-bend and forest; and by noon we were afloat on the open sea.

The open, but “not the blue;” much less the typical “black water” of the deep Atlantic. From the Orinoco to the Amazon the aqueous fringe of the South American coast is a shallow, muddy, brackish, ochery sort of composition, which overspreads an almost imperceptible downward slope of alluvial deposit, that reaches out seaward for ten, fifteen, twenty, or even more miles, and bears witness to the prodigious volumes of water poured unceasingly, with little difference of month or season, by the countless rivers of the great Southern Continent into the ocean beyond. As we slowly made our way up along the coast, tacking and re-tacking against the unvarying trade-breeze, broad gaps in the monotonous line of low brown forest, the shore horizon on our left, successively indicated the mouth of one or other of these great streams, many among which, nor those by any means the largest, equal or exceed the Severn and the Garonne in length of course and copiousness of flow. Of the latter in particular a further intimation was given by the tossing of our ship where the strong river current, felt far out to sea, crossed and thwarted the regular succession of waves as they rolled slowly on from the open Atlantic, and roughened them into whitening breakers.

From the outlet of the Corentyn, that acts as boundary between British and Dutch Guiana, to the mouth of the Surinam River itself, hardly anything beside these wide gaps in the forest margin, and the corresponding breaker patches out at sea, occurs to vary the monotony of yellow waves and level forest-line, that by its utter sameness wearies the eye and depresses the spirits of the voyager.

"What a contrast," may that same voyager not improbably say to himself, "is the Dutch shore to the coast of British Guiana!" There the view by sea or land is not particularly picturesque, to be sure; but, to make up for the want of beauty, we have the prospect scarce less pleasurable to the mind, if not to the eye, of a close succession of tall chimneys, each with its flaunting smoke-pennon, along the whole length of the southern horizon from Berbice to the Pomeroon, or near it, proclaiming an almost continuous cultivation, and the triumphs of the industry that has transformed a "lonely mud-bank, once productive of nothing but alligators, snakes, and mosquitoes," into a thriving, populous, wealth-coining colony. Here, on the contrary, not a chimney, not a construction of any sort, overtops the impenetrable mangrove growth of the shore; scarcely, and at distant intervals, does an irregular wreath of blue vapour, curling above the forest, tell its tale of clearing and habitation. Whence the traveller may, if so minded, deduce the further conclusion of the inferiority of the Batavian race to the British, of Dutch colonization to English, etc., etc., etc. (Q. E. D.).

But this conclusion, like many others drawn at first sight, would break down on closer inspection of the premises; and, first of all, because the two coasts, however much like each other when seen from five or six miles' distance out to sea, are in reality very unlike; so much so indeed that neither for praise nor blame can any correct comparison be made between them. For throughout the whole, or very nearly the whole, breadth of British Guiana, a wide swamp district, lower itself than the average sea-level, and in consequence very difficult if not impossible to drain, cuts off the available land-strip of the coast itself from the firm but distant high lands of the interior, and by so doing confines the choicest sugar-producing tracts of the colony to the immediate vicinity of the shore, where they are all arranged side by side in a long but narrow strip, hemmed in between the ocean to the north and the almost equally unmanageable morass on the south. In Dutch Guiana, on the contrary, a rise, slight but sufficient, of the continental level, has thrust forward the swamp region from the interior down to the very shore, where it forms a barrier behind which the sugar lands and estates ensconce themselves with no particular background, until perhaps the worthy Brazilians condescend to define their frontier, which as yet they seem in no hurry to do, and thus remain for the most part out of sight of the seafarer, though not out of easy reach of river communication.

This invisibility from the sea and those who go down to their business in the great waters was by no means an adverse circumstance; on the contrary, it was a very desirable one to the old Dutch settlers throughout the seventeenth and even during the eighteenth century.

For those were days when many a gallant Captain Morgan, Captain French, or Captain Cutthroat whatever, would hail his men on the look-out, as their piratical bark hugged the coast on her way to the golden plunder of the Spanish Main, ready enough to shorten sail and let down the boats, had any tempting indication of hoarded Batavian wealth, whether in produce or in coin, appeared within the limits of a long-shore raid. But the case was different so long as the dense bush-barrier defended what it concealed; and the river estuaries, however frequent and wide, afforded no better prospect to the would-be plunderers than that of a difficult and perhaps distant navigation up stream, far from their comrades in the ships at sea, with the additional probabilities of meeting with a fort or two on the way to bar their passage. And thus, throughout the worst days of piratic menace, the hoards of Dutch Guiana remained, with one exception to be mentioned hereafter, unpillaged, chiefly because unseen; while the more patent treasures of the Frenchman and the Spaniard were harried to enrich the coffers, or decorate the Pollys and Betsys, of these lawless heroes of the Caribbean deeps.

The age of pirates and buccancers is past, and even from regular naval invasion a West Indian colony, under the present circumstances of warfare, has little to fear. But independently of the mischief-makers, whom of old times it brought on its waves, the sea of this coast is itself a troublesome and occasionally a dangerous neighbour to the planter and his labours. Whether it is that the north-eastern side of this great continent is in very truth slowly sinking, as runs the ominous verdict of not a few grave scientific judges; or whether, as I found to be the prevalent opinion among the long-shore men themselves, some secular deflection of winds and currents yearly brings a heavier volume of water to war against the unprotected low-lying land, I know not; but this much is certain, that the sea encroaches more and more, and that every equinoctial spring-tide, in particular, is signalled by a wider and more perilous invasion of the watery enemy, and bears his usurpations ever farther over forest and plain.

Whatever the cause, aqueous or terrene, its effects are only too certain; and a woeful example was soon before our eyes, when, after not many hours' cruise, we anchored off the little town, or, to speak more truly, remnant of a town, called Nikerie. The name is, I believe, like most of the names hereabouts, Indian, the meaning of course unknown. The district, which is also denominated Nikerie, lies immediately to the east of the Corentyn River, and is thus the nearest of all to the British territory. It contains at the present day, as official returns tell us, nine estates, comprising between them 2,832 acres of cultivated soil. The number was formerly greater, but no portion of the colony suffered so much from the emancipation crisis,

and the other causes of discouragement and depression, from which wealthier and more favoured colonies are only now beginning to recover, and that slowly.

The estates, mostly cane or cocoa, are all situated at some distance inland up the river, safely sheltered behind the tangled mangrove fringe. Where goods have to be shipped, remoteness from the sea-coast is of course an inconvenience; yet with this the colonists long preferred to put up rather than deviate from their traditional rule. But when, at the opening of the present century, the British lion, jealous lest so choice a morsel as Dutch Guiana should fall into the jaws of the ravenous French Republic and still more ravenous Empire, temporarily extended a protective paw over these regions, a new order of things prevailed for a time, and an unwonted self-confidence took in more than one instance the place of prudential caution. Under these novel auspices the seemingly eligible site of the Nikerie River mouth was not likely to be passed over, and soon a flourishing little town, with streets, shops, stores, churches, public buildings, and the rest, arose and dilated itself on the western point, to the great advantage of commerce, and for awhile bravely held its own.

But wisdom was before long justified of her Batavian children; and the failure of the foreign experiment—a woeful failure!—is now almost complete. It was afternoon when we made the port; as we cautiously threaded our way between sand-bank and shoal, before coming to anchor, we passed a broad triangular space of shallow water, lashed into seething waves by wind and current, where, a few feet under the surface, lies what was once the busy area of populous streets. Meanwhile the breakers, not content with the mischief already done, continue ceaselessly tearing away the adjoining land bit by bit. Right in front, a large house, left an empty shell without doors or window-frames by its fugitive inhabitants, is on the point of sinking and disappearing among the waters that unopposed wash to and fro through the ground-floor. Close by the victorious sea has invaded the gardens of the neighbouring dwellings, and will evidently soon take possession of the buildings themselves; their basement work is rotten with the salt spray. Farther on, a few isolated fragments of what was once a carefully-constructed sea-dam rise like black specks among the yeasty waters; and the new earth-wall built to protect what yet remains of Nikerie has a desponding make-shift look, as if aware that it will not have long to wait for its turn of demolition. Within its circuit a large, handsome, and solidly-built church, now perilously near the water's edge; a commodious court-house, where the magistrate of the district presides; a few private dwelling-houses, and three or four grog-shops—stand ranged like the MacLachlans and Wilsons of the famous Solway martyr-

roll, resignedly awaiting the steady advance of the tide. The wind was high, and the roar of the waves, as they burst impatiently on the dwindling remnant of what was once the Nikerie promontory, sounded in the dusky evening air like a knell of doom.

There are many sad sights in this sad world, but few give the beholder so dreary a feeling of helpless melancholy as does a town in the act and process of being washed away by the sea. The forces are so unequal, the destruction so wasteful and so complete. Fortunately at Nikerie, however, except for the loss, such as it is, of some acres of sand-bank, and as much building material as the inhabitants do not think it worth their while to carry away, no great harm is being done. Already the situation of a new emporium for the sugar and other produce of the estates has been marked out farther up the river, and the rise of the level ground, which is here more rapid than to the west along the Demerara coast, will insure it, with the adjoining cultivated land, from any serious risk of Neptunian invasion, for several years to come. Meanwhile the spectacle now presented by Nikerie is undoubtedly a depressing one to the imagination, if not to the mind; and I was glad to learn that it was the only one of its kind on the Surinam coast.

Here first I heard negroes speaking Dutch; and I have no doubt that they murdered it as ruthlessly as they do the Queen's English or the Republic's French elsewhere. But I will not detain my readers with a minute account of the ways and fashions of the inhabitants in this Nikerie district, as we shall have the opportunity of studying Dutch Guiana life in all its aspects, black, white, or coloured, to better advantage farther on. This, however, need not hinder our availing ourselves in the meantime, where convenient, of the information copiously supplied by his Excellency Van Sypesteyn, who was in youth the talented historian, as now in middle age he is the active and intelligent Governor, of Dutch Guiana. From official documents it appears that the number of sugar factories in the district of Nikerie is five, all of them worked by steam, and giving an annual result of five or six thousand hogs-heads of sugar, besides sixty thousand gallons of molasses, and about as many puncheons of rum; to which must be added nearly fourteen thousand pounds weight of coffee, and three hundred thousand of cocoa; from all which data, we may safely conclude that the 2,832 acres of its reclaimed land are neither unfruitful nor badly cultivated. Yet the total number of inhabitants only reaches 2,346, more than six hundred of whom are Coolie or Chinese emigrants, the remainder are negroes; here as elsewhere under-population is the great stumbling-block in the way of progress.

It is pitiful to think that out of the ten thousand and more acres, all excellent land, conceded by the Dutch Government to the occu-

pation of the Nikerie proprietors, hardly more than a fourth has been, as the preceding numbers show, brought into actual use. Yet it is neither the climate nor the soil that is here in fault. How often, not in Nikerie and the remaining districts of Surinam, but in St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Trinidad, in almost all these Western Edens, nay, even in flourishing Demerara itself, has the image of little unpicturesque Barbadoes, unpromising in show, unfavoured by nature, yet thriving, prosperous, overstocked, and therefore only prosperous because overstocked, recurred to my mind! Improved machinery, Coolies, Chinese, are all of them excellent things each in their way, but they cannot make up for the absence of that one great requisite of all progress, material or social, a superabundant native population. But how is it to be obtained for our own three-quarters-empty Islands? How for Guiana? How for Surinam? Many answers have been given, and more may be given yet; but a wholly satisfactory one is yet to seek. We will try our luck at the solution of this problem farther on.

And now our trim little craft is once more on the open sea, bounding from wave to wave as she cleaves her onward way to the east. Sand-banks and mud-banks covered with scarcely more than a fathom depth of water, kept us out at a considerable distance from the coast; but had we been nearer we should have had little to study except a dull uniform growth of mangrove and *parua* trees; the latter not unlike our own poplars in shape and foliage. Behind this woody screen lies the district of Coronie, almost the only quarter of Dutch Guiana where cotton, once a favourite speculation, especially about the time of the late American war, is now grown. So far as soil and climate are concerned, there is no assignable reason why it should not be more widely planted; but agriculture and commerce have their vagaries, often not less capricious than those of fashion and dress.

Coronie left behind us, a rougher sea than any we have yet encountered gives us notice that we are passing the joint estuary of the Coppename and Saramacca Rivers, each the main artery of fertile and comparatively speaking populous regions to the south.

Not far inland by the banks of the Coppename, though shut out from our sight by the forest screen, is a settlement bearing the name of Batavia; and composed exclusively, exception made, I trust, of the Government Inspector and the Doctor, of lepers. A hundred and fifty in number, they employ themselves in field labour; have cottages and gardens of their own, and as the disease is painless, or nearly so, they live on not unhappily their death in life. The motive for keeping them thus apart from every one else is, of course, the idea that their malady is contagious; an idea wide spread, it is true, but unsupported by scientific testimony, and probably due to the horror

and disgust excited by the sight of so loathsome a disorder. Salt fish, the old established slave diet throughout the West Indies, is not improbably responsible in many cases, if not most, for the disease; though not contagious and hardly even infectious, it is certainly hereditary. Improved diet, and above all fresh articles of food, put a limit to its ravages, and give hopes that with proper precautions it may ultimately disappear.

For my part I am not sorry to miss seeing Batavia, but I must regret the invisibility of Groningen, where, near the mouth of the Saramacca, a colony of European labourers has been established for several years past. It is one of the many attempts made at various times to supplement negro by European field-work; and has, like the German and Irish colonies of Jamaica, and the Portuguese of St. Kitt's, proved a failure in the main; though its inevitable non-success as a farm has to a certain extent been compensated by the gardeners and artisans whom it has supplied to the capital. Something of the same kind has, I believe, taken place elsewhere. Field labour and outdoor life are things, early or late, irreconcilable with European vigour, health, and even existence, in the tropical new world. Nor are they needed there. Of all which also more anon.

A night and a day have passed since we quitted the melancholy relics of Nikerie, and we are yet tossing on the turbid waves several miles from land. This grows monotonous, and great was my delight when on the second evening of our voyage, just as the brief twilight deepened into night, we at last sighted, though still at some distance, the dull gleam of the light-ship, anchored several miles out to sea, off the mouth of the Surinam River. Cautiously, for the shoals are many and the current strong, we made for the signs of harbour, known even through the general gloom to our pilot and crew, till about midnight we anchored in smooth water just within the entry of the mighty stream, here over three miles in width, and took shelter behind a long low mangrove-covered land-spit running out from the east.

A wan crescent moon hung dimly over the black forest-line, and gleamed on the smooth seaward-flowing water where we lay at anchor, waiting the rise of the tide that would not take place till after daybreak. Not a sign of human habitation, not a sound of beast or bird; only the low roar of the breakers outside the bar, and the ceaseless flapping of the idle rudder against the sternpost. The air was mild; and no fear of marsh miasma deterred the crew from taking their rest where they lay, each prone on his face along the deck. That negroes always sleep face downwards is a fact long since observed by Tom Cringle, or rather Michael Scott of Jamaican celebrity; whether his further conjecture that this accounts for the

flatness of their noses be correct, let Darwin decide. Night dews, so much and so justly dreaded in many parts of the East Indies, seem to be of little account in these Indies of the West; this, to venture a guess of my own in turn, may perhaps be owing to the much lesser degree of variation here occurring between the diurnal and nocturnal temperature. So we waited while our boat's prow pointed steadily up stream, in a weird solitude that looked as if it were the world's outer frontier land, and the great river the portal to mysterious and unexplored regions beyond.

Morning broke at last. The tide turned, and flowed in, while a fresh breeze, with a sprinkling of light showers on its wings, blew from the east, as we hoisted sail for the port of our destination. Very soon it became evident, from the objects around us, that the drear loneliness we had just left behind extended no farther than the immediate margin of the shore, and that we were in reality entering on a region of industry, prosperity, and life.

What a relief was the change after two days' uniformity of turbid water, with nothing but mangrove-grown mud-banks for a horizon! With breeze and tide in our favour, we now went briskly on, while, bend after bend, the river unfolded to our gaze the treasures that lined its banks, more varied and more abundant at every turn. Joyfully I welcomed first one, then two, then several tall factory chimneys, each flaunting on the air its long grey smoke-pennon, silvered in the level sunbeams; then appeared glimpses of clustered roofs and brick walls through the tall trees planted beside them; boiling-houses, distilleries, overseers' dwellings; and, not far removed from each group, rose the tall gabled roof of the Dutch-built residence for manager or proprietor, half screened amid the shades of its garden grove. Under a bright sun, mixed up with glittering foliage, overtopped by graceful palms, and canopied by the most dazzling of skies, even roofs and chimneys combine with the beauty around them, and become part of it in their turn. Or else it was a long row of cottages, evidently pattern-built, that announced the presence of Coolies, Indian or Chinese, and implied the prosperity of those who could afford to employ such; while the less regular roof-lines scattered amid the thick garden bushes told of Creole or Surinam-born negro labour. Or roofs and sheds, but without the accompaniment of factory and chimney, just visible among the boughs of what the inexperienced eye might take for a natural-grown forest, marked the cocoa estate, scarce less lucrative in Surinam than the cane-field; or perhaps it is a wide green expanse of plantain leaves—colossal plantains these—or the helfry of a Moravian school-house, that shows over the bank; canoes, too—some mere hollowed tree-trunks, some of larger construction—covered barges, six-oar pleasure-boats, sloops with shoulder-of-mutton sails, become more and more frequent.

So we sailed on, and before long came on one of the grandest sights that nature affords, the junction of two mighty rivers. For here, at a distance of some eight or nine miles from the sea, the Surinam and the Commeweyne Rivers meet together; the former from the south, the latter from the east. It was on their united waters that we had sailed thus far. The Surinam, which has, like the Demerara, given its name to an entire region, is navigable by vessels drawing ten feet of water for a distance of about one hundred miles up stream; higher yet, rocks and rapids permit only canoes to pass. Its sources lie hid among the forests of the equatorial mountain land that forms the watershed of the valley of the Amazon, four or five degrees farther still to the south; its breadth for the last forty miles, before junction with the Commeweyne, averages above half a mile, its depth from thirty to sixty feet. It is the main artery of the colony, which indeed was for many years limited to the immediate neighbourhood of its banks. The Commeweyne, of shorter course, but here, at the junction point, little if at all inferior in breadth and depth to the Surinam itself, runs on an inland parallel with the eastern coast for a distance of some forty miles; farther up a number of smaller rivers—the Cottica, the Perica, and others—deep, though narrow streams, unite their waters to form the main trunk.

On the point which divides the two great rivers, a Hindoo ruler of the good old times, and before the unkind interference of a low-caste government had, Paul-like, commanded widows rather to marry than to burn, would doubtless have erected a graceful temple, and consecrated the spot to the decorous performance of Suttee. Dutch governors, a more practical style of men, utilized the spot by erecting on it the fortress of New Amsterdam. Its first stone was laid in 1734, shortly after the plundering exploits of Cassard and the French squadron; its object was evidently the protection of the capital from any repetitions of the like visits in future. But though Paramaribo, and New Amsterdam too, have since that date twice received French, twice English masters within their walls, it has so happened that the Fort guns have never had occasion to pour forth any more deadly fire than that of a signal or a salute; treaties having in later times subjected the colony to those changes that hard fighting brought about in former days. However, the position of New Amsterdam is well chosen, the works strong; and should any future age raise up against the Dutch colonies a new Cassard, he would find in the batteries enough, and more than enough, to render a buccaneering excursion up to Paramaribo by no means so easy a business as of yore.

We saluted the national flag, and passing close under a very respectable battery, exchanged a few words of amicable Dutch with

a subaltern, who, at the sight of our Government pennon, had hastened down for inquiry to the water's edge. Exempted by his courtesy—a courtesy I have never found wanting in any of his Batavian comrades—from the delays of an inspectorial visit, we continued our course due south, up the Surinam River; but the breeze had died away, and it was near noon when, after about eight miles of slow progress between banks and scenes much like those already described, but with a continually increasing denseness of estates and cultivation on either side, we approached the capital. Gardens, too, small dwelling-houses, and crowded cottages rose thicker and thicker into view, a tall Flemish-looking tower glittered in the sun, and at last, rounding an abrupt fort-crowned promontory on the left river bank, we cast anchor opposite the river quay and town-hall of Paramaribo.

CHAPTER II.

“In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.”

TENNYSON.

It was not afternoon, in fact it was forenoon, and the sun, though mounted high, had not yet throned himself in his meridian tower, when, accompanied by those who had come to meet and welcome my arrival, I mounted a red brick flight of steps, leading from the water's edge up to the raised quay, and found myself on the threshold of the capital of Dutch Surinam. Yet there was something in the atmosphere that can only be described as post-meridian; an influence extending over everything around, town and people alike; nor post-meridian only, but distinctly lotophagous, befitting the lotus-eating capital of a lotus-eating land, very calm and still, yet very comfortable and desirable withal.

For what regards the material atmosphere, its heavy warmth even at so early an hour as ten or eleven of the morning need excite no surprise. Paramaribo stands on the South American map at little more than five and a half degrees north of the Equator, and the Equator here crosses the immense breadth of the moist plains, brimming river-meshes, and dense forests, that constitute nine-tenths of the Guianas and Brazil. Fifteen miles at least in a straight line, removed from the nearest coast, and cut off from the very limited sea-breeze of the tropics by intervening belts of plantation and thick wood, the air of Paramaribo is not that of wind-swept Barbadoes, or dry Antigua, but that of the moistest among all Equatorial continents; and may best be likened to the air of an orchid-house at Kew and that of a Turkish bath combined. Not,

be it well understood, a dry-heated pseudo-Turkish bath of the European kind, but a genuine Hammam of Damascus or Constantinople. In such an atmosphere Ulysses himself and his crew must, after a very short stay, have betaken themselves, in company with the natives, to lotus-eating; it is a duty imposed by the climate, and there are many less agreeable duties in the world elsewhere.

Not that the climate is unhealthy; quite the reverse. That tall, large-made, elderly European gentleman, in a light grey suit, who, parasol in hand, grandly saunters by, evidently does so not from any want of vigour either in mind or limb, but because a sauntering step is more congenial to the place than a brisk one. Those sleek, stout, comfortable, glossy negroes loitering in sun or shade appear, and are in fact equal, did the occasion require it, to any exertion of which human muscle is capable: they are doing nothing in particular, because nothing in particular is just now the proper thing to do. The town itself, its tall houses, its wide streets, its gardens, its squares, its shady avenues, its lofty watch-tower, its tree-embosomed palace, its shrub-embosomed cottages—each and every particular of the scene, animate or inanimate, is stamped with the same character. “Take life easy,” seems the lesson they all alike inculcate; and the lesson is a popular one, soon learnt and steadily practised on every hand.

But appearances, however real for what regards the surface of which they are part, may yet be very deceptive, if reasoned from unconditionally to what exists beneath them; and a town that numbers more than twenty-two thousand inhabitants, itself the capital of the colony that yearly exports to the average value of a third of a million sterling, cannot be wholly peopled by dreamy lotus-eaters, delicious lotus-eaters only; nor can the sole occupation of the dwellers in city or field be lotus-eating, either physical or moral.

The solid and underlying fact of Paramaribo is that amid this atmosphere, and on this segment of the great Guiana Delta, have planted themselves and taken root, no longer exotic but indigenous, the same Dutch industry, Dutch perseverance, and Dutch good sense, that of old turned the sandy swamps of the Batavian Delta into a flower-garden, and erected the Venice of the north on the storm-swept shores of the Zuider-Zee. Surinam, rightly understood, is only Holland under another sky; Paramaribo is Amsterdam by other waters; the colouring and toning of the picture may indeed be Equatorial Creole, but the lines and grouping are those of the Netherlands school and no other.

This it is that gives to Paramaribo its twofold character, at once European and tropical, Dutch and Creole; a blending of opposites, a dual uniformity, an aspect that when first beheld leaves on the mind

an impression bordering on unreality, as if place and people were imaged in a hot picturesque dream. Yet Paramaribo is no dream, nor its inhabitants dream shapes; very much the contrary. In fact no capital town throughout the West Indies, no offspring of European stem, French, English, Danish, or even Spanish, so genuinely, so truthfully represents the colony to which it belongs as Dutch Paramaribo. Contrary examples are easily adduced. Thus, for instance, Jamaica is pre-eminently the land of English country gentlemen, of magistrates, landlords, farmers; in tone, ways, and life, it is an English country district; while Demerara is in no small measure an English, or rather, I should say, a Scotch manufacturing district; Barbadoes an English parish (Little Pedlington its satirists, of whom I beg to state that I am not one, would call it), magnified into an island. But neither Jamaica, nor Demerara, nor Barbadoes, possesses a correct epitome of itself in Kingston, Georgetown, or even Bridgetown; each of these three seaports has a character of its own, distinct from, and in some respects opposed to, the colony at large. This is due to many causes; and most of all to the "mixed multitude" of trade, the camp-followers of enterprise, who, under whatever banner they congregate, acknowledge in heart and life no flag but that of individual self-interest. These are they who, muster strongest in the generality of colonial towns, especially seaports; and tinge, if they do not absolutely colour, the places of their resort. And thus from the merest port of call along these shores, where the "condottieri" element is at its maximum, to Georgetown, where it is decidedly at its minimum, a something of a restless, makeshift, egoistic, "cheap-jack" admixture obscures, or at least jars with the public-spirited nationality, unsettles the population, debases the buildings, ungroups the unity, and deforms the beauty of place and site.

With Paramaribo it is otherwise. The broad straight streets, flanked with spacious and lofty houses, shaded by carefully-planted avenues, adorned with public buildings that Scheveningen or the Hague need not blush to own, and trim almost as the waysides of Brock; the Governor's residence, a miniature palace for elegance of style and stately appearance; the spacious masonic lodge, "Concordia," where a grand orient himself—I speak as a profane, and if the term be incorrect apologize—might hold his assembly; the seemly synagogues, Dutch the one, Portuguese the other, the decorous if somewhat heavy-built churches, Reformed and Lutheran, the lighter-constructed but more spacious establishments, Moravian and Catholic, the lofty town-hall with its loftier tower, that from a hundred and twenty feet of height looks down over fort and river, the court-house hard by, the noble military hospital, with its wide verandahs, open staircases, and cool halls, the strong-built fort and barracks, the theatre, the club-house, the many other buildings of

public use and ornament, all these are Dutch in appearance and character; all expressive of the eleven provinces, though chiefly of Zealand and the steady purpose of her sons. The well-planned and carefully-kept canals that intersect the town in every direction, the neat bridges, the broad river-side quays, the trim gardens, the decent cemeteries; the entire order and disposition of the place, tell the same tale; witness to the same founders; reflect the same image, true to its original on the north sea-coast; all tell of settled order and tasteful method.

The site was well chosen. The Surinam, here a tidal river of nearly a mile broad, flows past a slightly raised plateau of sand and gravel mixed with "caddy," a compound of finely-broken fragments of shell and coral, extending for some distance along the left or west bank. The general elevation of the ground is about sixteen feet above low-water level, enough to insure it from being overflowed in the rainy seasons, or by the highest tides. Several streams, improved by Dutch industry into canals, intersect this level; one of them connects the waters of the Surinam with those of the Saramacca farther west; all are tidal in their ebb and flow. Drainage is thus rendered easy; and now that the low bush and scrub, the natural growth of every South American soil, however light, has been cleared away, the citizens of Paramaribo may securely boast that throughout the entire extent of Guiana, from the Orinoco to the Amazon, no healthier town than theirs is to be found.

This healthiness is, however, in great measure due to their own exertions; and above all to the good sense that presided over the construction of the town. When the true founder of town and colony alike, Cornelius van Aerssen, Lord of Sommelsdyk, and the fifth Governor of Dutch Guiana, landed on these shores in 1683, Paramaribo, so he wrote, consisted of only "twenty-seven dwellings, more than half of which were grog-shops," and close to it the Fort of Zeelandia, so named after its builders, the intrepid Zeelanders, who had already repelled more than one Indian or English assault from its walls. But under the vigorous administration of Sommelsdyk the rapidly rising prosperity of the colony was reflected in the town itself, that henceforth grew and prospered year by year. Its records describe it in 1750 as already covering one half of its present extent; and in 1790 the number of houses within its circuit exceeded a thousand; till about the beginning of the present century, the addition of the extensive suburb of "Combe," on the north side, brought it up to its actual limits. Then followed a long and dreary period of colonial depression, general indeed throughout the West Indies, but nowhere, Jamaica perhaps excepted, greater than in Surinam; where the uncertainty consequent on a reiterated change of masters, French, English, and Dutch, helped to depreciate the already declin-

ing value of estates and produce in this part of the world. Misfortunes never come singly; and while the colony at large suffered, Paramaribo in particular, ravaged by two severe conflagrations, the one in 1821, and the other in 1832, presented a melancholy spectacle of unrepaired ruins, and abandoned suburbs. Between 1840 and 1860 things were at their worst, both for colony and capital. Then came the turn; the shock of emancipation passed, its benefits remained, town and country alike revived together; houses were rebuilt; suburbs re-populated; and of her past wounds the Paramaribo of our day now scarcely shows a scar. The number of her inhabitants, reckoned at barely sixteen thousand in 1854, at present exceeds twenty-two thousand; thus showing an increase of six thousand in the course of the last twenty years only.

"A goodly city is this Antium;" but during the hot hours of the day, that is, from eight or at latest nine in the morning till pretty near sunset, I would not willingly incur the responsibility of sending a friend or even an enemy, unless he happened to be a mortal one, on a sight-seeing stroll through the streets of Paramaribo. Carriages or riding horses there are few to be found in the town, and none at all for hire; negro carts are plenty, to be sure, and negro mules too, but the former, independently of other considerations, are jolting conveyances, the latter a hard-mouthed stiff-necked generation; and neither adapted to the furtherance of European locomotion, whether on pleasure or business. As to walking exercise under this equatorial sun, it might possibly be an agreeable recreation for a salamander, but hardly for any other creature. It is true that shade may be found even in the hottest hours of perpendicular noon; and when the sun has fairly beaten you, as he will in less than five minutes, from the field, you may take refuge, if you choose, under the broad-leaved, glistening, umbrella-like almond-trees, so called from a superficial resemblance between the kernels of their fruit and those of the almond, but neither in foliage nor growth having the most distant likeness to the European tree of that name, which Dutch forethought has kindly planted all along the river quay. There, in company with any number of ragged black loungers, you may improve your leisure by watching the great barges as they float leisurely along the tide, bearing their neatly protected loads of sugar, cocoa, or other plantation produce for the cargo-ships, that wait off the town "stellings," or wharfs, patiently moored day by day, with so little bustle or movement of life about them, that you wonder whether their crews have not all by common consent abandoned them, and gone off to join a lotus-eating majority on shore. Or if you are driven to seek refuge while wandering through the interior of the town, the great broad streets, all mathematically straight, will offer you the shelter of their noble avenues, where tamarind, mahogany,

sand-box, or other leafy trees, planted with Batavian regularity, cast down a long black streak of shade on the glaring whiteness of the highway; or you may rest, if so inclined, beside some well in one of the many rectangular spaces left open for the sake of air or ornament, here and there in the very heart of the town, like squares in London, but without the soot.

One such green oasis contains half-hidden amid its trees the handsome Portuguese synagogue, of recent construction; another the Dutch, less showy but more substantial, as befits the old standing and wealth of the worshippers within its walls, and the memory of Samuel Cohen Nassy, its talented founder, the Sarinam Joshua of his tribe when they camped, two centuries ago, on the banks of their newly-acquired Jordan. A third "square"—I use the inappropriate word for want of a better in our own language; but the French "place" or Arab "meidan" would more correctly express the thing—boasts the presence of the Dutch Reformed Church (the building, I mean), a model of heavy propriety, suggestive of pew-openers and the Hundredth Psalm, Old Tune; while a fourth has in its enclosure the flimsy, showy construction that does appropriate duty for the gaudy rites of Rome. A fifth has for its centre-piece the Lutheran place of worship; a sixth, the Moravian; and so forth. But whatever be the gods within, the surroundings of every temple are of a kind in which Mr. Tylor could legitimately discern something of a "survival" of Tree worship and the "groves" of old—a sensible survival in these sun-lorded equatorial regions. Select, then, your city of refuge where you will; but except it be by chance some stray black policeman, whom an unusual and utterly heroic sense of duty keeps awake and on his beat, or a few dust-sprinkled ebony children, too young as yet to appreciate the impropriety of being up and alive at this hour—you yourself, and the ungainly Johnny-crows that here, as at Kingston, do an acknowledged share of the street-cleaning business, will be the only animal specimens discernible among this profusion of vegetable life. For these shade-spots, with all their cool, are delusive in their promise—they are mere islets plunged amid an overwhelming ocean of light and heat; and flesh, however solid, though protected by them from actual combustion in the furnace around, must soon thaw and resolve itself into a dew under the influence of the reflected glare.

Better take example, as indeed it is the traveller's wisdom to do in any latitude, whether tropical or arctic, from the natives of the land, and like them retire, after a substantial one-o'clock breakfast, luncheon, or dinner—since any of these three designations may be fairly applied to the meal in question—to an easy undress and quiet slumber till four or later have "chappit" in the afternoon. Indoors you will find it cool enough. The house-walls, though of

wood, at least throughout the upper stories, are solidly constructed, and are further protected from the heat by any amount of verandahs outside, which, in true Dutch taste, are not rarely dissembled under the architectural appearance of porticos. The house-roofs are highly pitched, and an airy attic intervenes between them and the habitation below; the windows, too, are well furnished with jalousies and shutters, and the bedrooms are most often up two flights of stairs, occasionally three. If, under circumstances like these, you cannot keep cool, especially when you have nothing else on earth to do, you have only yourself, not the climate, to blame. Such at any rate is the opinion, confirmed by practice, of the colonists universally, European or Creole, white or coloured; and as they have, in fact, been up and at work each in his particular line of business ever since earliest dawn, it would be hard to grudge them their stated and, for the matter of that, well-earned afternoon nap. Merchants, tradesmen, accountants, proprietors, bankers, and the like, thus disposed of, his Dutch Majesty's officials, civil, military, or naval (for a small frigate is always stationed at Paramaribo, ready at the Colonial Governor's behests), may, I think, sleep securely calm when all around are sleeping; nay, even the watchmen—and they are many in these gates of keen, energetic Israel—have retired to their tents in the universal post-meridian trance. As to the eighteen or nineteen thousand negroes of the town, it would be superfluous to say that no special persuasion or inducement of local custom is needed to induce *them* to sleep either at this or any other hour of the day.

Follow then the leader, or rather the whole band. If, however, you still prefer to prove yourself a stranger by using your eyes for sight-seeing at a time when every genuine Paramariban has closed his for sleep, the open parade-ground will afford you while crossing it an excellent opportunity for experimental appreciation of the intensity of the solar rays, lat. $5^{\circ} 40'$ north. This done, you may, or rather you certainly will, take speedy refuge under the noble over-arching tamarind alley that leads up from the parade-ground to the front of Government House, and passing through the cool and lofty hall of the building, left open, West India fashion, to every corner, make your way into the garden, or rather park, that lies behind. It is probable that the peccaries, tapirs, monkeys, deer, and the other animal beauties or monstrosities, collected the most of them by his Excellency the present Governor, and domiciled in ample wire enclosures between the flower-beds, will, in their quality of natives, be fast asleep; and if the quaint, noisy, screaming birds, the tamed representatives of Guiana ornithology, collected here, are asleep also, you may admire their plumage without needing to regret the muteness of their "most sweet voices." But the humming-birds and butterflies are wide awake, and, unalarmed by your approach,

will continue to busy themselves among flowers such as Van Elst himself never painted, nor Spenser sang. Here is a crimson passion-flower, there a pink-streaked lily; golden clusters hang from one plant, spikes of dazzling blue rise from another;—the humming-birds themselves are only distinguishable from them, as they dart through, by the metallic lustre, not by the vividness or variety of their colours. As to the butterflies, who is the greatest admirer of the race? Let him see the butterflies of Surinam, and—die! Beyond this, the flower-garden merges in the park—a Guiana park of Guiana trees. Their names and qualities it is easy to look out in books, or recapitulate from memory; but how to describe them as they are? Mr. Ruskin says that the tree-designer begins by finding his work difficult, and ends by finding it impossible; and I say the same of the tree-describer, at any rate here. And yet, luxuriant as is the Government House garden, I am not sure if any of its beauties charmed me so much as the exquisite betel-nut avenue, each palm averaging fifty feet in height, and each equally perfect in form and colour, that adorns the central space enclosed by the spacious buildings of the public hospital at the farther end of the town. Leave all these, if you can, and—which will be better still—enter instead the cool vaulted brick hall, of genuine Dutch burgher build, that serves partly as an entry to the public law offices and courts, partly as a depository for whatever colonial records have escaped the destructive fires of '21 and '32. Hence you may mount, but leisurely, in compassion for your guide if not for yourself, the central tower, till you reach the lantern-like construction that at a height of a hundred feet crowns the summit of the Town Hall. There stand, and look down far and wide over the most fertile plain that ever alluvial deposit formed in the New World, or the Old either. On every side extends a green tree-grown level as far as the eye can reach, its surface just high enough raised above water-mark to escape becoming a swamp, yet nowhere too high for easy irrigation; capriciously marked at frequent intervals by shining silver dashes, that indicate sometimes the winding of rivers broad and deep, sometimes the more regular lines of canals, of creeks, and of all the innumerable waterways which in this region supply the want of roads, and give access to every district that lies between the Northern sea and the Equatorial watershed, far beyond the limits of European enterprise, all too narrow as yet. Long years must pass before the children of Surinam have cause to complain that the “place is too strait for them”—long before the cultivation that now forms an emerald ring of exceptional brightness round the city, and reaches out in radiating lines and interrupted patches along the courses of the giant rivers, has filled up the entire land circle visible from the tower of Paramaribo alone.

The day has declined from heat to heat, and at last the tall trees begin to intercept the slant sun-rays ; when, behold ! with one consent, Paramaribo, high and low, awakes, shakes itself, puts on its clothes, ragged or gay, and comes out to open air and life. The chief place of resort is, of course, the parade-ground, where, according to established custom, a Dutch or Creole military band performs twice a week ; and where, in the absence of musical attractions, cool air, pleasant walks, free views, and the neighbourhood of the river, draw crowds of loungers, especially of the middle and even upper classes. But in truth, for a couple of hours, or near it, every road, every street, is full of comers and goers, and loud with talk and laughter. For the negro element, a noisy one, predominates over all, even within the capital itself ; the Dutch, though rulers of the land, are few, and other Europeans fewer still. Indeed, a late census gave the total number of whites in the town, the soldiers of the fort included, but little over a thousand. As to Indians, the pure-blooded ones of their kind have long since abandoned the neighbourhood of Paramaribo, and now seldom revisit the locality to which two centuries past they gave a name ; a few half-breeds, with broad oval faces and straight black hair, alone represent the race. Bush negroes, in genuine African nudity, may be seen in plenty from the river-wharfs ; but they seldom leave their floating houses and barges to venture on shore, though common sense has for some time past relaxed the prudish regulations of former times, according to which no unbreeched male or unpetticoated female was permitted to shock the decorum of Paramaribo promenades. Coolies and Chinese, too, though now tolerably numerous on the estates—where, indeed, about five thousand of them are employed—are rarely to be met with in the streets of the capital ; which in this respect offers a remarkable contrast to Georgetown and Port of Spain, where the mild Hindoo meets you at every turning with that ineffable air of mixed self-importance and servility that a Hindoo alone can assume, and Chinamen and women make day hideous with the preternatural ugliness of what flattery alone can term their features. The absence of these beauties here may be explained partly by the recentness of their introduction into the Dutch colony, where they are still bound by their first indentures to field-work, and consequently unable as yet to display their shop-keeping talents ; partly by the number and activity of the negro Creole population, which has preoccupied every city berth. Of all strangers, only the irrepressible Barbadian, with the insular characteristics of his kind fresh about him, has made good his footing among the Surinam grog-shops and wharfs, where he asserts the position due to his ready-handed energy, and keeps it too. But the diversity between the Barbadoes negro and his kinsmen of the neighbouring islands, or of the Main, is one rather of expression and voice

than of clothes and general bearing, and hence may readily pass unnoticed in the general aspect of a crowd.

However diversified the species, the genus is one. Watch the throng as it passes : the kerchief-turbaned, loose-garmented market-woman ; the ragged porter and yet more ragged boatman ; the gardener with his cartful of yams, bananas, sweet potatoes, and so forth ; the white-clad shop clerk and writer, the straw-hatted salesman, the umbrella-bearing merchant, sailors, soldiers ; policemen quaintly dressed, as policemen are by prescriptive right everywhere, except in sensible, practical Demerara ; officials, aides-de-camp, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, and you will see that through and above this variety of dress, occupation, rank, colour even, there runs a certain uniformity of character—a something in which all participate, from first to last.

A few exceptions, indeed, there are ; but they are confined almost exclusively to the white colonists ; and among them, even, the anomalies are few. In general, one pattern comprehends the entire category of white colonists, men and women, gentle and simple ; and it is an eminently self-contained, self-consistent pattern, the Dutch. Steady in business, methodical in habit, economical in expenditure, liberal in outlay, hospitable in entertainment, cheerful without flightiness, kindly without affectation, serious without dulness, no one acquainted, even moderately, with the mother country, can fail to recognise the genuine type of the Hague in the colonial official, and that of Maestricht or Amsterdam in the business population of Paramaribo. This indeed might have been fairly anticipated ; the steady, unimpressionable Dutchman being less subject to—what shall we call it ?—Equatorization, than the soon-demoralised Spaniard or lighter Portuguese. It is a matter of more surprise, an agreeable surprise, when we find much that recalls to mind the Dutch peasantry and labouring classes, distinctly traceable among the corresponding classes of Creole negroes throughout the delta of Surinam. By what influence is it—attraction, sympathy, or mastership—that some nations so eminently succeed in transforming the acquired subjects of whatever race into copies, and occasionally caricatures, of themselves, while other nations not less signally fail in doing so ? That Frenchmen, however much they may annoy those they annex by their incurable habit of administrative over-meddling, yet make, not always indeed obedient subjects of France, but anyhow Frenchmen and Frenchwomen out of those they rule, is a fact attested everywhere, and one that will long remain to grieve German hearts in Alsace and Lorraine. How long ago is it since the tricolour has been hauled down to make place for the union-jack at St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Trinidad ? Yet in each of these and their kindred isles the French impress still

survives, uneffaced as yet by change and time. Much in the same way to run through the list of other national annexations or conquests: Brazil is not merely ruled by a Portuguese emperor, but is Portuguese itself; and even the revolted Spanish colonies are Spanish in almost everything but official allegiance to this day. On the contrary, who ever heard of a land Germanized by the Germans, however influential their settlers, and absolute their rule? And is there the remotest prospect that the Hindoo, though reconciled by sheer self-interest to toleration of the most equitable rule that ever race exercised over race, will ever become not merely an English subject, but an Englishman in ways and heart? Still more complete has been the failure of Danish attempts at extra-national assimilation, in whatever land or age, from the days of Æthelred to our own. But, indeed, where there is diversity of blood, mistrust and antipathy are more easily accounted for than sympathy and unison. To return to our Dutch friends. How it may be with them elsewhere, in Java for instance, I know not; here, on the Guiana coast, they have almost outdone the French in assimilative results; a problem of which the solution must be sought, partly in history, partly in actual observation. Our best opportunity for the latter will be when visiting the country districts farther up the river, among the estates.

Meanwhile let us linger yet a little in Paramaribo itself; and here among the European townsmen, their visitor will find everywhere, so he be one that deserves to find, a pleasant uniformity of unostentatious but cordial welcome, of liberal entertainment, of thoughtful and rational hospitality, attentive to the physical, and not neglectful of the mental requirements of the guest; whatever, in a word, he would meet with, though under a different aspect, on the shores of the Yssel or the Waal. Indeed he might even have some difficulty in remembering, when endeavouring to recall to mind the events of his stay in the Surinam capital, at which citizen's house in particular he passed that pleasant evening, at whose table he shared that copious meal, breakfast, dinner, or supper; where it was that he admired the fine old china and massive plate; under which roof the hostess smiled most courteously, the host conversed with most good-nature and good sense. After all, "*si vis ut redamoris, ama*" holds good in every age and land; and if the Dutch colonists and Creoles of Surinam are universally popular, it is because they have been at the pains of earning popularity, which, like other good things, has its price, and is worth it too.

Much the same, proportion and circumstances taken into account, may be said of the black Creoles of Dutch Guiana. The evils and degradation inseparable from slavery were not, it is true, wanting here, but in spite of these unfavourable antecedents the Surinam negro has amply proved by his conduct, both before and during

emancipation, that he had learnt from his white masters lessons of steadiness, of order, of self-respect, of quiet industry, of kindness even, not indeed alien from his own native character, but too often unpractised elsewhere. And thus the ex-slave has, with a rapidity of change to which, I believe, no parallel can be found in the history of any other West Indian colony, blended into national, and even, within certain limits, into social unison with his masters; a unison so little impaired by the inevitable, however involuntary rivalry consequent on differences, some artificial indeed but some immanent, of caste and race, as to afford the best hopes for the future of the entire colony. It is remarkable that even the terrible servile wars, which lasted with hardly an interruption for sixty 'entire years, that is from 1715 to 1775, and not only checked the prosperity, but even more than once menaced the very existence of the colony, should have passed and left behind them no trace, however slight, of hostile feeling or memory among the negro population, whether slave or free; that no outbreak, like those of Jamaica, Ste. Croix, and so many other neighbouring colonies, here followed or anticipated emancipation, though delayed in Surinam till 1863; and more remarkable yet, that no discontent interfered with the compulsory though paid labour of the ten years following. Slavery quietly faded into apprenticeship, apprenticeship into freedom; and in a land where riot and revolt would have a better chance than anywhere else of success, that chance was never embodied in act. Facts like these speak certainly well for the Creole blacks, but if attentively considered, they speak even better in favour of their white masters. Our present business is, however, not with these last, but with the negro Creoles, as they show themselves in the capital, where they muster five or six to one among the entire population. Cheerful contentment is the prevailing expression of every dusky face, whether turned towards you in friendly morning greeting as the busy swarm presses on talking, laughing, jesting, along the highways to the market and quay; or in the afternoon gatherings on the parade-ground, under the avenues, and alongside of the river banks. You watch, and soon cease to wonder that the official statistics of Paramaribo, while enumerating and classifying its twenty-two thousand inhabitants, make no distinctive headings of colour or race. I wish many another West Indian town could with equal good reason permit themselves a like omission.

Glossy, however, as the surface may be, there is a wrong side of the stuff; and to this we must now turn our attention. Though a comfortable and, so far at least as the majority of its indwellers are concerned, a contented town, Paramaribo cannot, if compared, say with Georgetown or Bridgetown, Kingston, or even Port d'Espagne, take rank as exactly prosperous or progressive. True, the streets of the Creole quarters of the city are constantly extending themselves;

there new rows of small neat dwellings, each with its gay garden and well-stocked provision ground, spring up year by year, but in the commercial and what may in a general way be termed the European quarter of the town, large half-empty stores, tall neglected-looking houses, a prevailing want of fresh repair, here deficient paint, there broken woodwork, besides a certain general air of listlessness verging on discouragement, and an evident insufficiency of occupation not from want of will but of means, all combine to give an appearance of stagnation suggestive of "better days" for the European colonists at least, in the past, and contrasting almost painfully with the more thriving back streets and suburbs beyond. If any of my readers have visited Italy in the sad bygone years when Italy was a geographical name only, and there compared, as they may well have done, the trim "Borghi" of Grand-Ducal Florence with her stately but dilapidated Lungarno; or have at Genoa seen the contrast of those times between the palatial loneliness of Strada Babbi and the pretty grove-embosomed villas of recent commercial date, they might, under all local differences of circumstance and colouring, recognise something not dissimilar in both the meaning implied and effect produced in this Transatlantic capital of Dutch Guiana.

The actual and immediate cause of decadence is a very common one, by no means peculiar to Paramaribo or Surinam: want of capital. Here, however, that want is, in a certain sense doubled by the circumstance that not only are the means of the colony itself insufficient to its needs, but that there is no satisfactory prospect of an adequate supply from without. It is, I might almost say, the condition of a man indigent at home, and friendless out of doors. The home poverty is readily accounted for. It began with invasions, resistances, foreign occupations, treaty-embarrassments, and the other war-begotten ills of the troublous years that closed the last and opened the present century. Followed next the evil days already alluded to, evil for Transatlantic colonies everywhere; and, in consequence of the hostilities of 1833 between France and Holland, doubly evil for Surinam. Then came emancipation, long and unwisely deferred till financial exhaustion had reached its lowest depths; and with all these the appalling conflagration of 1821, followed by one scarce less destructive in 1832; commercial difficulties of every kind; the fatal yellow-fever epidemic of 1851; in a word, a whole Pandora's box of adversities opened for Dutch Guiana in a scarce less disastrous profusion than for Jamaica herself. And thus, to revert to the more special topic of this chapter, Paramaribo was brought low indeed, almost to the very gates of death; and her condition, as we this day see her, is that of a patient recovering from a long and dangerous illness, and weak, not indeed with the weakness of actual disease, but the weakness of convalescence.

Nor is that convalescence likely to be a rapid one. With Jamaica, we know, it has been otherwise; but then Jamaica is the child of a parent alike vigorous and wealthy, able to chastise, able also to assist. Not so with Dutch Guiana. In more than one respect the good-will of Holland exceeds her power; and her comparatively recent severance from Belgium, a political gain, was yet a financial loss. Besides, Java is a more popular name by far in the home mart of Dutch enterprise than Surinam; and the Eastern colony is indisputably the more attractive, the larger, the wealthier, and, more I believe owing to external and accidental circumstances than to its own intrinsic qualities, as contrasted with those of its rival, proportionally the more remunerative of the two. Hence, while the invigorating cordial, to continue our former metaphor, or rather the true and certain panacea for the patient's lingering ills, is poured out freely in the direction of the Pacific, a feeble and interrupted dribble is all that finds its way to the Atlantic coast. Nor again can the annual subsidy with which for years past the maternal Government of the States has striven to uphold and still upholds the drooping vigour of her Western offspring be regarded as a remedy adapted for the case; it is at best a palliative, nor, I think,—and in this the wisest heads of the colony agree,—one conducive to genuine recovery and health. State support after this fashion tends rather in its results to cramp the energies of the recipient than to develop them; it has something of the prop in it, but more of the fetter. Compare, for example, the French colonies, where it is most lavishly bestowed, with the English, where the opposite and almost niggardly extreme is the rule; the conclusion is self-apparent, and the corollary too. Periodical subsidy in particular is an error, less injurious it may be than the opposite conduct of Denmark, exacting for herself a yearly tribute from her overtaxed and exhausted colonies, but an error nevertheless; it is the injudicious conduct of an over-indulgent parent, as the other is that of a step-mother at best. Private enterprise, private capital, these are what Surinam requires; and, on the part of the mother country, not a supplement to her coffers, but a guarantee. Lastly, emancipation and its immediate and inevitable consequences, the multiplication of small freeholds, both of them events of yesterday in Surinam, have not yet allowed time for the balance of hired and independent labour to redress itself; nor has the increase of Creole well-being yet reacted, as react it ultimately must, in a corresponding increase of prosperity among the European townsmen and estate owners themselves. The present moment is one of transition; and transition implies that something has been left behind, a temporary loss even where more has been attained, or is in process of attainment.

W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

(To be continued.)

THE POST-OFFICE TELEGRAPHS AND THEIR FINANCIAL RESULTS.

THERE is no need to describe the course of events which led, in February, 1870, to the actual transfer of the telegraphs to the postal department, and to their reorganization and extension, at the cost of the public. The public are practically aware of the fact that they have, in every money-order office, a conveniently situated telegraph office, whence they may, at the cost of a shilling, send a message to any town or almost any village in the United Kingdom. The messages appear to be generally delivered with speed and regularity, and most people are satisfied, so far as I can gather.

Under the fostering care of a government department, the traffic has indeed grown enormously, the number of ordinary messages sent in a year being now about 20,000,000, instead of 6,000,000, as it was just before the transfer. The intelligence transmitted for the newspaper press has been multiplied more than a hundredfold, from 2,000,000 to 22,000,000 of words. According to a statement which went the round of the newspapers, the number of offices has been increased from about 2,000 to little short of 5,600. The telegraph lines now extend over 24,000 miles, with 108,000 miles of wire, compared with 5,600 miles of line, with 49,000 miles of wire, and the average price of a telegram has been reduced from 2*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* The number of telegraphic instruments has been increased, it is said, in the extraordinary proportion of 11,600 worked by the Post-Office, against 1,900 possessed by all the companies. I do not know who first put afloat these numbers, but I find from Mr. Scudamore's official report (p. 73) that in reality the telegraph companies had, in 1865, 16,066½ miles of line, 77,440½ miles of wire, and, in 1863, 6,196 instruments, numbers which compare very differently with those of the Post-Office.

Nevertheless, it will be agreed that the practical working of the department is now satisfactory, and but for the statements of certain gentlemen recently commissioned by the Treasury to report upon its financial position, it might have seemed that the results of the transfer afforded matter only for congratulation. This report, however, shows that the working expenses of the department have steadily advanced, until they form 96⅔ per cent. of the income, leaving scarcely anything to pay the interest on the large sum of about £10,000,000 sterling sunk in the system, or to meet contingent expenses and liabilities. When we observe the steady way in which the working

expenses have advanced in proportion, being rather more than 57 per cent. in the fourteen months ending 31st March, 1871, 78½ per cent. in 1871-2, 89½ in 1872-3, and 91½ per cent. in 1873-4, it becomes impossible to hope that the telegraphs will ever pay their real expenses under the present tariff and regulations.

I have no hesitation in saying that in a financial point of view the purchase of the telegraphs has been a blunder, and that it was brought before parliament and the country upon representations which have proved in many particulars contrary to fact. I need hardly say that the capital cost of the present telegraphs has been at least four times what was estimated. In his first report (p. 37), Mr. Scudamore distinctly and confidently asserted that the whole of the property and rights of every description of the companies might be purchased for a sum within £2,400,000. Between two and three times as much has been paid, and there are yet contingent claims of unknown amounts to be met. This discrepancy, however, is nothing to that regarding the cost of reorganizing the system. Mr. Scudamore estimated the cost of all the required extensions at £100,000, and, though this sum seemed absurdly small, he elaborately explained before the Select Committee (Q. 1922) that it would be ample to cover the whole cost of the transfer and extensions. We now know, not exactly what the real cost has been, but that it may be roundly stated at several millions, instead of £100,000. In a paper on the subject of the telegraphs, read to the Statistical Society of Manchester, in April, 1867, I estimated the cost of the transfer and reorganization of the telegraph system, apart from the purchase money, at £2,500,000; and thus, without pretending to any special knowledge on the subject, I was at least twenty-five times more correct than the government officer charged with the business.

We were promised a net annual revenue of from £200,000 to £360,000, and were told that we might rely upon this "with almost entire certainty" (Q. 1900¹), even with the moderate traffic of 11,000,000 telegrams. At the same time it was plausibly asserted that, as the business increased, the expenses would increase in a much lower ratio (Q. 1867, 2441). I have calculated that, in order to verify Mr. Scudamore's predictions, we ought now to have a *net* revenue from the telegraphs of £600,000, instead of such a trifle as £36,725 in the year ending 31st March, 1875. When we inquire into the particulars of the present great expenditure, like inconsistency between predictions and results is met with. It was not unreasonable to expect that the one centralized staff of officers and engineers required by the Post-Office would be less numerous and costly than the aggregate of the four or more separate staffs main-

(1) These numbers refer to the questions in the evidence taken before the Select Committee on the Electric Telegraphs Bill, 1868.

tained by the companies. Accordingly, Mr. Scudamore asserted over and over again that this would be the case. He says (Report, p. 38), "In their case the average expense is swelled by the costs of a divided management, by the rent of many separate establishments, by the maintenance of a staff of engineers, inspectors, and superior officers for each of four companies, whereas one such staff would suffice under a united management." Similar statements were made in various stages of his examination before the Select Committee (Q. 2152, &c.), and we were even told that, in the higher grade of clerks, the rates of salary under the Post-Office would be lower than in the companies (Q. Q. 3296—3298). Compare such statements with those in p. 8 of the Treasury Commissioners' Report, where we are informed, "That the salaries of all the officials of the telegraph companies were very largely raised after their entry into the Government service," and that, in fact, "much higher rates are paid by Government for the subordinate work of the Civil Service than are given by private employers for similar duties." Nor does the amalgamation seem to have effected any economy at all: for we are told, on the same authority, "That the staff at present employed for the supervision of the Consolidated Service in the secretary's office, the engineer-in-chief's office, the divisional engineer's offices, and the account branch is comparatively greatly in excess of that considered necessary under the divided management of the telegraph companies." In regard to the account branch, I may point to Mr. Scudamore's assertion (Q. 2438), that the previously existing staff of the Post-Office could, with a trifling additional expense of £1,000 a year or so, undertake all the accounts of the telegraphs. After calculating that the companies must spend at least £12,000 a year on accounts, he says, "I will undertake to say, without the slightest fear, that the accounts will not cost us £1000 in addition to what we already spend for accounts." Again, he says emphatically, "£1000, I am confident, is an extremely liberal estimate for that." Now we are told on the best authority that the staff of the account branch of the telegraph department is in excess comparatively of that of the aggregate of the old companies, that is, I presume, in excess *comparatively* to the traffic conducted.

It ought not to be forgotten that throughout the preliminary reports and the proceedings before the Select Committee, it was distinctly stated and promised that the Post-Office would not require or even desire a statutory monopoly of telegraphic business. Mr. Scudamore, in fact, said distinctly (Q. 294), "I never should wish for that protection." Nevertheless, no sooner had the business advanced a step than a clause prohibiting all competition in inland telegraphic business was at once inserted in the Act of Parliament.

Various pleas have been put forward in defence of the department,

the most plausible, perhaps, being the assertion that the results are exactly comparable to those of the Post-Office after the penny postal reform. Nothing, however, can be more opposed to facts. It is true that the great reduction of postal charges caused a loss of net revenue of £1,159,000, and that twenty-four years elapsed before the same net revenue was again realised. This fact alone ought to be a caution to those who are so frequently and rashly asserting that low charges pay best. But there is this great difference between the postal and telegraph reforms, that the postal net revenue was never less than half a million, and, still more, that it immediately began to recover, so that by the year 1847, it had nearly reached a million. To put this matter in the clearest light, I have compared the net revenue of the Telegraph Department, with that of the Post-Office, during corresponding years before and after the penny postal reform. The results are in the following table:—

		Net Revenue or Profit.	
		Post Office.	Telegraphs.
First year before reform	.	£1,659,087	—
First year after	„	500,789	£303,456
Second	„	561,249	159,834
Third	„	600,641	103,120
Fourth	„	640,217	90,033
Fifth	„	719,957	36,725

There cannot be a greater contrast than between the rapid progress of the postal net revenue and the alarming decrease in the telegraph net revenue. This comparison entirely bears out the statement of the Treasury Commissioners that “The Telegraph Branch is not in the position of the Postal Department, after the introduction of the Penny Postage.” It reminds one, too, of the remark of Adam Smith, that the Post-Office was the only kind of business that Government had always managed with success.

The explanation of this difference, I believe, is that which I gave in my paper, published by the Manchester Statistical Society, on the Analogy between the Post-Office, Telegraph, and other means of Communication, namely, that the Post-Office stands in an entirely unique position as regards the great increase in traffic which can be carried on with a small increase of cost. Sir Rowland Hill's reform was sound and successful, because he really did show that an immensely increased business could be done at a uniform charge of one penny. A postman, to put the principle as briefly as possible, can carry a hundred letters as easily as one, and a ton of mail-bags can be transmitted by railway almost as easily as a single bag. But it is totally the reverse with the telegraphs, in which each message has to be individually received by a clerk, transmitted, retransmitted, written out, and finally delivered by a special messenger. In this

case every increase of traffic involves an increase of expense in nearly the same ratio as regards many items.

From the fallacy of imagining that we can do with the telegraphs or railways just what we have done with the Post Office, has arisen all this miscalculation. Whatever we may think of the bargains which the postal authorities made with the telegraph companies, or of the manner in which they expended the Savings' Bank money without authority, they doubtless believed that all would be justified when they could show a large net revenue. Mr. Scudamore stated his opinion to the Select Committee that (Q. 2252) "the estimated net revenue will cover any capital that can possibly be wanted." I can well remember, too, that the newspaper press generally urged him on to a vigorous and fearless policy, on the ground that the telegraphs would be sure to pay if they were only brought to every man's door, and the charges made low enough.

It is curious to reflect what would have been the consequence, if, as many people wished, a uniform sixpenny rate had been adopted instead of a shilling rate. Some of the Select Committee seemed to be in favour of such a rate, and Mr. Scudamore almost committed himself to it, saying (Q. 2105), "I am very much of opinion that a sixpenny rate will eventually pay very well," and (Q. 2508, see also QQ. 2541—2546) "I should be very much surprised if we did not come to a sixpenny rate in a few years." One member of the Select Committee actually argued that the telegraphs would produce a larger net revenue at sixpence than at a shilling, on the ground that daily newspapers paid better now at a penny than formerly at sixpence. He appears to have entirely overlooked the fact that newspapers look somewhat to the revenue from advertisements, and that in many cases they would continue to pay handsomely if the printed sheets were given away.

The blunders into which so many have fallen about low telegraphic charges are the less excusable, because there was abundant evidence to show what would be the results. The United Kingdom Telegraph Company had introduced a uniform shilling rate between all the principal large towns, which give the most remunerative traffic, and had found it impossible to make a fair profit. The London District Company had tried sixpenny and fourpenny rates, and could not pay their working expenses. Mr. Grimston, the Chairman of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, wrote a review of the scheme of Messrs. Chadwick and Scudamore, in which he showed various strong reasons for believing that it could not pay. Subsequently, in a very able pamphlet, entitled "Government and the Telegraphs, a Statement of the Case of the Electric and International Telegraph Company," he stated these arguments at greater length, and showed what seem to me conclusive reasons for believing

that, in the State Telegraphs of Belgium and Switzerland, low charges had never really paid the working expenses, the international telegrams at a higher charge being the real source of profit. These warnings were well known to Mr. Scudamore, to the Select Committee, and to all concerned in the business, and Mr. Scudamore attempted to show their groundlessness. Yet they have been verified. I ought to add that one member of the Select Committee, namely, Mr. Goschen, appeared to be fully aware of the real financial characteristics of the scheme brought before them; he evidently foresaw the results of the negotiations, and was in a minority of one in protesting against some of the principal resolutions of the Committee.

I come now to inquire what must be done under the circumstances. I regret to observe a great tendency in the public and the newspaper press to treat the matter lightly, on the ground that a quarter of a million is nothing to the English Government, and that we get the value back in convenience. Assuming, for the present, that the loss is only a quarter of a million, which I much doubt, I may observe that the money might be spent better than in paying for needless telegrams. Spent, for instance, upon scientific investigation, and the higher education of the people, it would return results incomparably more important, and would place this country at the head of the civilisation and intelligence of the world. But whether or not money should be spent in other ways, I hold that it is bad in principle to incur a loss upon work which can be so readily made to pay its own expenses. If the country thinks little of a quarter of a million annually, it is because its finances have been regulated on sound principles, and our position would have been very different had we many affairs on hand like that of the Telegraph Department.

Many would be quite ready to argue, with Mr. Edwin Chadwick, that there is really no loss at all, because every one who sends a telegram probably saves more in time and convenience than the cost of the message. But if this be so, then I ask, Why should other people be taxed to pay for this profit and convenience? If it is so great an advantage to be able to send a message at any moment, why cannot the sender pay the real working expenses of the work, just as we pay the full cost of loaves and legs of mutton? We must pay ultimately in one way or another, and I see no particular reason why we should be taxed to promote the sending of messages, rather than a hundred other useful things. No doubt many of the telegrams produce great profit to the senders; then why should they not pay a small part of the profit to cover the expenses? On the other hand, a large part of the increased traffic on the Government wires consists of complimentary messages, or other trifling matters, which we can have no sufficient motive for promoting. Men have been known to

telegraph for a clean pocket-handkerchief. I may even venture to doubt whether the immense quantity of press telegrams now sent through the wires at a great loss to the department, is really requisite. This traffic is a hundred times as great as it was eight or ten years ago, and, of course, if one newspaper largely employs the telegraph, others must do so in self-defence. But would not much of the matter be just as useful if sent by post? Whether this be so or not, others must decide, but I entirely object on principle to the Government subsidizing the newspaper press, as it practically does at present. The ruinously low press tariff was one of the worst features of the Post-Office scheme.

The question still remains, What is to be done? Many people will deprecate any retrograde movement, as it is called, on the ground that all will come right of itself. But the public should disabuse themselves of this notion. The Treasury Commissioners, after a full inquiry, say, "The conclusion from these figures cannot be avoided, that, unless some check is put on the expenditure, or some means devised for augmenting the receipts, the management of the telegraphs will become a permanent charge on the finances of the country" (p. 11). My own opinion is, that the telegraphs ought to be not merely paying the bare interest on the debt, but laying up a sinking fund for the redemption of that debt, or for meeting increased cost of maintenance. A very large sum of money has been spent by the Post-Office during the last seven years on new posts and wires, which require renewing every fifteen years, on an average, so that this cost must be re-incurred after eight years more. Is the Post-Office providing for this cost out of present revenue, or is it leaving the matter till the evil time comes? Remembering that, according to the Treasury Commissioners, even the stationery required by the Telegraph Branch was under-estimated, year after year, to the extent of one half, it would require a great deal to convince me that the department is even paying its expenses, not to speak of contingent charges in the way of pensions, the railway claims, extraordinary damage from snowstorms, and the ultimate redemption of capital. Mr. Scudamore formerly thought it desirable, and probable, that the telegraph revenue would repay the capital cost in a term of years (Report, p. 148). My own impression is that, if we could have a real commercial audit of the accounts of the department, the present loss would be found to be more nearly half a million than a quarter of a million annually, including the interest on capital.

Some people, I feel sure, will urge the Government to reduce the tariff yet further. "Not pay at a shilling?" they will say; "then charge sixpence, and there will soon be traffic enough to pay." I quite agree that, at half the present charge, we should have a vast

increase of messages; and I think it likely that the department would have to provide for fifty millions of messages a year instead of twenty millions. But if we could at all judge of the future progress of the working expenses by their past progress, the financial result of a sixpenny rate would be to give us a deficiency of a million and a quarter, instead of a quarter of a million. In all probability the deficiency would be not less than a million pounds annually.

According to the experience of the Electric and International Company, indeed, a double business (increased by 105 per cent.) was transacted, with an addition to the working expenses of only 33 per cent., and Mr. Scudamore assumed that, the same would be the case in the Government service. "As a matter of course," he said (Q. 1888), "the average cost of a message decreases with the increasing number." This unfortunately has not proved true with Government officials, for an increase of traffic of 81 per cent., between 1871 and 1874, involved an advance in the current working expenses, apart from the expenditure of capital, of 110 per cent. Under such circumstances, the department might as reasonably expect to retrieve their position by lowering the charges, as a tradesman might expect to make money by selling cheaper than he buys. The case will appear all the more hopeless when we consider that the working expenses have advanced even since the introduction of the wonderful invention of duplex telegraphy, by which the carrying power of many of the wires has been doubled at a stroke, with very little cost.

The Treasury Commission make several suggestions as to the mode in which the revenue of the department could be raised to an adequate point. The inclusion of addresses in the twenty words, a tariff of 6*d.* for ten words, and a tariff of 1*d.* per word, are successively suggested. Of these the third seems to me oppressively and needlessly high; the second would probably cause more loss than gain, and still more hopelessly damage the revenue of the department. The first is surely the true course. It is found that at present the address of the sender consists on the average of four words, whereas two or three would be sufficient. The address of the receiver occupies on the average eight words. No less than fourteen words are required for the private service instructions of the operators, and with seventeen, the average number of words in a message, the total number of words transmitted for each shilling, on an average, is forty-three. At present a person having very little to say is tempted to word his message fully, and fill it out, so as to make nearly twenty words, the charge being no greater. If the addresses were included in the twenty words, they would be abbreviated say to nine or ten words in all, leaving ten or eleven words for the message. This number of words would be sufficient for a considerable propor-

tion of telegrams, when properly condensed, and the needless filling out would be checked for the most part. The average number of words transmitted for each shilling message would probably be reduced by ten words, or nearly twenty-five per cent., and the cost of transmission thus in some degree lessened. At the same time the surcharge upon longer messages, whether charged at the rate of 3*d.* for five extra words, as at present, or $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per extra word, as I should propose, would produce a distinct addition to the receipts. It is quite doubtful, however, whether these changes would make a good balance-sheet without a considerable addition to the newspaper tariff.

It has been quite recently stated that the Post-Office department is disposed to adopt the suggestion of a sixpenny rate for short messages. On the whole it might be desirable to try the experiment for the purpose of convincing the public, once for all, that high profits do not always attend low prices. Nothing but a complete breakdown will make people discriminate between the financial conditions of letter-carrying and those of telegraphy. Yet it ought to be pretty obvious that a considerable part of the cost of a telegram will be nearly the same whether the message be long or short. The clerk's time in receiving the message, the service instructions sent by wire, the cost of stationery, the porter's time in delivering the message, and some other items, will be much the same in any case. If, then, the public pay only sixpence instead of one shilling for each ordinary message, it is exceedingly unlikely that the difference will be saved in the diminished cost of transmitting twenty-five per cent. less words.

In the letter branch of the Post Office the economical conditions of the work are entirely different. A large part of the expenses of the department remains nearly unchanged while the traffic increases, and only a small part is actually proportional to the number of letters carried. Thus a reduction of charges in the Post-Office often leads to such an increase of traffic that the net revenue, even at the lessened rate, is ultimately increased. But this happy result can only be achieved in the absence of any serious increase of working expenses. Now in the telegraph branch a growth of traffic, as we have seen and as experience proves, leads to a great increase of working expenses, and it follows almost inevitably that any reduction of the minimum charge for a message will cause a further deficit in the telegraph accounts.

The financial failure of the telegraph department must be deeply regretted, because it puts an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of any further extension of Government industry in the present generation. The proposal that the Government should purchase the whole railways of the kingdom was, indeed, never a practicable or

even a sensible one, as I have endeavoured to show in a paper published in the Owens College Essays. The notion that an experienced official could be appointed to negotiate the purchase of the railway property, and then reorganize it in the style of the telegraph department, is simply humorous. But to one who has looked through the documents respecting this telegraph business, the conviction must come home that such an operation can hardly be repeated, even on a small scale. When we remember how profits running for ten years only were bought at twenty years' purchase; how the owners of a rotten cable, since relaid, received more than the whole money they had spent upon it; and how the extension of the telegraph lines, when purchased, cost considerably more than the whole of what had previously been spent by the companies on the invention and introduction of the system, we must see that a series of disastrous precedents has been established.

One of the greatest needs of the country at present is a Government system of parcel conveyance, which would relieve the post-office of the larger books and other unremunerative heavy traffic, and at the same time organize into one system the great number of carrying companies, parcel delivery companies, and country carriers which now exist. At present the waste of power in the delivery of parcels at consumers' houses is extremely and absurdly great, and the charges made are in many cases exorbitantly high. A well organized system of parcel posts would produce benefits quite comparable with those of the penny postal reform, and would immensely improve the methods now employed in retail trade, and the distribution of goods to consumers. But if we must first buy up the rights and profits of all at present engaged in the conveyance of parcels, in the style of the telegraph purchase, the scheme becomes impracticable.

The accounts of the telegraph department unfortunately demonstrate what was before to be feared, namely, that a Government department cannot compete in economy with an ordinary commercial firm subject to competition. The work done is indeed great, and fairly accomplished on the whole, and some people regard the achievements of the department as marvellous. They forget, however, that it has been accomplished by the lavish and almost unlimited expenditure of the national money, and that many wonders might be done in the same way. If the English people like to spend their public revenue upon cheap telegrams, of course they can do so, though there may be two opinions about the wisdom of the expenditure. But in any case, it is not wise for us to forget the extreme discrepancies between what was promised and what has been achieved by the telegraph department.

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

THE VALUE OF POLITICAL MACHINERY.

ARE we to infer that the whole act of constitution-making is simply futile? The spirit, shall we say? is everything; the framework nothing. Alter men's thoughts and passions, or change the social organization, and you alter their political condition. Change the superficial arrangements and you necessarily lose your labour. All your ballot-boxes, your systems for minority votes or personal representatives, your extension of suffrage, and your judicious partitions of power between different bodies and officials, are so much waste paper. It is tempting to lay down such a principle, for it would save a great deal of trouble; and men with a deep sense of existing evils, and of the necessity of changes far deeper than any politician can reach, may be pardoned for jumping at the conclusion.

"If of ten men nine are recognisable as fools, which is a common calculation," says Mr. Carlyle, "how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men? Never by any conceivable ballot-box, nor by all the machinery in Bromwicham or out of it, will you attain such a result. Not by any method under heaven, except by suppressing and in some good way reducing to zero nine of those votes, can wisdom ever issue from your ten."

I think that Mr. Carlyle is not far wrong as to the ballot-box specific. That bit of machinery will not regenerate mankind. Something more is wanted; though what that something may be is a question which cannot be answered off-hand.

Meanwhile, however, we may grant that the answer is at least too sweeping. It would be absurd to say that no change of machinery can be of any importance, unless we attach a very narrow meaning to the word machinery. Some constitutional changes have been important, if anything has ever been of importance. The emancipation of slaves, the abolition of class privileges, the overthrow of an established government, seem in one sense to be mere changes of machinery; and yet we all admit that such events have profoundly altered the character of nations. The disposition to undervalue the importance of such changes explains the apparently fruitless character of much eloquent denunciation. A philanthropist proposes to abolish slavery. What is the good, it is asked, of altering the mere external relation? Black Quashee is a slave by virtue of his ignorance and helplessness, not because he is bound to one master for life. Make him independent in soul and you extirpate the very root of the evil. Simply shake off his fetters, and you merely hand him over to a worse master than his old one, his own indolence and

sensuality. If such teaching be sound, it would seem to follow that all political reforms are necessarily futile. The philanthropist is informed that the world is in a very bad way, but that no definite measure which he can propose will ever make it better. If you cannot tell us what precisely is to be done, is the natural retort, might you not as well abandon your sterile denunciations? You exhort us to go to the root of matter, and you add that every conceivable remedy is superficial. Mere mechanism, let us grant, is useless; but then we must add that the separation between the form and the substance, between the mechanism and the impelling forces, is not so applicable as it may appear to be at first sight. The change in the mechanism has a moral and intellectual influence. It is not in politics as in mechanics. By rearranging the strings and pulleys we do react upon the forces which set them at work. By giving slaves the rights of freemen we encourage them to fit themselves for their new privileges; and the most effectual kind of preaching is the preaching by actual measures. It becomes necessary, then, to attempt a more accurate statement of the distinction in order to discover some test by which the true character of a proposed change may be estimated. How are we to know whether it is to be rejected as merely mechanical or recognised as having claims to true remedial efficacy?

It would perhaps be better to discard the metaphor of machinery for the closer one of an animated organism. The mechanism with which we deal is not mere dead matter, but a living organ; we propose to modify a vital function, not simply to substitute one set of wheels for another. The difference between the true reformer and the mere constitution-monger is, on this showing, analogous to the difference between the doctor whose measures are based on a sound physiological knowledge and the mere ignorant quack. The true physician knows the limits of his power. He is aware that he cannot create a constitution or make a perforated lung do the work of a sound one. He can only place the body under the most favourable conditions, remove obstructions or morbid growths, and in short co-operate with nature. The quack maintains that by some hocus-pocus, he can produce a magical effect, and not only modify the functions but reconstruct the organs by his mysterious drug. The political quack, in the same way, is the man who altogether misunderstands the limits of his art, and promises that his pills and potions will not only promote some natural function but alter the very constitution of his credulous patient. To understand distinctly what are these limits, to know what legislation can do, and what, in the very nature of things, it is impossible that it ever should do, is the most important of political studies. Disregard of these conditions, always common, was naturally pushed to extremes in the

dawn of the revolutionary period, at a time of exaggerated hopes and fears. Every reformer fancied that he could recast society from its foundations, and shuffle the political elements into a new symmetry as men shuffle a pack of cards. And the philosophical line of answer is sufficiently indicated by Burke. Whatever his errors of judgment in detail, he laid down the true basis of a scientific theory. The doctrine of which he was the ablest exponent, is in fact implied as a first principle of the historic method. The more we apply the scientific spirit to the investigation of social problems, the more we are struck with the essential continuity of history and the impossibility of introducing spasmodic changes. The most trivial customs are found to be rooted in the conditions of primitive society. We cannot understand a single institution without tracing it backwards through generations. Earlier historians believed, like the early geologists, in catastrophes which obliterated the whole preceding order. The more such revolutions are studied, the more distinctly the limits of their influence appear. Names have been changed more often than things. Even in the society which has been most thoroughly revolutionized, the whole social framework in all its main outlines has remained unshaken by the superficial agitation.

The same considerations, however, if fatal to mere visionary schemes, show the directions in which change may be permanent and important. The growth of co-operative societies, for example, showed a capacity for various prudential habits amongst artisans, which might have long run to waste if the means of turning them to account had not been introduced. Some of the advocates of co-operation have based chimerical expectations upon such schemes. They fancied that to show a man a convenient mode of saving might create prudence by a kind of magical influence. They imagined that all quarrels between rich and poor might be ended, by enabling the more prudent poor to become rather rich. They were doomed to the disappointment of finding that the old selfishness would naturally break out in a new direction. But, after reducing such extravagant expectations, it may be fully admitted that the preachers* of co-operation may render an inestimable service by providing a channel for forces which had been running to waste, and by the moral influence of striking examples of the value of self-help. This suggests another mode in which a change stigmatised as merely mechanical, may yet be of immense value. The phrase about recognising a first principle is often turned to very bad account. Recognising a principle often comes to mean disregarding the facts. Things, it is thought, can be changed by changing their names. Men can be made to possess certain qualities by legislating as though they possessed them. The lowest classes may be ignorant, stupid, and vicious, but, by recognising the principle

of human equality, every one of them will become as good a politician as the most accomplished philosopher. But though the doctrine may be used in an extravagant sense, we must agree that here too there is a certain core of sound meaning. The dogma about the natural equality of mind becomes little better than stark nonsense when made into a logical formula. But easy as it may be to blow the popular rhetoric to fragments, it is equally true that the proclamation of such doctrines, and their embodiment in practice, did in fact rouse the self-respect of the poor and the sympathy of generous minds. If men were not made equal by being called equal, the masses of men were encouraged in the great virtue of self-respect, and taught to feel their own value in the general social scheme. If the dogma was but half true, it had at least the power to stay the ancient lie that men were made for their rulers. The mere preaching would have been futile if it had not embodied itself in definite demands. The expectations founded upon them might be exaggerated; they might lead to lamentable violence and many scandals; but yet, for good or evil, they were most potent stimulants towards the development of modern society.

We must admit, then, that society is a complex structure, which must be slowly developed instead of spasmodically transformed, and in which no change can be permanently useful which does not recognise the focus of cohesion, by which its constituent elements are bound together. There are organic laws which cannot be instantaneously modified by legislation, and which we can only neglect at our peril. But, if these laws be recognised, we also admit that a reform is useful either as it implies the expulsion of dead tissue from the frame or as facilitating development of new organs when the necessary vital forces are already in existence, and, finally, as one mode, and perhaps the most effective mode, of stimulating the growth of a new order of ideas. When a theorist, impatient of any remedy less efficient than a thorough-going regeneration of the moral or intellectual condition of mankind at large, declares that a proposed reform is purely superficial and mechanical, we may sometimes find that he is casting aside the necessary means in his impatience to reach the end, and despising unphilosophically enough the slow and tentative processes, the alternation of preaching and practice, by which society must gradually feel its way to some order superior to the present. On the other hand, a simple comparison of the end proposed with the nature of the means suggested will frequently be a convincing proof of the presence of political quackery.

The most familiar instances are to be found in the various changes proposed in the distribution of the franchise or the modes in which it is to be exercised. Believers in the millennium, and believers in

the speedy advent of chaos and old night, have been equally extravagant in their anticipations. Our reform bills, says one party, have opened the floodgates of democracy: we are shooting Niagara, and plunging into the bottomless gulph. No, says the other, we are now ready to abolish all class legislation, and raise the poor man to the level of the rich. Enfranchise the ten-pound householder, said our fathers, and

Truth and justice then
Will down return to men
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down-steering,
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But "Wisest Fate," as the poet sensibly adds, "says no, this must not yet be so:" and indeed it will probably not be so for some time to come. Every generation fancies for the moment that it is omnipotent, and can break at its pleasure the eternal chain which binds it inevitably to the past. When we dispel the illusion for a moment, and try to read the history of our time as it will be read a thousand years hence, we can but smile at the simplicity both of pessimists and optimists. The future historian will not contemplate the passage of this or that Act of Parliament as the catastrophe which swept away all previous landmarks and introduced mankind to a virgin earth ready to be remoulded at their pleasure. The causes which determine the advance of democracy lie infinitely deeper, and have been slowly developing themselves through countless generations. They are not at the mercy of Lord John Russell or Mr. Disraeli; nor will any sensible Canute, in spite of all flatterers in the press, imagine that he can make that tide retire at his bidding. The passage of a schedule is not an event of cosmical interest. The power of the upper classes in England does not really depend upon the adoption of this or that standard of voting. They are strong because rank is still worshipped by large classes; they are still stronger because money is worshipped by all classes, and with a worship which is not very obviously decaying; they are strong because they form a tacit league, wielding all the powers of rank and wealth and ancient prestige, and of a social organization of which they are the traditional chiefs, and are in the presence of classes numerous, it is true, but ignorant, helpless, disunited, and dependent at every turn upon the smooth working of the existing machinery; they are strong, not only from the positive hold which they may have upon the prejudices or principles of their countrymen, but also because there is no consistent scheme of a new order ready to take the place of the old which has any hold upon the imaginations of the masses.

The poor man knows instinctively that if he could upset the present arrangements he would have to build them up again to-morrow, and he is therefore not anxious to bring seriously about a crash, unless at some moment of excitement when all feelings but the immediate discontent cease to make themselves heard. This, it may be said, is merely to preach fatalism, and to prove that no reform can do anything. Certainly it is to show that reformers are of less importance to the universe than they often fancy; which may, not impossibly, be a useful lesson. But it is also to indicate what are the real limits of their influence. The passage of a reform bill might be important so far as it was an incident in a great struggle for power between different classes. It might be an indication that a class hitherto excluded from power was about to exercise power directly for the future. Like other victories, it might produce both a moral and a strategical effect. It might alter the opinion entertained by the combatants of their own prowess and their opponents'; and it would place the victors in a position from which further conquests were easier. But, in both senses, the permanent result depends entirely upon the degree in which the change corresponds to a real change in the deeper social forces. The moral supremacy of the governing classes may have ceased to be at all equal to that which is implied in the political constitution. In that case the external change may be the occasion of a considerable transfer of power, and may stimulate the process of which it is a symptom. But, if the moral supremacy remains, the change will affect rather the mode in which power is exercised than its reality. The power which had its root in mere prestige or long tradition may be destroyed; that which was rooted in any more profound instincts will remain so long as the instincts are not themselves modified. In every case, therefore, the first and most generally neglected rule is, that we must look beyond the merely nominal change to see how far the proposed measure is connected with some process of social or moral development.

The most important of all political changes are generally taken to be those which imply a real transfer of power. It may not be so easy as it seems to make a slave into a freeman, or transform an inert mass of passive submission into an efficient political force. But the most trifling contributions to so great an end are of some importance. There is, however, another class of measures which seems to have a great attraction for some politicians. They appear at first sight to imply the belief that, without really altering the political forces, a great effect may be produced by altering the mode in which they act. Add another wheel to the machinery, have a system of indirect instead of direct election, substitute two chambers for one, vote by ballot-boxes instead of voting openly, and a political regeneration will be effected. This is the region of the true constitution-monger, and the futility of making men wise, or moral,

or obedient, or spirited by sleight-of-hand tricks has been illustrated by his incessant failures. Political corruption, for example, was to be checkmated by ballot-boxes. The plan of encouraging a man to do a duty honestly by freeing him from all responsibility was not, I think, a very promising one. Let us grant, however, that the measure might have its advantages as part of a system of police regulations. Here and there, let us assume, it might render certain crimes more difficult. That is a question for practical politicians. But when the measure was proposed as a potent engine for moral reform or for political progress, quackery was stamped upon it in the broadest characters by the disproportion between the disease to be cured and the remedy that was to cure it. Was it intended to alter the balance of power? The fact that the remedy could be obtained proved that it was superfluous. When victories could be won in open warfare, it was surely needless to put on masks. The possible adhesion of a few voters of weak courage or shaky morality could not permanently or seriously strengthen the party already predominant. Was it intended to raise the tone of public virtue? The evil to be met was the illegitimate power of money or social position; it was not even suggested that the ballot would tend to make men less servile, or avaricious, or cunning; and there is something almost touching in the simplicity which supposes that whilst such vices remain in full force they can be suppressed by any bit of clever machinery. It is not so easy to tie the devil's lands; stopping one hole in a sieve is apt to be a waste of labour. Or could it be supposed that to pass the ballot was to inculcate a great moral lesson? Could it be moral to legitimate a mode of evading responsibility of which any one of its advocates would be heartily ashamed to take advantage? But I don't know that any one ever suggested that the practice of secret voting could be in itself morally elevating, which is perhaps a sufficient reason for disbelieving that it could be politically admirable. The ballot is, I fancy, discredited with most serious thinkers as possessing any mysterious efficacy. Its effects, good or bad, are of the second order. Its adoption might be desirable, but it has not altered the character of the country or effected a marked redistribution of power; and nobody expects that it will do so. But I turn to schemes which have now greater vogue. Many exceedingly able men see in Mr. Mill's scheme or in some of its modifications a means of introducing a healthy element into politics. One conspicuous journal loses no opportunity of inculcating the excellence of such plans, and Mr. Hare recorded his belief that the principle marked a great political discovery. Without attempting to follow the arguments in detail, I will ask briefly how the principles already suggested bear upon the controversy. Are we entitled to move the previous question? to say at once that Mr. Hare's scheme, however ingenious, may be set aside under the

general principle that moral regeneration is not to be obtained by mechanical contrivances? Or at least may we say that, however useful in its place, the scheme belongs essentially to the rank of secondary measures? We may hold that on some occasions it would be highly convenient, without allowing that it will remedy the evils of modern democracy or change the course of political development.

In the first place, the scheme, as we are all agreed, does not propose to affect the general balance of political power. It is not a plan for enabling the lower class to wrest government from the hands of their superiors, nor to prevent them from acquiring small influence upon legislation. If the only question in politics were the question whether I should have my way or you should have yours, the discussion would be irrelevant. There is nothing in the scheme to prevent the numerical majority, if they so please, from forcing any legislation which pleases them upon the country. The purpose, as I understand it, of such schemes is to obviate what is supposed to be a great and growing evil, the gradual exclusion, namely, of important classes from any direct influence upon the government of the country. The House of Commons is practically the supreme body, and anything which tends to make it an inadequate representation of the intellect of the nation is a great evil. The advocates of Mr. Hare's scheme believe that it would powerfully counteract any tendency to such a lamentable result.

The principle involved is one which I accept as fully as Mr. Hare could wish. It is doubtless a matter of primary importance that the government of the country should be influenced by the opinion of all able and honest men; it is probably true to say that the political welfare of the country depends principally upon our securing that condition of good government. The question is whether it can be secured or materially affected by any system of voting. It must be remarked, however, that this principle seems to be identified in the minds of many of Mr. Hare's supporters with a very different, though superficially similar, principle. They certainly seem to me to talk as though the desired result would be attained if the Legislature was an accurate reproduction of every shade of opinion in the country. They seem to adopt a new version of Bentham's formula that every man is to count for one and nobody for more than one. If nine men out of every ten in England were for the Permissive Bill and one against it, then the Members of Parliament should be divided in precisely the same proportion. If this end could be secured, we should have secured all that was desirable, and the Millennium would approach. Against this argument I urge that this would be, on Mr. Carlyle's formula, to have a Parliament in which there would generally be nine fools to one man of sense. Such a Parliament would be apt to have a majority for foolish legislation.

However wisely the one might talk, he would be voted down by the nine. I think, too, that this doctrine, more or less consciously ascertained, is implied in a good deal of the ordinary reasoning upon the question. The ordinary assumption is that Parliament is to be a miniature reproduction of all shades of opinion in the country, wise and foolish, instructed and ignorant, instead of being in any sense a collection of the wisest and best and most educated. The scheme is often put forward (as I think that I could show) as though its merit were that it provided a kind of calculating machine which would count the number of adherents of every sect, and give each sect an influence proportioned to its numbers. But, whatever the intention of its supporters, the tendency of the scheme would be to sanction this theory. Mr. Hare lays great weight upon its efficacy in releasing constituents from the tyranny of minorities. The petty tradesmen in a borough would not be able, as at present, to exclude representatives of certain opinions unpalatable to their narrow minds. I am quite sensible of the evil, and will say at once that I am ready to believe that Mr. Hare's scheme may, under some conditions, provide the most convenient remedy. But I must add, first, that the evil would reappear in another form. The importance of national party-organizations would be increased under Mr. Hare's scheme. These party platforms would be devised so as to catch votes and avoid shocking prejudices. Obstinate minorities would still hamper legislation—which I take to be the most important function of Parliament—just as they do now, or in many cases could organize a factious opposition more completely, and therefore so as to get themselves bought off at a higher price. Another kind of subservience would be generated. If avowal of a sincere opinion did not operate so clearly as a disqualification, there would be an increased temptation to tout for the support of scattered cliques by avowing insincere opinions. Instead of a protective system for excluding eccentric opinions, there would be a system of bounties for the encouragement of belief in crotchets. And, secondly, which is more to my purpose, the tendency of Mr. Hare's scheme would be so far to diminish local influences. The effect would not be entirely beneficial. Constituents who are bound together by common membership of small local organizations, rank themselves naturally under the guidance of the ordinary leaders of the borough or district. Their influence upon the national organ of legislation is exerted through what Burke calls "the little platoon," or section to which each man belongs. So far as Mr. Hare's scheme operated, a voter would be part of a constituency formed merely *ad hoc*, and connected only by similarity of opinion. Now it is true enough that the local influences are often paltry and mean enough, but they are also in the main natural and healthy. To weaken them would not, in my opinion, be clearly an improvement in any way. But, without work-

ing out this consideration, the tendency of the scheme would be to destroy *pro tanto* one existing bond of political influence, and to encourage the rival doctrine that the nation is an aggregate of independent units, each of which should exercise an equal weight upon the Government. The practical lesson of the present system is that each man must work with his neighbours, and, so far as he is a voter, merge his influence upon the Government in theirs. There are advantages and disadvantages in this plan, as in its rival. But the general tendency of the other plan, so far as it is operative, would be to make each man an independent force, pulling the steering apparatus by a separate rope. In short, the system falls in with, if it does not naturally lead to, a doctrine of extreme "individualism."

I should, however, be unfair if I implied that Mr. Hare or his ablest followers contemplated the result which I attribute to their plan. I fully admit, at any rate, that the scheme is approved by people who would object to it as emphatically as I could do; and it is only with them that I wish to argue. Assuming, then, that the main object of the reformer is to prevent the exclusion from influence upon legislation of any legitimate body of opinion, let us inquire how far the means can be adequate to the end proposed. And, first of all, what is the real security which we possess for the influence of such opinions upon legislation? It is clear that the influence depends primarily upon conditions altogether outside of the representative system. Public opinion is a vague and incoherent term enough; and, if it is the mere sum of all the crude notions entertained by individuals, it is worthy of all the contempt which Mr. Carlyle could pour upon it. If, for example, we took the views of astronomy entertained by the mass of population, including the children educated in our admirable national schools and the recent converts to the doctrine of the earth's flatness, we might not improbably find a majority against the Copernican system. The ordinary belief is, I imagine, pretty much what it was before Galileo. But though the public does not understand astronomy, it has some sort of belief in astronomers. They have a way of being right about eclipses. If a body of managers of Greenwich Observatory were to be elected by the general public, it is possible that a tolerably competent body would be appointed, because the ignorant would take the word of the better educated. The question would be whether the hold of scientific men upon public opinion were strong enough to encounter mere quacks; and, unless the more ignorant clergy took up the cause of the book of Genesis, we might hope for a decent result. In political questions we must look to a somewhat similar influence, though, unluckily, we have as yet no accepted science of politics. Still the general body of voters is sufficiently honest and intelligent to recognise the weight of opinions repre-

sented by its ablest men. If ever that should cease to be the case, if intelligence should cease to be respected, if every man should think himself as good a financier as Mr. Gladstone, or if the masses should come to the conclusion that all the Gladstones of the day were in a conspiracy to pick their pockets, it is plain enough that neither Mr. Hare's scheme nor any other would do us much good. The majority could do what it pleased, and we should be at the mercy of communists or demagogues. The influence, therefore, of intelligence upon legislation depends primarily upon the maintenance of their moral prestige. A spiritual authority is not founded upon the political constitution, but on the beliefs or prejudices current in the community. The causes which enable the few to govern the many are complex beyond the power of analysis, and depend upon traditions of loyalty and order, upon the natural supremacy of cultivated and energetic minds, upon the religious and political beliefs of the nation, and upon a thousand causes lying far deeper than any superficial modifications of political mechanism. The advocates of Mr. Hare's scheme are apt, as I think, to preach a mischievous doctrine, so far as they induce men to put their faith in mere contrivances and clever manipulations of machinery, instead of appealing to the real forces upon which power ultimately depends. It is to the hold of the abler thinkers upon the imaginations and intellects of the great mass of men, and not to any device for distributing votes, however ingenious and plausible, that we must really look for the security of the social order. Men are really held together by their instincts and beliefs, not by the external configuration of their ostensible constitution.

Mr. Hare's scheme, it will be replied, cannot of itself make men good citizens; but it may help good citizens to retain their hold on the country. It will keep the House of Commons open to good influences from outside. The political atmosphere cannot become stifling whilst there is this steady infiltration of pure air. The House of Commons is to the country what the lungs are to the body, and this scheme assures us that the blood will always be perfectly oxygenated. Philosophers and patriots may be sure of gaining a hearing; they may hope to withstand tyranny, to put ignorance to shame, and force the country to deliberate until the true character of its policy is understood. Their share of the representation which they can always acquire will give them the fulcrum from which to move the world, and their presence will maintain the prestige of the representative assembly.

This I take to be the most plausible argument for Mr. Hare's scheme. I do not deny that there are times when it should have weight. But to make some estimate of its value, we must try to see how far it would reach below the surface. The advantage offered is obviously measured by the efficacy of representation in Parliament.

We must therefore inquire how far parliamentary representation really increases the power of a given political creed. The House of Commons may be considered as a body which registers the decisions of public opinion, or as a body which forms the opinion afterwards registered. We call it the great council of the nation, and the name seems to imply that parliamentary debates have an important influence in giving form to the national sentiment, as well as in giving force to the sentiment when formed. Now I venture to say that this doctrine, whatever vestige of truth it may once have possessed, becomes daily more obsolete. I have not spoken with great respect of public opinion; but I have too high an opinion of my countrymen to suppose that their minds are really much influenced by those inferior leading articles in small type which fill the columns of the *Times*, and which are judiciously compressed in other newspapers. Measures are not passed because they have been discussed in Parliament, but are discussed in Parliament because the constituents have made up their minds to pass them. A majority was sent to the House of Commons to disestablish the Irish Church and frame a system of national education, and they gave form to the policy already decided. The talking which took place did not give the original impulse; it was merely the necessary diplomacy which takes place in shaping the precise measures to be adopted. Mr. Carlyle gives the true state of the case:—

"The grand branch of the Parliament's trade is evidently dead for ever. . . . If we will consider it, the essential truth of the matter is, every British man can now elect *himself* to Parliament without consulting the hustings at all. If there be any vote, idea, or notion in him on any earthly or heavenly thing, cannot he take a pen, and therewith autocratically pour forth the same into the ears and hearts of all people so far as it will go? Precisely so far; and what is a great advantage, no farther. The discussion of questions goes on, not in St. Stephen's now, but from Dan to Beersheba by able-editors and articulate speaking creatures that *can* get others to listen to them. . . . Not the discussion of questions, but only the ultimate voting of them (a very brief process, I should think) requires to go on or can suitably go on in Parliament now."

And he adds a remark not less true now than it was twenty-five years ago.

"Loving my life, and time which is the staff of life, I read no parliamentary debates, rarely any parliamentary speech; but I am told there is not, once in the seven years, the smallest gleam of new intelligence thrown on any matter, earthly or divine, by an honourable gentleman on his legs in Parliament. Nothing offered you, but wearisome, dreary, thrice-boiled colewort—a bad article at first, and served and again served in newspapers and periodical and other literature, till even the inferior animals would recoil from it."

The statement may be a little passionate, but is it not substantially true? If every copy of Hansard were burnt to-morrow, and the speeches of Burke and, possibly those of one living orator would be saved, English literature would sustain no loss except a historical loss. The floor of the House has ceased to be the exclusive, or even the most

effective, standing-point from which to address the true rulers of the country. And, therefore, it is not a question whether this or that shade of opinion should make itself heard, but whether it should make itself heard in one particular way. I do not imagine, for example, that the cause of co-operation would be materially advanced or hindered by the return of a few more of its representatives to Parliament. The progress of that or of any such cause depends essentially upon conditions altogether different, and only altered in the most infinitesimal degree by its power of adding to the bulk of unreadable oratory. Or take again the advantage of returning a few men of intellectual eminence to Parliament. Great satisfaction was expressed, and rightly enough, when Mr. Mill was elected for Westminster. The election was gratifying because it showed that the great philosophical reputation had an influence upon the ordinary constituent. So far it was a symptom of a healthy state of sentiment. This particular advantage would not have existed if Mr. Mill had been elected by the votes of intelligent persons spread throughout the country, which would merely have proved what was known beforehand, that he had a large number of admirers in the educated classes. The other advantage must be measured by the difference between Mr. Mill in Parliament and Mr. Mill out of Parliament. It may not be true, but it is at least a plausible opinion, that he exercised a greater and more valuable influence when he was not a member of the House. The way to make a great thinker useful is not to tie him down to the benches of the House of Commons, to make him pass days and nights in petty squabbles over details of clauses, to plunge him in the midst of party excitement, and tempt him to pour out half-considered thoughts in the heat of debate instead of recording his ripest conclusions at leisure. I should hold it to be a serious misfortune if the leaders of speculation were taken from their studies and swallowed up in the vortex of political discussion. Certainly, I do not regret the circumstances because I wish speculation to be divorced from all relation to active life, but for the opposite reason that the influence of great thinkers can be most effectually applied in a different direction. They should be part of that great council of the nation which holds its debates in the press, and not put upon that committee for registering its edicts which meets at Westminster. If Mr. Mill had devoted the time spent in watching with extraordinary industry the working of the minute details of the legislative machine to the composition of some serious work upon political or social philosophy, I fancy that the nation might have been the gainer not only in philosophy, but in an immediate practical sense.

Here, then, is one considerable deduction from the efficacy of the scheme proposed. The framers of constitutions are apt to assume that forces for which they have provided no channel have been

blotted out of existence. If men of ability don't make speeches in Parliament they won't influence public opinion. I hold the assumption to be hasty and inaccurate. Many men influence public opinion far more powerfully out of the House than in it. A new force is not created, but transferred from one sphere to another, where it may generally be, but which is not invariably, more effective. The press is an immeasurably more potent force as affecting public opinion than the House of Commons. So long as the habit of free discussion is rooted in the national character, and Parliament subservient to the national will, we have a security for the influence of all shades of opinion far more effective than that which can be given by any political contrivance.

Another consideration must be noticed. Mr. Hare's scheme would not directly affect any one of the motives by which constituents and representatives are at present mainly determined. Men wish to get into Parliament from a variety of motives—from patriotism, or personal ambition, or love of social distinction, or to forward some pecuniary interest, or desire to forward the interests of a party; and, strange as it may seem to some of us that anybody should aim at such a position, it is a fact that human nature is strongly attracted by its charms. Electors are determined, again, by all kinds of motives from love of money up to love of principle. None of these motives would be directly affected by any scheme of electoral reform. The love of money would doubtless be as powerful as ever, and would have the additional advantage that every venal voter would have a wider market and a greater chance of evading the inspection of his neighbours. The great commercial interests which return members now would be able to return them in any case. Rank would act upon the conservatism or snobbishness of the country as effectually as ever; and personal ambition would still regard a seat in Parliament as a stepping-stone to success. Every existing political force would then try to turn the new machinery to account, and would have, if anything, more ample scope than at present for such extra-constitutional contrivances in the shape of caucuses and committees as might help them to work it effectually. That this should be so, is an essential part of the scheme; for if it condemned any one of these forces, it would be condemned on its own principles. The anticipated improvement, then, depends upon the prospect that certain other forces would be called into play or saved from extinction amidst the ordinary jostle of conflicting interests and ambitions. Intelligent persons on the look-out for philosophers or sects now so scattered that they cannot secure a majority in any one constituency, would secure a certain number of representatives. The great majority of members would belong to the existing class. The mass of constituents would be moved by the old motives; but

there would be a leaven which, as sanguine persons may hope, would leaven the whole mass.

One further consideration must be added, though it is liable to misinterpretation. We must not take for granted that this leaven would be entirely pure. The existing system has faults enough, in all conscience. A man who would get into Parliament has to pass an ordeal not always of an elevating kind. Yet, making all obvious deductions, it supplies a rough test of a man's force of will and intellect. A man of energy can force his way into the House, and in the process he learns something of the political forces which are really at work in the ordinary constituency and of the means of governing them. Under any scheme, as I have said, the path to a seat would be much the same for the bulk of candidates. But alongside of it would be a smoother road. A few favoured persons would be honoured with the confidence of a sect, or selected by voters who sympathize with struggling talent. Admitting that there would here and there be good selections, and that some men might be freed from the necessity of flattering mobs or currying favour with publicans, I still think that the new scheme would have its disadvantages. A cynic would say that the scheme would probably result in selecting half-a-dozen prigs and twice as many slaves of a crotchet. We should increase the number of gentlemen who ride a hobby and the number who fancy themselves to be philosophers. We should, at starting, have a few amateur politicians who would very likely bring discredit on their supporters and be distanced by the good old-fashioned professional. I hope that I do not share the vulgar prejudice against "theorists;" but, without satire, I often think them fit for something much better than public life. The men of thought should not be tempted to compete with the men of action. This, however, is but guesswork, and is of little importance. I only mean to urge that the element thus elected would not be entirely composed of a clay superior to the common parliamentary earthenware. The representative of a clique is often as contemptible as the flatterer of a constituency; and the last persons whom we would wish to see multiplied in the House of Commons are the fanatics with a single idea. The scheme would certainly smoothe the path for them, and some deduction has to be made upon this score from the merits of the new infusion.

As far, then, as I can judge, the final outcome of the scheme would probably be that whilst those of the old stamp would elect and be elected from the old motives and by the old machinery, a certain number of gentlemen of superior character would be enabled to affect public opinion through Parliament, and that their constituents would be encouraged to take an interest in public affairs. This remedy, according to some people, may be expected to cure a great and growing evil. The origin of the evil is traceable to the

decay of old beliefs and instincts of loyalty, the change in social organization which has dissolved old ties and destroyed the ancient dependence of class upon class, the growing self-consciousness of the masses, and, in a word, all those complex phenomena which we roughly indicate when we speak of the growth of democracy. The outcome of the whole is a growing disposition of the masses to deny a voice in public affairs to all who do not echo their own sentiments. The remedy consists in enabling a few superior persons to make speeches and give votes in Parliament. Surely if the diagnosis be correct some more powerful medicine is wanted. But, it may be said, though no scheme of this kind can supply the spiritual force required, it may be the symbol of the truth which has to be enforced. In fighting for personal representation, we may be enforcing the recognition of a wider principle. I admit that it is easy to suggest cases in which this may be true. Many governing bodies are elected on an awkward system. Very often the system is so arranged as practically to exclude from the governing body classes capable of exercising a real influence. The machinery does not correspond to the actual composition of the constituencies. That is doubtless a defect which requires amendment; and Mr. Hare's plan may often be as good as, or better than, any other which can be suggested.

The demand for such a scheme might be the most effective mode of asserting the right to influence public opinion generally, only I must still maintain that the real battle must be fought by different weapons. If the intelligent classes, for example, have a real hold upon the country, if their opinion really carries weight and authority, they may claim to have the most convenient machinery for repressing it. But the question is essentially one of moral influence, and only occasionally and accidentally one of machinery. If they govern men's minds, they could influence legislation, though they were not represented at all. If they have no weight on general opinion, their representatives will have correspondingly little weight in the Legislature. So far as Parliament is the organ for forming public opinion, their speeches will not be more effective than their writings. So far as it is the organ for registering the decisions of the public, they will be in a minority which may be treated with contempt by the majority. That they should be represented is a matter of obvious convenience and propriety, if they have the moral authority. If they have not, it is a mere trifle. Their constituents will be just as much discouraged by feeling that they cannot alter legislation as by feeling that they cannot elect representatives. To give weight to intellect or to character we do not require a parliamentary representation, but the maintenance of healthy instincts in the nation at large. And further, I must repeat that a demand for Mr. Hare's scheme seems to be a very awkward

embodiment of the principles asserted. If, as I have said, it does not logically imply the doctrine that one man's opinion is as good as another's, it clearly falls in with that opinion. It enables every opinion to dictate speeches; it secures that the opinion which has the largest numerical constituency shall have the majority. If the registering functions of Parliament be more important than the consultative, its effect in enforcing the so-called tyranny of the majority would be far more conspicuous than its effect in encouraging the utterances of the minority. The democracy would practically say, Talk as much as you please, but do what I tell you. That seems to me to be the moral with which the scheme would be associated in the popular imagination. If this dreaded democracy, in short, be the power of evil which some people suppose, it would find no barrier to its worst designs in Mr. Hare's scheme. It might enforce upon us at its will the most objectionable interference with private rights; and the only obstacle would be a few speeches.

To push the discussion further would require some examination of the actual condition of our system. Some people think "heroic legislation" the crying evil of the day. They think that Parliament acts with too much vigour and unity; that its legislation shows a fanatical regard for symmetry; and that the dead weight of unenlightened opinion is overpowering the influence of the higher class of thinkers. Others tell us that we suffer both from general chaos and absence of discipline; that minorities are always powerful enough to obstruct but not to inspire a consistent policy; that we have already too much talk on every side of every question, and chiefly want a little more unity and vigour. The view taken of such complaints will decide whether a system is desirable which tends to introduce a little more variety into the House of Commons, and enable its orators to throw a few more conflicting lights upon things in general. But, once more, the deep and vital problem is of a different kind. The machinery is a question of detail to be settled one way or another according to circumstances. We may fancy that we can force ourselves to be reasonable, as a disorderly person fancies that he can make himself a pattern man of business by buying some yards of red tape and a set of pigeon-holes. But the ultimate questions are whether the nation at large is capable of recognising its best men and setting a true value upon the highest elements of political life. If it has that capacity, it will manage to elect a sufficient Parliament by Mr. Hare's plan or by the ordinary one. If it can't, all the constitution-mongers from Hurrington to the present day won't save it. If that truth be recognised, I, for one, care very little what particular name may be inscribed on the banner of reformers. Only I hope that they won't attribute a magical influence to any national symbol whatever.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

THE royal roads to excellence in literary style are so numerous, that one cannot but wonder at the small number of those writers who complete the journey. And this wonder is increased when we remember by whom it is that the plan of the country has been drawn and the roads set down; when we reflect that this has been the work not of the mere theoretical topographer tracing in his study the hypothetical windings of *a priori* paths, but of the successful travellers in person. It is the men who have made the journey themselves, that have supplied the materials for the itineraries in chief repute; and a most perplexing *embarras de choix* do they present. One great writer has been reared on the Greek and Latin classics; another has perfected himself by the assiduous study of the masterpieces, in every order of writing, of his own tongue; a third has given his nights and days to the English bible alone; a fourth attributes his success to his habit of translating from his own into other languages; a fifth to his habit of translating from other languages into his own; until at last the bewildered student is driven, according to the measure of his own success, to one of the two alternative conclusions, that all roads lead to Rome, or none; that some men may acquire excellence of style in any way, and that others can do so in no way—that some are born to move freely and gracefully in composition, while others are destined to limp awkwardly on paper all their days. The only truth which would seem to be beyond question in the whole subject is the negative one that, be the capacity itself innate or acquired, it is by practice alone that it can pass from the potential to the actual; just as, though it may be idle to discuss whether a consummate swordsman is born or made, it is equally idle to deny that no man can become a swordsman at all without the laborious training of the fencing school. Yet even this modest proposition seems to be shaken to its every foundation by such a case as that of Pascal, and such a feat of consummate literary swordplay as the *Provincial Letters*. Where, must many an astonished Jesuit have asked, did this novice learn his *carte* and *tierce*? What is the use of long practice, what avails it to have studied every thrust—foul as well as fair—that your *maitre d'armes* can teach you, if an invalid mathematician, who has never taken a polemical rapier in his hand before, is to beat down your guard with disdainful ease at the first assault, and only not run you through the body because he can show his mastery and his contempt more effectively by prolonging the bout? And the same question must suggest

itself with no diminution of its interest, to all who turn from such records as we possess of Pascal's life to that monument of his many-sided genius which he has left behind him in the *Provincial Letters*.

There is probably no case in which the intellectual personality and intellectual history of an author are less likely to be correctly deduced from a mere examination of his works than the case of Blaise Pascal. His hereditary bent and his early studies, from at least the age of twelve, were exclusively mathematical. Even if, with Professor de Morgan, we reject as mythical the story of Pascal's having at twelve years of age worked out the first thirty-two propositions of Euclid's first book, from independent reasoning on the properties of geometrical figures, and without his having opened an Euclid in his life, we may safely assume that the myth had some foundation in fact. It is natural at any rate to assume that nothing but some remarkable evidence of the boy's precocious talent for mathematics would have induced the elder Pascal to withdraw his former inhibition of his son from entering upon this line of study. Certain it is that from Pascal's twelfth year (1635) upwards, he had full liberty to indulge his genius for mathematical pursuits, and that he availed himself of the permission with the greatest ardour and success. From this date until the year of his final retirement from the world, Pascal's recorded life is one continuous history of mathematical and physical studies, interrupted occasionally by the wretched health to which he was a victim from his eighteenth year, but never, so far as is known, diverted systematically to any other form of intellectual, and certainly not to any other form of literary, occupation.

In 1639, at the age of sixteen, he wrote that treatise on Conic Sections which excited the astonished admiration of Descartes; at nineteen he contrived his remarkable "arithmetical machine;" some years later he began that memorable series of experimental inquiries into the ponderability of air, which will always preserve an honourable place for his name in the history of physical science. Before the close of his twenty-sixth year these experiments were concluded, and, impelled probably by his fast declining health (he had had a stroke of paralysis two years before), he virtually abandoned secular studies altogether. In 1654, shortly after the accident which nearly cost him his life, and which left a permanent effect upon his mind, he finally retired from the world, and joined that band of *illustres et dangereux solitaires*, at Port Royal, who had just commenced their struggle with the Papacy, destined to be waged, with one brief interval of armistice, for upwards of sixty years. Of his life in the monastery we know little, save that it was a life of the severest self-mortification, which could have left him little time or inclination for other than spiritual matters,—none assuredly for the cultivation, either by study or practice, of that consummate

controversial style of which he was within two years to appear as a master. His life was probably that of a thoughtful ascetic, divided between religious exercises and theological reflection; as for secular reading, he was, as he himself tells us, *homo unius libri*, the essays of Montaigne.

And it was from this retirement, from this inaction we may say, that Pascal emerged, in 1656, the most brilliant and deadly controversialist that ever wielded a pen, and one of the greatest masters of literary style—a writer who, by the confession of an unsympathetic, and in some respects an unfair critic, rivalled Bossuet in eloquence and Molière in wit, and to whose work, on the testimony of the same witness, Voltaire, *il faut rapporter l'époque de la fixation du langage*.

One must admit, I think, that the engrainment of a *dérot* on a mathematician is a process from which we should hardly have expected such splendid results; but it is not so much their mere intellectual splendour as their artistic perfection—not their genius, great as it is, so much as their craftsmanship, which surprises. Were it otherwise, were the *Provincial Letters* merely a collection of eloquent, powerfully-reasoned, subtle, thoughtful, witty “things,” instead of forming as they do one “thing” very different from and much rarer than these or any collection of these, one might get much nearer to explaining them from a consideration of the occasion and the man. Intense moral earnestness has a distinct intellectual reaction, and *indignatio* of the nobler order makes eloquence and force, and wit too, as well as verse. No doubt Pascal’s deep religious feeling, his sympathy with the oppressed Jansenists, his zeal for a pure morality, and his scorn and detestation of those whose doctrines were adulterating it, all conspired to give not only warmth but brilliancy to his writings. The lambent flash of his wit leaped up, no doubt, even as the steady flame of his denunciation glowed forth, from the inner fires of an intense spiritual conviction. But all this leaves the real difficulty untouched, which is that Pascal’s peculiar power—the power and enduring vitality of his great work as a whole—is derived from that most complex, and in some sense, artificial of all creations—style. Intense earnestness, acting on adequate intellectual gifts, will do much. It will enkindle, or rather, when raised to a certain power, it will of itself become eloquence; it will quicken the play of the reasoning faculty; it will stimulate that fine sense of latent analogy which begets wit, and that fine sense of latent incongruity which begets humour; but it cannot create the power of co-ordinating all these results so as to give them their maximum effect in combination. This is, and remains, the alchemic secret of “style.”

The magnitude of Pascal’s obligations to his style may, I think, be insisted on without any danger of incurring that charge of dogmatism which justly lies against so many of the attempts to assign

to form and matter their respective shares in the production of a writer's total literary effect. Of course the operation cannot in any case, least of all in the case of a foreign writer, be performed with more than approximate accuracy ; but in the instance of Pascal there are at least two grounds on which we are justified in assigning an unusually large share of his total literary effect to sheer excellence of form. The two most salient characteristics of the *Provincial Letters* are the perfect finish of their wit, and the masterly ease with which, especially in the earlier Letters, an abstruse argument is conducted in the colloquial and narrative styles, and without any recourse to that logical, or rather mathematical, form of arrangement which wearies the reader at least, if it assists the writer. Both of these characteristics bear a specially intimate relation to the form of expression. The value of "form" in wit belongs theoretically to one of the most obscure parts of an obscure subject ; but in practice it ranks almost as a commonplace of observation. It is proved experimentally nearly every day in the magical effect produced by the slightest change in the phrasing of a *mot*. In no other case are words of so high an intrinsic value, and yet so worthless "in exchange." To ascribe great finish of wit to any work is almost *ex vi terminorum* to attribute to it great excellence of pure form ; and the wit of Pascal is of a perfection of finish rarely met with even in a language renowned for its capacities in this kind of perfection. It is distinguished by that masterly restraint and repression which gives to the wit of two or three, and only two or three, of the most brilliant of Frenchmen, a subtle power which the less habile genius of our language denies to English wit. We may say, I think, "of our language," and not of our intellectual habit, for the "heaviness of hand" of which English wit is sometimes accused seems more often—if at least we confine ourselves to the best specimens—a defect in the instrument rather than in the hands that wield it. It is not, as is sometimes said, especially by Frenchmen, that we English do not value *inuendo*, but that our language does not lend itself to *inuendo* : it is not that we do not feel the artistic force of *saying less* than is meant, but that in English it is so much more difficult than in French to *convey more* than one says. To attempt to rival in our language the finesse of the best French wit is to run the risk of either missing the desired effect altogether, through obscurity, or of marring it by paraphrases at once too elaborate and too obviously premeditated. It is like attempting to draw a very fine line with a very blunt pencil, by studied lightness of touch. A thick line *must* be drawn, or the paper will remain blank. But the French language has a point like a "crowquill," and in fingers which can ply it deftly it produces effects which we English can admire but cannot copy. Seldom has the instrument been plied by a lighter hand than Pascal's ; indeed, when one has named Voltaire, one can think of no

other writer whose touch is to be matched against that of the author of the *Provincial Letters*—of none certainly whom this form of excellence has ever stood in better polemical stead. For the impression of calculated restraint which this lightness of touch conveys is to Pascal, as again and again to Voltaire, a distinct point of controversial power, in virtue of the air of careless superiority which it gives to his attack, as well as of the immense reserve of intellectual strength which it seems to hint at. To recur to the metaphor from the fencing-school, it is as though the skilful swordsman, having easily put aside his adversary's guard, should forego the death lunge which would end the duel at once, and content himself with inflicting a disdainful scratch. Even in the mere personalities of controversy, this effect may be produced. We have all the feeling of the spectators of some such unequal struggle when Voltaire, ridiculing Warburton's denial of the vindictiveness of the Jewish character, exclaims, "*Est-il possible qu'un cœur tel que le tien se trompe si grossièrement sur la haine? C'est un usurier qui ne sait pas compter.*" A less contemptuously confident swordsman would hardly have contented himself with this lightning-like pass and recovery, but would have transfixed his adversary again and again. A minor master of sarcasm who had lighted on this venomous gibe would have diluted its vitriol over half a page.

Pascal, though his sarcasm is free from the personality, and has assuredly none of the somewhat diabolic flavour of the above sally, uses often the same contemptuous brevity and compression. Nor is it only in single thrusts at his adversaries that he shows this power. Throughout the whole "Story of Jean d'Alba," and Pascal's application of it to the Jesuit morality, what an appearance of power is produced by the humiliating leniency with which he treats his casuist interlocutor, by the studied moderation and dryness of the irony with which he points out the weak spot in the secular relations of the Jesuit system! Jean d'Alba, servant at a Jesuit college, has robbed his masters, and has pleaded the casuisms of Father Bauny before the criminal court, with no better result than that of being sentenced to a flogging, and of seeing the works of his dangerous preceptor handed over to the torch of the public executioner by the indignant judge. But on Pascal's relating this story to his Jesuit friend, the latter, not quick at passing from books to facts, finds it strangely irrelevant. Pascal, he complains, is interrupting their interesting talk on the subject of casuistic ethics by *des histoires hors de propos*.

"'I did but make a passing reference to the anecdote,' I replied, 'just to call your attention to an important point which I find you have overlooked in establishing your "doctrine of probability." 'Eh! what is that?' said the father; 'what flaw can there be in the doctrine after so many acute persons have examined it?' 'This,' I replied. 'You have amply secured, so far as God and their own consciences are concerned, the position of those who follow

your "probable opinions;" for according to your doctrine, one may make oneself quite easy on those heads by following the opinion of a doctor of weight. Further, you have secured your disciples' position on the side of the confessors; for you compel your confessors, under pain of mortal sin, to grant absolution for any act committed in reliance on a "probable opinion." But you have omitted to secure the position of your disciples on the side of the judges, so that they find themselves in danger of the scourge or the gibbet in following your "probabilities." It is a capital omission, that.' 'You are right,' replied the father, 'and I am much obliged to you; but the reason is that we have not the same authority over magistrates that we have over confessors, who are obliged to refer to us on all cases of conscience; for on those matters we are the supreme judges.' 'I see,' replied I. 'Still, if on the one hand you are the judges of the confessors, are you not, on the other hand, the confessors of the judges? Your power is very extensive; why not compel the judges under pain of excommunication, to acquit those criminals who have a probable opinion on their side, so as to prevent its happening, to the great contempt and scandal of the probability doctrine, that those whom you render innocent in theory be flogged or hanged in practice. Otherwise how will you obtain disciples?' 'I must think this over,' replied he, 'it is not a matter to be neglected. I will refer it to our Provincial.' "

Nor is the power of pure style less manifest in the unsought lucidity of Pascal's exposition, the orderly though unordered procession of his argument. There is no parade of arrangement, no employment of the favourite mechanical artifices for keeping the reader's—and as often as not the writer's—head clear; but yet the thread of the argument need never be missed by a commonly attentive student. This mastery of what may be called (in the best sense) popular dialectic, this gift of managing an intricate reasoning process in entire independence of scholastic method, is very rare; it is perhaps rarest of all in those who have trained themselves on the mathematics for the work of controversy. A purely mathematical culture is perhaps the worst preparation for the acquirement of that popular dialectic in which Pascal so excelled. To those who have undergone such a training, and have become thoroughly imbued with its method, the digressions, the inversions, the transposition of parts, which are of the essence of popular dialectic, are repugnant, if not impossible. The steps of their argument must follow one another in regular series, or not at all. They themselves are men of "sections," "sub-sections," "sub-sub-sections," and the rest of it; and they exhaust the accepted symbols of paragraphic sub-division in their efforts after a precise and logical arrangement of their matter. Their argument moves forward like an army in battle array, with a Roman numeral commanding each division, italic numerals heading the brigades, the regiments under command of the letters of the English alphabet, and (*a*), (*β*), (*γ*), &c., each leading his allotted company. *C'est la guerre, mais ce n'est pas magnifique*, except perhaps to the professional student of the art of controversial war.

Nothing but Pascal's complete emancipation from this repulsive method could have won him readers for the earlier *Letters*; since they, it must be remembered, have none of the claims to interest

which were possessed by the later. As soon as "M. de Montalte" began to carry the war into the enemy's country, as soon as it became known that the policy and morality of the Jesuits were being exposed and dissected by a master hand, it is no wonder that readers should have multiplied. But Pascal did not begin this retaliatory warfare; probably the thought of it did not occur to him until the great success of his first letters had assured him of a large and sympathetic audience. And it is the success of these, the popularity, that is to say, of three disquisitions upon the *pouvoir prochain*, the *grace suffisante*, and the *grace actuelle*, which constitutes the real triumph of his expository style. No doubt the Port Royalists and their learned and pious leader enjoyed a fair share of popular admiration and sympathy at the outset; but it was one thing to sympathize generally with Arnauld, and quite another to devour with delight the history of a theological intrigue which even Pascal's wonderful art cannot always make it easy to follow. This could not have been popularized but by means of the dramatic interest, the unflagging life and movement with which Pascal contrives to inform his narrative. The power which it shows in this respect is of a very high kind. M. Villemain's declaration indeed—"that he should have admired Pascal less if he had lived after Molière instead of before him"—is, so far as it institutes a comparison between the dramatic achievements of the two writers, surely a freak of eulogy, which is alone sufficient to show that the "literary influence of academies" does not always "make for" sanity of criticism; but without indulging in extravagances of this sort one may give full recognition to Pascal's dramatic gift. And in doing this one should protest as much against the litotes of M. Villemain's comparison of Pascal with Plato, as against the hyperbole of his comparison of Pascal with Molière. Of the four elements of dramatic excellence, Plato has at most but the mastery of two—character and dialogue; while Pascal, besides being a far greater master of both these, adds to them a command of plot and situation. Witness the remarkable skill with which the Jesuit intrigue for the censure of Arnauld by the Sorbonne is gradually unfolded in the first letter, and the genuine high comedy of the dénouement, in which the Dominican who has agreed to a hollow verbal truce with the Jesuit is nearly ruining all by being betrayed into an explanation of his meaning. It was not only easier but safer to rely on "monks than reasons" for the condemnation of the Port Royalist leader.

With the third letter, however, the interest of plot, so to call it, is at an end, and in the exposure of the Jesuit policy and morality, the interest of character and of exquisite ironic dialogue takes undisputed place. Here there is more room for the comparison between Pascal and Plato, but it cannot be said that the resemblance

after all is very close or very suggestive. Plato's Sophist and Pascal's Casuist are very different figures, and assume widely different attitudes. The adulterator of philosophy is, it must be confessed, "something of a shadowy being," like the ghost described by Dr. Johnson—at any rate he has little vitality, and is at best a mere lay figure to hang fallacies on; the adulterator of morals in the pages of Pascal is a creation of unmistakable flesh and blood, and a highly finished one to boot. The skill with which the Jesuit casuist is drawn, and especially with which the naïveté and simplicity of the character (so amusingly illustrated in the extract above quoted) are brought out, serves, of course a dialectical end; but not, one feels, a dialectical end alone. It has a deeper purpose than this. For the intention and the effect of the portrait is to render casuistry credible as a profession, to show how, given the requisite combination of pedantry and *esprit de corps*, it could be adopted as a profession by a body of men not universally or even perhaps generally, less scrupulous than their neighbours. Pascal's Jesuit interlocutor is, one easily sees, far better than his principles, which indeed are sometimes plainly at variance with his healthier instincts. *Ce n'est pas de moi-même*, he protests on one occasion, when Pascal exclaims against the enormity of a certain doctrine. But, good man, he is a little blunt of perception, and he has turned the edge of his faculties still further by exclusive devotion to the text books of casuistry. He has, in short, paid the penalty which is inseparably attached to excess of unintelligent study—to reading uninformed by reflection—which means the cultivation of the receptive faculty at the expense of the judgment. He has arrived at that stage in which the learning of books bulks larger than the realities of things, in which "what has been written" so fills the mind that it cares not to, and even cannot, inquire, "What is." Pedantry and the exaggerated faith of the pedant in the utility of his laboriously acquired knowledge, these and *esprit de corps*, the be-all and end-all of Jesuit training, combine to effect the astounding result. Pascal's Jesuit is conscious that he is learned, that the doctors he has studied are subtle and of blameless lives, that the great Society of Jesus is an organization of all-embracing power and activity, and so, on the whole, he will bring himself to teach and defend the most marvellous perversions of morality, and even exclaim at last in genuine surprise, "*Doutez-vous d'une chose que nos auteurs enseignent ?*"

It is by means of this so real and vivid portrait that Pascal contrives to give practical interest, and, as it were, "urgency" to the attack on Jesuitism. We feel that it is no question of demolishing a speculative error, but of combating a practical and instant danger to the human commonwealth. We feel that Pascal is at war not with a theory but with an organization; and we only begin to appreciate the insidious and far-reaching power of that organization when we see in

the person of Pascal's interlocutor what respectable weapons it is able to employ, what well-meaning blunt-wits it can enlist in its evil service.

Pascal's own view of the spirit and methods of the great Society is of course sternly hostile, but it is distorted by none of that blind hatred which makes so much of our ultra-Protestant invective against Jesuitism fly wide of the mark. Few more astonishing errors have been made by one great writer about another than the blunder of which Voltaire has been guilty in his criticism of Pascal. The attempt of the *Provincial Letters*, says the author of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, is to prove that they (the Jesuits) had conceived "the deliberate design of corrupting the morals of mankind, a design which no sect or society ever had or ever could have." Voltaire's last quoted reflection is so obviously just, that one can only wonder at his imputing to Pascal the error which it condemns. As a matter of fact, Pascal repudiates it in express terms, and in a sentence which is acquitted of any suspicion of irony, by the sarcastic remark which follows it. It is less surprising, however, that Voltaire, and after him M. Villemain, should have overlooked this passage, than that, even having overlooked it, they should not have hesitated on mere *à priori* grounds, to attribute to Pascal so vulgar and unintelligent a theory of Jesuit policy. Pascal, we might have been sure, even without his word for it, better understood the genesis and purpose of those perversions of morality which he was about so ruthlessly to expose. But his own language on the point is clear:—"Sachez donc que leur objet n'est pas de corrompre les mœurs: ce n'est pas leur dessein. Mais ils n'ont pas aussi pour unique but celui de les reformer: ce serait une mauvaise politique. Voici quelle est leur pensée. Ils ont assez bonne opinion d'eux-mêmes pour croire qu'il est utile et comme nécessaire au bien de la religion que leur crédit s'étende partout et qu'ils gouvernent toutes les consciences." (Lett. V.)

This is certainly a more intelligent theory of Jesuitism than that denounced by Voltaire, though we must admit, I think, that even this analysis is not quite adequate. A religious organization aiming at secular ascendancy, and prepared to sacrifice rigour of morals in their efforts after their object, is undoubtedly a more credible conception than that of a society aiming at the "corruption of morals" for its own sake: but though it is a sufficient account of "organic Jesuitism," so to say, it fails, I think, to distinguish an important element in the formation of the individual Jesuit. There was and is something more than mere worldly ambition and *esprit de corps* amongst the rank and file of the Order. The truth, though it may seem to resemble a paradox, is, I think, that there was a moral element in the Jesuit system which, and which alone, has enabled it to enlist the services of conscientious men; and made it possible for them to read the motto of the Society,—*Ad Majorem Dei*

Gloriam—without that strong temptation to augurial smiling which plain men in all times have found it so difficult to prevent crediting them with. The moral element, such as it is, is one with which Pascal's stern and semi-Calvinistic theology, as well as his austere morality, rendered him incapable of sympathizing; but which, nevertheless, appeals to one of the deepest instincts of a certain order of mind. The Jesuit casuistry was, in part at least, the expression of a feeling—profoundly unscriptural no doubt, but still profoundly human—that the way of salvation must not be made too hard for men; that quantity as well as quality in the matter of converts deserves to be considered, and that as it is given to few to attain complete virtue, God may be well served by leading man a little distance at least upon the road. Dangerous as this principle is, and monstrous as we see to have been its results in practice, there is nothing absolutely astonishing in the fact that conscientious men found it possible to accept the principle and shut their eyes to the results. The resources of human self-deception are practically boundless, as we may see illustrated in our own day. After all, the attitude of the Jesuits towards morals was not widely different from the attitude of a modern school of theology towards faith. The Jesuits were in fact the "Broad Churchmen" of morality, and hardly performed more astounding feats of legerdemain with their consciences than we see certain divines among us performing every day with their intellects.

With this aspect of the Jesuit system, however, it was not, as has been said, in Pascal's loftily ascetic nature to sympathize. When he had admitted that the Jesuits made terms with the flesh as followers of the world merely, and not as agents of the devil; that they sophisticated virtue not from mere delight in vice, but to gain certain temporal ends of their own, he had gone to the utmost limit of his concessions. As men of the world masquerading in the character of men of the other world, they deserved, he thought, no quarter at his hands; while as the ubiquitous, and all-powerful Society, the very spiders of political intrigue, the ever busy band of schemers with a foot in every powerful house, and a whisperer at the ear of every prince, supreme at Versailles and never long in abeyance at the Vatican, leniency towards them would, he felt, be as dangerous as undeserved. Odious, as the defilers of morality and the contaminators of the sincere milk of Augustinian doctrines, they were formidable as unscrupulous political adversaries; and the instinct of self-preservation conspired with zeal for the truth to urge that the attack upon them should be as resolute and as deadly as it could be made.

How Pascal did the work which he thus set himself remains on record for all time. He did it in such a way that since his day it has needed no second doing. The Jesuits, in giving to the *Provincial*

Letters the nickname of the "immortal liars," have at least hit the mark in their adjective; whether the letters tell the truth or not, any one who doubts can ascertain for himself, for Pascal's charges are preferred with all the precision of an indictment, and chapter and verse are given for every one of those lax dicta of the Jesuit doctors over which the thunder of his denunciation and the lightning of his ridicule have rolled and flashed. But while he thus traces home every vicious sophism to its individual author, he never loses sight for a moment of the many-visaged presence of his real enemy, the Society itself. It is a striking illustration of the forensic thoroughness of Pascal's work, that he should have so decisively anticipated the only plea by which an unwonted apologist of the Jesuits attempted a century later to save the collective credit of the Order at the expense of certain individual members. When Voltaire complains of Pascal's having unfairly attributed to the whole Society the extravagant opinions of a few Spanish and Flemish doctors, he overlooks two points which Pascal is at special pains to impress upon his readers—first, that the *permissus superiorum*, without which no Jesuit work can be published, fixes the Order as a whole with responsibility for all the doctrines which any such work may contain; and secondly, that the existence of a rigid, as well as a lax school of Jesuit casuistry, is in no respect surprising, but on the contrary a result naturally to be expected from the adroit policy of the Order. God and Mammon, in fact, could scarce have been jointly served with success on any other terms. It would have been a waste of power for the Society to have encouraged the existence of any large number of lax casuists. Thanks to the invaluable Jesuit doctrine of Probability, the sanction of even a single "doctor of weight" was sufficient to justify the vicious in indulging their favourite vices; while, on the other hand, it was, as Pascal points out, a most convenient thing to be able to quiet the scruples of alarmed virtue by appealing, when occasion arose, to the severer maxims of other Jesuit doctors of equal learning and repute.

But however strongly our moral sympathies may be enlisted on the side of Pascal, it is scarcely possible on the whole case to refrain from commiserating the Jesuits. Their ill-luck in the matter was as monstrous as would be that of a man who should be called out and shot in a duel by an adversary challenging him under a complete misconception of facts. For the deadly disputant against whom they found themselves pitted had, after all, taken the field under a mistake. It was Pascal's sympathy for Arnauld and his zeal for the true faith, which he believed the Port Royalist doctor to be supporting—these motives, and not, at least originally, any desire to expose the Jesuit teaching—that first brought him into the fray. And as he entered, so he quitted it. His first letter is on the *pouvoir prochain*, and his last on the question of the Papal fallibility, *sur le*

fait—the *fait* of course being whether the five condemned propositions were or were not in the *Augustinus*. He began and ended as a theologian, and as a theologian he was in error throughout on the practical question at issue between the Jansenists and Jesuits. It must, then, have been deeply mortifying to these latter or to their successors of a somewhat later date, to learn that Pascal himself afterwards recognized his error, and that he had, on more mature consideration, to abandon altogether the position which he assumed on the Jansenist controversy throughout the *Provincial Letters*. His convictions reached maturity sadly too late for the interests of the Jesuit doctors; for in the meantime, and by way of effecting a mere diversion, he had utterly annihilated the elaborate structure of the Jesuit casuistry.

That the position which Pascal took up in the Jansenist dispute was untenable—if we must again fill our bellies with the east wind of this arid controversy—it will not be difficult to show. Only as regards the second of the five condemned propositions can he be pronounced to have made out even an appearance of a case; on the others, and on the question of fact connected with them, he manifestly fails. He was able to show with some plausibility that Jansenius had not taught downright Calvinism regarding the operation of predestination to life, but he failed to distinguish either Jansenius's doctrine or his own, or for that matter that of the Church, on the subject of reprobation, from the doctrine of Calvin upon the same point. First, as to the former question. Pascal points out, with his usual felicitous perspicuity of style, that Jansenius had not committed himself to the Calvinist necessarian theory that man cannot resist grace, and the line of argument which he adopts exposes clearly the origin of what he conceives to be the misconception of those who condemned Jansenius on this point.

Jansenius, according to him, had not taught pure necessarianism in teaching that man could not resist Divine grace. Man in Jansenius's system, as explained by Pascal, still retained his free-will, and might use it in endeavouring to resist Divine grace: only the endeavour would be of necessity unsuccessful. Grace must and would produce its effect in time; but it would do so not by overruling, but by enlisting his will in God's service—by sanctifying it so that it was infallibly led to God, *par un mouvement tout libre, tout volontaire, tout amoureux*.

We are of course far from saying that the distinction here sought to be drawn between what are only two modes of equal necessity has any real existence. It has not; but it may have a theological existence, theological distinctions having in all ages been nobly independent of any objective foundation; and Pascal doubtless thought that it was not incumbent upon him to show that Jansenius held a doctrine of genuine free-will, but that it was sufficient for him to

prove that he did not hold a doctrine identical in terms with that of Calvinistic necessity. But though he may have gained a technical triumph on this second proposition, not even on this did he gain a substantial victory. It was merely the form in which the condemnation of Jansenius on this point had happened to be couched which enabled Pascal to achieve a semblance of success. For the doctrine intended to be condemned in the second proposition was the doctrine that "Divine grace never fails of its effect."¹ This was the heresy of Jansenius, and this heresy remains after Pascal's vindication, since he also held, as we have seen, that Divine grace was invariably efficacious, and it was immaterial therefore whether this invariable efficacy was the result of pure necessity, or of a human will being invariably directed to God *par un mouvement tout libre, tout volontaire, tout amoureux*.

On all the other propositions Pascal's failure to make out his case is still more conspicuous. To take first the question of the *fait*, the question, that is, of the authorship of the condemned propositions as distinguished from the question of their heterodoxy. His well-known argument was that Papal infallibility was confined to the *droit*, and did not extend to the *fait*, and that while the Jansenists could be called on to repudiate the five condemned propositions (which, added Pascal, they did *ex animo*), they could not be justly required to believe and confess that Jansenius had affirmed these propositions, at least in the sense in which the Holy See had condemned them. And all this argument is conducted in Pascal's best manner. But it is a line of argument suited only to a controversy which had itself been conducted from beginning to end in total defiance of that method so caustically recommended by Voltaire—*il eut mieux valu peut-être la peine de citer les passages du livre: c'est ce qu'on ne fit jamais*. Had the passages from Jansenius been openly cited by the Jesuits, which, from fear of falling foul of Augustin, under whose sanction they had been put forward, none dared to do, they would have thoroughly refuted Pascal. The fact is that all these four propositions are to be found verbatim, or nearly so, in Jansenius's book. The first proposition, condemned by Innocent X. as *temerariam impiam, blasphemam, anathemate damnatam, et hæreticam*, was the proposition that "there are some commands of God which righteous and good men are absolutely unable to obey, though disposed to do so, and that God does not give them so much grace that they are able to observe them." And in *Augustinus* (Book iii. c. 13), we find,

(1) The second of the condemned propositions does not occur textually in the *Augustinus*, but is matter of inference from a passage in the second book. "*Hæc est vera ratio cur nulla omnino medicinalis gratia Christi effectu suo careat*," &c., Book ii. c. 55. On which comments a later Catholic theologian, "*Si autem nulla gratia effectu suo careat igitur interiori gratia nunquam resistitur cum gratiæ interiori resistere idem sit ac eam effectu suo defraudare*," the Catholic doctrine being, he adds, that grace "*non semper cum obtinet effectum ad quem a Deo datur*."

"Hæc igitur plenissime planissimeque demonstrat nihil esse in S. Augustini doctrinâ certius ac fundatius quam esse præcepta quædam quæ hominibus non tantum infidelibus, excæcatis, obduratis, sed fidelibus quoque et justis, volentibus, conantibus secundum præsentibus quas habeant vires sunt impossibilia : deesse quoque gratiam quâ fiant possibilia." The second proposition we have already discussed. The third subject of the Papal anathema is the doctrine "that in order to a man's being worthy of praise or blame before God, he need not be exempt from subjective necessity, but merely from objective coercion." And Jansenius says (*Aug.*, B. vi. c. 24), "Clarissimis verbis docuit S. Thomas arbitrium hominis dictum esse liberum quia non cõgitur," and "opus esse laude vel vituperio dignum meritorum vel demeritorum ex hoc quod est voluntarium, spontaneum, non coactum, *tametsi determinatum ad unum*." The fourth condemned proposition was the doctrine that "the semi-Pelagian error consisted in believing that the human will had the power of either admitting or rejecting the operations of Divine grace." The passage in the *Augustinus* (Book viii. c. 6) is, "Hoc proprie Semi-Pelagianorum error solus est quod aliquod primavæ libertatis reliquum putant . . . quod sicut Adam si voluisset poterat . . . ita lapsus homo saltem credere potest si vellet, neuter tamen absque interioris gratiâ adjutorio, cujus usus vel abusus esset in unius cujusque arbitrio et potestati." Lastly, the Pope had condemned the proposition that it was a Semi-Pelagian error to hold that "Christ died for the sins of all mankind." And Jansenius has plainly affirmed that doctrine to be false in the passage B. iii. c. 21. "Quæ sane cum in Augustini doctrinâ perspicua certaque sint, nullo modo principis ejus consentaneum est ut Christus Dominus vel pro infidelium in infidelitate morientium vel pro justorum non perseverantium æternâ salute mortuus esset, sanguinem fudisse semet ipsum redemptorem dedisse, gratiam o crasse sentiatur. Scivit enim quo quisque jam ab æterno prædestinatus erat, scivit hoc decretum neque ullius pretii oblatione mutandum esse nec seipsum velle mutare, ex quo factum est ut juxta Sanctissimum Doctorem non magis Patrem pro æternâ liberatione ipsorum quam pro diabolorum deprecatus fuerit." All these propositions, says Pascal, the Jansenists are bound to condemn and do condemn *ex animo*, but they are not bound to believe that they are in the *Augustinus*, and, in fact, they and I deny that they are there. There, nevertheless, they are.

So much, then, for the question of the *fait*. It remains only to point out that Pascal and, so far as he represented them, the Jansenists were within the Papal condemnation of the first and most important proposition as regards the *droit* also. For he himself maintains the exact equivalent of the condemned doctrine on his own account, and asserts it to be, as probably enough it was, the orthodox teaching of the Church on the subject. He contends at the

close of Letter I, in summing up the results of his exposure of the Jesuit machinations against Arnauld, that the following propositions have never been condemned either on one side or the other : “ (1) that grace is not given to all men ; (2) that all the just have always the power to obey the commandments of God ; (3) that nevertheless, in order to perform them, and even to pray for grace to perform them, they have need of an efficient grace which invincibly determines their will ; (4) that that efficient grace is not always given to all the just, but depends on the pure mercy of God.” But surely (2), (3), and (4) if taken together establish a contradiction (for how can all just men possess a power which is itself conditional on a gift of grace not vouchsafed to all the just ?) ; while it is evident that (3) and (4) taken together assert by implication the first of the condemned propositions, for if the just cannot perform the divine commandments without a gift of grace, which some of them do not receive, to those not so favoured the said commandments are impossible.

It is of course equally true that the Jesuits who condemned Jansenius, themselves held nominally, or at any rate could not venture to deny openly, the condemned propositions. The only distinction which they could have set up between their own and the Jansenist doctrine (and this distinction had to be kept in the background in order to the sham alliance with the Dominicans to compass the censure of Arnauld in the Sorbonne) was this :—that whereas the Jansenists, their opponents, and the Dominicans, their sham allies, alike held that grace was necessary even to enable a man to pray for such grace as would enable him to do the will of God, they, the Jesuits, held that the just required no antecedent gift of grace to enable them to pray for grace. But even then, as the Jesuits dared not deny that grace was necessary as a means of obeying the commandments, and as they admitted that it was not freely given to all, and did not venture to affirm that it was even given to all who prayed for it, they had no right to condemn as a heresy the proposition that some of the divine commandments were to some of the just impossible.

The truth is, as must appear to all who have the courage to wade through these barren polemics, that there are only two logical positions to be held on this question—the position of the Pelagian and that of the Calvinist—the position of those who believe that man can secure his salvation of his own free-will, and the position of those who hold that he is the abject slave of necessity, to be saved or damned solely according as a grace, which he is unable to secure or even solicit of his own free-will, is given to or withheld from him by an omnipotent being. Pascal really belonged to the latter of these schools and the Jesuits to the former ; but, from widely differing motives, mental and moral, neither party could or did admit his true affinities. Pascal was an unconscious Calvinist, trying in vain

to distinguish between his own creed and that which had been condemned by his Church, and doing so from an honest desire to submit himself to that Church. The Jesuits were conscious Pelagians, who skilfully concealed their heresy for fear of losing their influence. The practical result of this contest between candour and duplicity was such as might have been expected. Pascal in his efforts to escape the condemnation incurred by Calvin, and to avert it from the teacher whom he followed, contended with manifest ill success that his teacher never taught, and that he himself never held, the doctrine which had been condemned. The Jesuits, on the other hand, without committing themselves to an open denial of Augustinian doctrine, succeeded in procuring its condemnation in the person of an alleged follower of Calvin. In the meantime it is true, as Gibbon says, that the difference between Augustin whom the Church of Rome has canonized and Calvin whom she has reprobated is invisible.

Yet the Jesuits, with their usual art, contrived to conceal in a great measure their own embarrassment while consummating their adversaries' disgrace. The intellectual self-deception of Pascal is, however, more surprising than the moral dishonesty of the Jesuits, and the probability that this self-deception could not have permanently prevailed over so acute a mind, lends much credibility to the story cited by Bayle, from the *Histoire des Cinq Propositions*, to the effect that Pascal subsequently recognised the fact that it was the orthodox doctrine—the true faith as held and taught by Augustin, and as embraced, for all his alleged heresy, by Calvin, which had been anathematized by Innocent X. In other words, he came at last to see, what only theological controversy could have ever hidden from him, that his own theory of an impotent “power” to obey the commandments, was in truth no whit less absurd and self-contradictory than the inadequate “sufficient grace” of the Molinists which he had transfixed with some of the happiest shafts of his ridicule.

But who now cares for this? Who now troubles himself to inquire whether Pascal was victorious or vanquished on the theological issue? What now would be the whole weary literature of Jansenism to mankind but for this one work of matchless art and strength? A vast field of half-buried ruins, lost beneath the luxuriant overgrowth of modern interest and modern thought—a hidden world into which the curious antiquarian might find his account in burrowing, but which the traveller intent on worthier objects would pass by. As it is, however, there are few indeed who make the journey of self-culture without turning aside for a pilgrimage to these else unlovely ruins, for in their midst stands the great work of Pascal, erect, solitary, flawless; a single stately column visible from afar.

H. D. TRAILL.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

CHAPTER LII.

QUESTION OF A PILGRIMAGE AND AN ACT OF PENANCE.

THEN came a glorious morning for sportsmen. One sniffed the dews, and could fancy fresh smells of stubble earth and dank woodland grass in the very streets of dirty Bevisham. Sound sleep, like hearty dining, endows men with a sense of rectitude, and sunlight following the former, as a pleasant spell of conversational ease or sweet music the latter, smiles a celestial approval of the performance. Lord Romfrey dismissed his anxieties. His lady slightly ruffled him at breakfast in a letter saying that she wished to join him. He was annoyed at noon by a message, wherein the wish was put as a request. And later arrived another message, bearing the character of an urgent petition. True, it might be laid to the account of telegraphic brevity.

He saw Dr. Shrapnel, and spoke to him, as before, to thank him for the permission to visit his nephew. Nevil he contemplated for the space of five minutes. He cordially saluted Miss Denham. He kissed Cecilia's hand.

"All here is going on so well that I am with you for a day or two to-morrow," he despatched the message to his wife.

Her case was now the gravest. He could not understand why she desired to be in Bevisham. She must have had execrable dreams!—rank poison to mothers.

However, her constitutional strength was great, and his pride in the restoration of his house by her agency flourished anew, what with fair weather and a favourable report from Dr. Gannet. The weather was most propitious to the hopes of any soul bent on dispersing the shadows of death, and to sportsmen. From the windows of his railway carriage he beheld the happy sportsmen stalking afield. The birds whirled and dropped just where he counted on their dropping. The smoke of the guns threaded to dazzling silver in the sunshine. Say what poor old Nevil will, or *did* say, previous to the sobering of his blood, where is there a land like England? Everard rejoiced in his country temperately. Having Nevil as well,—of which fact the report he was framing in his mind to deliver to his wife assured him—he was rich. And you that put yourselves forward for republicans and democrats, do you deny the aristocracy of an oaklike man who is young upon the verge of eighty?

These were poetic flights, but he knew them not by name, and had not to be ashamed of them.

Rosamund met him in the hall of the castle. "You have not deceived me, my dear lord," she said, embracing him. "You have done what you could for me. The rest is for me to do."

He reciprocated her embrace warmly, in commendation of her fresher good looks.

She asked him, "You have spoken to Dr. Shrapnel?"

He answered her, "Twice."

The word seemed quaint. She recollected that he was quaint.

He repeated, "I spoke to him the first day I saw him, and the second."

"We are so much indebted to him," said Rosamund. "His love of Nevil surpasses ours. Poor man! poor man! At least we may now hope the blow will be spared him which would have carried off his life with Nevil's. I have later news of Nevil than you."

"Good, of course?"

"Ah me! the pleasure of the absence of pain. He is not gone."

Lord Romfrey liked her calm resignation.

"There's a Mr. Lydiard," he said, "a friend of Nevil's, and a friend of Louise Devereux's."

"Yes; we hear from him every four hours," Rosamund rejoined. "Mention him to her before me."

"That's exactly what I was going to tell you to do before me," said her husband smiling.

"Because, Everard, is it not so?—widows . . . and she loves this gentleman!"

"Certainly, my dear; I think with you about widows. The world asks them to practise its own hypocrisy. Louise Devereux was married to a pipe; she's the widow of tobacco ash. We'll make daylight round her."

"How good, how kind you are, my lord! I did not think so shrewd! But benevolence is almost all-seeing. You said you spoke to Dr. Shrapnel twice. Was he . . . polite?"

"Thoroughly upset, you know."

"What did he say?"

"What was it? 'Beauchamp! Beauchamp!' the first time; and the second time he said he thought it had left off raining."

"Ah!" Rosamund drooped her head.

She looked up. "Here is Louise. My lord has had a long conversation with Mr. Lydiard."

"I trust he will come here before you leave us," added the earl.

Rosamund took her hand. "My lord has been more acute than I, or else your friend is less guarded than you."

"What have you seen?" said the blushing lady.

"Stay. I have an idea you are one of the women I promised to Cecil Baskett," said the earl. "Now may I tell him there's no chance?"

"Oh! do."

They spent so very pleasant an evening that the earl settled down into a comfortable expectation of the renewal of his old habits in the September and October season. Nevil's frightful cry played on his ear-drum at whiles, but not too affectingly. He conducted Rosamund to her room, kissed her, hoped she would sleep well, and retired to his good hard bachelor's bed, where he confidently supposed he would sleep. The sleep of a dyspeptic, with a wilder than the monstrous Bevisham dream, befell him, causing him to rise at three in the morning and proceed to his lady's chamber, to assure himself that at least she slept well. She was awake.

"I thought you might come," she said.

He reproached her gently for indulging foolish nervous fears.

She replied, "No, I do not; I am easier about Nevil. I begin to think he will live. I have something at my heart that prevents me from sleeping. It concerns me. Whether he is to live or die, I should like him to know he has not striven in vain—not in everything: not where my conscience tells me he was right, and we, I, wrong—utterly wrong, wickedly wrong."

"My dear girl, you are exciting yourself."

"No; feel my pulse. The dead of night brings out Nevil to me like the writing on the wall. It shall not be said he failed in everything. Shame to us if it could be said! He tried to make me see what my duty was, and my honour."

"He was at every man Jack of us."

"I speak of one thing. I thought I might not have to go. Now I feel I must. I remember him at Steynham, when Colonel Halkett and Cecilia were there. But for me, Cecilia would now be his wife. Of that there is no doubt; that is not the point; regrets are fruitless. I see how the struggle it cost him to break with his old love—that endearing Madame de Rouaillout, his Renée—broke his heart; and then his loss of Cecilia Halkett. But I do believe, true as that I am lying here, and you hold my hand, my dear husband, those losses were not so fatal to him as the sufferings he went through on account of his friend Dr. Shrapnel. I will not keep you here. Go and have some rest. What I shall beg of you to-morrow will not injure my health in the slightest: the reverse: it will raise me from a bitter depression. It shall not be said that those who loved him were unmoved by him. Before he comes back to life, or is carried to his grave, he shall know that I was not false to my love of him."

"My dear, your pulse is at ninety," said the earl.

"Look lenient, be kind, be just, my husband. Oh! let us cleanse

our hearts. This great wrong was my doing. I am not only quite strong enough to travel to Bevissham, I shall be happy in going : and when I have done it—said : ‘The wrong was all mine,’ I shall rejoice like the pure in spirit. Forgiveness does not matter, though I now believe that poor, loving old man who waits outside his door weeping, is wrongheaded only in his political views. We women can read men by their power to love. Where love exists there is goodness. But it is not for the sake of the poor old man himself that I would go : it is for Nevil’s : it is for ours, chiefly for me, for my child’s, if ever !” Rosamund turned her head on her pillow.

The earl patted her cheek. “We’ll talk it over in the morning,” he said. “Now go to sleep.”

He could not say more, for he did not dare to attempt cajolery with her. Shading his lamp he stepped softly away to wrestle with a worse nightmare than sleep’s. Her meaning was clear : and she was a woman to insist on doing it. She was nevertheless a woman not impervious to reason, if only he could shape her understanding to perceive that the state of her nerves, incident to her delicate situation and the shock of that fellow Nevil’s illness—poor lad!—was acting on her mind, rendering her a victim of exaggerated ideas of duty, and so forth.

Naturally, apart from allowing her to undertake the journey by rail, he could not sanction his lady’s humbling of herself so egregiously and unnecessarily. Shrapnel had behaved unbecomingly, and had been punished for it. He had spoken to Shrapnel, and the affair was virtually at an end. With his assistance she would see that, when less excited. Her eternal brooding over Nevil was the cause of these mental vagaries.

Lord Romfrey was for postponing the appointed discussion in the morning after breakfast. He pleaded business engagements.

“None so urgent as this of mine,” said Rosamund.

“But we have excellent news of Nevil : you have Gannet’s word for it,” he argued. “There’s really nothing to distress you.”

“My heart : I must be worthy of good news, to know happiness,” she answered. “I will say, let me go to Bevissham two, three, four days hence, if you like, but there is peace for me, and nowhere else.”

“My precious Rosamund ! have you set your two eyes on it. What you are asking, is for permission to make an *apology* to Shrapnel !”

“That is the word.”

“That’s Nevil’s word.”

“It is a prescription to me.”

“An apology ?”

The earl's gorge rose. Why, such an act was comparable to the circular mission of the dog!

"If I do not make the apology, the mother of your child is a coward," said Rosamund.

"She's not."

"I trust not."

"You are a reasonable woman, my dear. Now listen: the man insulted you. It's past: done with. He insulted you . . ."

"He did not."

"What?"

"He was courteous to me, hospitable to me, kind to me. He did not insult me. I belied him."

"My dear saint, you're dreaming. He spoke insultingly of you to Cecil."

"Is my lord that man's dupe? I would stand against him before the throne of God, with what little I know of his interview with Dr. Shrapnel, to confront him and expose his lie. Do not speak of him. He stirs my evil passions, and makes me feel myself the creature I was when I returned to Steynham from my first visit to Bevisham, enraged with jealousy of Dr. Shrapnel's influence over Nevil, spiteful, malicious: Oh! such a nest of villainess as I pray to heaven I am not now, if it is granted me to give life to another. Nevil's misfortunes date from that," she continued, in reply to the earl's efforts to soothe her. "Not the loss of the election: that was no misfortune, but a lesson. He would not have shone in Parliament: he runs too much from first principles to extremes. You see I am perfectly reasonable, Everard: I can form an exact estimate of character and things." She smiled in his face. "And I know my husband too: what he will grant; what he would not, and justly would not. I know to a certainty that vexatious as I must be to you now, you are conscious of my having reason for being so."

"You carry it so far—fifty miles beyond the mark," said he. "The man roughed you, and I taught him manners."

"No!" she half screamed her interposition. "I repeat, he was in no way discourteous or disobliging to me. He offered me a seat at his table, and, heaven forgive me! I believe a bed in his house, that I might wait and be sure of seeing Nevil, because I was very anxious to see him."

"All the same you can't go to the man."

"I should have said so too, before my destiny touched me."

"A certain dignity of position, my dear, demands a corresponding dignity of conduct: you can't go."

"If I am walking in the very eye of heaven, and feel it shining on me where I go, there is no question for me of human dignity."

Such flighty talk offended Lord Romfrey.

"It comes to this: you're in want of a parson."

Rosamund was too careful to hint that she would have expected succour and seconding from one or other of the better order of clergymen.

She shook her head. "To this, my dear lord: I have a troubled mind; and it is not to listen nor to talk, that I am in need of, but to act."

"Yes, my dear girl, but not to act insanely. I do love soundness of head. You have it, only just now you're a little astray. We'll leave this matter for another time."

Rosamund held him by the arm. "Not too long!"

Both of them applied privately to Mrs. Wardour-Devereux for her opinion and counsel on the subject of the proposal to apologise to Dr. Shrapnel. She was against it with the earl, and became Rosamund's echo when with her. When alone, she was divided into two almost equal halves: deeming that the countess should not insist, and the earl should not refuse: him she condemned for lack of sufficient spiritual insight to perceive the merits of his wife's request: her she accused of some vestige of something underbred in her nature, for putting such fervid stress upon the supplication: i.e. making too much of it—a trick of the vulgar: and not known to the languid.

She wrote to Lydiard for advice.

He condensed a paragraph into a line:

"It should be the earl. She is driving him to it, intentionally or not."

Mrs. Devereux doubted that the countess could have so false an idea of her husband's character as to think it possible he would ever be bent to humble himself to the man he had castigated. She was right. It was by honestly presenting to his mind something more loathsome still, the humbling of herself, that Rosamund succeeded in awakening some remote thoughts of a compromise, in case of necessity. Better I than she!

But the necessity was inconceivable.

He had really done everything required of him, if anything was really required, by speaking to Shrapnel civilly. He had spoken to Shrapnel twice.

Besides, the castle was being gladdened by happier tidings of Beauchamp. Gannet now pledged his word to the poor fellow's recovery, and the earl's particular friends arrived, and the countess entertained them. October passed smoothly.

She said once: "Ancestresses of yours, my lord, have undertaken pilgrimages as acts of penance for sin, to obtain heaven's intercession in their extremity."

"I dare say they did," he replied. "The monks got round them."

"It is not to be laughed at, if it eased their hearts."

Timidly she renewed her request for permission to perform the pilgrimage to Bevisham.

"Wait," said he, "till Nevil is on his legs."

"Have you considered where I may then be, Everard?"

"My love, you sleep well, don't you?"

"You see me every night."

"I see you sound asleep."

"I see you watching me."

"Let's reason," said the earl; and again they went through the argument upon the apology to Dr. Shrapnel.

He was willing to indulge her in any amount of it: and she perceived why. Fox! she thought. Grand fox, but fox downright. For her time was shortening to days that would leave her no free-will.

On the other hand, the exercise of her free-will in a fast resolve, was growing all the more a privilege that he was bound to respect. As she became sacred and doubly precious to him, the less would he venture to thwart her, though he should think her mad. There would be an analogy between his manner of regarding her and the way that superstitious villagers look on their crazy innocents, she thought sadly. And she bled for him too: she grieved to hurt his pride. But she had come to imagine that there was no avoidance of this deed of personal humiliation.

Nevil had scrawled a note to her. She had it in her hand one forenoon in mid November, when she said to her husband: "I have ordered the carriage for two o'clock to meet the quarter to three train to London, and I have sent Stanton on to get the house ready for us to night."

Lord Romfrey levelled a marksman's eye at her.

"Why London? You know my wish that it should be here at the castle."

"I have decided to go to Bevisham. I have little time left."

"None to my thinking."

"Oh! yes; my heart will be light. I shall gain. You come with me to London?"

"You can't go."

"Don't attempt to reason with me, please, please!"

"I command, madam."

"My lord, it is past the hour of commanding."

He nodded his head, with the eyes up amid the puckered brows, and blowing one of his long nasal expirations, cried: "Here we are, in for another bout of argument!"

"No; I can bear the journey, rejoice in confessing my fault, but more argument I cannot bear. I will reason with you in turn: submit to me in this."

"Feminine reasoning!" he interjected.

"I have nothing better to offer. It will be prudent to attend to me. Take my conduct for the portion I bring you. Before I put myself in God's care I must be clean. I am unclean. Language like that offends you. I have no better. My reasoning has not touched you; I am helpless, except in this determination that my contrition shall be expressed to Dr. Shrapnel. If I am to have life, to be worthy of living and being a mother, it must be done. Now, my dear lord, see that, and submit. You're but one voice: I am two."

He jumped off his chair, frowning up his forehead, and staring awfully at the insulting prospect. "An apology to the man? By you? Away with it."

"Make allowances for me if you can, my dear lord: that is what I am going to do."

"My wife going there?" He strode along furiously. "No!"

"You will not stop her."

"There's a palsy in my arm if I don't."

She plucked at her watch.

"Why, ma'am, I don't know you," he said, coming close to her. "Let's reason. Perhaps you overshot it; you were disgusted with Shrapnel. Perhaps I was hasty; I got fired by an insult to a woman. There was a rascal kissed a girl once against her will, and I heard her cry out; I laid him on his back for six months;—just to tell you;—I'd do the same to lord or beggar. Very well, my dear heart, we'll own I might have looked into the case when that dog Cecil. . . what's the matter?"

"Speak on, my dear husband," said Rosamund, panting.

"But your making the journey to Bevisham is a foolish notion."

"Yes? well?"

"Well, we'll wait."

"Oh! have we to travel over it all again?" she exclaimed in despair at the dashing out of a light she had fancied. "You see the wrong. You know the fever it is in my blood, and you bid me wait."

"Drop a line to Nevil."

"To trick my conscience! I might have done that, and done well, once. Do you think I dislike the task I propose to myself? It is for your sake that I would shun it. As for me, the thought of going there is an ecstasy. I shall be with Nevil, and be able to look in his face. And how can I be actually abasing you when I am so certain that I am worthier of you in what I do?"

Her exultation swept her on. "Hurry there, my lord, if you will. If you think it prudent that you should go in my place, go: you deprive me of a great joy, but I will not put myself in your way, and I consent. The chief sin was mine; remember that. I rank it viler than Cecil Baskellett's. And listen: *when*—can you reckon?—when will *he* confess his wickedness? We separate ourselves from a wretch like that."

"Pooh," quoth the earl.

"But you will go?" She fastened her arms round the arm nearest: "You or I! Does it matter which? We are one. You speak for me; I should have been forced to speak for you. You spare me the journey. I do not in truth suppose it would have injured me: but I would not run one unnecessary risk."

Lord Romfrey sighed profoundly. He could not shake her off. How could he refuse her?

How on earth had it come about that suddenly he was expected to be the person to go!

She would not let him elude her; and her stained cheeks and her trembling on his arm pleaded most pressingly and masteringly. It might be that she spoke with a knowledge of her case. Positive it undoubtedly was that she meant to go if he did not. Perhaps the hopes of his House hung on it. Having admitted that a wrong had been done, he was not the man to leave it unamended; only he would have chosen his time, and the manner. Since Nevil's illness, too, he had once or twice been clouded with a little bit of regret at the recollection of poor innocent old Shrapnel posted like a figure of total inebriation beside the doorway of the dreadful sickroom.

There had been women of the earl's illustrious House who would have given their hands to the axe rather than conceal a stain and have to dread a scandal. His Rosamund, after all, was of their pattern; even though she blew that conscience she prattled of into trifles, and swelled them, as women of high birth in this country, out of the clutches of the priests, do not do.

She clung to him for his promise to go.

He said: "Well, well."

"That means, you will," said she.

His not denying it passed for the affirmative.

Then indeed she bloomed with love of him.

"Yet do say yes," she begged.

"I'll go, ma'am," shouted the earl. "I'll go, my love," he said softly.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE APOLOGY TO DR. SHRAPNEL.

"You and Nevil are so alike," Lady Romfrey said to her lord, at some secret resemblance she detected and dwelt on fondly, when the earl was on the point of starting a second time for Bevisham to do what she had prompted him to conceive it his honourable duty to do, without a single intimation that he loathed the task, neither shrug nor grimace.

"Two ends of a stick are pretty much alike: they're all that length apart," said he, very little in the humour for compliments, however well braced for his work.

His wife's admiring love was pleasant enough. He simply preferred to have it unspoken. Few of us care to be eulogised in the act of taking a nauseous medical mixture.

For him the thing was as good as done, on his deciding to think it both advisable and right: so he shouldered his load and marched off with it. He could have postponed the right proceeding, even after the partial recognition of his error:—one drops a word or two by hazard, one expresses an anxiety to afford reparation, one sends a message, and so forth, for the satisfaction of one's conventionally gentlemanly feeling:—but the advisable proceeding under stress of peculiar circumstances, his clearly-awakened recognition of that, impelled him unhesitatingly. His wife had said it was the portion she brought him. Tears would not have persuaded him so powerfully, that he might prove to her he was glad of her whatever the portion she brought. She was a good wife, a brave woman, likely to be an incomparable mother. At present her very virtues excited her to fancifulness: nevertheless she was in his charge, and he was bound to break the neck of his will, to give her perfect peace of mind. The child suffers from the mother's mental agitation. It might be a question of a nervous or an idiot future Earl of Romfrey. Better death to the House than such a mockery of his line! These reflections reminded him of the heartiness of his whipping of that poor old tumbled signpost, Shrapnel, in the name of outraged womankind. If there was no outrage?

Assuredly if there was no outrage, consideration for the state of his wife would urge him to speak the apology in the most natural manner possible. She vowed there was none.

He never thought of blaming her for formerly deceiving him, nor of blaming her for now expediting him.

In the presence of Colonel Halkett, Mr. Tuckham, and Mr. Lydiard, on a fine November afternoon, standing bareheaded in the

fir-bordered garden of the cottage on the common, Lord Romfrey delivered his apology to Dr. Shrapnel, and he said :

"I call you to witness, gentlemen, I offer Dr. Shrapnel the fullest reparation he may think fit to demand of me for an unprovoked assault on him, that I find was quite unjustified, and for which I am here to ask his forgiveness."

Speech of man could not have been more nobly uttered.

Dr. Shrapnel replied :

"To the half of that, sir—'tis over! What remains is done with the hand."

He stretched his hand out.

Lord Romfrey closed his own on it.

The antagonists, between whom was no pretence of their being other after the performance of a creditable ceremony, bowed and exchanged civil remarks : and then Lord Romfrey was invited to go into the house and see Beauchamp, who happened to be sitting with Cecilia Halkett and Jenny Denham. Beauchamp was thin, pale and quiet ; but the sight of him standing and conversing after that scene of the skinny creature struggling with bare-ribbed obstruction on the bed, was an example of constitutional vigour and a compliment to the family very gratifying to Lord Romfrey. Excepting by Cecilia, the earl was coldly received. He had to leave early by special express for London to catch the last train to Romfrey. Beauchamp declined to fix a day for his visit to the castle with Lydiard, but proposed that Lydiard should accompany the earl on his return. Lydiard was called in, and at once accepted the earl's proposal, and quitted the room to pack his portmanteau.

A faint sign of firm-shutting shadowed the corners of Jenny's lips.

"You have brought my nephew to life," Lord Romfrey said to her.

"My share in it was very small, my lord."

"Gannet says that your share in it was very great."

"And I say so, with the authority of a witness," added Cecilia.

"And I, from my experience," came from Beauchamp.

His voice had a hollow sound, unlike his natural voice.

"The earl looked at him remembering the bright laughing lad he had once been, and said : "Why not try a month of Madeira? You have only to step on board the boat."

"I don't want to lose a month of my friend," said Beauchamp.

"Take your friend with you. After these fevers our winters are bad."

"I've been idle too long."

"But, Captain Beauchamp," said Jenny, "you proposed to do nothing but read for a couple of years."

"Ay, there's the voyage!" sighed he, with a sailor-invalid's vision of sunny seas dancing in the far sky. "You must persuade Dr. Shrapnel to come; and he will not come unless you come too, and you won't go anywhere but to the Alps!"

She bent her eyes on the floor. Beauchamp remembered what had brought her home from the Alps. He cast a cold look on his uncle talking with Cecilia: granite, as he thought. And the reflux of that slight feeling of despair seemed to tear down with it in wreckage every effort he had made in life, and cry failure on him. Yet he was hoping that he had not been created for failure.

He touched his uncle's hand indifferently: "My love to the countess: let me hear of her, sir, if you please."

"You shall," said the earl. "But, off to Madeira, and up Teneriffe: sail the Azores. I'll hire you a good-sized schooner."

"There is the *Esperanza*," said Cecilia. "And the vessel is lying idle, Nevil! Can you allow it?"

He consented to laugh at himself, and fell to coughing.

Jenny Denham saw a real human expression of anxiety cross the features of the earl at the sound of the cough.

Lord Romfrey said "Adieu!" to her.

He offered her his hand, which she contrived to avoid taking by dropping a formal half-reverence.

"Think of the *Esperanza*; she will be coasting her nominal native land! and adieu for to-day," Cecilia said to Beauchamp.

Jenny Denham and he stood at the window to watch the leave-taking in the garden, for a distraction. They interchanged no remark of surprise at seeing the earl and Dr. Shrapnel hand-locked: but Jenny's heart reproached her uncle for being actually servile, and Beauchamp accused the earl of aristocratic impudence.

Both were overcome with remorse when Colonel Halkett, putting his head into the room to say good-bye to Beauchamp and place the *Esperanza* at his disposal for a winter cruise, chanced to mention in two or three half words the purpose of the earl's visit, and what had occurred. He took it for known already.

To Miss Denham he remarked: "Lord Romfrey is very much concerned about your health; he fears you have overdone it in nursing Captain Beauchamp."

"I must be off after him," said Beauchamp, and began trembling so that he could not stir.

The colonel knew the pain and shame of that condition of weakness to a man who has been strong and swift, and said: "Seven-league boots are not to be caught. You'll see him soon. Why, I thought some letter of yours had fetched him here! I gave you all the credit of it."

"No, he deserves it all himself—all," said Beauchamp: and with a dubious eye on Jenny Denham: "You see, we were unfair."

The "we" meant "you" to her sensitiveness; and probably he did mean it for "you:" for as he would have felt, so he supposed that his uncle must have felt, Jenny's coldness was much the crueller. Her features, which in animation were summer light playing upon smooth water, could be exceedingly cold in repose: the icier to those who knew her, because they never expressed disdain. No expression of the baser sort belonged to them. Beauchamp was intimate with these delicately-cut features; he would have shuddered had they chilled on him. He had fallen in love with his uncle; he fancied she ought to have done so too; and from his excess of sympathy he found her deficient in it.

He sat himself down to write a hearty letter to his "dear old uncle Everard."

Jenny left him, to go to her chamber and cry.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE FRUITS OF THE APOLOGY.

THIS clear heart had cause for tears. Her just indignation with Lord Romfrey had sustained her artificially hitherto: now that it was crased, she sank down to weep. Her sentiments toward Lydiard had been very like Cecilia Halkett's, in favour of Mr. Austin; with something more to warm them on the part of the gentleman. He first had led her mind in the direction of balanced thought, when, despite her affection for Dr. Shrapnel, her timorous maiden wits, unable to contend with the copious exclamatory old politician, opposed him silently. Lydiard had helped her tongue to speak, as well as her mind toward rational views; and there had been a bond of union in common for them in his admiration of her father's writings. She had known that he was miserably joked, and had respected him when he seemed inclined for compassion without wooing her for tenderness. He had not trifled with her, hardly flattered; he had done no more than kindle a young girl's imaginative liking. The pale flower of imagination, fed by dews, not by sunshine, was born drooping, and hung secret in her bosom, shy as a bell of the frail wood-sorrel. Yet there was pain for her in the perishing of a thing so poor and lowly. She had not observed the change in Lydiard after Beauchamp came on the scene: and that may tell us how passionlessly pure the little maidenly sentiment was. For do but look on the dewy wood-sorrel flower: it is not violet or rose

inviting hands to pluck it: still it is there, happy in the woods. And Jenny's feeling was that a foot had crushed it.

She wept, thinking confusedly of Lord Romfrey; trying to think he had made his amends tardily, and that Beauchamp prized him too highly for the act. She had no longer anything to resent: she was obliged to weep. In truth, as the earl had noticed, she was physically depressed by the strain of her protracted watch over Beauchamp, as well as rather heartsick.

* But she had been of aid and use in saving him! She was not quite a valueless person; sweet, too, was the thought that he consulted her, listened to her, weighed her ideas. He had evidently taken to study her, as if dispersing some wonderment that one of her sex should have ideas. He had repeated certain of her own which had been forgotten by her. His eyes were often on her with this that she thought humorous intentness. She smiled. She had assisted in raising him from his bed of sickness, whereof the memory affrighted her and melted her. The difficulty now was to keep him indoors, and why he would not go even temporarily to a large house like Mount Laurels, whither Colonel Halkett was daily requesting him to go, she was unable to comprehend. His love of Dr. Shrapnel might account for it.

"Own, Jenny," said Beauchamp, springing up to meet her as she entered the room where he and Dr. Shrapnel sat discussing Lord Romfrey's bearing at his visit, "own that my uncle Everard is a true nobleman. He has to make the round to the right mark, but he comes to it. I could not move him—and I like him the better for that. He worked round to it himself. I ought to have been sure he would. You're right: I break my head with impatience."

"No; you sowed seed," said Dr. Shrapnel. "Heed not that girl, my Beauchamp. The old woman's in the Tory, and the Tory leads the young maid. Here's a fable I draw from a Naturalist's book, and we'll set it against the dicta of Jenny Do-nothing, Jenny Discretion, Jenny Wait-for-the-Gods:—Once upon a time in a tropical island a man lay sick; so ill that he could not rise to trouble his neighbours for help; so weak that it was lifting a mountain to get up from his bed; so hopeless of succour that the last spark of distraught wisdom perching on his brains advised him to lie where he was and trouble not himself, since peace at least he could command, before he passed upon the black high-road men call our kingdom of peace: ay, he lay there. Now it chanced that this man had a mess to cook for his nourishment. And life said, Do it, and death said, To what end? He wrestled with the stark limbs of death, and cooked the mess; and that done he had no strength remaining to him to consume it, but crept to his bed like the toad into winter. Now, meanwhile a steam arose from the mess, and he lay stretched.

So it befel that the birds of prey of the region scented the mess, and they descended and thronged at that man's windows. And the man's neighbours looked up at them, for it was the sign of one who is fit for the beaks of birds, lying unburied. Fail to spread the pall one hour where suns are decisive, and the pall comes down out of heaven! They said, The man is dead within. And they went to his room, and saw him and succoured him. They lifted him out of death by the last uncut thread.

"Now, my Jenny Weigh-words, Jenny Halt-there! was it they who saved the man, or he that saved himself? The man taxed his expiring breath to sow seed of life. Lydiard shall put it into verse for a fable in song for our people. I say it is a good fable, and sung spiritedly may serve for nourishment, and faith in work, to many of our poor fainting fellows! Now you?"

Jenny said: "I think it is a good fable of self-help. Does it quite illustrate the case? I mean, the virtue of impatience. But I like the fable and the moral; and I think it would do good if it were made popular, though it would be hard to condense it to a song."

"It would be hard! ay, then we do it forthwith. And you shall compose the music. As for the 'case of impatience,' my dear, you tether the soaring universal to your pet-lamb's post, the special. I spoke of seed sown. I spoke of the fruits of energy and resolution. Cared I for an apology? I took the blows as I take hail from the clouds—which apologise to you the moment you are in shelter, if you laugh at them. So, good night to that matter! Are we to have rain this evening? I must away into Bevisham to the Workmen's Hall, and pay the men."

"There will not be ruin; there will be frost, and you must be well wrapped if you must go," said Jenny. "And tell them not to think of deputations to Captain Beauchamp yet."

"No, no deputations; let them send Killick, if they want to say anything," said Beauchamp.

"Wrong!" the doctor cried! "wrong! wrong! Six men won't hurt you more than one. And why check them when their feelings are up? They burn to be speaking some words to you. Trust me, Beauchamp, if we shun to encounter the good warm soul of numbers, our hearts are narrowed to them. The business of our modern world is to open heart and stretch out arms to numbers. In numbers we have our sinews; they are our iron and gold. Scatter them not; teach them the secret of cohesion. Practically, since they gave you not their entire confidence once, you should not rebuff them to suspicions of you as aristocrat, when they rise on the effort to believe a man of, as 'tis called, birth their undivided friend. Meet them!"

"Send them," said Beauchamp.

Jenny Denham fastened a vast cloak and a comforter on the doctor's heedless shoulders and throat, enjoining on him to return in good time for dinner.

He put his finger to her cheek in reproof of such supererogatory counsel to a man famous for his punctuality.

The day had darkened.

Beauchamp begged Jenny to play to him on the piano.

"Do you indeed care to have music?" said she. "I did not wish you to meet a deputation, because your strength is not yet equal to it. Dr. Shrapnel dwells on principles, forgetful of minor considerations."

"I wish thousands did!" cried Beauchamp. "When you play I seem to hear ideas. Your music makes me think."

Jenny lit a pair of candles and set them on the piano. "Waltzes?" she asked.

"Call in a puppet-show at once!"

She smiled, turned over some leaves, and struck the opening notes of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

At the finish, he said: "Now read me your father's poem, '*The Hunt of the Fates*.'"

She read it to him.

"Now read, '*The Ascent from the Inferno*.'"

That she read: and also "*Soul and Brute*" another of his favourites.

He wanted more, and told her to read "*First Love—Last Love*."

"I fear I have not the tone of voice for love-poems," Jenny said, returning the book to him.

"I'll read it," said he.

He read with more impressiveness than effect. Lydiard's reading thrilled her: Beauchamp's insisted too much on particular lines. But it was worth while observing him. She saw him always as in a picture, remote from herself. His loftier social station and strange character precluded any of those keen suspicions by which women learn that a fire is beginning to glow near them.

"How I should like to have known your father!" he said. "I don't wonder at Doctor Shrapnel's love of him. Yes, he was one of the great men of his day! and it's a higher honour to be of his blood than any that rank can give. You were ten years old when you lost him. Describe him to me."

"He used to play with me like a boy," said Jenny. She described her father from a child's recollection of him.

"Dr. Shrapnel declares he would have been one of the first surgeons in Europe: and he was one of the first of poets," Beauchamp pursued with enthusiasm. "So he was doubly great. I

hold a good surgeon to be in the front rank of public benefactors—where they put rich brewers, bankers, and speculative manufacturers, now. Well! the world is young. We shall alter that in time. Whom did your father marry?”

Jenny answered, “My mother was the daughter of a London lawyer. She married without her father’s approval of the match, and he left her nothing.”

Beauchamp interjected: “Lawyer’s money!”

“It would have been useful to my mother’s household when I was an infant,” said Jenny.

“Poor soul! I suppose so. Yes; well,” Beauchamp sighed. “Money! never mind how it comes! We’re in such a primitive condition that we catch at anything to keep us out of the cold;—dogs with a bone!—instead of living, as Dr. Shrapnel prophesies, for and with one another. It’s war now, and money’s the weapon of war. And we’re the worst nation in Europe for that. But if we fairly recognise it, we shall be the first to alter our ways. There’s the point. Well, Jenny, I can look you in the face to-night. Thanks to my uncle Everard at last!”

“Captain Beauchamp, you have never been blamed.”

“I am Captain Beauchamp by courtesy, in public. My friends call me Nevil. I think I have heard the name on your lips?”

“When you were very ill.”

He stood closer to her, very close.

“Which was the arm that bled for me? May I look at it? There was a bruise.”

“Have you not forgotten that trifle? There is the faintest possible mark of it left.”

“I wish to see.”

She gently defended the arm, but he made it so much a matter of earnest to see the bruise of the old election missile on her fair arm, that, with a pardonable soft blush, to avoid making much of it herself, she turned her sleeve a little above the wrist. He took her hand.

“It was for me!”

“It was quite an accident: no harm was intended.”

“But it was in my cause—for me!”

“Indeed, Captain Beauchamp”

“Nevil, we say indoors.”

“Nevil—but is it not wiser to say what comes naturally to us?”

“Who told you to-day that you had brought me to life? I am here—to prove it true. If I had paid attention to your advice, I should not have gone into the cottage of those poor creatures and taken away the fever. I did no good there. But the man’s wife said her husband had been ruined by voting for me: and it was a

point of honour to go in and sit with him. You are not to have your hand back: it is mine. Don't you remember, Jenny, how you gave me your arm on the road when I staggered, two days before the fever knocked me over? Shall I tell you what I thought then? I thought that he who could have you for a mate would have the bravest and helpfulest wife in all England. And not a mere beauty, for you have good looks: but you have the qualities I have been in search of. Why do your eyes look so mournfully at me? I am full of hope. We'll sail the *Esperanza* for the winter: you and I, and our best friend with us. And you shall have a voice in the council, be sure."

"If you are two to one?" Jenny said quickly, to keep from faltering.

Beauchamp pressed his mouth to the mark of the bruise on her arm. He held her fast.

"I mean it, if you will join me, that you and I should rejoice the heart of the dear old man—will you? He has been brooding over your loneliness here if you are unmarried, ever since his recovery. I owe my life to you, and every debt of gratitude to him. Now, Jenny!"

"Oh! Captain Beauchamp—Nevil, if you will . . . if I may have my hand. You exaggerate common kindness. He loves you. We both esteem you."

"But you don't love me?"

"Indeed I have no fear that I shall be unable to support myself, if I am left alone."

"But I want your help. I wake from illness with my eyes open. I must have your arm to lean on now and then."

Jenny dropped a shivering sigh.

"Uncle is long absent!" she said.

Her hand was released. Beauchamp inspected his watch.

"He may have fallen! He may be lying on the common!"

"Oh!" cried Jenny, "why did I let him go out without me?"

"Let me have his lantern; I'll go and search over the common."

"You must not go out," said she.

"I must. The old man may be perishing."

"It will be death to you . . . Nevil!"

"That's foolish. I can stand the air for a few minutes."

"I'll go," said Jenny.

"Unprotected? No."

"Cook shall come with me."

"Two women!"

"Nevil, if you care a little for me, be good, be kind, submit."

"He is half an hour behind dinner-time, and he's never late. Something must have happened to him. Way for me, my dear girl."

She stood firm between him and the door. It came to pass that she stretched her hands to arrest him, and he seized the hands.

"Rather than you should go out in this cold weather, anything!" she said, in the desperation of physical inability to hold him back.

"Ah!" Beauchamp crossed his arms round her. "I'll wait for five minutes."

One went by, with Jenny folded, broken and sobbing, senseless, against his breast.

They had not heard Dr. Shrapnel quietly opening the hall door and hanging up his hat. He looked in.

"Beauchamp!" he exclaimed.

"Come, doctor," said Beauchamp, and loosened his clasp of Jenny considerably.

She disengaged herself.

"Beauchamp! now I die a glad man."

"Witness, doctor, she's mine by her own confession."

"Uncle!" Jenny gasped. "Oh! Captain Beauchamp, what an error! what delusion! . . . Forget it. I will. Here are more misunderstandings! You shall be excused. But be . . ."

"Be you the blesseddest woman alive on this earth, my Jenny!" shouted Dr. Shrapnel. "You have the choice man of all the earth for husband, sweetheart! Ay, of all the earth! I go with a message for my old friend Harry Denham, to quicken him in the grave; for the husband of his girl is Nevil Beauchamp! The one thing I dared not dream of thousands is established. Sunlight, my Jenny!"

Beauchamp kissed her hand.

She slipped away to her chamber, grovelling to find her diminished self somewhere in the mid-thunder of her amazement, as though it were to discover a pin on the floor by the flash of lightning. Where was she?

This ensued from the apology of Lord Romfrey to Dr. Shrapnel.

CHAPTER LV.

WITHOUT LOVE.

At the end of November, Jenny Denham wrote these lines to Mr. Lydiard, in reply to his request that she should furnish the latest particulars of Nevil Beauchamp, for the satisfaction of the Countess of Romfrey:—

"There is everything to reassure Lord Romfrey in the state of Captain Beauchamp's health, and I have never seen him so placidly

happy as he has been since the arrival, yesterday morning, of a lady from France, Madame la Marquise de Rouaillout, with her brother, M. le Comte de Croisnel. Her husband, I hear from M. de Croisnel, dreads our climate and coffee too much to attempt the voyage. I understand that she writes to Lady Romfrey to-day. Lady Romfrey's letter to her, informing her of Captain Beauchamp's alarming illness, went the round from Normandy to Touraine and Dauphiny, otherwise she would have come over earlier.

"Her first inquiry of me was, 'Il est mort?' You would have supposed her disappointed by my answer. A light went out in her eyes, like that of a *veilleuse* in the dawn. She looked at me without speaking, while her beautiful eyes regained their natural expression. She shut them and sighed. 'Tell him that M. de Croisnel and his sister are here.'

"This morning her wish to see Miss Halkett was gratified. You know my taste was formed in France; I agree with Captain Beauchamp in his more than admiration of Frenchwomen; ours, though more accomplished, are colder and less plastic. But Miss Halkett is surpassingly beautiful, very amiable, very generous, a perfect friend. She is our country at its best. Probably she is shy of speaking French; she frequently puts the Italian accent. Madame de Rouaillout begged to speak with her alone: I do not know what passed. Miss Halkett did not return to us.

"Dr. Shrapnel and Captain Beauchamp have recently been speculating on our becoming a nation of artists, and authorities in science and philosophy, by the time our coalfields and material wealth are exhausted. That, and the *cataclysm*, are their themes."

"They say, will things end utterly?—all our gains be lost? The question seems to me to come of that love of earth which is recognition of God: for if they cannot reconcile themselves to believe in extinction, to what must they be looking? It is a confirmation of your saying, that love leads to God, through art or in acts.

"You will regret to hear that the project of Captain Beauchamp's voyage is in danger of being abandoned. A committee of a vacant Radical borough has offered to nominate him. My influence is weak; madame would have him go back with her and her brother to Normandy. My influence is weak, I suppose, because he finds me constantly leaning to expediency—I am your pupil. It may be quite correct that powder is intended for explosion: we do not therefore apply a spark to the barrel. I ventured on that. He pitied me in the snares of simile and metaphor. He is the same, you perceive. How often have we not discussed what would have become of him, with that 'rocket-brain' of his, in less quiet times! Yet, when he was addressing a deputation of workmen the other day, he recommended patience to them as one of the virtues that count under

wisdom. He is curiously impatient for knowledge. One of his reasons for not accepting Colonel Halkett's offer of his yacht is, that he will not be able to have books enough on board. Definite instead of vast and hazy duties are to be desired for him, I think. Most fervently I pray that he will obtain a ship and serve some years. At the risk of your accusing me of 'sententious posing,' I would say, that men who do not live in the present chiefly, but hamper themselves with giant tasks in excess of alarm for the future, however devoted and noble they may be—and he is an example of one that is—reduce themselves to the dimensions of pigmies; they have the cry of infants. You reply, Foresight is an element of love of country and mankind. But how often is not the foresight guess-work?

"He has not spoken of the DAWN project. To-day he is repeating one of uncle's novelties—'Sultry Tories.' The sultry Tory sits in the sun and prophecies woefully of storm, it appears. Your accusation that I am one at heart amuses me; I am not quite able to deny it. 'Sultriness' I am not conscious of. But it would appear to be an epithet for the Conservatives of wealth. So that England, being very wealthy, we are to call it a sultry country? You are much wanted, for where there is no 'middleman Liberal' to hold the scales for them, these two have it all their own way, which is not good for them. Captain Beauchamp quotes you too. It seems that you once talked to him of a machine for measuring the force of blows delivered with the fist, and compared his efforts to those of one perpetually practising at it: and this you are said to have called—'The case of the Constitutional Realm and the extreme Radical.' Elsewhere the Radical smites at iron or rotten wood; *In England it is a cushion on springs.* Did you say it? He quotes it as yours, half acquiescingly, and ruefully.

"For visitors, we have had Captain Baskelott for two minutes, and Lord Palmot, who stayed longer, and seems to intend to come daily. He attempts French with Madame de R., and amuses her a little: a silver foot and a ball of worsted. Mr. and Mrs. Grancy Lespel have called, and Lord and Lady Crayston. Colonel Halkett, Miss Halkett and Mr. Tuckham come frequently. Captain Beauchamp spoke to her yesterday of her marriage.

"Madame de R. leaves us to-morrow. Her brother is a delightful, gay-tempered, very handsome boyish Frenchman—not her equal, to my mind, for I do not think Frenchmen comparable to the women of France; but she is exceedingly grave, with hardly a smile, and his high spirits excite Nevil's, so it is pleasant to see them together."

The letter was handed to Lady Romfrey. She read through it thoughtfully till she came to the name of Nevil, when she frowned.

On the morrow she pronounced it a disingenuous letter. Renée had sent her these lines :—

"I should come to you if my time were not restricted ; my brother's leave of absence is short. I have done here what lay in my power, to show you I have learnt something in the school of self-immolation. I have seen Mdlle. Halkett. She is a beautiful young woman, deficient only in words, doubtless. My labour, except that it may satisfy you, was the vainest of tasks. She marries a monsieur of a name that I forget, and of the bearing of a member of the corps de garde, without the stature. Enfin, madame, I have done my duty, and do not regret it, since I may hope that it will win for me some approbation and a portion of the esteem of a lady to whom I am indebted for that which is now the best of life to me : and I do not undervalue it in saying I would gladly have it stamped on brass and deposited beside my father's. I have my faith. I would it were Nevil's too—and yours, should you be in need of it.

"He will marry Mdlle. Denham. If I may foretell events, she will steady him. She is a young person who will not feel astray in society of his rank ; she possesses the natural grace we do not expect to see out of our country—from sheer ignorance of what is beyond it. For the moment she affects to consider herself unworthy ; and it is excusable that she should be slightly alarmed at her prospect. But Nevil must have a wife. I presume to think that he could not have chosen better. Above all, make him leave England for the winter. Adieu, dear countess. Nevil promises me a visit after his marriage. I shall not set foot on England again : but you, should you ever come to our land of France, will find my heart open to you at the gates of undying grateful recollection. I am not skilled in writing. You have looked into me once ; look now ; I am the same. Only, I have succeeded in bringing myself to a greater likeness to the dead, as it becomes a creature to be who is coupled with one of their body. Meanwhile I shall have news of you. I trust that soon I may be warranted in forwarding congratulations to Lord Romfrey."

Rosamund handed the letters to her husband. Not only did she think Miss Denham disingenuous, she saw that the girl was not in love with Beauchamp : and the idea of a loveless marriage for him threw the mournfullest of Hecate's beams along the course of a career that the passionate love of a bride, though she were not well-born and not wealthy, would have rosily coloured.

"Without love !" she exclaimed to herself. She asked the earl's opinion of the startling intelligence, and of the character of that

Miss Denham, who could pen such a letter, after engaging to give her hand to Nevil.

Lord Romfrey laughed in his dumb way. "If Nevil must have a wife—and the marquise tells you so, and she ought to know—he may as well marry a girl who won't go all the way down hill with him at his pace. He'll be cogged."

"You do not object to such an alliance?"

"I'm past objection. There's no law against a man's marrying his nurse."

"But she is not even in love with him!"

"I dare say not. He wants a wife: she accepts a husband. The two women who were in love with him he wouldn't have."

Lady Romfrey sighed deeply: "He has lost Cecilia! She might still have been his: but he's taken to that girl. And Madame de Rouaillout praises the girl because—oh! I see it—she has less to be jealous of in Miss Denham: of whose birth and blood we know nothing. Let that pass. If only she loved him! I cannot endure the thought of his marrying a girl who is not in love with him."

"Just as you like, my dear."

"I used to suspect Mr. Lydiard."

"Perhaps he's the man."

"Oh, what an end of so brilliant a beginning!"

"It strikes me, my dear," said the earl, "it's the proper common sense beginning that may have a fairish end."

"No, but what I feel is that he—our Nevil!—has accomplished hardly anything, if anything!"

"He hasn't marched on London with a couple of hundred thousand men: no, he hasn't done that," the earl said, glancing back in his mind through Beauchamp's career. "And he escapes what Stukely calls his nation's scourge, in the shape of a statue turned out by an English chisel. No: we haven't had much public excitement out of him. But one thing he did do: *he got me down on my knees!*"

Lord Romfrey pronounced these words with a sober emphasis that struck the humour of it sharply into Rosamund's heart. Through some contrast it presented between Nevil's aim at the world and hit of a man: the immense deal thought of it by the earl, and the very little that Nevil would think of it: the great domestic achievement to be boasted of by an enthusiastic devotee of politics!

She embraced her husband with peals of loving laughter: the last laughter heard in Romfrey Castle for many a day.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE LAST OF NEVIL BEAUCHAMP.

Not before Beauchamp was flying with the winter gales to warmer climes could Rosamund reflect on his career unshadowed by her feminine mortification at the thought that he was unloved by the girl he had decided to marry. But when he was away and winds blew, the clouds which obscured an embracing imagination of him—such as, to be true and full and sufficient, should stretch like the dome of heaven over the humblest of lives under contemplation—broke, and revealed him to her as one who had other than failed: rather as one in mid career, in mid forest, who, by force of character, advancing in self-conquest, strikes his impress right and left around him, because of his aim at stars. He had faults, and she gloried to think he had; for the woman's heart rejoiced in his portion of our common humanity while she named their prince to men: but where was he to be matched in devotedness and in gallantry? and what man of blood fiery as Nevil's ever fought so to subject it? Rosamund followed him like a migratory bird, hovered over his vessel, perched on deck beside the helm, where her sailor was sure to be stationed, entered his breast, communed with him, and wound him round and round with her love. He has mine! she cried. Her craving that he should be blest in the reward, or flower-crowns of his wife's love of him lessened in proportion as her brooding spirit vividly realised his deeds. In fact it had been but an example of our very general craving for a climax, palpable and scenic. She was completely satisfied by her conviction that his wife would respect and must be subordinate to him. So it had been with her. As for love, let him come to his Rosamund for love, and appreciation, adoration!

Rosamund drew nigh to her hour of peril with this torch of her love of Beauchamp to illuminate her.

There had been a difficulty in getting him to go. One day Cecilia walked down to Dr. Shrapnel's with Mr. Tuckham, to communicate that the *Esperanza* awaited Captain Beauchamp, manned and provisioned, off the pier. Now, he would not go without Dr. Shrapnel, nor the doctor without Jenny; and Jenny could not hold back, seeing that the wish of her heart was for Nevil to be at sea, untroubled by political questions and prowling Radical deputies. So her consent was the seal of the voyage. What she would not consent to, was the proposal to have her finger ringed previous to the voyage, altogether in the manner of a sailor's bride. She seemed to stipulate for a term of courtship. Nevil frankly told the doctor

that he was not equal to it: anything that was kind he was quite ready to say; and anything that was pretty: but nothing particularly kind and pretty occurred to him: he was exactly like a juvenile correspondent facing a blank sheet of letter paper:—he really did not know what to say, further than the uncomplicated exposition of his case, that he wanted a wife and had found the very woman. How, then, fathom Jenny's mood for delaying? Dr. Shrapnel's exhortations were so worded as to induce her to comport herself like a scriptural woman, humbly wakeful to the surpassing splendour of the high fortune which had befallen her in being so selected, and obedient at a sign. But she was, it appeared that she was, a maid of scaly vision, not perceptive of the blessedness of her lot. She could have been very little perceptive, for she did not understand his casual allusion to Beauchamp's readiness to overcome "a natural repugnance," for the purpose of making her his wife.

Up to the last moment, before Cecilia Halkett left the deck of the *Esperanza* to step on the pier, Jenny remained in vague but excited expectation of something intervening to bring Cecilia and Beauchamp together. It was not a hope; it was with pure suspense that she awaited the issue. Cecilia was pale. Beauchamp shook Mr. Tuckham by the hand, and said: "I shall not hear the bells, but send me word of it, will you?" and he wished them both all happiness.

The sails of the schooner filled. On a fair frosty day, with a light wind ruffling from the north-west, she swept away, out of sight of Bevisham, and the island, into the channel, to within view of the coast of France. England once below the water-line, alone with Beauchamp and Dr. Shrapnel, Jenny Denham knew her fate.

As soon as that grew distinctly visible in shape and colour, she ceased to be reluctant. All about her, in air and sea and unknown coast, was fresh and prompting. And if she looked on Beauchamp, the thought—my husband! palpitated, and destroyed and re-made her. Rapidly she underwent her transformation from doubtfully minded woman to woman awakening cleareyed, and with new sweet shivers in her temperate blood, like the tremulous light seen running to the morn upon a quiet sea. She fell under the charm of Beauchamp at sea.

In view of the island of Madeira, Jenny noticed that some trouble had come upon Dr. Shrapnel and Beauchamp, both of whom had been hilarious during the gales; but sailing into summer they began to wear that look which indicated one of their serious deliberations. She was not taken into their confidence, and after a while they recovered partially.

The truth was, they had been forced back upon old English ground by a recognition of the absolute necessity, for her sake, of handing themselves over to a parson. In England, possibly, a civil marriage might have been proposed to the poor girl. In a foreign island, they would be driven not simply to accept the services of a parson, but to seek him and solicit him: otherwise the knot, faster than any sailor's in binding, could not be tied. Decidedly it could not; and how submit? Neither Dr. Shrapnel nor Beauchamp were of a temper to deceive the clerical gentleman; only they had to think of Jenny's feelings. Alas for us!—this our awful baggage in the rear of humanity, these women who have not moved on their own feet one step since the primal mother taught them to suckle, are perpetually pulling us backward on the march. Slaves of custom, forms, shows and superstitions, they are slaves of the priests. "They are so in gratitude perchance, as the matter works," Dr. Shrapnel admitted. For at one period the priests did cherish and protect the weak from animal man. But we have entered a broader daylight now, when the sun of high heaven has crowned our structure with the flower of brain, like him to scatter mists, and penetrate darkness, and shoot from end to end of earth; and must we still be grinning subserviently to ancient usages and stale forms, because of a baggage that it is, woe to us! too true, we cannot cut ourselves loose from? Lydiard might say we are compelling the priests to fight, and that they are compact foemen, not always passive. Battle, then!—The cry was valiant. Nevertheless, Jenny would certainly insist upon the presence of a parson, in spite of her bridegroom's 'natural repugnance.' Dr. Shrapnel offered to argue it with her, being of opinion that a British consul could satisfactorily perform the ceremony. Beauchamp knew her too well. Moreover, though tonguetied as to lovemaking, he was in a hurry to be married. Jenny's eyes were lovely, her smiles were soft; the fair promise of her was in bloom on her face and figure. He could not wait; he must off to the parson.

Then came the question as to whether honesty and honour did not impose it on them to deal openly with that gentle, and on such occasions unobtrusive official, by means of a candid statement to him overnight, to the effect that they were the avowed antagonists of his Church, which would put him on his defence, and lead to an argument that would accomplish his overthrow.—You parsons, whose cause is good, marshal out the poor of the land, that we may see the sort of army your stewardship has gained for you. What! no army? only women and hoary men? And in the rear rank, to support you as an institution, none but fanatics, cowards, white-eyeballed dogmatists, timeservers, moneychangers, mockers in their sleeves? What is this?

But the prospect of so completely confounding the unfortunate parson warned Beauchamp that he might have a shot in his locker: the parson heavily trodden on will turn. "I suppose we must be hypocrites," he said in dejection. Dr. Shrapnel was even more melancholy. He again offered to try his persuasiveness upon Jenny. Beauchamp declined to let her be disturbed.

She did not yield so very lightly to the invitation to go before a parson. She had to be wooed after all: a Harry Hotspur's wooing. Three clergymen of the Established Church were on the island: "And where won't they be, where there's fine scenery and comforts abound?" Beauchamp said to the doctor ungratefully.

"Whether a celibate clergy ruins the Faith faster than a non-celibate, I won't dispute," replied the doctor; "but a non-celibate interwinds with us, and is likely to keep up a one-storied edifice longer.

Jenny hesitated. She was a faltering unit against an ardent and imperative two in the council. And Beauchamp had shown her a letter of Lady Romfrey's very clearly signifying that she and her lord anticipated tidings of the union. Marrying Beauchamp was no simple adventure. She feared in her bosom, and resigned herself.

She had a taste of what it was to be, at the conclusion of the service. Beauchamp thanked the goodnatured clergyman, and spoke approvingly of him to his bride, as an agreeable, well-bred gentlemanly person. Then, fronting her and taking both her hands: "Now, my darling," he said: "You must pledge me your word to this: I have stooped my head to the parson, and I am content to have done that to win you, though I don't think much of myself for doing it. I can't look so happy as I am. And this idle ceremony—however, I thank God I have you, and I thank you for taking me. But you won't expect me to give in to the parson again."

"But, Nevil," she said, fearing what was to come: "They are gentlemen, good men."

"Yes, yes."

"They are educated men, Nevil."

"Jenny! Jenny Beauchamp, they're not men, they're Churchmen. My experience of the priest in our country is, that he has abandoned—he's dead against the only cause that can justify and keep up a Church: the cause of the poor—the people. He is a creature of the moneyed class. I look on him as a pretender. I go through his forms, to save my wife from annoyance, but there's the end of it: and if ever I'm helpless, unable to resist him, I rely on your word not to let him intrude; he's to have nothing to do with the burial of me.

He's against the cause of the people. Very well: I make my protest to the death against him. When he's a Christian instead of a Churchman, then may my example not be followed. It's little use looking for that."

Jenny dropped some tears on her bridal day. She sighed her submission. "So long as you do not change," said she.

"Change!" cried Nevil. "That's for the parson. Now it's over: we start fair. My darling! I have you. I don't mean to bother you. I'm sure you'll see that the enemies of Reason are the enemies of the human race; you will see that. I can wait."

"If we can be sure that we ourselves are using reason rightly, Nevil!—not prejudice."

"Of course. But don't you see, my Jenny, *we* have no interest in opposing reason?"

"But have we not all grown up together? And is it just or wise to direct our efforts to overthrow a solid structure that is a part . . . ?"

He put his legal right in force to shut her mouth, telling her presently she might *Lydiardize* as much as she liked. While practising this mastery, he assured her he would always listen to her: yes, whether she *Lydiardized*, or what Dr. Shrapnel called Jenny-prated.

"That is to say, dear Nevil, that you have quite made up your mind to a toddling chattering little nursery wife?"

Very much the contrary to anything of the sort, he declared; and he proved his honesty by announcing an immediate reflection that had come to him: "How oddly things are settled! Cecilia Halkett and Tuckham; you and I! Now I know for certain that I have brought Cecilia Halkett out of her woman's Toryism, and given her at least liberal views, and she goes and marries an arrant Tory; while you, a bit of a Tory at heart, more than anything else, have married an ultra."

"Perhaps we may hope that the conflict will be seasonable on both sides?—if you give me fair play, Nevil!"

As fair play as a woman's lord could give her, she was to have; with which, adieu to argumentation and controversy, and all the thanks in life to the parson! On a lovely island, free from the seductions of care, possessing a wife who, instead of starting out of romance and poetry with him to the supreme honeymoon, led him back to those forsaken valleys of his youth, and taught him the joys of colour and sweet companionship, simple delights, a sister mind, with a loveliness of person and nature unimagined by him, Beauchamp drank of a happiness that neither Renée nor Cecilia had

promised. His wooing of Jenny Beauchamp was a flattery richer than any the maiden Jenny Denham could have deemed her due; and if his wonder in experiencing such strange gladness was quaintly ingenuous, it was delicious to her to see and know full surely that he who was at little pains to court, or please, independently of the urgency of the truth in him, had come to be her lover through being her husband.

Here I would stop. It is Beauchamp's career that carries me on to its close, where the lanterns throw their beams off the mud-banks by the black riverside; when some few English men and women differed from the world in thinking that it had suffered a loss.

They sorrowed for the earl when tidings came to them of the loss of his child, alive one hour in his arms. Rosamund caused them to be deceived as to her condition. She survived; she wrote to Jenny, bidding her keep her husband cruising. Lord Romfrey added a brief word: he told Nevil that he would see no one for the present; hoped he would be absent a year, not a day less. To render it the more easily practicable, in the next packet of letters Colonel Halkett and Cecilia begged them not to bring the *Esperanza* home for the yachting season: the colonel said his daughter was to be married in April, and that bridegroom and bride had consented to take an old man off with them to Italy; perhaps in the autumn all might meet in Venice.

"And you've never seen Venice," Beauchamp said to Jenny.

"Everything is new to me," said she, penetrating and gladly joining the conspiracy to have him out of England.

Dr. Shrapnel was not so compliant as the young husband. Where he could land and botanize, as at Madeira, he let time fly and drum his wings on air, but the cities of priests along the coast of Portugal and Spain roused him to a burning sense of that flight of time and the vacuity it told of in his labours. Greatly to his astonishment, he found that it was no longer he and Beauchamp against Jenny, but Jenny and Beauchamp against him.

"What!" he cried, "to draw breath day by day, and not to pay for it by striking daily at the rock Iniquity? Are you for that, Beauchamp? And in a land where these priests walk with hats curled like the water-lily's leaf without the flower? How far will you push indolent unreason to gain the delusion of happiness? There is no such thing: but there's trance. That talk of happiness is a carrion clamour of the creatures of prey. Take it—and you're helping tear some poor wretch to pieces, whom you might be con-

structing, saving perchance : some one ? some thousands ! You, Beauchamp, when I met you first, you were for England, England ! for a breadth of the palm of my hand comparatively—the round of a copper penny, no wider ! And from that you jumped at a bound to the round of this earth : you were for humanity. Ay, we sailed our planet among the icy spheres, and were at blood-heat for its destiny, you and I ! And now you hover for a wind to catch you. So it is for a soul rejecting prayer. This wind and that has it : the wellsprings within are shut down fast ! I pardon my Jenny, my Harry Denham's girl. She is a woman, and has a brain like a bell that rings all round to the tongue. It is her kingdom, of the interdicted untraversed frontiers. But what cares she, or any woman, that this Age of ours should lie like a carcass against the Sun ! What cares any woman to help to hold up Life to him ? He breeds divinely upon life, filthy upon stagnation. Sail you away, if you will, in your trance. I go. I go home by land alone, and I await you. Here in this land of moles upright, I do naught but execrate ; I am a pulpit of curses. Counter-anathema, you might call me."

"Oh ! I feel the comparison so, for England shining spiritually bright," said Jenny, and cut her husband adrift with the exclamation, and saw him float away to Dr. Shrapnel.

"*Spiritually bright !*"

"By comparison, Nevil."

"There's neither spiritual nor political brightness in England, but a common resolution to eat of good things and stick to them," said the doctor : "and we two out of England, there's barely a voice to cry scare to the feeders. I'm back ! I'm home !"

They lost him once in Cadiz, and discovered him on the quay, looking about for a vessel. In getting him to return to the *Esperanza*, they nearly all three fell into the hands of the police. Beauchamp gave him a great deal of his time, reading and discussing with him on deck and in the cabin, and projecting future enterprises, to pacify his restlessness. A translation of Plato had become Beauchamp's intellectual world. This philosopher singularly anticipated his ideas. Concerning himself he was beginning to think that he had many years ahead of him for work. He was with Dr. Shrapnel as to the battle, and with Jenny as to the delay in recommencing it. They both laughed at the constant employment she gave them among the Greek islands in furnishing her severely accurate accounts of sea-fights and land-fights ; and the scenes being before them they could neither of them protest that their task-work was an idle labour. Dr. Shrapnel assisted in fighting Marathon and Salamis over again cordially—to shield Great Britain from the rule of a satrapy.

Beauchamp often tried to conjure words to paint his wife. On grave subjects she had the manner of speaking of a shy scholar, and between grave and playful, between smiling and serious, her clear head, her nobly-poised character, seemed to him to have never had a prototype and to elude the art of picturing it in expression, until he heard Lydiard call her whimsically, "Portia disrobing:" Portia half in her doctor's gown, half out of it. They met Lydiard and his wife Louise, and Mr. and Mrs. Tuckham, in Venice, where, upon the first day of October, Jenny Beauchamp gave birth to a son. The thrilling mother did not perceive on this occasion the gloom she cast over the father of the child and Dr. Shrapnel. The youngster would insist on his right to be sprinkled by the parson, to get a legal name and please his mother. At all turns in the history of our relations with women we are confronted by the parson! "And, upon my word, I believe," Beauchamp said to Lydiard, "those parsons—not bad creatures in private life; there was one in Madeira I took a personal liking to—but they're utterly ignorant of what men feel to them—more ignorant than women!" Mr. Tuckham and Mrs. Lydiard would not listen to his foolish objections; nor were they ever mentioned to Jenny. Apparently the commission of the act of marriage was to force Beauchamp from all his positions one by one.

"The education of that child?" Mrs. Lydiard said to her husband.

He considered that the mother would prevail.

Cecilia feared she would not.

"Depend upon it, he'll make himself miserable if he can," said Tuckham.

That gentleman, however, was perpetually coming fuming from arguments with Beauchamp, and his opinion was a controversialist's. His common sense was much afflicted. "I thought marriage would have stopped all those absurdities," he said, glaring angrily, laughing, and then frowning. "I've warned him I'll go out of my way to come across him if he carries on this headlong folly. A man should accept his country for what it is when he's born into it. Don't tell me he's a good fellow. I know he is: but there's an ass mounted on the good fellow. Talks of the parsons! Why, they're men of education."

"They couldn't steer a ship in a gale, though."

"Oh! he's a good sailor. And let him go to sea," said Tuckham. "His wife's a prize. He's hardly worthy of her. If she manages him she'll deserve a monument for doing a public service."

How fortunate it is for us that here and there we do not succeed in wresting our temporary treasure from the grasp of the Fates!

This good old commonplace reflection came to Beauchamp while clasping his wife's hand on the deck of the *Esperanza*, and looking up at the mountains over the Gulf of Venice. The impression of that marvellous dawn when he and Renée looked up hand-in-hand was ineffaceable, and pity for the tender hand lost to him wrought in his blood, but Jenny was a peerless wife; and though not in the music of her tongue, or in subtlety of delicate meaning did she excel Renée, as a sober adviser she did, and as a firm speaker; and she had homelier deep eyes, thoughtfuller brows. The father could speculate with good hope of Jenny's child. Cecilia's wealth, too, had gone over to the Tory party, with her incomprehensible espousal of Tuckham. Let it go; let all go for dowerless Jenny!

It was (she dared to recollect it in her anguish) Jenny's choice to go home in the yacht that decided her husband not to make the journey by land in company with the Tuckhams. Lydiard and his wife remained for the winter in Italy.

The voyage was favourable. Beauchamp had a passing wish to land on the Norman coast, and take Jenny for a day to Tourdestelle. He deferred to her desire to land baby speedily, now they were so near home. They ran past Otley river, having sight of Mount Laurels, and on to Bevisham, with swelling sails. There they parted. Beauchamp made it one of his 'points of honour' to deliver the vessel whence he had taken her, at her moorings in the Otley. One of the piermen stood before Beauchamp, and saluting him, said he had been directed to inform him that the Earl of Romfrey was with Colonel Halkett, expecting him at Mount Laurels. Beauchamp wanted his wife to return in the yacht. She turned her eyes to Dr. Shrapnel. It was out of the question that the doctor should think of going. Husband and wife parted. She saw him no more.

This is no time to tell of weeping. The dry chronicle is fittest. Hard on nine o'clock in the December darkness, the night being still and clear, Jenny's babe was at her breast, and her ears were awake for the return of her husband. A man rang at the door of the house, and asked to see Dr. Shrapnel. This man was Killick, the Radical Sam of politics. He said to the doctor: "I'm going to hit you sharp, sir; I've had it myself: please put on your hat and come out with me; and close the door. They musn't hear inside. And here's a fly. I knew you'd be off for the finding of the body. Commander Beauchamp's drowned."

Dr. Shrapnel drove round by the shore of the broad water past a great hospital and ruined abbey to Otley village. Killick had lifted him into the conveyance, and he lifted him out. Dr. Shrapnel had not spoken a word. Lights were flaring on the river,

illuminating the small craft sombrely. Men, women and children crowded the hard and landing-places, the marshy banks and the decks of colliers and trawlers. Neither Killick nor Dr. Shrapnel questioned them. The lights were torches and lanterns; the occupation of the boats moving in couples was the dragging for the dead.

"O God, let's find his body," a woman called out.

"Just a word; is it Commander Beauchamp?" Killick said to her.

She was scarcely aware of a question. "Here, this one," she said and plucked a little boy of eight by the hand close against her side, and shook him roughly and kissed him.

An old man volunteered information. "That's the boy. That boy was in his father's boat out there, with two of his brothers, larking; and he and another older than him fell overboard; and just then Commander Beauchamp was rowing by, and I saw him from off here, where I stood, jump up and dive, and he swam to his boat with one of them and got him in safe: that boy: and he dived again after the other, and was down a long time. Either he burst a vessel or he got cramp, for he'd been rowing himself from the schooner grounded down at the river-mouth, and must have been hot when he jumped in: either way, he fetched the second up, and sank with him. Down he went."

A fisherman said to Killick: "Do you hear that voice thundering? That's the great Lord Romfrey. He's been directing the dragging since five o' the evening, and will till he drops or drowns, or up comes the body."

"O God, let's find the body!" the woman with the little boy called out.

A torch lit up Lord Romfrey's face as he stepped ashore. "The flood has played us a trick," he said. "We want more drags, or with next ebb the body may be lost for days in this infernal water."

The mother of the rescued boy sobbed, "Oh, my lord, my lord!"

The earl caught sight of Dr. Shrapnel, and went to him.

"My wife has gone down to Mrs. Beauchamp," he said. "She will bring her to Mount Laurels. I take you with me. You must not be alone."

He put his arm within the arm of the heavily-breathing man whom he had once flung to the ground, to support him.

"My lord! my lord!" sobbed the woman, and dropped on her knees.

"What's this?" the earl said, drawing his hand away from the woman's clutch at it.

"She's the mother, my lord," several explained to him.

"Mother of what?"

"My boy," the woman cried, and dragged the urchin to Lord Romfrey's feet, cleaning her boy's face with her apron.

"It's the boy Commander Beauchamp drowned to save."

All the lights of the ring were turned on the head of the boy. Dr. Shrapnel's eyes and Lord Romfrey's fell on the abashed little creature. The boy struck out both arms to get his fists against his eyelids.

This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp!

It was not uttered, but it was visible in the blank stare at one another of the two men who loved Beauchamp, after they had examined the insignificant bit of mudbank life remaining in this world in the place of him.

END OF VOL. XVIII.

